

Susan Maurer

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Raw Poems

Tarmac

I'm on the tarmac, night rain,
walking from the plane. High chain link fence,
spotlights from it catch the rain's splatter.
No umbrella. To the gate, open,
black sidewalk.

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walking from the plane. High chain link fence,
spotlights from it catch the rain's splatter.
No umbrella. To the gate, open,
black sidewalk. The car

Arte no es la vida. 1-31-08

Sympathy for the piano.
It is small, insensate
like a sleeping baby, imported from
China. It is wood and you
can prop its lid up with a little piece
of wood. And he's huge and he says
no, no, yes and smashes it with a
red mallet. He is in a circle of salt and
the pianos are delivered by a woman in German costume.
He is visited by the German and he, conflicted, or acting
conflicted, because he knows the outcome says
yes, yes, no and no one in the audience is hit by the
shards of shattered wood.

A raw poem

A raw poem
Slides down the honey throat
Like oysters
Like jism
To the belly that lives forever

The vagina of the universe
Spews forth stars
And burbles like la source
The cute
The cute
We must avoid it, baby charm jongleur
Gather horse
The reins and I lean forward
Poised in the saddle
For the leap, the hurdle
The jump into what?

Bristle

Her eyes had taken on a new look.
She fixed a brief look at my jumper,
said "You've changed your hair. It used to be long."
No doubt was left that it wasn't improved.
The man would miss this, laugh at her story of how
she in her youth had a Sheikh inquire
"How many goats for her hand?"
See her stroke her platinum hair, not quite the right hue
for our age, but thick. I wish her her own man.
I'd never seen this side before,
this "What is he doing with YOU..."

Trigonometry

Return to the ground
the things that are the ground's.
Ground them.
Put them on the ground.

When she comes in
she says this has soul,
she says my apartment has soul.

The orchids have swooned, detached
themselves from their sprockets,
lapsing on the floor, their ultimate faint.
I did not see them fall.
Damn the orchids. Damn their fragility.

Everything does not turn out okay.

I have trouble with my past self.
It leaves me unintelligible messages,
problems to solve because "I'll do
it better." I just did it better
but you see what I mean.

Tell them to spend time
in the park catching blossoms or
leaves before they hit the ground.
Don't let them fall.
Strengthen yourself thus.

Embrace the birds
when they turn to you
with their beseeching beaks.

He coils. I curl.
It was a sparkly conversation
on the telephone.