

# Two Poems

**Maya Pindyck**

### **Inquisitor**

Asking—no, crowing—  
at the guard among the peonies,  
crowned with a false sense  
of sunlight, your fair inquisitor  
lights up. Husk of maize  
brandishes your tongue  
to remind you of all that's been  
crushed by the Colonel. Music  
in the garden: a quintet of pinks  
rhapsodizes a mania of sunsets.  
Do you hear it when your eyes spring open?  
Do you find it between the fringes  
of daybreak, leashing one world  
while hunting another?

It took some time to find  
the perfect patch of grass  
beneath the wild berries  
oozing from the shrubs.

And the patch was no more perfect  
than any other patch  
with its chirps and buzzes,  
grasses and ants,  
unseen dog  
barking just two patches away,  
the river singing her usual song—

I wanted to write, *the river calls to me*.

Instead I write, *the river calls me*,  
and seek my name in what I write.

