

[Home](#)

[Current Issue](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



## **Their Honeymoon**

lost in kimberlite  
diamond and coal  
shoveling out  
a pan in Arkansas



where will we go  
their wedding, ours  
with the water hose  
mud  
daylight turns to  
bubblegum,  
stop your smacking

another time, another tune  
what is love

a Santa Claus machine  
quests for union

what if we never returned  
to our wedding, theirs

a map in the glovebox  
and I never read it



I got romantic in my usual way

the starting spot

that vacant spot

we ordered Liebfraumilch

*you remember that*

turned on the TV  
as if to forgot some presence

at the motel in Hot Springs  
you had never wanted to sing  
you tore your nightgown

fretting

the spa, the cure

we shared a tenderloin  
called it dinner

in the moist and heavy breath  
all the undress of a knot



I bit your earlobe, made you shout

beyond forgot broken felt  
glass of smooth cherry lips

already pregnant,  
you found a snake bit kit in a gift shop

I read your signal, I was prescient

- 1) small blade, listed as scalpel
- 2) tourniquet, not listed as tourniquet, listed something like personal binding rope
- 3) suction thingee, device, listed as suction thingee, just kidding
- 4) instructions

anecdote?

the baby became our best hope

or, please don't tell that Tonto and Lone Ranger joke

was there something I forgot to purchase

I'm four again, I'm superman

until I jump and fail to fly  
through the secret side-effect of your lies,  
you must admit I'm only five

but I was four



I adored you like the mirror

---

you always said IT was my mother

please wake me if you see her car

Charlie Brown, *Peanuts*  
my lunchbox, my Thermos

about grown, child again

raining, the dark  
cool as a cave, forgetting

home

once upon a time, in the car  
she hollered

the shadow

now sitting, waiting  
time, the time, in my treehouse

no idea

my lunch, the peanut butter  
the chips

an alphabet

scratching the tree trunk  
with my pocketknife

last night

the last time my dog Lucy barked  
on the front porch, her dog corpse

the wound  
(or was it the shadow?)

a cow must have kicked her  
I tried not to cry

this morning, milked dry

I've decided, school no more—  
adventure

proved only Symbolic

and I missed you

this twist, this turn of words

---



milk in her purse

a hole in the wind,  
my longing

whose circuit  
the end—

sky erupts

clock, reverbs, reverbs the clock

approximate helicopter

a child missing

it's \_\_\_\_\_, I'm lost

errant

breakdown—

I went searching  
no promise



pair of shoes  
hands huge with grief

the medication was not enough

I had to leave for work  
the car parked

grief



she says to me

*a wall made of sea shells  
if we had lived by the sea*

*a department store mannequin  
if we had lived near the city*

*a dress for the mannequin  
if you didn't have a wife*

but I had you long enough

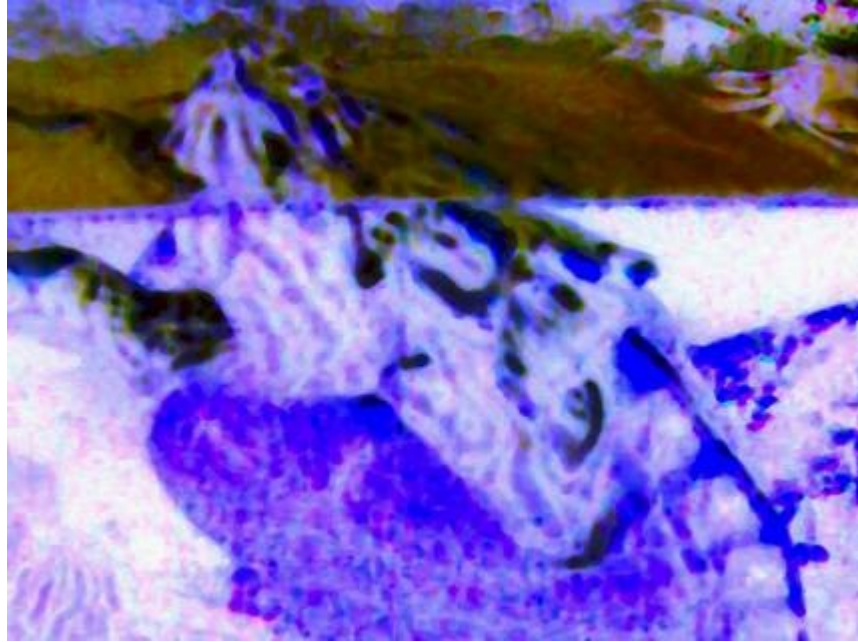
*a clock made of rubber bands*



---

*if we had had the supplies*

*the house on paper  
the death, the good-bye*



---

**Copyright 2008, Jeff Crouch. ©** This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.

---

**Jeff Crouch** is a writer in Grand Prairie, Texas. Most recently, his writing has appeared in such places as *Above Ground Testing*, *Cautionary Tale*, *The Cerebral Catalyst*, *The Delinquent*, *DOGZPLOT*, *elimae*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *Laika Poetry Journal*, *Mastodon Dentist*, and *MG Version 2*. His work can also be found at his usual haunts: *Literary Chaos* and *The Houston Literary Review*. But Jeff Crouch also enjoys collaborations with other artists, and his fellow collaborators have included Cece Chapman, Christopher Woods, Diana Magallon, Jim Leftwich, and Matina Stamatakis. See his artwork at *Ascent Aspirations*, *The Blue Print Review*, *Events Weekly*, *moria*, and *textimagepoem*.