

Howie Good

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To Shadowy Blue

IN LOVE

I have not told half of what I saw –
the lonely road, the burst of light,

the sudden passage through the air
and into the deep dark of her.

*The first line is composed of the last words
attributed to the Venetian explorer Marco
Polo.*

MISS YOU

The dog hurls himself at the door.
I hope it's you he's run to greet,
but it's only the UPS man.

I go back to writing this.

AFTER REJECTION

I woke up in my clothes
and still kind of drunk.

Fuck poetry! A ghost seated
before a blank mirror.

WORD PROBLEM

If 1,800 of our soldiers
went into battle,
and only 400 survived,
how many clawed the grass
before they died?

(Please show all your work.)

BIRDSONG II

Six in the morning
and the world makes

a certain sound,
like the color red

mixed with longing
and a little rain.

PAS DE DEUX

for Jones

I am to you as shadow
to shadowy blue,

and love is
the plump girl

who takes ballet
after school.

SERENADE

I have Mozart on.
All the windows are open.

From bushes and trees,
birds sing to each other,
sadly ambitious.

LA PETITE MORT

Animal noises in the night
and our bodies twisting together,
a kind of thunderstorm blue,

and then untwisting from within
like the surface of a mirror
rippled by a stranger's breath.

TO A GROWN DAUGHTER
for Britt

Pour a glass of whiskey
on your heartache

and consider starting over
and then go to the zoo

though it wasn't
the polar bear's fault

POSTWAR

A man was strangling
a woman on TV.

The sky tilted
from red toward black.

You can't find God
if God doesn't want
to be found.

Howie Good, a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz, is the author of the full-length poetry collections *Lovesick* (Press Americana, 2009), *Heart With a Dirty Windshield* (BeWrite Books, 2010), and *Everything Reminds Me of Me* (Desperanto, 2011), as well as numerous print and digital poetry chapbooks, including most recently *Love in a Time of Paranoia* from Diamond Point Press, *Inspired Remnants* from Red Ceilings Press and *The Penalty for Trying* from Ten Pages Press.