



Simon Perchik

Two Poems

Another breath and the Earth
stung by a taunted slope
pulling the sky apart –these graves

are useless though your fist
once splashed the ground
the way a stone is needed

opens your hand as hillside
and roads that know why you're here
sitting on a bench half marble

half in the open, defenseless
smelling from dirt and distances
the only inhale and you

are brushing someone's face
before it reaches bottom
—what more do you want! a close together

that knows where you're going
that brings you air to take along
letting you call it by its name.

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You button this shirt
the way doves break free
and the magician bows

—begin by reaching in
though the applause even now
is darkening on a calendar

that has no mornings
no secret place was saved
for the sleeve half fleece

half dripping oil —your sweat
louder and louder
covered with rain from the 40s.

Simon Perchik is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. For more information, including free e-books, his essay titled “Magic, Illusion and Other Realities” and a complete bibliography, please visit his website at www.simonperchik.com.