

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?

I

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.

