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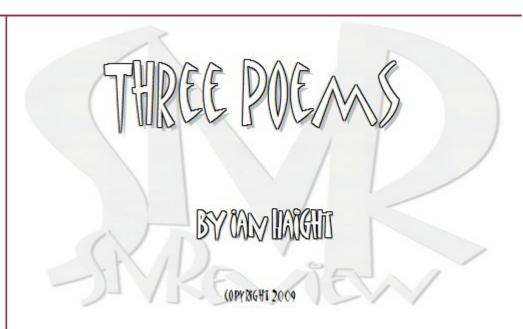
Summer 2005

Editor's Note

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What Made Me Do That to You

We watched laundry in windowed steel machines, the humid dryers' air weighing our eyelids down, never closing on the warped plastic chairs with their curved upward edges

took the sharp needly point of leaf long and slender

in the aisles of second hand stores dust rose from faded shades of brown corduroy sofas.
Black and white TV screens flipped continuously, the horizontal always broken though we twisted knobs trying to watch reruns of *Gunsmoke*

chased you sticking the leaf-dart in your shoulder

we lay on the floor eyes turned from the afternoon National Geographic animal shows staring at the air conditioner unplugged, rusting

made you fall

on a brick as if beat and cornered breaking your collar bone.

Broken Glass

"There's been an accident,"
Daddy says. "Did somebody
die?" "I'm not sure."
"Who was it?"

Mom smiles crooked when she sits.
"I've had an accident."
"Did you fall down?"
"No honey. A traffic light fell into my windshield."

A wrecker backs her car into the driveway.

A dog's mouth, rabid from a raccoon bite foams on TV.

Trestle Crossing

Coal tar reek in August heat, we watch carp and fronds weave in water. Dropped rocks move so slow fish don't care. Dreams of train whistles forcing a thirty foot jump, or loping the wooden tracks, tripping: a train rush over us. We find flattened pennies other boys forget to claim. Cattails, mosquito swarms in weeds, spider webs between rocks, thunder sounds at sundown.

At home, heat lightening and jitterbug huzzz. Cats eat moths by porch light, and fire, fire against the woods. Walk the moonlit grass, catch earth smells—horse dung in collapsed barn stalls.

An Indian is buried here somewhere.

lan Haight has been awarded translation grants from the Daesan Foundation, Korea Literary Translation Institute, and Baroboin Buddhist Foundation. With Taeyoung HÅ 7, he is the co-translator of Borderland Roads: Selected Poems of Kyun HÅ 7 (White Pine, 2009). His poems, essays, and translations appear or are forthcoming in Barrow Street, Writer's Chronicle, and New Orleans Review.