

Joe Christensen - Two Poems

Thunderbird

My red dead belvedere
on the garden hill
keeps a secret
beside empty bottles of Thunderbird,
behind its dark window eyes
that conceal its other secrets: plastic bags of dirty trash,
diapers and tampons
and car parts,
plastic floaty ducks
and shopping bags,
my wife left me twice, once for a yoga instructor then for an old friend.
I told my wife I hated her
but that was a long time ago.
Have you never heard this story
grayed out and spread
across foggy windows
and burnt fields?
I looked to all the world
then like a bad day
and like it was never welcomed,
did you know the roads are so much cleaner now,
the refuse more professional?
I was a bad day
and worse at night
but I had my secrets:
I kept her Easter hat in a box in that old shed
and to this day it still smells
as her hair smelled then
before old friends and yoga instructors,
and now still,
I carry our past in her hat
and keep it safe in the garden house.

Dark Dark House

We lived on a quiet
street
and kept a dark dark
house.

Guns were going off somewhere,
a thousand, a million
deaths, on and off and
on again,

but we stayed in the dark
house,
cooled by
silent machines, buried in the back.
Let others get strangled
round
with technology and fear.
We would remain sober
in our dark dark house.

Joe Christensen is a writer, engineer and father living in Atlanta, Georgia. He is a relative new comer to writing having started writing in Fall 2008. Since that time, Joe has published short stories in various outlets, including *Moonlit Path*, *Fear and Trembling* and *The Birmingham Arts Journal*. Joe has had numerous poems published in various outlets including *The Beat*, *Aha*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Modern English Tanka*, *the Columbia Review of Columbia University* and several other publications.