

# Three Poems

Hannah Allen

## **Pantoum Advertising the Sale of My Clay Mountain**

I am looking to sell this clay mountain.  
Any reasonable offers will be considered  
for this mountain which features a pond, pine  
forests, streams, turkeys, deer, eagles. I said that

any reasonable offers will be considered  
and that for no extra charge, you too can have  
woods, creeks, guineafowl, elk, buzzards. I said that  
once, atop this mountain, there was a war

and that for no extra charge, you too can have  
your own war. Then when you sell it, you too can say  
“once, atop this mountain, there was a war.”  
Once someone told me that “you too could have

your own war.” And when you sell it, you too can say  
“I am looking to sell this clay mountain.  
Once someone told me that ‘you too could have  
this pond, these forests, this mountain.’”

## **Unwrench Them Bone Broth**

Unbound bone, steamed gelatin and parted flesh vertebrae crumble between my fingers as I debone this grocery store bird. Her rib bones bellow rippled conjugation and tip off into the broth. Past lame jokes and soft cheeses, you are mine. Lately pounded in each step I take is death, death, death — on the interstate, the voracious maw of a Caterpillar marks into fire, brush and trees; deviled crows grieve the air, and a sterling silver hawk barks before the blue-white police.

The remaining nine Bovans tremble their claws, annoy the freezing earth, try to find life; their pinwheel hearts spin miles in one minute. And still. Even my fingernails waste away. Tonight, in the backyard we will try to wrangle our birds from their roosts send them flying down the banister, their digits caked with shit and dirt and shit will cling frozen to the wood.

## To Those Coming to Fayetteville, Arkansas

Close your eyes on a ship  
built to make you seem small,  
smaller still with closed eyes. See  
the catacombs of dark purple, holes  
that open into each other. Notice the texture  
of sweet dark, enough friction  
to propel you like a green June  
Beetle through caverns to figs. Hear  
the fish opera alight — you, living  
opal in the morning sea; and you, heavy  
as a winter's load of laundry. Eat the sea  
candies and macaroni. Seek fruit as do  
myriads of bulbuls, glossy starlings,  
green pigeons and fruit bats, two species  
of squirrel, too, and simiang white-handed gibbons  
who detect the mahogany-red golf ball  
sized figs by odor, select them with what  
appears to be care. But to consume is not  
to care. These animals do not eat  
for nutrients. They eat figs or fig parts. Those  
of potent digestion would, I have heard, eat bullets,  
gun flints. I've eaten your dog and I am sorry.  
I felt I was losing him, so I had to become him.  
I am good. I take care of myself. I raise spiders  
and green frogs. I stay outside, my paws  
harden like rocks. I wait for dinner.