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Three Poems by Autumn McClintock

Indolent

I'll hang out on the couch
watch an endless loop of This Old House.
Bob Vila's beard is fantastic.

I'll go on trying to eat, but
the fistful of chips won't reach my face.
Weren't the Greeks beautiful?

Good thing I'm drunk.
Good thing I don't need
to chat or cry or take a piss.

What Zeno didn't know:
drywall, caulk, how to build it quick.
How Bob Vila will step through

take me in his arms
like a slab of shingles, nail me
to the roof while I lie still

while night doesn't descend
summer keeps the tar hot.

Darling

With thanks to the form.

You are the couch and the bookcase.
The letter D, well-rounded

and offering. I accept,
whatever the gift.

The salt in the wound,
the bread's own leavening.

In the evenings, I stretch upon you,
but you aren't the bed.

You are the couch, and I am nothing
like the cushions.

I am the bones of the body.
Dressed in a sweatshirt,

my slippers have a hole.
This winter is a crossword, and I am a clue.

But you are the answer, 7 letters long.

Considering the End of Winter Upon the Death, After Long Illness, of My Mother-in-Law's Brother

Hairs of your mustache almost neutral now, as the light before dawn, as the sink's bowl at 3am, a shine from whatever moon is left in the world then. Does hair change color in the grave? Does the bone ill-shaped from a fall still signify you? Something impartial about March, the eve of an eve no one notices. Just get us to May. Bark of a pine waiting for new moss buds that surely come, ants and termites that surely come. Mushroom and lichen. Forest's sporey breath and hoof print filled with rain. All here in the damp at the feet of winter. Thank you for being loved.

Autumn McClintock lives in Philadelphia where she works at the public library and impatiently awaits baseball season. Her poems have been published most recently in *Blood Lotus*, *Apiary*, and *juked*, and her essay entitled "Responsible for Death" will appear in the anthology *The Poet's Sourcebook*, due out from Autumn House Press (no relation) next year.

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