

[Home](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

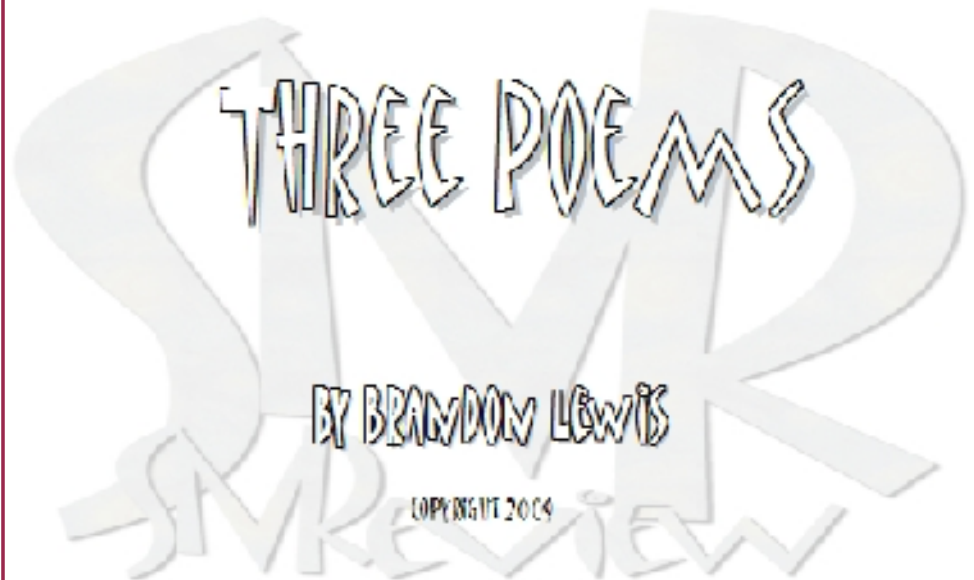
[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



### **Summer**

I sit sunburned on the cool floor  
and wipe the dust  
from wooden chair legs

some is my own  
dander shed

Instead of all the outer  
gray tresses of fiber  
why won't the body be fruitful  
and grow tiny vegetables  
or curled blooms?

The jade plant I carry  
rented room to rented room  
needs a push after being  
left in shadow by the coming  
sun's perihelion

thoughts of winter  
bring convalescence

---

### **Bringing the Baby Over**

Dust falls in the window-light  
as I shake out the rugs.  
My ex enters, kisses my cheek and lays down

the other man's baby.

She's tired today, she says, and it is cold,  
but her cheeks glow.  
The window is open too wide and the wind

---

rustles newspapers on the table.

I approach Aria, the baby—too small  
to reveal features of a man I've never met.  
I find only her mother's blondness, a few freckles.

*It was sudden, she said. And we promised to stay*

*always friends.* I said. Showing the girls out,  
I want to present gift—animal crackers, maybe.  
But I'm sure my shelves are bare,

and besides, Aria hasn't grown a tooth.

A low, calcium-bursting cloud hovers  
over their car as they drive off—a perfect  
oval, but for a missing curve. I remember now

how she'd devour an entire Granny Smith apple,

savoring its dark seeds. And her knack  
to blink slowly, to acknowledge yes, the universe  
plodded us this way, to this juncture, this.

I close the front door.

And in place of a biological end,  
minor intimacies draw my way.  
A painting tilted in the living room, that's one.

In it, the drifts of snow sloping along

a barn, stark and sturdy. The pint  
of sweet applesauce I find, later, inside the cupboard.

---

### **Turnpike**

We learn the ipod is dead  
passing refineries fogged in summer rain,

the highway trees. Inside,

we must resemble the other passengers  
whose necks bow as cut sunflowers.

Every stranger handles silence,

just as woodland creatures  
shuck and scuttle the shells of acorns,

and come the muzzled cacophony

of throat-clearings, the varieties  
crow-like, marvelous, civil.

---

---

My scapula—handle-bar of the chest,

object of your bus-time rest—  
hardly cushions when sleep comes.

Shoulders be fleshier and the dusk

bluer if it must be gray,  
to buttress us. We leave

New York and its handsome ugliness.

---

---

**Copyright 2009, Brandon Lewis.** © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.

---

**Brandon Lewis** is a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin and is former Poetry Editor of *Porcupine Literary Magazine*. After received his MFA in poetry from George Mason University in 2008, he continues to write poetry, drawing much inspiration from other art forms. His poems and French translations can be found in journals such as *Poet Lore*, *Oranges and Sardines*, *Water~Stone Review*, *Borderlands*, and *Phoebe*. Brandon Lewis lives in Washington, DC.