

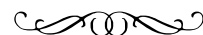
MICHAEL LEVAN

Hand on Hip, She Turns from Her Father and Brother Fishing

You stared and waited
for me to break the silence,
only to hear your father's hook
plink water rippling toward
what had become nameless and blue:
drifting days we knew no names for,
days spent slipping into parts
we could just as easily leave
thrown over the vanity's chair,
blouses and skirts
pants and shirts stained
with day's sweaty want
of nothing more from the world
than to be as we once were.
And everything fit:
your eyes daring me to snap
another frame, dress caught

by wind that rushes the scent
of freshly mown hay into our noses,
the way I swore you mouthed,
Who will help us? as a thrush
flitted over water and angled
into late afternoon's clouds,
our world quieting
as we turned and tracked the V
the bird cut in sky growing red
over some other, nameless lives.

Agfa Box 44



ABOUT MICHAEL LEVAN

Michael Levan received his MFA in Poetry from Western Michigan University and PhD in English and Creative Writing from the University of Tennessee Knoxville. Currently he is Instructor of Writing at California University of Pennsylvania. His work can be found in recent or forthcoming issues of *American Literary Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Mid-American Review*, and *Fifth Wednesday*. He lives in southwest Pennsylvania with his wife, Molly, and his son, Atticus.

HERON TREE

9 June 2013

herontree.com/levan1

