



David Lawrence

Two Poems

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It's a Wonderful Life

I fell into your lap like an eye into an awkward view of angels.
Clarence was there dancing on the head of a pin
With Jimmy Stewart.
It's a wonderful life when everything goes wrong
And you rise above the losses like the head of an ice cream cone,
So delicious,
Suave and cool like a lick of vanilla.
I come to you with an absence note signed by my dead mother.
Look who's absent now.
When I needed her she was there like April on our front lawn
In East Meadow.

Suburbs know how to comfort the wretched heart.
I will miss her when I die.
Then my son will miss me.
He has almost already forgotten his grandmother.
Don't worry, Mom,
I am there holding you above your grave by your shoulders.

I Am Nothing

The sun fell down like a reminiscence that
Forgot to rise again into the sky.
That's enough.

I can't write another poem.

I want to disappear into the valley of chocolate
Among bonbons.

Let bygones be bygones
And resurrection be a foot up on a new day.

I put a leash around my neck and take myself for a walk.
I have a conversation with a hydrant.
I drink water from a neighbor's pail.

I run back to the pet shop to tell the owner that I don't like
My parents.
My folks smack my nose with a magazine.

I read the headlines and don't see a word about my ambitions.

I am not the President.
I am not the man who became a dog.

David Lawrence has published poems in many journals and reviews, including *Poet Lore*, *Nimrod*, *Slipstream*, *Confrontation*, *North American Review*, and *Main Street Rag*. His poetry collection *Lane Changes* was a runner-up for the Levis Prize. In 2012 Rain Mountain Press published his memoirs, *The King of White Collar Boxing*.

Image: “. . . to fetch a pail of water,” by Maria Moro.