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Sam

The fan oscillated in your place as I drove away from there
after telling you I'd decided to go back to Istanbul.
Had it been turned off, the small town
would have been silent.

I shifted my car into gear. You said Nothing ever changes.
You'd been standing in the middle of the room
holding a petunia. Could you see
the caricature of yourself?
The sun appeared above the corn fields.
I remember how you took a corner, rode your bike, and asked questions.
When you curled your fingers against my coat after your brother died,
I thought if there was one person I would give up everything for it would be you.
I would soon feel like a leaf in a field, laden with ink, straining
to see you from far away. I would sit against a wall
and watch a bucket blow past.

On the way to the airport, I inspected my carry-on items:

Camera: you rotated your tires yourself.
Wallet: you wear a tweed hat.
Toothbrush: you know the word proboscis.
Toothpaste: I wrote a poem that I titled your one syllable name.

Real City I

I thought of what you would say
to or about the rain
& it stopped,
just like that.
I was on the ferry,
I thought of you,
the sun came out.

I looked to my left, then my right,
got under my hood, slouched-
I didn't mean for them to
& I wiped them away
quickly as they came
& let the wind
& sun at my face
I want every instance
back & you here
with the sun
in the morning

Ingénieur

I built
a glass castle
in my heart,
filled it
with pebbles,
and sent it
to sea-
I wanted
to be there
with it.
I designed
this house
for my heart-
I couldn't
use nails.
The roof
is warm,
smooth, soft
underfoot.
The soffit
and fascia
are kiwi
skin (innards
sweet,
grainy).
I built
a home
inside, for,
all around
my heart,
a glass
castle
with minarets
and a moat-
I filled it
ninety percent
full of smooth,
symmetrical pebbles
I collected.

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riting and literature at Winona State University before moving to the Twin Cities to attend Hamline University's Fine Arts in writing program. Her poems can be found onlin