

Corinna Graham -- Two Poems

Seedling To Sleep

Thirty-nine years old
and a movement deep within her.
My stubborn assertion
that I would take root, after all.

Only imagined glimpses of her before me.
Her long art school hair, hands covered in paint,
the men and the music that rustled, moved,
swayed her then.

Twenty-three years pass.
I have grown in her shade
for only one-third of her life.
I begin to wonder how
to slow the rate of
her changing
exhaling
expiring

Her fingers now, withered roots
but just as soft and delicate
as they were when I was five
and she sang to me every night
before sleep.

Nation Capital

Little white squares in rows upon rows like teeth

everyday, the tour guide explains,
they dig
twenty-five new holes in that field,
then plant
the human bodies so that they are perfectly in line

statued men in rain coats
tired, tough, but somehow kind,
remind me of

the man who returned with:
two purple hearts (condition: new)
two bullet holes (deep, but survivable)
and two frozen feet (never to be used again)
from the cold wet of the rice paddies at night

and one silent assertion
that freedom is not free.

Corinna Graham graduated from Stonehill College in 2011, where she was an English major and Cinema Studies minor. She currently works as the Marketing Coordinator at the Museum of Science in Boston, MA. She is new to writing poetry, but in 2011 she received Honorable Mention in Writer's Digest Annual Writing Competition for one of her first poems, titled "Sinking."