

Pinny Bulman – Two Poems

rising

before the syringe dropbox was put up
as a mezuzah at the park's entrance
protecting the rusting car skeletons dotting the landscape
liked picked over carcasses,
this was a forest's edge

and in this spot
where you stubbornly refuse my help to stand
on legs still shaky
a bush once grew where a black bear
foraged for berries
as a doe and her two fawns wove quietly
through the trees
on their way down to the river

yes, the same river that will one day cover all this
submerging our hubris in a heavy silence
refracting our limits under a surface
masquerading as sky

but today the squirrels
are chasing each other among the wildflowers
as you put your tiny hand in mine
and slowly lead me forward
step by shaky step

and as we quietly weave
our way down the slope
you look up at me as if to say,
the river is rising
let us go to greet it.

swallowed

i walk the winter park late
listening for the fleeting
moment the unmarked ground releases a cry,
my small rebellions
swallowed here long ago

but this night even time itself
has frozen to stillness
hanging off the tree branches
translucent and sharp

so i close my eyes
to hear a beating heart and
somewhere far above
snow settling on a still hungry surface.

Pinny Bulman is a Bronx Council on the Arts BRIO award-winning poet (2014) who has been the recipient of several ADR Poetry Awards (2013, 2016) and a finalist for the Raynes Poetry Prize (2015). His poems have appeared in a variety of literary publications, including *Artemis*, *Poetica*, *Red Paint Hill*, *The Subterranean Quarterly*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Pressenza International*, *Jewish Currents*, *Jewish Forward* (arts blog), and *Mima'amakim*.