

Two Poems by Lauren Clark

You Write To Me

You write to me about how lake is different than a hole, when you break the wineglasses, the
body sleeps You write to me the answers are clear as your window. You write to me only
with a magnifying glass sense: the truth that you only ask because you think you are dead.
You knew me late at night yourself a question, you said I write when I am dead too.
You knew my body is curious at the kitchen table that night I am dead because I paint
wants to step wherever you step, like you would write to me for all the hallways, listen to the radio
Oh the softness of your cat, your life. You wrote to me: alone I am dead because no one feels
her fur against the arch of the foot knew that the wind would bring you existence, I am dead
You know that it was my fingers, which held your body because now for six months you've been
my reason, what makes my body sleep so soft. That night in Saint Croix, when you were there
five blocks across town where lying in bed I climbed your body you wrote to me there are no lights
you exile yourself over and over like the cat always stuck up in the jacaranda in your courtyard

Meditation

I am the one who is speaking but I can't
feel my face. You are the one with the open lexicon
and the black eyes. I am saying I love you, and the night is over
my shoulder, and the plastic deck furniture is under the snow,
and the library's books are safe on their shelves.
Yesterday at sunset I saw Galen eat a grapefruit cell
by cell. The light glanced off her purple tights, seeped
through the dripping pink. She spit the seeds
and the late sun moved in slow motion
just you are becoming paler in a steady parade
of shades. In the silence after you take off your glasses,
I understand: I have broken the rule of *show, don't tell*,
and you look deeply into the lexicon's dark print.
I should have come to you a suppliant,
silent, citrus in hand.