

# Ten Poems

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## But Wait, There's More

The spray of shiny spoons fanned in a circle.  
The huddle of plastic bowls encircled

By concentric wrap; four more steaks.  
Six more knives, a stake

Plunged in the moist center  
Of flesh rotating in its concentric

Huddle, seared on the axis  
Of its very being. Ask us

Anything. This knife can slice  
Through a tin can; ice

Can stay frozen for up to 24 hours.  
They'll be gone in an hour.

See, you will not melt inside.  
You will be seared on both sides,

An audience who eats  
While pre-heating,

Who bites further into flesh  
Than is flesh

And wishes for sleep  
While still dreaming. Asleep

At the wheel, hard tread of road  
—Towards what? more durable road?—

And the dark eclipse of screen  
In the distance. As Seen

On stilled to ellipsis, pinprick suns,  
Bright mouths open for every other sun.

### **Choose Your Preferences**

The catch is that you can't.  
Scrabbled down to bedrock  
That sunblanched

Array—narcoleptic tree  
Beside the dust-kicked barn,  
Stiffened scrub-brush crabgrass

And the dusty paths, rusted  
Shovel tangled in a line  
That laps the bright horizon.

Against the sun, one antique user set  
Forty miles from any living thing  
In a backlit ring. And with its

Descant hum, information  
Gathering, one bright cloud  
Primed to thunder over.

### **Ghazal (Morning)**

Have you ever been in bed  
And wanted to go back to bed?

You could say a dog is a reason to get up every day—  
*What if I don't want to get up every day—*

Or that there must be something in the paper  
That will flood down the street like any other paper.

Have you ever been in bed  
And wanted to go back to bed?

### **Ghazal (Afternoon)**

Someone outlawed ice-cream trucks;  
Now only the rumble of long-distance truckers.

Outside the streets are empty  
And the air, sucker punched. Emptied.

Even the sun has a sound:  
A dark whale sounding.

Viola or violin, live or radios played.  
And the children. What else, playing.

### **Ghazal (Evening)**

There is always someone shouting in the street  
Or someone shouting in the street to be quiet.  
Only a short time ago there was light, half-light—  
Gone like a sponge plunged in water.

Now an aureole around the toilet's tank, the fridge,  
The light and liqueur—love's dumb hum.

Love's companions, the shades. You could say  
*They go or I go*, but no one is going anywhere.

### **Rake**

Of course you wind up in a heap.  
Don't mistake this for remove.  
Love can be a parallel, a rack-  
and-tine array with teeth  
For every groove. It isn't cheap.  
It's only earth. For whatever  
That seems worth. As if leaves  
Minded when they fell. That  
To be seen is to be swept away.

### **Bill**

Right away, you're old news:  
a sheaf of past hungers and crimes  
shoved under some pile. Tedious  
illustration—some say accusation—  
of long-ago trials. Illustrate for all

that you're worth: You might  
as well detail the facts of my birth.  
I prefer circulars, greasy-laid plans  
that come off on your hands.  
They lie, as I do, in particulars:  
Something for sale in some aisle.  
Where I went, who I saw, what  
I tried: I'm not what's inside.  
And still you arrive—you won't go—  
So let's see. Let's see what I owe.

### **Ring**

It's foolish to say I hear bells,  
but I think that's the name,  
"Bells." ("Bells 2"?) It was playing  
the day I met you, informing  
the world that you're mine,  
you'll come when I call, your  
heart lit to the ceiling, loopy  
with feeling. A brilliant cut  
snapped open, snapped shut  
in full circle, trilling, you  
want me to answer. I do.

### **Hi-Tech Hotel Valencia, Spain**

Laptops in the lobby  
And a spangle-steel

Frieze on an angle:  
It is. Conceptual,

Your hotel. Intellectual.  
I can't figure the knobs  
In the shower or why  
Cut-glass divide is a style.

I need doors. Privacy.  
Performance anxiety,

You've said. The night-  
stand has programmable light

For the bed. And four feet.  
Dirty feet, spread on that white.

### **They**

Is it better when they're on  
the way or already know

what they're doing? One  
thing's certain: They've

studied the problem.  
They've got people

for this. Someone  
is sure to be on

the way. Buzzing,  
Omniscient they:

Hive that holds  
the honeycomb—

Guileless cloud,  
Predictive task.  
An intent needle.  
They've said that

they're coming, and  
There you stand for the  
step on the stair, the knock  
and the cough and the silence.

Waiting to see who it is.