

## TWO POEMS



*Eva Salzman*

### GALLERY

When I become like these people  
once hung on my walls with innocent pleasure  
and an eye for eccentricity as a palliative,

when I become the Pre-Raphaelite lady  
kneeling to unwrap a wooden cat on wheels  
while his lighter shadow, alive and  
licking his paws, waits on the sill,

when I become the jaded lank-haired lush  
propping up the bar—her fag  
like a drooping cock still braving it,  
like a missile about to misfire—

become the pastel face of a hungry child,  
a Victorian child locked out of home and dream,  
bound by trellis and powdery flowers—

or become the one that's trying too hard as a clown—  
white-ruffed, embracing a mandolin  
which will always be silent as snow,  
when I become like them, like that

the way you begin to look like your dog  
and also begin to look like your house, or it like you,

when I become like them, like that,  
well, then, I do. And that's all there is to it.

THE LITERAL AND THE METAPHOR

Lover  
or not of poetry,  
you rehearse an impressive show as a lover  
of women

and you're a natural with your line  
in line  
breaks.