

Shannon J. Curtin – Two Poems

After the Wedding

any wedding,
we dance in slow tipsy circles
around a too warm hotel room.

We sing off key, loud
enough to wake the neighbors
had we any awareness
outside our own orbit.

I feel your grin hugging my cheek,
hear my champagne laugh,
I think, maybe we are magic.

I close my eyes;
inhale the moonlight,
imprint this trinket of a moment
on my file cabinet heart.

Neo-colonized

First, map the face of your lover with your fingertips.
Count every eyelash as an exportable good.

Begin fracking away freckles.
Tell her she is land that's been promised
and finally found.

Chisel walking trails from her jawline.
Straighten the skewed slope of her nose.
Fill in the wrinkles she collected before you,
erase the time before you,
there was no time before you.

You are refining her natural beauty.
You are sharpening the picture.
You are making her better,
Tell them, one day she'll understand.

Shut her borders to every traveler,
install one-station radios in her ear drums.
Marvel at how blue her eyes become
when pooled with tears,
that dam does its job so well.

Name her every imperfection
after royalty, your home town, lovers you've had before.
Claim the landscape of her body
and all that lies beneath it
in the name of Yesterday, Right Now, and Forever.

Shannon J. Curtin is a displaced Yankee currently residing in Portsmouth, Virginia with her husband and dog. Her poetry has been featured in *Short, Fast, and Deadly*, *Vox Poetica*, *Liturgical Credo*, *Westward Quarterly* and *The Camel Saloon*. She holds an MBA, competitive shooting records, and her liquor. She would probably like you.