# UNDERSTOOD

POETRY

## GREGORY LIFFICK

2013 CHAPBOOK SCARSMOILV712NA GREGORY LIFFICK

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

"Lot" was previously published in Soul Fountain.

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POW & THE PAT CONTENT

#### GREGORY LIFFICK

#### OVER

More than should fit in the small space of a poem. Syllables packed like riders in a Japanese commuter train. Elbow room improves as words get off at various stops before the end of the line.

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#### DOWN IN THE DAY DIAPEDER

#### FIND

A lazy search leaves stones unturned. Something to look for does not make the spirit willing or the flesh less weak. No one chases а string without a good carrot at the end.

5

#### FLE5H

Love has serious teeth. Long and hungry. Sinking into skin with a passion. The better to eat desire with.

#### MAGIC

Nip and tuck were fairy tale characters granting her eternal youth. They pulled back the skin on her face so the mirror could lie and say she was still the fairest.

#### VEIN

The pen drains the poison of the bite of day. Filling the empty page. The body feels the relief of letting it from the blood of the writing arm.

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#### DRAMA

Changed the color of the wall so that it didn't seem to close in. Wished he lived on a stage set with only three sides.

Would be able to breath through the imaginary fourth one out into a calming dark, larger space.

#### FIXED

Beat dogs won't fetch or bury the bone. Apathy needs its ear scratched and its belly rubbed. It will lick the hand that brings a treat.

10

#### UNKIND

The little daily hurts of a long life. Too many small cuts to bear as a whole. Better to be stabbed once and for all in the heart.

### POOLS

The eyes give novas a run for their money. Shining out of a face like headlights on a dark road. Full of tears, you could swim in them or drown.

#### **ATTENTION**

Look through the door that is open. Something needs to be noticed. Something wants seeing and hearing. If only a quiet unoccupied room.

#### eΔ4y

The chair holds the weight of his world. Tired skin and bones press cushions into their own sad mold. Siamese joining of fabric and body until the morning.

#### REDEYE

News of loss is always a flash. So bright and sudden it burns the tender parts of us. It lights too much the picture of our hardest moments.

#### UNDER

She couldn't stay afloat on his ocean. The waves of his hand seemed to sweep her head below the water. She did not want to drown in his sea of love.

#### OFFCOLOR

Old men dyeing their hair, as if that's all that keeps them from death. Like homeowners spraying brown grass green. It improves the look, but doesn't bring back life.

### РАтсн

The tree of life didn't grow in his yard. Nothing bore fruit that he planted in the garden. Was it the soil or the dry nature of his blood, sweat and tears.

#### **AGLEEP**

Dreams come in the night window, up to rapid-eye mischief in slumbering heads. No watchdog in the snoring barks of slack mouths

#### MADE

True to the simple set of letters closely acting like family in hard times. Blood is thicker than water in the ink of written verse.

#### 50LID

Specks of dirt and skin join hands atop the surfaces of the den. A tiny union, resisting the forces of rags and feather dusters.

#### DOVN

Memory lived in the cellar of the house. А flashlight broke its fast of light. Dark can bury any keepsake, until spare moment opens a cobwebbed door.

#### **RE4CLIE**

No one sucks out the poison they put under the skin. The sinking fangs of the death of the feelings begs the quick first aid of apology. Draw the venom from bad blood with sorry lips.

#### DESIGN

Dull, slowmotion existence, angering the spirits in the walls. A house divided by longing. Architecture a maze for meandering spirits.

#### PUFF

Smoked a pipe that didn't make peace. Got in the eye of the guest and brought tears to the talk. The air was thick with unwelcome.

#### 5HUT

A hand over the mouth of a smile. The teeth don't want to be seen in public. The lips tighten and smother the look of joy.

#### REFLECT

Letting mirrors demean us. Putting them all over the house, helping them to mock us. A kind of feng shui of self-deprecation.

## LOT

Parking is limited for a soul in the city. It can circle and blow its horn, fists pounding on the wheel, but no space will open for its make or model.

#### AMOUNT

Pour into me. You make me full or empty. I only hold what you give. I am the measure of us.

#### RAD10

Many voices spoke from his head. A live mike in his psyche, picking up the hosts of his soap opera program. On air from dusk to dawn.

### LIP

Poems had words with him. Felt readier in his head than out of his mouth. Verse not on the same page with him was a slap to his face.

#### WOR5E

The thought no longer counted. Only the material left. A shopping list and prenup joined hands and tore up the marriage license and vows.

#### WRECK

Love bent sideways by a head-on breakup. Crash not seen coming, blind in the eye of romance. The road а hazard for careless passion.

## UNDERSTOOD



#### scars to the strain

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