

Four Poems

Magdalena Zurawski

The Tiny Aches

Sometimes things hurt like a dream
in the flesh. You are seeking a huge
pair of butterflies

who you know
will only come later. 4am keeps ringing. Its spidery snare and all the stars are

your own
headache cemented in our most ancient fears. Even love
emerges as just
a plush yawn, a hydroponic mood of lingering
limbs. It chews the warm light
slowly,

as if you might
not be here. Its idiot words refuse to reveal
their intent.

You wake muffled.
Is there any tenderness on deck?

The present is not enough, will never be
enough. The future,
artificial and polite, promises you a locomotive
heading west. You feel it coming
through the patio beneath your feet.

You will arrive, someone tells you. There will be a tree-lined belonging. You will finally
shed the tiny aches of your birth. Someone

else sees the doubt in your face and assures you
every little flower
is the craft of someone you haven't yet met. You nod, lift a leg
as if preparing to board, though
you hardly believe it.

Cool Ark for Clark

These pleasures of the breath-husk
are merely for frolic's sake. Have
them on toast! Earth is doing

backflips on a leash. Your car
heaves, but I listen only
to your heart. Yes—the mind

shakes the treetops and the water
glass. You can hurl comets if you
open the senses, but stay casual.

Keep the green window plants,
pickled newspapers, and a table
for two near the waxed

genitals. We have enrolled in a good
college, so take no guff. Let your spirits

blow your nose into the brain where
a world revolves around a fine bacterium.

Life For Mike

Shit flows downstream
on big pills and
your Pal's a loony
on time-released spirit.

He's the width
of a wolf all animated
in gray along
a highway. Traffic's
a mode of worry
so worry.

Your breath hits
the outskirts of Pensacola while
California bangs in
your shirt. Your
heaven is windy and
there's no more wine.

Call for help.
Where is there a sign
willing to understand?

As Per Gus

they shove
tomorrow's deli clerk
into position
each distant star
clear as mud