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THREE POEMS

BY CHANCES RAMIE

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A Starry Night

Abiding within the same narrow range,
the monitor wave pattern, a cosmic
harmony, some unknown leakage, his brain
taking him away from us. The dead part
remains, lingers on, as if enchanted.
Eye turned milky, off in the distance,
focused on another world, another
rehabilitative step not taken.

The tongue thickening, around the plastic
tube of the horrible ventilator.
Those last few months loom larger than a dream,
breathing for him, as we shuttle between
intensive care and planning his murder,
waiting for something to happen, at last.

Glory: An Endless Loop

A howling success, he was the best
asshole, fearless witness to bleak
generations of assholes, who gave up
booze for shit, and shit for works
and shit-for-brains, unblocked their demons,
made a judgment call between the best,
the worst, and the worse still, inhaling
it from a plastic bag, far from wanting
anything, remaining behind, for five quiet
minutes muttering, bon appetit, mon frere,
everything he desired, hot in his hand,
countering the thrust of that argument,
ascending higher into the rarified glory
that passes for the lower half of Heaven.

Liking Her Cupcakes

Fatty likes her cupcakes, you said.
Double chin justification gets kinda thin
when you swill down Guinness by the six-pack,
chipping, dipping, mysterious and witchy
at the sports bar, consuming ball-game
buffalo wings. Still, I like your winning ways,
those perfect lips, hinting thickly of depression,
those haunting, hazel eyes. How you move me
to join your hatred of gaunt fitness freaks,
forever dieting on Greek salads.
Sick of wanting to be Okay, having
to force it– Oh, shit! Just eat it. Eat the
cupcake, my little cupcake, how you make
my heart ache, and the wicked things you say.

Charles Ramie, MFA Bowling Green State University, has had his work published in small press and literary magazines like *Salthouse*, *Sweat Bombs*, and *Writers-In-Residence*. The poems appearing here are from his, as yet, unpublished collections, "Going To Be Political" and

"A Real Embrace." Ramie is employed as a social worker in upstate New York where he lives with his wife, children and no pets.

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