

FOR FAWNS TO SIP AND OTHE POEMS

By Bree

and just when i got
comfortable not sharing
with you real-time
sentiments about the
moon, and wondering
if you saw it same as
me-- well-hung, skirted
by curvy clouds like dunes,

you wrote me to say,
'watch tonight, for meteors.'
and that you missed me--
a storm petrel, far from sea,
you said. your words rapt
my senses like a butcher
does fresh steaks, you
did up my fancy in your
paper promises.

and so i pulled out that
old comforter of waiting,
put back on the muffler
of bristling at the coming
thrills; and was warmed
through by knowing we

were where we were,
wanting us.

and you wrote exciting
news, and you kept me
in your progress. fast again,
we uttered poems like
prayers unto the bounty of
our lastingness. only once
i let my heart to dogs,

just in time for your
habitual coldness, so that
i gave enough of myself to
feel the shame of my dumb
boldness, i see the moons
constant amorous languor
as a form of banishment
i bare alone. for far from
me as that seductress is,
you are further.

would that have been
better to hard-press the
apples of my eyes and
make vinegar, than let
you be them once more!
and to think, i poured two
fingers of sweet cider on

the grass you laid me in,
in homage to your absent
lips, blue now as a corpse,
for my purposes.

II

of course its nothing
personal, you'd have me
think. im not to blame.
youre just a spigot and
are turned off by all
life. its the moment youre
on again that you place
yourself in my mouth
like a host, and you are
sacrament.

it rents my faith in all life
to stay this execution of
my passions. why prolong
the pasture, the unnumbered
steppes, with your wide
aperture? i get the picture.

III

a look a laugh a smile an
abandon a primal so wholly

removed from the banal i
have not enjoyed, so.

a walk a row a climb a wade
a stronger tow could not
advance such senseless
abyss that is our combined
senses. no, i cannot achieve
ennui, and short of it
bereave.

and if its premature to
mourn us, and if you are the
moon herself, who now waxing
waned regardless of trine or
axis, then i'm not to mind
the gaping gorges, nor even
take stock the gnarled fists
offered me between your
tender grasps.

the rain has disregard for
where it falls; turn my leaves
up at all points before it
rains that i may cup you.
and let fawns and cardinals
sip you from me.

THE LIVING ROOM

you picked me up, swung me over your head,
and the moment i opened my eyes i knew it.
blown, my resolve to see to the end, i let you
block the hallway light completely.

you turned out to be the color of flying deer and
seagrass. the color of all the little creatures
hiding. it is my favorite color. you were the
first time i had seen that color of anything.

you held your brown skin up to me. we marveled
at the distance two ships passing must keep,
in order to pass. horns of freighters, percussive
winds, your eyes, northern harriers combined
like the ingredients in red velvet cake sun set
your lips on mine.

you set me down, each tiny frog in a curved line
around the pond dove in, under dawns mountain.
i felt with my hands the granite carving. my
hands cld see you better than eyes. we laid a
bath the fawns would use when we quit
drowning out everything.

Bio

Bree is a poet and artist living in Pleasureville, KY. Her **Green Panda Press** has published chapbooks, anthologies and ephemera of the small press poets and artists since 2001. Her memoirs include *The Rainbow Sweater & My Mother* (2012), and *A Leg To Stand On* (2014). Latest poetry books are *This Dark Junco Morning* (Least Bittern Books 2016), *So Darn Sure of Us* (Night Ballet 2016) and *I Don't* (Crisi Chronicles Press 2015). She founded [Least Bittern Books](#) in 2015 in Henry County, KY, USA.