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## Three Poems

*by Richard Krawiec*

### Found

After Monday's sunset  
Arlene parked  
her practical Toyota  
neatly by the locked gate,  
removed her shoes,  
lined them perfectly  
together on the dock  
beside the pill bottle  
that would be found,  
then walked beneath  
the heat-thickened water  
of Falls Lake.

I rushed to her house  
to find a dazed husband  
taping TV shows, a son  
smashing vases, guitars,  
glass to fill the living room.  
Old memories surfaced;  
the noose  
around Charlie's neck;  
the shotgun  
in Michael's mouth.

That Sunday  
my friend's daughter  
in the carefree thrall  
of twenty-two  
drove 90 miles per hour  
into history. I saw again  
one night's empty highway  
the wailing, broken boys,  
my friends, their car sliced  
in two by the Exit sign,  
steam and fluids  
hissing, popping.

None of this happened  
to me, yet this shroud bows  
down my shoulders, bends  
my face into itself.  
Even my smiling son  
cannot draw me up to listen  
to his happy prattle.

Frost was wrong.  
The choice is not one  
of divergent paths.  
The roads not traveled  
all threaten bracken ponds,  
heat-slick roads,

the possibility  
of blood and darkness  
just waiting to be seized.

## **you stood on the stool**

so you could reach down and cradle  
my face up to yours  
we slow-danced to Van  
Morrison's 'Have I told you  
lately that I love you?'

You above, pressing down,  
me yearning, always this  
pressing and yearning

Earlier, you hair in wanton disarray  
you kissed and laughed  
your way down my body  
I stroked and glided down  
your arms, stomach, legs

until we tucked our feet  
beneath the covers,  
drank wine, pecked  
at tortellini, salad,  
each others' lips

Once I closed your eyes  
circled you slowly, the two of us  
barely breathing as I touched  
gently with my tongue the places  
you wouldn't anticipate a caress  
when I lifted you to the bed,  
pressed into your yearning,  
my hand slipped over  
your wet thighs, the rush  
of fluid thick and amniotic  
desne as the ocean  
pulsing with life

what is this we have?  
where nothing is more loving  
than anything else - a kiss,  
a phone call, the flash of eyes  
at the market, feather-slip  
of hand on your back, lips  
on your neck

they say the spirit yearns  
to God, or the universe, yearns  
to be absorbed back home,  
join the cosmic symphony

when we press against each other  
our mouths consume, hearts entwine,  
bodies dissolve - we are already there,

absorbing, dispersing, singing  
as one. What better home  
could we possibly find?

### **When You Say Love**

Do you think of the bathrobes  
entwined on one hook in the bedroom,  
or the crumbs of dukkah  
scattered on the rug by the fireplace?

Or is it the displaced guitar, poem  
on the coffee table, the long silver  
strands of hair streaking the tub?

Do you remember the emails  
spread across the bureau,  
or the glitter dusting  
the kitchen floor, a key  
that fits the back door?

How do you measure the weight  
of the shaving cream, toothbrush  
moved in before you? Are these less  
than the purple bruise on the freckled neck,  
the eyes that sparkle and tear, the eager  
hands and mouth, grasping legs, the head  
resting with a sign beneath yours?

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**Richard Krawiec's** poetry book, *Love, Loss Redemption*, is forthcoming from Press 53 this Fall. His chapbook, *Breakdown*, was a Finalist for the 2009 Indy Awards for Poetry. He has also published 2 novels, a story collection, and 4 plays, as well as numerous reviews and feature articles. His poems and stories appear in some of the top literary mags in the US – *Sou'wester*, *many mountains moving*, *Shenandoah*, *Witness*, *Cream*, *City Review*, *North*

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*Carolina Literary Review, Connotation, etc.* He's received fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the NC Arts Council, and the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. He teaches online Fiction Writing for UNC Chapel Hill, and won their Excellence in Teaching Award for 2009. He has worked extensively with people in homeless shelters, women's shelters, prisons, literacy classes, and community sites, teaching writing.

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