

Steve Klepetar – Two Poems

Here is the Voice

which knows no end,
which sings in the circle of its own regret.

Here is the whispering voice,
leaving tiny trails of light.

You might find them in a dark wood
on a night with no moon.

Here is the owl's voice crying
for hunger between the trees.

Here are the voices of wolves,
hidden deep in the hills.

You can hear them in the north,
calling in the dark to emptiness and loss.

By the Side of the Road

I'm disappointed that the sun
burned a red path across the sky,
left the day wounded and lame.
Darkness swelled outside
our window, a wave feeding
on itself, until the walls dissolved
and we were crying by the side
of the road. That's how it is
these days, acres of land scarred
and burned, the sea rising.
I'm disappointed that the fish
are gone, that whales no longer
sing in their massive caves of bone.
Let's light a fire and begin again,
here where we can see the stars.
Someone could lead us in a song.
We might find each other bending
near the trees, trying to live
without monuments or dreams.

Steve Klepetar lives and writes in the Berkshires, in Massachusetts. His work has received several nominations for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize, including three in 2017. Recent collections include *Family Reunion* (Big Table), *A Landscape in Hell* (Flutter Press), *How Fascism Comes to America* (Locofo Chaps), and *Why Glass Shatters* (One Sentence Chaps).