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## Two Poems

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## Two Poems

### Abstract

Two poems: "Study" and "Stable."

### Keywords

study, scientist, stable, choices



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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.

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