



Pamela Davis

## Two Poems

### Slow Morning

My love sleeps in a custard cup; I dig in with a silver spoon.

In robe and parka, I feed the dogs. It's still midnight in their metal bowls.

The frog choir is back after their world tour. Same songs, but in German.

Pods from the Liquid Amber tree line the driveway. A cricket wearing a crown  
descends from a ladder in the largest pod, waving his scepter at the roses.  
I see the world still has tricks up its sleeve.

Early spring, poinsettias hang on, adamant as false teeth.

Colette had it right about writing in bed, but one must also have doves,  
strong coffee, a vanishing train.

The puppy comes up from scouting the property; her nose can barely contain the news.

Grandchildren make their way without consulting us; generations have no conscience.

When the lights go down in movie houses, ghosts drift in to fill empty seats.  
You never know if Peter Lorre is reaching for your popcorn.

White clouds, blue sky.  
Some days it's the other way around.

Unable to get back to sleep, I consider evicting my shoes.

The way clothes smell in a consignment shop: Hit and run, no witnesses.

My Mother had a green velour ladies Stetson.  
Her Mother bought it for her with money from the coffee tin.  
Mother's affection for the hat outlasted her memory of me.

### Breaking Up With the Moon

nights I stumbled      barefoot from bed      to cold window  
courtyard deserted      glass held my breath      I looked for      myself  
times I fell under      your sweep      like spoils      brushed from a table  
wine glossed my      lips      splintered waiting      naked      taken  
apart at parties      taverns      in cars      my alabaster lover  
your gibbous other      face      half cadaver      half shadow      swallowed  
my head      your sour mouth      spilled      silver distortions      fibs  
I don't want your gifts      your nightly show      gin fizzes      black holes

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Pamela Davis has published widely; her poetry received the 2010 International Publication Prize in the *Atlanta Review*, was a semi-finalist for *Nimrod's* 2010 Pablo Neruda Award, and has been a finalist twice for the *Arts & Letters* Rumi Prize. She lives in Santa Barbara.

Image: "Image of the North Pole With the Moon at Its Closest Point," from Hoax-Slayer (website).