



Booth

---

Volume 6 | Issue 10

Article 2

---

10-10-2014

## Two Poems

Brendan Constantine

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Constantine, Brendan (2014) "Two Poems," *Booth*: Vol. 6 : Iss. 10 , Article 2.

Retrieved from: <https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol6/iss10/2>

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](mailto:digitalscholarship@butler.edu).

---

## Two Poems

### Abstract

Two Poems: *Night Stand* and *A Foundry Gone*.

### Cover Page Footnote

"Two Poems" was originally published at [Booth](#).



October 10, 2014

## Two Poems

by Brendan Constantine

### Night Stand

*For M.M.*

We look at Mars, point at Mars, touch  
Mars. You sing, Newton, Huygens, Laplace,  
Kepler. I sing, Kingdom, Union, Chalice,  
Scepter. You sing, Tycho Brahe. I shout,  
He lost his nose in a duel! Got a new one  
made of gold and silver! You sigh, Percival.  
What of Percival Lowell? We feel bad for  
not singing him. Between us we haven't  
the heart. He was so sure about the men  
and women of Mars, so sure they built  
canals; and schools and armies and  
an opera. If astronomy teaches anything,

he said, it's that we'll certainly meet  
our cousins scattered throughout space.  
We drink to Percival Lowell, we bow to  
Percival Lowell, we dim the lights and kiss  
but softly like neutrinos. It's too dark  
to see the chart anymore. I sing Ptolomy,  
Messier, Hawking and Hubble. I whisper  
Galileo, Copernicus. You fumble the nightstand  
for a candle, strike a match, pull me  
down. This light, you say, has traveled  
since the stars were in jail. It's come  
all this way to crash with us.

### **A Foundry Gone**

*for Dean Young*

Don't worry about how much you are.  
Think about ants, what fits in their mouths.  
Always remember the land is a roof, always.  
Early reports from behind the refrigerator  
say the new queen looks a lot like her father;  
when she turns her head the television flickers  
but nobody stops watching. Stop watching.  
Start keeping a record of everything you say  
in your sleep. Translate all Freudian slips.  
Sorry, that should be, "Stop begging for things."  
Pavlovian slip. Ring a bell?  
Insects aren't submissive, they don't look up.  
The queen is served by her masters. The land  
moves fast but the dead move faster. Most  
people die with ten pounds of undigested  
literature in their systems. Mostly 'coverage.'  
Ants can detect artificial sweetening, even

in a corpse. When angels die, every part is  
useless. The sun is full of apologies. If you take  
a Twinkie & bury it for sixty years, you'll have  
no idea where you buried it. Everyone has  
a question that can't wait. The opposite of love  
isn't hate, it's a quick survey. The dreams of ants  
are broken by starting cars, changing channels,  
texting. Most of us have a higher profile before  
birth, before the hammer strike of light. Some  
day soon you'll be asked to melt your money  
into a single coin. The hard part will be  
choosing its face.

Brendan Constantine's work has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *FIELD*, *Zyzzyva*, *Ninth Letter*, and other journals. His most recent collections are *Birthday Girl With Possum* (WriteBloody Publishing 2011) and *Calamity Joe* (Red Hen Press 2012). He has received grants and commissions from the Getty Museum, James Irvine Foundation and the NEA. He currently teaches at the Windward School in Los Angeles. In addition, he regularly offers classes in hospitals, shelters, and with the Alzheimer's Poetry Project.