

[Home](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Spring 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Mail](#)

POETRY OF REBECCA GRABILL

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An Evening With Friends

You and he
talk
endlessly.
Nearly ten,
the fire is embers
now,
the candles
burnt low.

I stumble
to the kitchen
to wash the dinner dishes.
You ask for port.
My glance
silences you.

Eleven,
twelve,
he leaves.
You wonder
why I do not kiss you
goodnight.

Argument

I hear only shadows
of voices.
My mind fights
against my will to separate
sounds into words.

Last summer
the windows were opened.

Even in intelligibility,
they were senseless.

In the Morning

Spray
from rain
tapping
on the porch rail
reaches
my feet.
I stretch
and let the torrents
run
between
my
toes.

Rebecca Grabill homeschools her three children. She has been writing full-time for going on seven years. She has seen her educational materials published and used widely, and her creative nonfiction published as well, in *Parenting From the Heart* and *Main Street Rag*. Her fiction has won mid-sized awards; she's collected well over one hundred not-always-very-nice rejection letters. More about her can be found at her website, www.rebeccagrabil.com.

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