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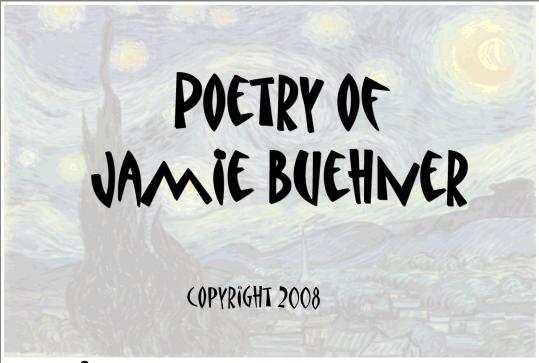
Summer 2005

Editor's Note

Guidelines

**SNR's Writers** 

Contact



## Sam

The fan oscillated in your place as I drove away from there after telling you I'd decided to go back to Istanbul. Had it been turned off, the small town would have been silent.

I shifted my car into gear. You said Nothing ever changes.
You'd been standing in the middle of the room
holding a petunia. Could you see
the caricature of yourself?
The sun appeared above the corn fields.
I remember how you took a corner, rode your bike, and asked questions.
When you curled your fingers against my coat after your brother died,
I thought if there was one person I would give up everything for it would be you.
I would soon feel like a leaf in a field, laden with ink, straining
to see you from far away. I would sit against a wall
and watch a bucket blow past.

On the way to the airport, I inspected my carry-on items:

Camera: you rotated your tires yourself.

Wallet: you wear a tweed hat.

Toothbrush: you know the word proboscis.

Toothpaste: I wrote a poem that I titled your one syllable name.

## Real City I

I thought of what you would say to or about the rain & it stopped, just like that.
I was on the ferry, I thought of you, the sun came out.

I looked to my left, then my right, got under my hood, slouched-I didn't mean for them to & I wiped them away quickly as they came & let the wind & sun at my face I want every instance back & you here with the sun in the morning

## Ingénieur

I built a glass castle in my heart, filled it with pebbles, and sent it to sea-I wanted to be there with it. I designed this house for my heart-I couldn't use nails. The roof is warm, smooth, soft underfoot. The soffit and facia are kiwi skin (innards sweet, grainy). I built a home inside, for, all around my heart, a glass castle with minarets and a moat-I filled it ninety percent full of smooth, symmetrical pebbles I collected.

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