

# NOWHERE I HAVE EVER BEEN

SUSANNAH LODGE-RIGAL

I watched a bee crawl

across the blanket & onto my hand

when I heard the news In a park

in a city in the state where once

we both had lived I watched a bee

crawl when I heard the news

The ground still wet

with November rain & the sky too

bright After—I started seeing

things I've never seen before You doubled

over in a room's half-light

a note on the table six names

on the note on the table a voice

downstairs swung up for no one in a house

I have never seen on a street I have never seen

in a country in a dark

I have never      I have never  
seen      It's not enough  
to say I remember you—you  
                showing me where to place my feet  
across the rained-out trail  
                *Step here then here then here*  
you said      You stood  
on the other side      of a flood      in the state  
where we both once lived      reaching  
                one hand out      It's not enough to say  
I remember you      one hand out—  
  
it's not enough      You were here  
                then here      then here      then  
(in a house I've never seen before)  
                you went nowhere I have ever been

# CICADA YEAR

SUSANNAH LODGE-RIGAL

I mean to trouble  
the dead June heat  
as the seed will its burial  
Indiana again & the door's wide  
empty the dirt keeps  
pushing up paintbrushes Lately my hands  
leave a relic in every room—  
chimes clamoring  
in the sill aster under  
looking glass That brute wishing  
everywhere— *keep me*  
& always the window's swung  
prayer a garden's delphinium  
bruise In the season's pure flame  
I could hold the earth  
in a trowel's halved mouth  
& it wouldn't make me good

In my life cicada husks have sparkled

on the lawn & I've seen them

there—sparkling      Everything

I've ever loved      I loved as if it were

a seed mid-trouble

# SURELY THERE WAS SUN

SUSANNAH LODGE-RIGAL

Surely there was sun / There were hills that split / the world from  
the world / & a flume of gulls swung over

It was only a matter of hours / That wintered reservoir / cracked &  
the sky swam / through

We drove the whole

round lip of it / that reservoir / I was driving no / you—you /  
Through windows / all of us searching

the water for bright mimicries / of sun & overhead—gulls shattered  
/ their shape in sky

Our voices / folded

into a common idiom / flickered / as the ordinary light will / It was  
a matter of hours—  
a few winters shining & split

I swear it / that reservoir cracked wide just to hold the sky / This to  
say / every poem I've written

is a love poem

Surely by now we've learned—to call one another by name / is to  
find some rescue in the calling