

## Corey Latta – Two Poems

### Rain Off the Porch

The rain falls in echoes

on the tin,

a slant roof

built some years after

the foundation.

The back bedroom

windows eye

the roof's slight

pitch.

My father and

momma

umbrellaed the cold

beneath, coffee

and newspaper — talks

of money and the rising

prices of horsefeed, milk, and gas.

I'd open my window

to hear it fall,  
sheets on sheets  
And I'd sleep.

## **Driftwood**

Off the coast of yesterday  
  
where past winds shore  
driftwood memories  
up by the hundreds  
  
to lay at my feet the jagged shards  
of my father's father, walking with me in tow  
  
of boyhood fishing barefoot in murky water  
running through tall weeds of innocence, bygone  
  
of those stormed years of passage  
when I spent my good heart on fast nights  
with an exilic mind and fierce will,

so they wash up  
against

those reddest rocks of my mind  
touching my every shore,  
heaping this present sand.

**Corey Latta**'s poetry has appeared in *Tipton Poetry Journal*, *Assisi*, and *Product*, among other journals. The author of three books and dozens of articles, Corey is currently working on a book of poetry called, *Tulips and Tares*, from which come these two poems.