

Celia Merlin – Three Poems

Remote Control

It's a nice game we have going
here. Buttons are pressed.
Reactions achieved. I play
the dog to your Pavlov.

And I know that's the story.
I could stop if I tried.
Could stop salivating,
not hear all those bells.
But I so love your face
when you're pleased
with yourself. When you
think I don't see, that it's
all undetected.
Ignorance
of your moves,
I pretend.

A Certain Risk

If I say we're
losing touch
you are pressed and
there's the risk of us
losing touch.

If I say nothing about
losing touch
we continue like this and
there's the risk of us
losing touch.

My Love

Every day that I'm with you
I know that I'll miss you
if one of us leaves or dies.
But stupidly, each day,
I point out that the way you
peel carrots is wrong or that
I had expected something else
about something else and
I may not hug you at night.

Born in Lexington, KY, and raised in Buffalo, NY **Celia Merlin** studied French and English Lit. at SUNY at Buffalo followed by an MA in TEFL at Tel Aviv University in Israel. She has won numerous honors including three *Reuben Rose Memorial International Poetry Competitions*, *The Miriam Lindberg Competition for Peace*, and *The 2012 Cyclamens and Swords Poetry Competition*. Celia has led workshops and given readings at Tel Aviv University and other venues. Her work has appeared in various anthologies. She has made Israel her home since 1979, writing, teaching and raising a family.