

Summer 2017

## Two Poems

Justin Phillip Reed

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Reed, Justin Phillip (2017) "Two Poems," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 25 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol25/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

# TWO POEMS

Justin Phillip Reed

## THE DAY \_\_\_\_\_ DIED

i disavowed “died” but didn’t mutter “murdered” in the direction of anyone who uttered it. i collapsed the umbrella of my shoulders into circumflex over a keyboard and clicked away morning. at lunch i was nowhere i could call you back from; there, i munched granola and grew miraculously blacker. my boss’s chin tilting collarward kinda meant to mean i matter, but i thought fuck if i’m two cool fingertips to the temples / i’m not fine but uncannily coarse as the mud-eyed jerk-bootied affect of a james brown mugshot / no thanks for the talk no tongues today counting downbeats we can syncopate tomorrow. anyway, the day after would be as gray and guilty as a hardwood-bound heartbeat’s corner-cobweb-throbbing echo. i requested a rain check. in the car at five, i crawled outta my business and cranked bass against three busted speakers. i remember there was a road.

GATEWAY

*Delmar Boulevard, Saint Louis*

winter rain whips you into  
cane shape your rouged-cotton infant coos  
cribside  
at the sight, something in you  
crawled up the watershed: alarms all  
curtsied  
a cop's spine & frisked every  
damn where with bass in the waists of your  
daughters  
benches clap on first & fourth  
down here no rhythm nor blues but  
dumpsters  
your whole shitty block of trash  
built beige cute cubicles like kennels  
boxed up  
alleyway cardboard cuts out  
bodies your glare-proof pickets protest  
big lip  
heavy with living death, lungs  
packing service to a tranquil re-  
public  
past a sack of centuries  
pant-sag bleating guilt, panhandle &  
pout-suck  
your own blood hard up drops  
black thud off your tempered glass, your cured  
blonde grass  
traces yardbird song & thrum  
been sad sound's nostalgia you curate  
boneless  
as miles of revitalized  
gravestone sinking teeth deep in safe codes  
gating  
your stuck flash-wide sprawl, liver  
gored on your high-stakes crown, your

goodness  
glue-clung.