



Booth

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## Four Poems

Suzanne Richardson

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## Four Poems

### Abstract

Four poems: "Fire Season," "Rabbit Season," "Poems for My Lover's Unborn Child Out West," and "Learn The Dark."

### Keywords

poetry, poem, abstract, destruction, animals, baby, light

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## Four Poems

by Suzanne Richardson

### Fire Season

In moth season I levitate because of a married man,  
 the sound of my own desire keeps  
 me awake at night, keeps me tossing four-feet  
 above the sheets, I imagine us powder-thrashing  
 like moths at a screen—

On the roof of his car, off route 14,  
 it feels like 1955. We watch the moon squeeze itself  
 between the earth and the sun. It's  
 hallucinatory, the sun is a shrinking slice of light. We  
 can't touch. I am already casting hell-grey shadows,  
 eclipsing his wife. It's so devastating  
 we must not look directly.

His voice, *If I live my life right, I'll die on the moon  
 looking at the earth,  
 looking at all the people I love, and all the people  
 I once loved.* A married man  
 pushes the atmosphere and I levitate above  
 the forest, this moth season behind me,

he murmurs—*soon this will all be on fire.*

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## Four Poems

### Poems for My Lover's Unborn Child Out West

The moment he created you,  
 he said, was an ending. His  
 ending triggered you. Like  
 a scream into a canyon,  
 you are the echo back, a ricochet,  
 a likeness of  
 his sound blended, spattered out  
 on the canyon walls, then,  
 turning the corner,  
 coming back to him.

\*

Since he rubbed you  
 into another woman, I float you  
 my thistle milk whenever I wish  
 you had been my bead.

\*

I know her body

wasn't strange like mine and  
therefore, a home. But you would  
have liked it here. I have  
soft wood floors and hard ripe  
apples. Did you even try?

\*

You are not yet a star  
but you already make enough light  
for me to see that I was/am lost.

\*

You are a hot coil;  
you cook me,  
cook him, but you  
don't yet speak the language  
of burns.

\*

When I get upset  
I sing you a lullaby:  
I rock you, rock you  
until you sleep. Your  
mother keeps you, keeps you  
and I weep.

\*

He wove you into her  
while I was away.  
You are small, breathing  
only your mother's soup;  
your gills, a delicate, light, lace;  
moving, mirroring, how I open  
then close the door when  
I ask him to leave.

\*

Shhh—listen closely,  
a star burns  
brightest  
right before  
it dies and you  
are that moment, little one.

\*

A birthday gift to you: I  
fade so far east,  
I am another country,  
another  
century, another  
galaxy away—  
—promise me your first  
breath will  
erase/release me.

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## Four Poems

### Learn The Dark

I haunt  
 the streets where I wonder if  
 my former lovers feel my  
 planetary pull. I am trapped between  
 two moons: you tell me if I were a man  
 and you were a woman you'd  
 let me touch your body tonight. I feel  
 my own fish squirming, and  
 your hands, batwings, pulse and  
 peel open—  
 we don't touch.

I go to the graveyard searching for meaning.  
 I go to hear all the death: little Eliza Olin, gone  
 since 1832, and me so alive; I must spook her.

Then—

—body noise: breath                    moving                    liquid.

And I hear all the life:  
 the orgasms blinking outward  
 like rescue signals at dawn. Men fucking  
 by the precious headstones of the orphans.  
 A slip, a grind, a burn, okay—  
 Only when I am this thirsty do I

drink the spit of strangers. Later, I  
dreamt your wet stretches  
of saliva fell into me; you  
let the bulbs burn out, opened  
your mouth, and let me learn the dark.

Suzanne Richardson earned her MFA from the University of New Mexico in 2012. She currently lives in Utica, New York where she is an assistant professor of English at Utica College. Her work has appeared in *New Ohio Review*, *New Haven Review*, *Blood Orange Review* and *Front Porch* among others. You can find more of her work at: <http://www-suzannerichardsonwrites.tumblr.com>

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