

1977

Poems

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Poems

Abstract

Individual poem titles: Standing On One Night, Lover Loved, Thanks To A Teacher For Joyful Leaping.

Cover Page Footnote

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Poems

By Sandra Warner Rizzo

Standing on One Night

You were strange to me
and making love was a loud whistle
a factory scream
or an ambulance cry
I hear at night alone in bed.
I kept thinking my eyes were crossed
and you apologized for leaving
"Don't be sad," you said
I ripped the sheet trying to cover up.
A milky smell in the morning
and a stomach sick of loud whistles
made me shut my eyes
so I'm not quite sure
it all happened
or who I was, or who was
in my body.

Lover Loved

You stick hard, drilling for
hours to hit my pleasure
We struggle back and forth
like a dying pump. "Relax,"
you say and hold me down
I close my eyes waiting
But you, the lover, neglect
to be loved. I laugh
knowing this wasteland loving
dries my ground. We are
two lines converging for the same
space. The lover, the loved
inside the chance of striking rich.

Thanks to a Teacher for Joyful Leaping

Inside the large bright room
a stick lay across the table.
"Describe it," he says
and I fail.
Going around behind my eyes
is the idea of a branch-spinning
trying to throw its weight outside the circle.
So I stand sweating in dirty underwear.
Simple-I pull the soft cotton from my hips
down my legs to the ankles.
Stepping one foot out
I kick the hanging underwear aside
Dance and scream until nothing is left
of the body but a faint beginning ring.

Sandra Warner Rizzo, a communications major, is the mother of Matthew, and a poet and short-story writer.