

## **Tricia Knoll – Two Poems**

### **A Bedtime Poem**

I was taught better  
than to leave bed sheets gaping, aghast  
at a sleepless night.

I was taught trim and taut,  
nickels bouncing on stretched  
blankets tight in boxed in corners.

The morning's ablutions,  
rituals of routine, put down  
hard dreams of timber mazes  
in leaking roofs  
and long lost friends.

I was taught else  
but come up short sheeted  
on inclination to tidy up.

You left.  
Draggled sluts of sheets  
bed me down  
alone later.

### **Hard-Pressed**

Anxieties pack  
like railroad cars  
loaded to deliver doom.

I dangle on a strap  
in the sardine can commuter  
bus. Everyone sneezes, smells,  
sleeps or pretends to be blind.

The ball slams down  
the bowling lane.  
I applaud how the pins fly.

The tire on the road  
over the mountains  
whines on ice. We wonder  
what remains when we get there.

Your cotton shirt collapses

under the iron's fry-ball heat.  
Sleeves cleave into razor  
edges, smelling obedient.

Grapes smashed  
under bare feet  
make the best wine.  
Eventually.

**Tricia Knoll** was an unpublished poet before the *Muddy River Poetry Review* who has written for her bread and butter for a good many years -- public relations, public affairs, water utility blogs, etc. She is now studying poetry at The Atheneum program at Attic Institute in Portland, Oregon and recently completed the Colrain Manuscript Conference.