

- Charlotte Hamrick -- Two Poems

Don't Carry the World

On hot Southern days
when the air shimmered
and birds ceased to sing,
we'd lounge beneath
the old wisteria tree where
the red clay earth was cool
and compact, our bare legs
stretched out for maximum chill
while we sipped RC Cola
infused with salty peanuts
and waited for *Hey Jude*
to come over the transistor.
Verdant feathery strands encircled us
like a bead curtain in a hippie's house
while we imagined we were as cool as they,
secretly watching the cows and chickens.

Dirt Cheap Queen

It was the hunt that you loved,
your laser blue eyes scoping
the goods as you entered the store,
linens beckoning
like flags in the Sun's stare,
sheets with innumerable thread counts,
only the softest would do.
You'd dig through the tangled pile,
 mining for gold. You saw the potential
in the unwanted, the refused, the flawed,
just as you did in people - finding
the nuggets in a craggy crowd.
Later, you'd wash the rescued, fold them
into perfect squares, rest them
in the cool of the linen closet
as flawless as you knew they could be
and, in return, they enveloped you
in cushy contentment for the rest
of your life.

Charlotte Hamrick lives and writes in New Orleans while managing a menagerie of rescued pets. Her work has been published in numerous online and print journals including *Literary Orphans*, *Scissors and Spackle*, *The Rumpus*, and *Blue Fifth Review*.