

Tricia Knoll – Two Poems

Pretend

The balm poured over your head is meant for your toes.
Fibonacci swirls on the pinecone are the cells of your heart.
As the creek giggles, make the joke your own.
When I took the pretend child and fed him a soup
of alphabet noodles, he stuck his tongue out
and romped with squirrels circling the bark of cedars.
Your eye has a corner and any second you will turn it.
Side effects of past actions can be worn as curled ribbons.
If you say water boarding is surfing, expect the wave to catch you too.
You will never harm yourself acting like a happy crow.
Pretend, not pretense.

Closet of Disguises

Here wishes reflect
in the water under the bridge

and leg veins break
into dead roadways.

The truck driver whose cigarette
hangs out a window as he hauls

a cab to wheat fields
while his tears find a path

down his nose.
Shoelaces left untied

and I suck salt
in silence.

Tricia Knoll is an Oregon poet. One of her first publications in a journal was in *Muddy River Poetry Review*. Her poems are collected in a chapbook *Urban Wild* (Finishing Line Press), and book-length *Ocean's Laughter* (Aldrich-Kelsay Books), and *Broadfork Farm* (The Poetry Box). In early 2018 Antrim House will release *How I Learned To Be White*.