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THREE POEMS

BY JENNIFER WEATHERS

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“Skinny Legs and All”

Ellen Cherry found her lost sock.

She found it in the parking lot of a Pic 'n' Save
Under a half deflated tire. Sock was tired,
Ratty, losing threads, unraveling, feeling
Bellicosity against mankind. Really, to be plucked
From a safe drawer with friends, the yellow
Panties, the red panties with a bow, the red panties
Without, her toys and lavender satchels, all the
Warmth afforded a sock, raised in a comfortable
Air conditioned apartment without mildew,
Without worrying about being spilled on,
Run over, pulled apart, befrazzeled by the
Aforementioned mankind, it was enough to
Convince Sock that there was no humanity,
No reason to not unthread, to let oneself be coaxed
Into a world beyond sockdom, where snags,
Odorous feet (Ellen Cherry had nice feet), the loss
Of one's mate, the rough range of concrete, all these
Exemplify the properties of caring about one's fate.
All this molded down to the one answer Sock
Plucked from the bowels of faith, the cotton mouthed
Moment of absolution, when Sock was ready to throw
In the towel, and then Ellen Cherry picked him up.

In Our House

Anxious regret, a polished moment of silvery
Undoings that threaten to overflow at any time,

Has found the key to the backdoor. Again. And
Yet, this time, we take barely any notice of her

Scurrilous movements. She became an accoutrement

Long ago, a sort of right to enter each week anew

And to pretend that we are both here, in the same
Moment in the same house with the same set of

Keys and intentions to do better. Intentions that
Clog up the pipes, and send raw messages that no

Longer get read. It is strange to see how far the light
Creeps back into her own shadow here, and the

Way the corners of the house no longer hold back
Secrets. We are beautiful and unmoving, the two

Of us, bound tightly up into a glare of duplicity.

Hunt for Sparrows

I don't know about this brand of happiness
You are offering, as though I must choose one
Or the other, trying to discern the risks. I can't
Recall which is bad, so I choose neither, leaving
Them like bags on the shelves of the store.
I find comfort in not deciding, in letting
Other influences deter my own fluctuation of self
Perpetuating myth. I lost this ability inside to
Love, realizing the breath we share is not just
For me, not just to belong to this group we call
Love and this megalomaniac need to belong to
A whale pod in Puget Sound, as they sound off
Each other in a noise we don't hear unless we are
Surfacing at the right moment between blindness
And lust. I recall your hands and how they look
On my breasts and the things that make us intangible
To others when we speak in silent words, blooming
Beyond the same old garden flowers. In this disease
It would start to make sense, the world, things that go
Wrong, the way we are lied to, the hidden truisms,
The way it hurts to think of high school, the bruises
On my legs, the way that one piece of hair always goes
The wrong direction, or how, that night, I lost a part
Of the sky to you and the lake as you walked away.
I could see you just as plainly as the love you wore
On your back was something I could find without trying to,
And we spend forever committing silence against each other.

Jennifer Weathers graduated with her bachelor's degree in English and American Literature from the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga in 2006. She will be attending the MFA program in poetry at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington beginning Fall 2006.