

Robin Wright – Two Poems

After the Funeral

Shelves of books surround me
as I stare out a window.

*Rocky Mountains evicted
my uncle from his home
fashioned of cancer.*

Outside, trees boast elderly ecru
and infant green leaves.

*My brother and I battled
road construction, rain, and darkness
for sixteen hours straight.*

A jackhammer rumbles the corner
where a medical school graces the future.

*Uncle Mike, past but no longer present,
locked in the minds of those who viewed
his silent ash.*

Students will run to class, learn strategies to fight
bodies that strike back against themselves.

Years Later

I downed a shot of Jack Daniel's
for the first time in years. Throat burning,
body shaking, I thought of you.
Who were we in those days?
End of high school near
and we weren't ready
to be thrown into the world
like screaming newborns.

Jack comforted us along with the pot we smoked
in your basement bedroom, your dad at work,
brothers wrestling upstairs, your mom
no longer around. Empty

glasses, dirty plates, cluttered the floor.
I'd push them away, sit, stare at your poster
of Bob Dylan while you stretched out on the bed.
But it wasn't his music we listened to.
For me you played *Equinox*, and Styx crooned
for us to light up as you separated seeds from weed
on an album cover.

I wanted to lie next to you, kiss you,
ask why your mom left, but I knew
you wouldn't answer and I was afraid
you'd cry.

Robin Wright lives in Southern Indiana. Her work has appeared in or is forthcoming in *Indiana Voice Journal*, *Eunoia Review*, *Peacock Journal*, *Unbroken Journal*, *(b)OINK zine*, *Lost River Literary Magazine*, *Rat's Ass Review*, and others. Two of her poems were published in the University of Southern Indiana's 50th anniversary anthology, *Time Present, Time Past*. She has also co-written two novels with Maryanne Burkhard under the name B. W. Wriighthard, *Ghost Orchid* and *A Needle and a Haystack*.