

Santa Cruz Stokes A Fire
Hannah Donovan

H. Donovan

Poetry 010

At times I forget my own wildness
in the sleep-easy snows of Brattleboro,
under Stockbridge's sky,
in the arms of a New Hampshireite.
Domesticity as easily donned
as a silk robe on bare skin, I swaddle
that free and hungry creature into
a welcomed submission.

But there's home to the far West –
and it's ready to shake the cloth loose.

That's where the persimmons are,
massaged and hanging in the doorway to dry.
The poem she'll pick from a stack of old smells
that will fit my next moment like he fit me back then.
The ink of the letterpress, the scars of old records,
her newest block carving.
The joyous shrieks born from stumbling upon
a tiny mushroom
or a silly joke from younger days.

We walk barefoot, even in winter.
Wandering Wilder's jagged edge,
I peer down into coves unfamiliar now,
watch the sea roil to shore,
and no longer feel
that inner twin cadence.

Yet I know it's still there,
and if I sit long enough on her back porch
toking hazy, admiring the friendly palm tree at dusk,
I'll meet my own gaze,
alight by a fire recently stoked,
and say hello again.

Untitled
Hannah Donovan

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Poetry 011

Obedience is a funny thing.
The willingness I have to tuck my tail and duck
head/body/soul into the kennel
I have chosen for now:
The grit/light/sweat/shivers/edges of a wild
East Coast slab of man made.

The questions I do not ask when
I present my heart to another to feast and they've
no appetite.
I'll curl into their crooks in the night all the same,
and place blame on my own work to be done.

I am not bound by ropes.
No one has tied me to this place
or to this blue-eyed beautiful thing but
I cannot shimmy out of the coil of
my circumstances, fearful of
unknown lands and unimaginable lovers.

I wake to total paralysis.
My laugh startles in its rare occurrences.
When will that be enough,
enough for me to begin to disobey?

The Walk Home *Hannah Donovan*

H. Donovan

Poetry 012

Post Chakra-Cleansing Rambles from 11/17/18

my energy worker told me
i shouldn't beg
but who's to say that's what it'll be?

sawdust and car exhaust
smell a lot like palo santo if you're in the right mind
and i am
swamped
in old memories
looking for a new miracle
so i take a big gulp of air
as i step over the transmission hose on grand at morgan

the night wind gnaws at my wrists
and i'm wishing i'd grabbed the mittens
your mom bought me last christmas
before leaving the house

wound through a vintage shop
to pick out a piece i'll never take off for you
but the speaker blared through my calm and i left
empty handed
floating past the waif with the heavy eyelids
and the ready-to-buy impatience of a chill millennial
wrangler jeans in tow
every poem is an arm out to you.

before i even realize who i'm addressing
there it is:
overstretched
taut but soft
growing tired but

steeped in hope

killed a coconut water and a green juice

before i even rounded the corner onto palmetto
my body is a temple
and you
my darling
are the only one
i've ever let
trash the place

else

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