

SAMANTHA
LEWIS

On a June Day 128

129 Behind the Wire

You're Not Here 131

ON A JUNE DAY

I was cutting through the heat
on my Trek bike

Winding past the Barbee Hotel
stopping at the bridge

To admire the beastly carp creeping
near the mouth of a drainage pipe

Getting lost the way everybody should
on a June day

But not the same way you did

Misplacing your body parts in a dried up
river bed

Shattering yourself from the ground
up disconnecting this
 limb
 from that
 limb

Confusing hands for feet for flesh for bone
for dirt

I still find pieces of you everywhere

BEHIND THE WIRE

Not a single shot
was fired

Because we didn't keep
the peace

It kept us

Caged, confined
crazy

Count them out
loud

Thirty

30 rounds in
a clip

30 rounds for
12 mths

Packed tight pieces
of lead

Like unused pencils

Waiting to write something

down

For example:

Eighteen insurgents were
killed today near the border
of Pakistan

But my story doesn't sound
like that

It goes:

Vet found dead
in garage just two
months after returning
home

You see my doctor
told me

To count backwards
from 30

In order to adjust

So for the sake of
my family

I did

But I stopped at 29

RESEARCH

CREATIVE

YOU'RE NOT HERE

Maybe there is
something

about warm weather

that melts us
apart

sweating, sliding, drifting

colliding into foreign
continents

named after old
lovers

tectonics

shaking our foundation
for the better

part of a year

crumbling like fault
lines

into strangers

until the earth spins
and cools

again

holding us back
in place

