

## Nancy Mattson / TWO POEMS

### SNAPSHOT

In the first snap  
shot in haste with a borrowed  
lens your grin is loony  
six tulips dawdle  
in a vase of blurred  
crystal pinwheels the world  
is a grainy cartoon  
after the flash you chewed  
a petal to make me laugh

## MAPS

I used to recognize signs  
stars  
gestures

The Flying Dutchman  
made a pact with the devil  
was doomed to sail forever  
round and round the oceans  
but one night a year, after midnight  
he is allowed to go onshore  
we met him in a restaurant  
overlooking Otter's Rock  
he plied us with cognac

I have forgotten several habits  
perception  
belief  
intelligence

In Newport we played pool  
in a sailors' bar  
the roof leaked  
a pail caught the drips  
After you won the game

8-ball in the corner pocket  
a woman with a shaved head  
challenged you for ten dollars  
you lost and bought her a draft

I remember there were voices  
true meanings  
I lived in several times at once  
coalescing

The maps I follow  
do not show deserts or rain  
treacherous mountain trails  
places the car will stall  
where the brakes will fail  
the beds we will make love in  
which I will cry in