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Moles

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When you walk to the bathroom you will look into the eyes of someone who has felt pain.

Through the green parks,
 alone in the creaking woods, down rows
 of velvet pews, stadium bleachers, the peopled counter of a café, uptown, sitting
 quietly on the last bus,
 someone who knows:
 the likelihood of blood,
 the taste of carpet burns,
 someone entering who shouldn't, the "what if?"
 the bad man in a disguise, the bad man who drives too slow down the street,
 the wolf in the nightgown,
 the bad man pretending to be just a wolf in a nightgown.

Just like the stories,
 just like they said he would, the pencil sketch on the news,
 a snapped twig beyond the tree line, the person you've never seen before, the
 person you know, he takes something from you,
 before you could comprehend
 that you have something to give.
 This is a hole. I say it like it happens smoothly.

Can things like love and poetry fill anything up?

Drip, drip, collect, it's fuller now—
 the echo, deeper now.
 It's dripping:

it fills up, it pours over.

Can it?

You thrust cupped hands under leaking pipes,

it's you vs. the soil, you vs. the sun, you vs. the well.

Can you drink a well dry? *Ask yourself.*

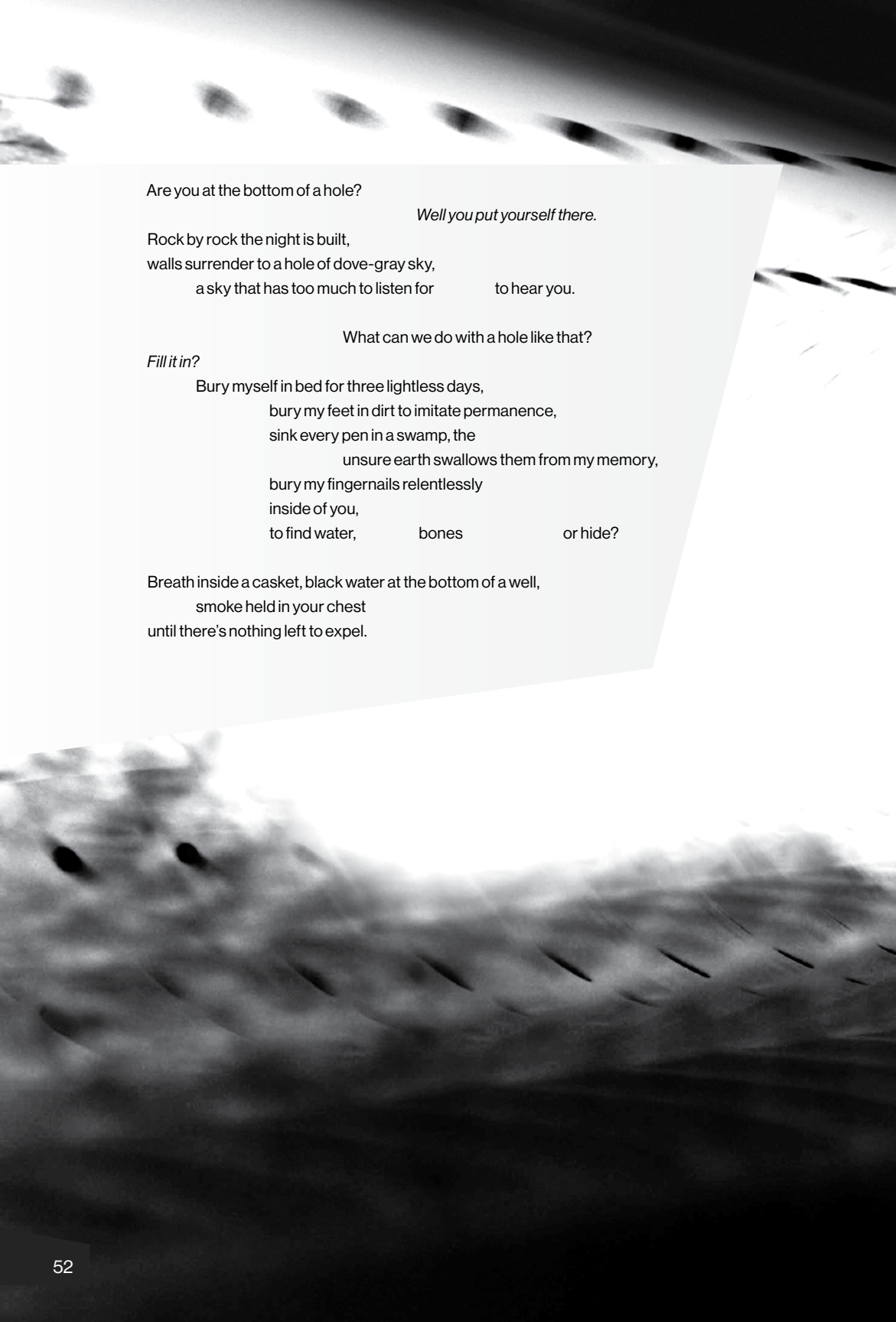
A waterless well is just a pit. A cavity for rot and sediment,
 a hole in the ground, rusty metal pumps,
 thirst,
 the nightmares you wake up from and don't remember, the nightmares you wake up from
 and do, fear collects with sweat on your lips, trembling memory:
 a place where water used to be, something someone used to need,
 a lung you stand on until it won't breathe again,
 collapses silently,
 where dogs get trapped,
 and boys fall

where their bodies, forgotten

their souls echo on limestone

their teeth break on rocks and coins

eating the wishes thrown down by drunks, children, yearning throats of the downtrodden,
 we reach with cupped hands, wish for more than water.



Are you at the bottom of a hole?

Well you put yourself there.

Rock by rock the night is built,
walls surrender to a hole of dove-gray sky,
a sky that has too much to listen for to hear you.

What can we do with a hole like that?

Fill it in?

Bury myself in bed for three lightless days,
bury my feet in dirt to imitate permanence,
sink every pen in a swamp, the
unsure earth swallows them from my memory,
bury my fingernails relentlessly
inside of you,
to find water, bones or hide?

Breath inside a casket, black water at the bottom of a well,
smoke held in your chest
until there's nothing left to expel.