

## Samuel Hovda – Two Poems

### If it's Done in the Pan

Someone knows my most obsidian secrets before I do.  
Every realization feels almost like an intervention,  
Except the people sitting in the living room  
Are ghosts in whose eyes I see universes altered  
By how many times I told my father I love him.  
I used to not believe in happiness; it was a myth,  
Like bigfoot, or a tasteful way to wear a tube top.  
Now, it's another possibility,  
Like choosing between Walmart and Target for where to get medicine.  
There is not enough cold syrup for this kind of sore throat.

### Snowman Soliloquy

I'm standing without a face in your front yard. I want you  
To place the coal as my eyes,  
To tell me who I am. I want you  
To escape all false usurpers, especially the religious.  
They demand payments of happiness like chunks of flesh.  
But they lent you nothing. I want you  
To look at them with your blue eyes, smile, and turn away.  
Though I am more fool than France, I want you  
To see that I am nothing. You don't want me  
To tell you this. You don't want to hear the clangor of existentialism,  
All zithers and sistrums. You want me  
To affirm your beliefs, then melt as spring arrives,  
But you doubt everything I say. You don't want me  
To return, but you'll find me, in the water in your kitchen sink.

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