

# Four Poems

Magdalena Zurawski



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