

## **Jean Brasseur – Two Poems**

### **The Way Home**

The city is where my head might be  
or maybe it's on the outskirts of town  
mingling with the unwashed.

Promise me you'll leave the light on.

It's dark and I'm lost  
like a penny in the gutter  
except I'm not sure  
if I'm heads or tails today,

or even if it matters

because it's dark  
and there are things in the corners  
with too many legs  
and eyes that glow red.  
I'm paralyzed

behind the webs

that guard the night.  
Yes, leave the light on,  
burn a candle just to be sure.  
And, if you could,  
tack up a few "missing" posters  
on the corner  
or in the park.

If I see my face  
I might recognize it  
and bring myself home.

### **60 Second Bus Stop Romance**

We could have lunch

and become better acquainted,  
but it might lead  
to dessert and before you know it  
we're trading recipes  
and I'm knocked-up  
and you're proposing --  
at which point  
I will have to run  
the other way  
because I know  
you don't mean it.

If you'd been interested  
in forever,  
we would have started  
with dinner and a movie  
instead of this Happy Meal.  
I know it. You know it.  
We're over...once again  
strangers  
waiting on the bus.

**Jean Brasseur** lives in Northern Virginia and writes wherever her imagination takes her. Her work has previously appeared in *gutter eloquence*, *The Right Eyed Deer*, *Phantom Kangaroo* and others.