KELLI BAER

Untitled

chain smoking cigarettes
Lost she sits
in the seedy all-night diner
drinking cheap wine in dixie cups
While Fred, the bartender gently
present, almost there
serves sympathy in bottles and kegs
She finds the nights forever
unless diluted by the wine.

Walking
streets empty
till dawn.
Lesser days tease
yesterdays gone by
as captured in picture frames
and shreds of memories.

Half a pair is never one
Wedding band sits without a finger on
She burns his pipe tobacco
in the ashtray by his chair
and wears his after shave to bed.
Pouring herself some solace
she dreams to wake up with him by
her side.

The Crop Duster

Shaving low along dusty earthskin
over blighted fields he
sprays dry chemicals
for farmers pleading for rain.

Cessna's underbelly
whispers against
cornstalks
wheat
and fence rows.
He climbs the sky abruptly
always knowing where to find
split-second lift
somewhere in his fingertips.
Like a marionette on a string, she jumps
to dance over an ivy-clad barn.

Baer, Kelli. "Untitled." The Cornfield Review 2 (1977): 10.
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