

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.