

# I GO WANDERING INSIDE MY HEAD

RACHEL ABRAMOWITZ

alone. At the gate of my head: a bull the color of hot tar

on yellowing paper. He ignores me, chews the perpetual grass.

Beyond the gate is a scape like the moon. It is not a  
known moon,

nor of poetry. It is a red moon, and subtle, and I walk  
backwards to see where I have been. The gravity here

is the weight of an apple on the highest branch.

When I try to catch the apple as it falls

I am inadequate as a moth. Large as a coin, pebbled  
and slight, the moth makes holes so great whole

empires fall through them over and over. Let me return  
to the civilization whose god is a sunfish, flat as a palm.

There my hands are nonsense: I just wave them around, astonished  
by their disobedience. They draw only the bull, its face the face

of a heart that has seen itself, and walked through its halls  
all the same.

## YOUR LIFE IN ART

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Unlike the living, the dead tell you when they are tired of you. They make endless pots of wedding soup, and oil their breasts in the moonlight, and ask what the tides are doing, and the rhododendrons. Wardrobes awash in green silk, blackberries tucked behind their ears, they will nod when they would like you to pack up your red pail of sea glass and take the sun away. How easy it is to talk to the dead. I have a standing appointment. We lunch in the old ways, pretending to our great estates. The sea rattles beneath the earth, and we turn our eyes to one another. We talk of Bruegel and his winters, though here it is spring, and the bathers down by the rocks feel only an occasional gust. There is no plague, and when the sun dips behind the beech trees, and the sandwiches, light as foam, are all gone, I walk back up the drive, and feel the magnets in my blood like ancient hands pull me toward the dirt.

# ONCE I LIVED IN A GREAT CITY

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laid out to bring the sun into itself at certain times of the year, and  
everyone at that time  
of the year left their offices made of straight lines of glass and  
heathered upholstery soft

as a fawn in spring, and left the construction sites that would soon  
sprout more offices and left  
the diners whose insides are cushioned in brown vinyl, as it is  
written, and left their tender

fruits to the flies and left their shining children to wander around  
the fountains that reminded  
the children of ancient Rome, which they remembered all of (heat  
pooling in a courtyard,

lazy smoke from a burnt ox, a freshwater pearl in a ditch), and left  
their spouses holding  
the car keys but soon the spouses also left and for several minutes  
everyone forgot how to drive

anyway, and the sun in the city entered the streets with shared  
purpose, with a pure, unerring  
heart, and even the concrete warmed with the memory of the  
beginning of the universe,

which was silent—