

# TWO POEMS

by Erica Anderson-Senter\*

\*with notes from her writing professor.

## THERE STANDS GOD

triceps like pow, hands big as vinyls  
and clumsy thumbs. Texting/proves  
difficult for god  
and Friday night plans.

He knows this club, good DJ and nice  
lights/on the corner of Columbia and Harrison,  
but who said joggers were in-style? Nautical  
theme is a better choice, right?

He wants to send a memo: NO JOGGERS  
in red letters, set a serious tone,  
but god's subscription to Glamour ended  
in May. God needs new moisturizer.

There stands god, he doesn't work out,  
never has had to diet.

High metabolism, he says; really  
he saves his calories for red wine.

He's a snot about wine (we all knew that),  
prefers old-world, Bordeaux region mostly, he  
can't get this wine in his favorite bar  
just Evan Williams, and that's ok.

God met a girl with **thick thighs** there  
once, at a corner table after midnight.  
He thought he loved her, skin like white-  
tea leaves sewn together

with rose petals. Don't worry,  
he found out later that week  
she couldn't love a man who loves his mother.  
So much for French wine and low lights, ~~he~~

he thought. There stands god,  
a Bruce Springsteen song stuck in his head.  
He tries to think of something else,  
but decides The Boss is better than

Alanis Morissette:

*mine here*

*imagine the*

This poem is a stand-out: I love its  
conceit and your humor is on full-  
display.

The conversational, idiomatic  
speech, also humanizes and brings  
down to earth a figure who one can  
imagine as having an out-sized  
ego.

Simply amazing simile! With such  
subject matter you have license to  
make such grand figures, as you do  
here and in the first stanza.

I cannot help think the  
poem is slightly truncated.  
I can envision two-three  
more stanzas.

PUERTO RICO WITH MOM

I.

Mother, Puerto Rico has nights warm as rum, neat and spiced, a shopkeeper's skin as she tinks her tongue against teeth, white as Christ. [odd word: how about "clicks"?]

Breaststroking the cobblestone, we swam the island, wading wades through dusk, tired from thick sun on our damp backs. Dragging

our cups through honey-dashed skies, and garnishing the rims with pin-pricked lanterns, we drink, and laugh, prying love from cheeks: smiles, bronze lit. [move here]

We share bone structure and blood, yeast in the bread of comfort, yet my brain-heart ballad sings to you, humid with suffering.

II.

I sit years away from that night, and you. Strangers laughing, fire-flies strung in trees, lights and kindness plentiful, peppering [Beautifully cadenced stanza.]

alleyways. Where are you when it comes to me? Petty and shifty as island clouds: subdued, torn thin and stretched-out, flimsy. [Brilliant question and metaphor]

III.

We pose, fleshy statues under amber sun, thick and orange-golden idols, daughter and mother near the white-stoned and hardened fort.

Your words wrapped in telephone fuzz are the stones for the fort, seven years after the warm-rum dusk; You only call to hurt

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Your words wrapped in telephone fuzz are the stones for the fort, seven years after the warm-rum dusk; You only call to hurt.

This is a good draft. The memory is quite dramatic and evocatively rendered. My suggested revisions are meant to scale back some of the overwriting. For example, you need not say "we swam," if you have a previous line starting w/ "breast-stroking." Also, the relationship should be established early on, thus I recommend opening w/ the address, "Mother."

Also, frankly, this is only the start of the poem. I'd like to see more stanzas added to each section. The music is sustaining and could be extended more.

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