

## TWO POEMS

*Garret Traylor*

### *Portraits our mother painted*

The curve of the universe  
    (and the delivery room) is sharp  
like the pungent of latex paint,  
    wet, and the way we know memory  
as a fallacious kind of seamless ness  
beyond birth: a fault, a crack /  
you seek  
    (cannever) seek / to make thunder,  
    make peace.  
(How can we?)

In the empty  
    shore line / the natural gallery  
of sky line  
blue (and shades)  
    of blue,

meet me at the ripple  
where the whispers search /  
search  
    the waves for water,  
underneath  
it all / we is water

after all  
    (after)

water  
falls,

as Wichita falls /  
Wichita where our brother was born  
years before I was / on the Davenport shore  
    (and you would have been a brother  
if you hadn't been so still / us /  
    in between us  
    and the would-I-still-have-been[?])

as everything painted,  
so falls  
it all,  
    is water.

Into the ghosts  
of water,  
    we into the painted blue,  
Ben,  
    we into the painted blue.