

## **Poems**

*Larry Gavin*

### **Simulacrum**

Sunlight trickles through basswood  
And comes to rest like a spirit on water-  
Patching it in light and shadow.  
A minnow, grateful the blue heron  
Was frightened into the air,  
Returns to lip an agate in the shallows.  
A leatherback turtle, up for air,  
Floats downstream. My eye  
Meets his, and he dives  
Disappearing in a clear green pool.  
We are all here, and up to now, singular.  
No community of the commons. No  
Understanding of one another aside  
From what is on the surface  
Obvious to sunlight  
And each obvious to itself as it is.

**School: May 2011**

I forget exactly what it  
is we are making here-  
under crackling fluorescent bulbs  
and against dirty walls.

At Tol-O-Matic, the machine shop  
on Washington Avenue ,  
I made cross-hatched brake discs  
on a Blanchard grinder.  
The good ones were shipped  
all over the world, and the junkies  
nodded out at the drill presses,  
and production kept going up.  
At lunch they shot up in the parking  
lot, or rushed to Depot Liquor  
to buy pounders of Colt 45 in cans.  
They tossed the empties over  
a fence by the alley, and the pile  
was eleven feet high on the ninth  
of July. I measured it.

Here, the network is down.  
We circle ourselves like NASCAR  
drivers and dream of getting  
air born. The hallways echo  
with the sound of data...  
with the sound of what might  
have been if we had only imagined  
better.

Today, I give blood in the gym  
and think: “Blood is like poetry  
beating on, and out, gradually filling  
something up, or emptying  
something out.” It is May, but I  
don’t sing today. I just put on  
the same smile I’ve worn all week.  
“Let’s not reinvent the wheel,”  
Someone says, and I think, “No,  
let’s reinvent the wing!” and fly  
once again, too close to the sun.  
Who cares if we fall?

### **Hailstones**

Until finally, by their own weight,  
Hailstones fall. They bounce,  
Turning in air, bounce earthward  
Distant as another planet.

I plant them in the garden  
Out back. By autumn they  
Have grown into monuments  
Of stone - small kisses on  
A distant land.