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POETRY OF LOU FABER

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Knowing

She wants to know
if I could be an animal
which would I choose.
Part of me wants to answer panther
sleek, black, catlike, eyes
glowing in the night,
but never coyote, crawling out
of the hills in search of rabbits
darting through the sage,
never the trickster.
I am an animal, I remind her,
we all are, just a bit smarter than most.
She laughs and says
I really wanted to be a god
since I had the image part down.
I say I'd thought of that
but as a man animal
I get two days off a week
and God, according to Genesis
got only one, and
he probably spent it
watching football in New Orleans
She says she would rather be
a dragon or a fox, since Shinto gods
have far less work to do
and generally sit around
being simply venerated.
I close my book, listen
to the rain pelting the Windows
watch the bolt
across the face of the clouds
and listen for the peel of thunder --
Thor is not happy again.

Midstream

A young man sits
on a large flat rock
jutting out into a river.
He slowly tells the river
the story of his life,
places he has been.
Each bit of water flowing by
hears a small piece
of his story, none hear
whole thoughts, for perhaps
he has told none.
Some time later I sit
on the flat rock
and stare into the roiling water.
I listen for its story
but each drop of water
tells bits of its life,
or maybe it is
the lives of others
who stood along its banks
upstream and let their lives
trickle into its flow.
A fish swim slowly by,
it's silvered scales
flashing gold
in the late afternoon sun.
It pauses near the rock,
purses its mouth
and swims off downstream,
but we both understand
it is only the ocean
that hears us fully.

What Do You Say

What do you say
to those who turn their backs
on those broken in battle,
or broken at the sight of battle,
who were left to clean up the collateral damage,
or who were collateral damage,
were pierced by IED's,
or shaped charges,
inadequate armor,
or no armor at all,
were left in moldy rooms,
were dropped on the street,
who don't want to go back again, and still again,
to see with their eyes closed,
who cannot find shelter in a maelstrom of thoughts,
who did what was asked
and wish they hadn't,
who asked for leaders and found only followers,
who asked why and were told because,
who never came back,
who were left here.

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Lou Faber is a poet, corporate attorney, and adjunct faculty in English Literature at Monroe Community College. He has a BA (English), M.B.A. and J.D. and in 2003 completed his M.F.A. in Creative Writing at Goddard College. His work has appeared in *Legal Studies Forum*, *Rattle*, *Pearl*, *Midstream*, *European Judaism*, *Worcester Review*, *South Carolina Review*, *Living Poets* (U.K.), *Amethyst Review* (Canada) and will appear shortly in *Thema*. He lives in Rochester, New York, with his wife, poet Elaine Heveron.