

Two Poems

Maya Polan

Visitor's Abcedarian

Connecticut, 2013

Anniversary imminent,
but I'm still on the airplane,
crossing the country home.
December, Connecticut,
earth of hard trampled
firmament—meaning
gets gestured at, Christmas
hangs by its wreaths.
I'll go inside my liquor store
just for the annual hot rum.
Know the owner, the kind
loyal to his customers, again
meet this everybody's-known-
ness. My state is the size
of a smallest child. Little
pawn, intricate
quiet of the painted eyes,
runt heart of a Russian doll.
Sacred, the seedlike snow
that drinks in the ground
under the angeled trees.
Veins in our caroling throats.
Willful singing, lights, no
x-shaped crosses. The holiday
yearning: not a marked
zone, no memory children.

I Never Knew Before a Hot Spring

In your mountain
town I see how far
my city's harbor lights
have quenched.
I've seen the sky
strained and strained
to only strings of them.
I see—stars are meant
to be a liquid: night
and skin and rock
and skim; I am another
naked mineral. A stillness:
maybe we've found Orion,
dead so long, but the death
of light the slowest
one there is, he hangs
by his bright belt.
The moonrise vulgar,
yellow, too soon
and too much—I reach
for my suit top, feel
myself splitting—
you tell me *it's a trap*,
we're due extinct
and I say *yes, I take*
my comfort at the speed
of light. A few astronauts
have slipped away—
headed for the sister solar?
The Mayan ending
of the world. I think I could
be ready. My childhood

friends are men.
Everything won't happen
now. But on this peak
I climbed with you,
we found this
round cold lake
with clouded light.
Irises stretching
in July snow.
In case.