

Home	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Three Poems</b> by Amy Nawrocki</p> <p><b>Loving the Maybes</b></p> <p>When lips are lonely for hydration and the landscape has just passed by, when the body consents to yield its search for a hand-out, and you can only lean against the bark of a tree, but not the tree itself, close your eyes and wait for hues of green to soak your gaze. Wait as shades of indigo coax you out of hypnosis, then endeavor to spin in the earth's lonely trajectory without wings and fall headfirst into the mango light of sunrise. Embrace the possibility that a boomerang returns not because it knows its aim, but because it loves the accident of color.</p>
<p>Autumn/Winter 2011</p> <p>Summer 2010</p> <p>Spring 2010</p> <p>Winter 2010</p> <p>Autumn 2009</p> <p>Summer 2009</p> <p>Spring 2009</p> <p>Autumn 2008</p> <p>Summer 2008</p> <p>Spring/Summer 2008</p> <p>Winter/Spring 2008</p> <p>Editor's Note</p> <p>Guidelines</p> <p>Contact</p>	
	<p><b>Caesura</b></p> <p>After watching the logs crack and char, heat stretching to my bare shins, and daylight fading to its perforation, the riverside tent closes us in for a sleepless night. A nearby campsite chatters into the late evening, and we beg the shades for sleep that arrives only with shackles. The July air is damp, and I shiver beneath skimpy layers, a mistake the cold night reminds me</p>

to pay. With every sigh my waking self  
catches the beginning of rest, only to throw  
it back to the dampness. When the edge  
of morning hacks in, we lumber up  
and slug the short way to the foul  
outhouse, then return to the dew-wrapped tent.  
Grumpy, cold, I fold myself into you,  
my head finding the slope of your chest;  
into the crux of sleep we fall together,  
a shared pleasure we had never known.  
We turn as one into the shell of a spoon,  
your arms robed around me,  
and in this posture, we fight the tremors  
of the long night and doze,  
saving bones from a frigid lair,  
saving the next day from our sure  
exhaustion. We flame into the now.

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**Amy Nawrocki** teaches English and creative writing at the University of Bridgeport. Her most recent chapbook, *Nomad's End*, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2010. A work of nonfiction, *A History of Connecticut Wine: Vineyard in Your Backyard*, coauthored with Eric D. Lehman, was published in Spring 2011 by The History Press.

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