Four Poems

Suzanne Richardson

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol5/iss5/4

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 omacisa@butler.edu.
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
May 24, 2013

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.
Rabbit Season

Years before we met, we
imagine the same rabbit
thumping a salt bush—conejo you
whispered deep into
your desk drawer, the sound split
my head, like how
a rock diverts rivers. I
am your thorny
little sister not your lover. I
watched you jump
at every skirt but mine. Later, I
throw up green in your Juniper bush
while your lover tells me I
am so good, so quiet when I
reveal what’s inside. Brother,
last I heard, you watched a rabbit die
its head bashed purple on a fence post,
it was something I couldn’t imagine.
May 24, 2013

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.
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