

## **Booth**

Volume 3 | Issue 7

Article 1

7-1-2011

### **Two Poems**

Mark Petrie

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth

#### **Recommended Citation**

Petrie, Mark (2011) "Two Poems," *Booth*: Vol. 3: Iss. 7, Article 1. Retrieved from: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol3/iss7/1

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Butler University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Booth by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Butler University. For more information, please contact digitalscholarship@butler.edu.

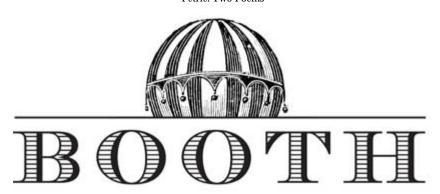
# Two Poems

#### **Abstract**

Two poems: "Study" and "Stable."

### Keywords

study, scientist, stable, choices





#### A JOURNAL

ABOUT ARCHIVES CONTESTS PRINT SUBMIT

July 1, 2011

### Two Poems

by Mark Petrie

#### Study

Perhaps in a world next door to this, in a universe like the back of our eye lids, our minds float in giant bubbles, carrying a mix

of scientist looking types with long white coats, who sport a garden variety of beards and spectacles who chalk down your figures, and carry your remainders across a rotating blackboard. Your mind scans the lines of Milton's "Cromwell;" each scientist plays their part, tracing the meter, attaching the end rhymes, sketching on both sides of the black-board, very nice and neat, your mind; like *Fur Elise* on a harp, your mind. Then, a noise, and your folks look up to catch mine floating by,

where inside scientists rummage through Marianne Moore's "Grave,"
they search for props to reenact the images,
slinging scarves and masks out of old
chests, boots,
dresses,
wigs and heels;

one scientist stands in a hula-hoop he calls the sea looking down at a blue scarf lain for affect;

three women in tweed

coats rub their chins at him

while a fellow with a monocle

crafts little fish out of construction paper. And then, one

at a time,

we see you and you see we, and we smile big at our respective limbos.

#### Stable

That summer night in Fort Collins, you looked like an 18 wheeler on an Oklahoma interstate, big and shaky as hell.

You spun across the porch in your blue jeans and boots like a ballerina

with cinderblock feet, kicking rocking chairs and ousting moths, sending all the insects running for cover, and in one dangerous motion,

you pumped up the volume on the little black speakers, opened the mini-fridge, and beered yourself.

I asked how you'd vote, asked what star that one was and to tell the jail story again,

and then when the sky became maroon, asked if you preferred horses or dogs and you chose horses,

which came as a surprise. I hadn't known you yet, as the galloping sunset type.

but then you said, rising from your lawn chair, But you ride stallions; I, a mare,

as if I fed you fish heads in the basement; as if we'd never even tried the fox trot; as if I hadn't bought the beer slipping from your hand.

Mark Petrie grew up in Arizona, but currently resides in New Orleans. He is a graduate student at the University of New Orleans where he studies poetics and literature under the guidance of several talented and experienced professors. He enjoys playing basketball, cooking, and annoying his cat.



Butler MFA | Contact Us | Facebook |



© Booth Journal. Powered by WordPress and Manifest