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Mandolin in White Wood, Curing the Wood

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Mandolin in White Wood, Curing the Wood

Abstract

Put up the bar-drenched mandolin,

she says. It reeks of booze, a struck chord

coughs smoke, and I'm tired of comments from strangers

Cover Page Footnote

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Mandolin in White Wood, Curing the Wood

by J. Camp Brown

*Put up the bar-drenched mandolin,
she says. It reeks of booze, a struck chord
coughs smoke, and I'm tired of comments from strangers*

about your desirous finger dexterity.

So, useless, hung on the wall, it dries, and while
I wait, I wander into a classroom with fluorescent dimming lights

enter in medias res, saying: And lo!

I swallert a lit cigarette and took not ill,
combusted neither. Praise him! All God's people say (*Amen*).

Are you saved

your place? Then take out Foucault
and prurient, write, real hard, *perineum* as the tenor

of a simile involving the smoothness

of the petals of a flower. One writes, then raises
her hand: *My perennial smells dizzying like tobacco leaves*

curing in the barn. You, I say, discourse naughty,
darlin', but your usage eros is striking. Say,
how barely legal is you, anyway? Anyway, cut back on sprawl.

Trim the bushes and your subject
really does look bigger. After class, I'm the little
phallic shape thrust into the yonic sky that knows:—there is no cure.

A native Arkansan, J. Camp Brown now plays bluegrass mandolin and teaches English in Poughkeepsie, NY. He received his MFA from the University of Arkansas and has been the recipient of fellowships from the Arkansas Arts Council and from Phillips Exeter Academy. His poems have appeared in such journals as *Black Warrior Review*, *Memorious*, *Spillway*, *Shenandoah*, *Juked*, *Post Road*, and *Crazyhorse*.