

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 Bovan Browns 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.