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Lisa Grunberger
on earth as it is

prayer as story, story as prayer

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In the brick building on South and 9th
the woman sat and smoked a cigarette by the window
windows her landlord lied about
because the hot air seeped in in the summer
stalks her that’s the word she used
and in the winter the goddamned cold comes in
the way her second husband used to with his muddy shoes.

More than anything she likes to look out the window
and watch the tree across the street because
she says the tree don’t bite or scream or drop out of school
like her grandson did or get itself pregnant like her daughter
at 40 with a milk-man kind of man
a woman her age has no business procreating
as she lights one cigarette with the end of another.

But you didn’t come here to talk about how pretty that old cherry blossom tree
is outside my ugly window did you?
You came to talk about what I seen when the lightening hit the tree
and fell on that ’91 Buick where those love birds carry
on night after night rocking that car until the birds begin to cry.
I’d offer you a glass of something but I never liked cops
or whatever official thing it is you are or seem to be
and my faucet’s just a trickle, no pressure, so it’d take
too long to fill up a whole glass unless of course
I added a few cubes of ice which I have but they’re so old
believe me you wouldn’t want those cubes melting
in something you’re gonna have to take inside you, no
you wouldn’t want to take those ice cubes inside your body.

Lisa Grunberger has published in such journals as The Paterson Literary Review, Mudfish, Nimrod, The...