

THE  
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Glove

The story of the life of hesitation.

Or.

The story of the life of crash and burn.

The body in which the life is sheathed  
in either story  
is like a bedtime glove

put on to aid  
the absorption of unguents  
but found in shreds at daybreak

as if it had been peeled from the windshield  
of a yellow car, a bandage  
furred by frost, or milk.

I don't know which destiny,  
the one of frost or milk,  
takes the most desiring or the longest path to come to.

The universe of milk fills us with velvet  
knowing that the universe of frost  
occludes our ever having known.

But *something* wrings its hands,  
and we cover up, or comfort,  
that thing with our own hands—

Either way we feel  
the story make a fist  
just before what's done

is finally done.

## On Thursday She Began Saying Everything at Once

On Thursday she began saying everything at once  
but her heart had a problem keeping up  
so she took a bow tie and a half of the drug  
which slowed her to where she could  
speak out loud again but it fogged in

her brain so she knew then she would have to  
live always in fog the way the citizens do  
in Seattle where she'd once scanned  
the ledges of mist, truly lost. The words there  
were a mist and the thing to say

a bell buoy far off shore, ridiculous  
to her in her raincoat whose lining  
was secretly green as the sea where the only light  
comes from the foreheads of surgeon fish  
sulking and stalking the ledges,

as has been mentioned, of mist.  
She hates that the onrushing  
and also the blood-letting language  
that mops up and maps the top layer  
of dream is made out of the same words

we use to buy fish. Others have praised  
this condition for centuries but she has always  
hated it—like Mozart pumped into the fishmonger's  
briny speakers, beautiful scales shorn, hacked, slimed  
to scales upon a scale.

What you do, she decided on Thursday, is  
go on. Move forward. Swim. Like a fish. Or die. You go:  
*Here I come. You go: give me a break.*  
You decide that the words can listen  
for once and pour *you* a cup of the coffee the

whole city will get famous for before  
it becomes Thursday outside words  
and the coffee an excuse to condense oneself  
to saying something *suave* to someone *suave*  
about some very *suavey* thing in a language

you speak just one word of: *grande*.  
The consequence of which makes your heart race, bad.  
And so you double up, two whole bow ties like a ballplayer  
hefting two bats who's about to smack open the bleachers' screams  
of nothing other, and nothing, and other, than all the words at once.

## Frame

This is for the box kite  
framed by four sticks  
of balsalm and glue  
and the suggestion of paper

that framed  
with two windings  
and one intervening  
swath of air

one rectangular  
room that went up  
above trees that framed  
the park where I consulted

the loneliness  
that framed  
my terror  
of others also nine

who numbered twenty  
in the classroom framed  
by towering chalkboards  
green as if

leaves had been smeared  
across utterance  
before it began as if  
language were nature

and nature were natural and  
language were possible  
once we had mastered  
writing it down

not up but the kite that  
was absent that day  
rode up repeatedly  
scribbling its tail and

bellowed below  
to the green whorled world:  
*This is the girl*  
*and this is what great*

*distance from what*  
*you love makes possible:*  
*her, whose kerchief is*

*battered down over her*  
*mind that frightens her like wind*  
*each time a different way:*  
*I am the kite and this is the girl*

*Look below our chins:*  
*There's a bow on a string that*  
*keeps me up here there's a bow*  
*on a string that keeps her, down there:*

*I am the kite and this is the girl. Say it.*  
*I am the kite and this is the girl.*  
*Now, I am the kite and that is the girl.*  
*I am the kite that is the girl.*