

## Beth Jankola / TWO POEMS

### SHE CALLS

She calls/from across the river/  
come/oh/lonely hunter/  
leave your garden shack/come/  
to my dark night/my nest is  
feathered/quiet/peace/  
faith in the mighty pen/

Trembling/she dares the river black/  
and swollen

Naked without her clothes/her garden  
shack/the other side/the other side/

The pen's been silent/breasts wither/  
hair to grey/flesh to flab/the city's  
getting bigger/gardens die from lack  
of sun/

Off she throws her clothes/those remnants  
of former lives/the river/s cold/black/  
she thrashes towards the other side/the  
mid-night owl swoops low/to view her from  
the sky/spirals/higher/higher/laughing/  
mocking/

She naked/cold/exhausted hears/the echoing  
HA HA cry/

Back to shore/my clothes/my clothes

The river takes her.

## GETTING AWAY

She was from the city/she needed to be in the country/  
for awhile/to get away/  
she needed the fishing village/  
real men/the beaches/and the wild sea/

She had a reputation/for being a witch/a bitch  
unpredictable/and she could write/

He whom she needed a rest from/was a poet/although  
his fame did not/put much bread on the table/

She came to the village/dragging her kid behind her/  
She was out/all the time/walking the beaches/riding/  
in the motor boat/with this very rough/fisherman/  
far out into the open sea/she'd come back/smiling  
ruddy cheeked/and excited/by each of her adventures/

Then/one night/they told her/there was a phone call/  
down at the pay station/on the dock/long distance/  
from the city/

When she came back/she was furious/she strode/  
up and down/the small apartment/her language/  
was obscene/he had been/with some city woman/  
from Seattle/a singer/when they got busted/

She left/the next day/dragging her kid/behind her/