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## 3 Poems

### **Abstract**

Three poems: "and it was in the river," "A Sighting," and "After the Harvest."

### **Keywords**

poetry

### **Cover Page Footnote**

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## 3 Poems

by Knar Gavin

### **and it was in the river**

in the near-drowning river  
I felt my small dark  
animal swell

felt the black urchin dark  
middle meat of body betrayal  
sucking all stomach as each  
rib rejoiced that p  
ending pop out to be  
so spine sprung

the river would have  
scatte red me run my  
bones across its sandy flo  
or had me live blind  
that wet desert and  
itstorming Death, you did that  
once near-have me had we

given to scattering  
what a clamor a water

insisting orchestras  
my femur playing the length of  
your spine our skulls  
sluice to Onward  
every orbital singing

### **A Sighting**

And, says the one I've buried, *my dear palm of berries,*  
*who's dripping now?* She buries, he buries, everywhere these we berries.  
I know. I'm practically all fist. If you call my skin milk,  
either cursing or the recitation of names. Absence has a name, too.  
All those other I'd have berried but thought better of.

.

I wanted to follow that day. Your low buzzing steed.  
Some creep. Weirdo. Yea, Thom, I know. Elegant once because young  
and crazy is flatiron-to-the-face hot. Other and crazy buries noses in glasses  
and veers eyes to the side. Like a flock of old nun breast to the face could kill a man.

I still want to follow you.  
I'm still in this business. Resurrection.

### **After the Harvest**

The family dog, Cacophony makes her rounds  
body strung with dinner bells. A slow spider  
turns forth and fro in the guitar's sound hole  
weaving the measure of a particular silence.

With evening, the silent slaw of a wilting kitchen  
yields its full pot of late luck and remnant mash.  
The field hands hurry, waving, in. Eat what's been  
boiled. Through winter, the tubers stiffen without me.

Your heart is no woodland of mine.  
I go in to shoot the squirrels  
and not a single tree burns.

Knar Gavin is a Seattle based poet who recently completed her degree in poetry at the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Knar likes to play bikes and her present focus is on *CotoR*, a bicycle-generated collection of poems. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Poetry*, *Caketrain*, *SOFTBLOW* and *Bat City Review*.