

Baby says... & other poems

By Hannah ... Wagner

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... My Goodness, Hannah Wagner, is good. How does this silly little magazine manage to attract the best poets on the planet? "he wants to go to the jungle / and I know just what he means / he wants no concept of time / one day that goes on forever" "I rub Baby's temples..." It just gets better from here. "...I could slash his tires anytime / says he wouldn't mind being stranded" Wait. "a forest of black curling vines" Hannah seems so happy, I wonder if she has a sister? I was a middle child, but firstborn male, so it was an elevating experience "You've been a shapeshifter all your life / like water against stone you grind into yourself" 'New Sounds' "At night we turn the heat down low and the silence burns / I long for the comfort of a buzzing fan" "I laid down roots in tumble / weed streets..." "In the quiet moments before bed where we / whisper about aliens, how the universe began, / what we want for breakfast" Lucky us, it makes me blush-with-bliss, Wagner is here and published...(To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

Baby says,

he wants to go to the jungle
and I know just what he means

he wants no concept of time
one day that goes on forever

I rub Baby's temples
while he thinks of how to get us there

Baby says I could slash his tires anytime
says he wouldn't mind being stranded

I could follow his eyes
down a never-ending path

sink into Baby's chest
a forest of black curling vines

his locks have grown long enough to grasp
now we can swing across any branch

In the jungle Baby wants to be a god of hunt
it's not always something sexual he tells me

Baby says, not to waste my mind in the gutter
if I want to stay at the top of the food chain

when Baby puts on an oven mitt and
stands in front of the stove in his underwear

he's never looked more like a god to me
I wrap him in warm sheets from the dryer
I say to him, Baby this is our cocoon

and no one can take that from us

New Sounds

The radiator shakes this house
and opens like a threshold I must cross over

At night we turn the heat down low and the silence burns
I long for the comfort of a buzzing fan

You don't question me
you simply provide

Once I had nothing to call my own but a curtain
that doubled as a bedroom door

My broken bathroom fan use to mimic
an aircraft landing I watched youtube until it was fixed

I laid down roots in tumble
weed streets in empty floorboards

home:
a place that the light touches
where I can grow

when is the prescribed time
to uproot make room for another

I tire myself out
opening drawers, dusty boxes
chasing the shadows away

then there is the joy in leaving
the bed made when you come home

In the quiet moments before bed where we
whisper about aliens, how the universe began,
what we want for breakfast

in the morning as our bodies curl together
light spills in from the bathroom window:

home

THE POET SPEAKS...

“There is a quote from Thornton Wilder’s iconic play ‘Our Town’ that goes like this,

“Do any human beings realize life while they live it? Every, every minute?”

“No. Saints and poets maybe, they do some.”

She likes this thought, she likes it very much.”

AUTHOR BIO: Hannah Wagner is a resident of Salem, Massachusetts. She graduated from Salem State University. She is also an actor and can be seen in many productions across the North Shore. Her work has been featured in The Broke Bohemian, Mass Poetry's Poem of the Moment, Door is a Jar, Soundings East, Twyckenham Notes, Still Point Quarterly, Incessant Pipe, Sweet A Literary Confection and others."