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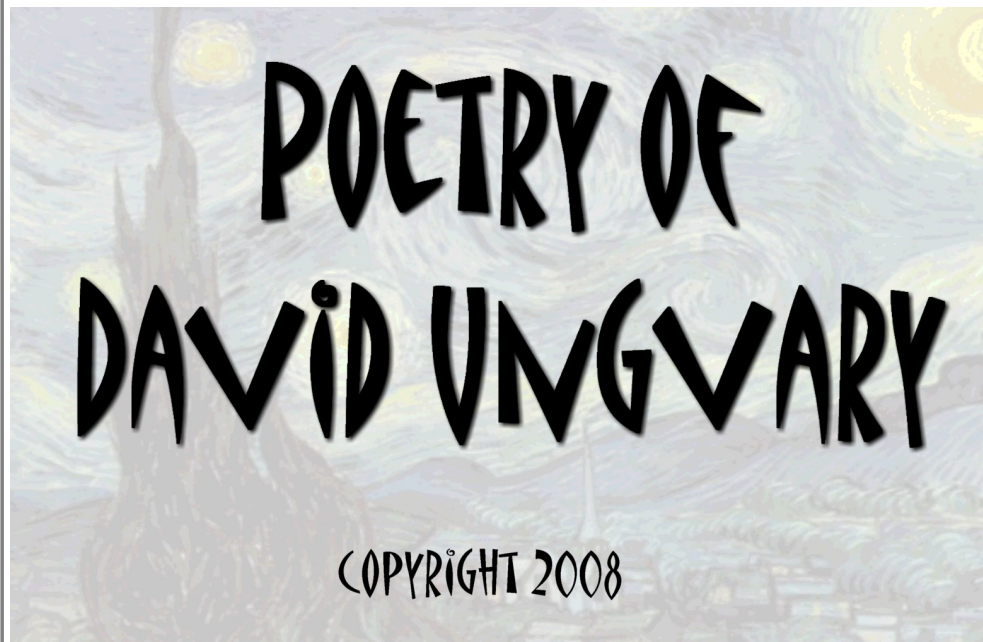
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Grandfather

You were laying there, shoulders covered
In a thick fleece, shivering and cold
When you saw into the ceiling,
And peered a nothing made of smoke.
Once you said you were a cowboy,
Wore boots of leather strapped and spurred,
And rode your horse till midnight,
Wrangling a stubborn herd to some sprawl
In the middle of nowhere, marked by stones
Piled on top of one another in crude formation,
Settled deep in a rich, red loam.
You told me once of how you sat
Alone by a campfire, which danced
With red blossoms crackling
Amidst a field of rocky warts.
And then of how you woke wrapped in a fog
Creeping over the lands, wild and weeping
Folded along their seams—
Pastures stitched to a thousand things.
It never seemed to rise,
The desert morning's whisper
Floating at the lips of the sky,
Pouring its haze into the dawn's light.
That fleece, that blanket—
The wool pulled over
Over all the chaffed and rugged faces
While the world worked and the sheep grazed.
It was the same gentle grayness
Which surged softly in your stare,
When the ghost you named came calling
Back to the fire.

Sun-Washed Wheat

Sometime ago, a shirtless man in overalls green,
In a field of sun-washed wheat,
Leaned back on his pick-up stalled and rusted,
Stood still in a plain of wind-swept bushels ripe,
And considered life.
Dust stirred at his feet, risen from the roots.
Transfixed by the coating on his rubber boots,
An exchange both natural and sudden,
Looking out from where he stood,
Thinking aloud amidst the earth's spindled-strands
"I'm only a man," he said.
Life is spent on wishes and woes,
A summer spent in a winter-cold,
Wishing to be young, waiting to be old;
A morsel of golden wheat, which
Flashes once beneath the sun in an endless sea.

So this is where love ends,

At the corner, in passing,
Boarding a jet, a train,
Under the umbrella,
In a rain pouring.

Can the world feel the weight,
The heavier heart, the onerous soul
The pressure pushing on her spine,
From the burdened steps,
The rigid, platonic hips,
Moving away, away?

Does the earth turn when you turn,
Looking back for a final time,
In the silent movie,
With all the surrounding faces muted,
To stare longingly in a lover's eye,
To mouth, 'Goodbye'?

Do the waters of the world swell
When the waves rise in you,
When regret storms in the stomach,
And a sadness sloshes back and forth,
Crashing in the pit of your body,
A violent, unsteady sea?

Were we really ready?
Ready to say goodbye and go?
Or was there just no time in passing,
To take it slow?

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David Ungvary is an undergraduate student at Duke University in Durham, NC, currently working on degrees in both history and classical studies. It was only after he entered college that he developed a real interest in poetry and started to write on a consistent basis. His work has been published previously in Duke's literary magazine, *The Archive*.