

Two Poems

Rachel Rix

First Deployment

Erasing the outline

of a bridge in the distance

the bitter wind bends the wild

oat grass until all that stands

inside this space between rail and river

is numb. Is waiting for him

like the fading scent of midnight

pomegranate and I keep hearing

my car door slam shut like an echo

from somewhere far

away I stand there, on the overpass

my arms open, waiting to feel.

The Role of Flaw Distribution

Steam disfigures her face
in the mirror. She folds
his ACU's, arranges them
in squares at the end of the bed.

As the hallway sweats,
the shower shuts off.

She clenches the ring
of the M-81 igniter
between her teeth. He drips

closer and when she sees
his sodden feet

she quarter turns
and pulls it. Turquoise
rupture, perforated comforter,

flash by flash bulbs zap
the cones in his eyes back.

Lid lacerations,

his arms splashing

and for an instant

he feels lighter. The closest

she's ever felt to anyone.

Rachel Rix has work forthcoming in the anthology, *When There Are Nine*, and recently published work in *The Tiger Moth Review*, *Verdad*, and *Right Hand Pointing* (as well as being shortlisted for the *Fish Anthology 2020* poetry contest in Ireland). Rix earned an MFA from the University of Nevada, Reno at Lake Tahoe, and she works as a Certified Massage Therapist in Sacramento--where she lives with her husband, Adam, and their two cats, Floppy and Leo.