

RICH IVES

Repossession

an ear of corn listens only when wet a dry ear
stays loud has one thing and one thing to say
no one knows the language but it's a complaint

a man who has arrived at himself does not want
his hair back warm and rejected his falling thoughts
they seem arrived at frequent untrimmed misstep

his bevy of admirers think he's someone else
his loving parents love what he tried to be for them
his success measured by those who bored him

an ear of corn tastes sweet and full of starch
like the women who love the man for his defiance
but an ear of corn plays rough and abandoned

imagine an ant on the tiniest crutches
a worm with a long thin walker while outside
the neighbors are celebrating with a hearse just like yesterday

everything we've saved has been eaten by the bank
the mouth has been filled with other things to eat
like cities and automobiles and golden ideas

an ear of corn soon becomes a man who has fallen
he might not be who he thinks he is but a reluctance passing
lying down in an ear of corn in a field in the man's thoughts

Proliferation of the Offered Rock

a rock sleeps with men when the rock is ignored
but only a beautiful woman is like a sleeping rock
a tree can sleep everywhere it goes but can't be ignored

if you put your feet in the ground you will be reliable
and can sleep when others think you're awake
half of wisdom is knowing when to sleep

a man asleep is a woman's favorite target
and a man asleep is never very far away he greets you
as if he were not experiencing something foreign

a woman asleep is confusing she seems to wake
frequently while she is sleeping but she does nothing
to dispel the illusion that she is chasing you

a man asleep may have dreamed what he thinks
of a woman asleep and a woman asleep may
dream that a man dreams of her and he does

here in the bedroom without sex there is a lot of
sex dreaming of a man and a woman just as
a rock might dream of itself sleeping and multiply

The Difference Between a Building and a Rock

Seattle never sleeps but often gets sleepy
Paris is languorous which is sleep with ulterior motives
and Detroit contains a sponge for collecting such intentions

Denver never even slows down but sleeps on its feet
so what if the feet are borrowed and travel different directions
Denver's ambition used to skinny dip and drink moonlight

naked cities often appear to be rocks but inside their intentions
something sticky is forming and if you live in a city
you could find yourself attached to it

when the city is ripe the city shall be plucked and altered
the city is always ripe the plucking looks like travel
the man doesn't even stay home enough to gather himself

a tree can sleep while eating imagine
the dreams that aren't even dreams how
could you know sleep from waking

on the other side of a tree there is always more tree
on the other side of a man is the fear of a fallen man
on the other side of a rock a man becomes the target

but another man is required to select a rock
and propel it towards a goal which is not gathering not
hunting not even understood by the man in the naked city

cities are not targets but their rocks have been anchored
they drift like candles if you forget them if outside
is where you wander try living in a light bulb

several rocks may agree to be a building if a man
holds them together several men can agree
to be a rock if their intentional army is buried

rocks have grown more complicated but men
do complicated things for simple purposes
this is why women perceive them as rocks

Günter's Sandwich Considers Its Alimentary Relativities

if the sandwich is built like a floppy ship and must hold things together
despite impatient hungers and pilots who drink too much then
the fasting captain might think everything in this new world is his

this might taste like an experiment or a delicious lie
the edible construction could be made to sail between the captain's
breaded ideals with all its condiments like a man dreaming

sandwich slices of evening clouds however are really contemporary facsimiles
of Detroit driving around Seattle with gray hair and a Hawaiian shirt a dream
still made of separate compatible layers which long for sultry nostalgic glue

Denver cut to convenient thin slices remains available at the meat counter
and thick-sliced North Dakota wiggles like a fresh nervous badger
sliced Paris once tangoed sweetly in Bismarck with one Buddy Holly

sliced shoes drift apart and rise like balloons with shoelaces
perhaps the sliced clouds will buff them sliced sustenance is still
historically accurate in a classic Detroit cruising for a bite of Denver

Günter's refrigerator-box mansion's eroding whisper of snowmelt
reminds him no pity shall corrupt a captain's hope but
aren't the Günter-parts adding up to anything more than potential

a man possesses many things that he does not own
says the captain having his whimsical way with shovels it's cold
and pure in my new clothes says the sleepy tree above the captain's cold belfry

even innocence knows if you tell a man he cannot leap he will leap
and digressive speculation occurs to the radical pilot because
sometimes the ideas were Günter's and sometimes he was theirs

Rich Ives lives on Camano Island in Puget Sound. He has received grants and awards from the National Endowment for the Arts, Artist Trust, Seattle Arts Commission and the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines for his work in poetry, fiction, editing, publishing, translation and photography. His writing has appeared in *Verse*, *North American Review*, *Dublin Quarterly*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Northwest Review*, *Quarterly West*, *Iowa Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Fiction Daily* and many more. He is the 2009 winner of the Francis Locke Memorial Poetry Award from Bitter Oleander. In 2013 he has received nominations for The Pushcart Prize (2), The Best of the Net and Story South. He is the 2012 winner of the Creative Nonfiction Prize from *Thin Air* magazine. Both *Tunneling to the Moon*, which is being serialized with a new story each day on the Silenced Press website for 2014, and *Light from a Small Brown Bird* (poetry—Bitter Oleander Press) are scheduled for paperback release in 2015. An illustrated novella called *Shorten* will also be released from The Newer York in late 2014 or early 2015.