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# THREE POEMS BY EVE RIEKAH

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## **Museum**

The kid and the dad ride the trolley to the museum  
red line green line jiggles and shakes  
right to front door  
with the statue of the Indian on a horse  
rain splatters the Indian's chest.

Inside big doors      marble and polished  
wood and gilt      paintings everyway  
even on the ceiling  
the kid always impressed.

Kid and dad hustle though  
Tapestry room all chills  
walls of stone  
the dad never lets the kid look.

The dad has own way  
round the circle stairway  
Monet's      haystacks  
the Cathedral at Rouen  
the dad talks light and time  
changes what we see.  
The kid thinks, yeah so does  
rain and cloud  
change to dark.

The dad always turns right  
into realism      impressionism.  
Kid knows the isms  
and artists      on first name basis  
Claude, Edward, Pierre, Vincent.  
The kid dawdles picture to picture  
up long hall      farmyards, flowers,  
moonlight and mountain  
sneaks peaks down the hall  
where Suzanne dances  
getting bigger with each step.  
The dad tells stories about the artists  
Suzanne the favorite model.  
The kid thinks beautiful  
The kid thinks love.

## Straws

Spat and gag  
the kid splutters mouthful  
cross table  
kid knows dark  
knows crawling inside  
inside then out.

Insect

scurriescrosstable.

The ma annoyed  
wipes rag cross milky puddle  
leaves stick leaves tack  
blur of sweet tea.

Roach the kid yells  
in straw in mouth  
alive kid knows  
fear inside out  
outside in.

The ma shrugs  
pissed at mess  
the kid made.

## School

The kid looks at the pictures in the primer  
Maple Street white houses  
green shutters trees

Who lives like that? kid asks  
wishin to be someplace  
that's not apartment.

Gravel backyard where the cars park  
including the dad's Pontiac with the light  
up indian.

See Puff run  
Run run run

Who talks like that? kid asks.  
Like askin God  
not 'spectin answers.

Even the dad pissed bout Maple Street  
in schools where kids don't live like that  
not that it matters much.

The dad pissed bout lots a stuff  
but don't never do nothing bout it  
like when kid n dad shop for a plant  
for grandma mother's day  
kid thinks one with pretty red flowers nice  
but the grandma yelled gave it back.  
How the kid know the grandma hates flowers?

Or the time kid picks out the shiny gold rollin-  
pin with the ball-bearings.  
Grandma waves her ole wooden pin in the air

says she not needen any new pin  
this one works fine.

The dad mumbles all the way home  
kid knows dad scared too.

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**Eve Rifkah** is editor of the literary journal *Diner* and co-founder of Poetry Oasis, Inc., a non-profit poetry association dedicated to education, promoting local poets and publishing *Diner*. Poems have or will appear in *Bellevue Literary Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *5 AM*, *Parthenon West*, *newversenews.com*, *poetrymagazine.com*, *Chaffin Journal*, *Porcupine Press*, *The Worcester Review*, *California Quarterly*, *ReDactions*, *Jabberwock Review*, *Southern New Hampshire Literary Journal*. They have also been translated into Braille. Her chapbook *At the Leprosarium* won the 2003 Revelever chapbook contest. She is a professor of English at Worcester and Fitchburg State Colleges and a workshop instructor. She received her MFA in Writing from Vermont College and lives with her husband, poet Michael Milligan.