

Lisa Birnbaum

Snow in Iowa, You Tell Me

But here fruit rats have eaten out the oranges still on our tree,
whole rinds for light to fill, lamps left glowing
up there in the afternoon blaze

And the ones that fell these last weeks are furry green,
fixed on the bricks as if they rolled to us
from games somewhere else

I smelled the new blossoms yesterday in the alley
as I walked out my trash—the sweetness,
you know it will drench the yard, don't you?

I Hate Us

Of course that's where *hiatus* comes from,
I think in the morning, when I know he's right,
we need six or seven states between us for a while
despite everything to dread there:
slick roads and wind knocking and hunger
and looking around for what's lost even more.
Bones, mine alone, sticking into the mattress.

