

# Rusty Nail, Pearl Onion + Two

By

*Robert Beveridge*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...In 'Abyss,' I picture Mister Beveridge formulating the first lines in his mind and running for a pen and paper before they escape him, in just this order. (I think he might have made it in time.) "Just a touch / a kiss / the abyss / that is you . . . the wildflowers / ask your name / every night . . ." From here it reads like a Georgia O'Keefe, members only, blossoms bloom and pedals fall. 'Rusty Nail, Pearl Onion' is short, bent, twisted and layered. And, who hasn't been invited to the 'Sandworms' for dinner? (spacing is poet's own.) HS*

## Rusty Nail, Pearl Onion

Sailors took you  
for a dockside courtesan  
as you searched  
for your lost Akita.

You reflected, perhaps,  
you might wear clothes

next time.

## Abyss

Just a touch  
a kiss

the abyss  
that is you  
flows over me  
whispers me  
into its red depths

the wildflowers  
ask your name  
every night

but you only yell  
“grow, dammit!”  
out the window

and they do

in the wind  
that falls forever here  
you kiss me

and I fall as well, grow  
like the wildflowers

in the garden

## Sandworms

I hate the part  
where they invite you over  
to their house

and they made dinner  
and of course it all  
tastes like silica

they're never any good at charades

but their singing voices  
are impeccable

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I'm not a big fan of poets, at readings, introducing each poem. So I do it up front with one-liners and leave it to the audience's imagination to hook up the introductions with the proper (or improper, whichever makes them feel better) poems. One line I use every single time is "One of these poems is 100% based on a true story. One of three poems is based on a 100% false story." That is also the case here. It's unfortunate that it's much easier to tell which is which here than it usually is. The other poem is "Sandworms," and about that one I will say "One of these poems is based on a story I wish were 100% true." (The sandworms in question first appeared in a Frank Herbert novel. He who controls the party games controls the universe.)*

*I've spent a great deal of time thinking about the efficacy and impact of poetry at a time like this, when depression and anxiety feel less like mental and emotional issues and more a reasonable reaction to the events surrounding us daily. And I've questioned it, as I've questioned where there's anything the averages 99%er can do to make things...not better, but less oppressive. I'm not sure we can, save maybe for a scattered handful of people. Maybe just for ourselves. But it seems important to keep trying.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise ([xterminal.bandcamp.com](http://xterminal.bandcamp.com)) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in Cordite Poetry Review, Stardust Haiku, and GAS: Poetry, Art, and Music, among others.

