

Three Poems

by Jeffrey Burghauer (June 2018)



Two Men Sharing a Drink, Josef Herman

Under Low Cliffs

Under low cliffs (damp as trout),
Under the sky (a shark's fin),
And, careening through the stout
Cups of whiskey halogen,

Cory said he never had

(Regardless if I sat or stood)

Thought my posture *at all* bad—

Since my diction was so good.

Reality Itself Still

Reality Itself still

Registers as a treason's

Pain; the body, as an ill-

Organized list of reasons.

Truth. Without it, the most blunt,

Substantial treasures one may

Find are the irrelevant

Rubies of etymology.

The Nurse

The nurse opens the results of my

Metabolic panel. It's the worst.

Yes, I'm cursed to be a System; I

Would prefer to be a Fact; I'm cursed

That the Cosmos is neither System

Nor Fact. "The Uncertain: *What's known to*

The Lord, His minions;"—shall I list them?—

"*Known to everyone, just not to you.*"

Jeffrey Burghauser is an English teacher in Columbus, OH. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo, the University of Leeds, and currently studies the five-string banjo with a focus on pre-WWII picking styles. A former artist-in-residence at the Arad Arts Project (Israel), his poems have previously appeared (or are forthcoming) in *Appalachian Journal*, *Lehrhaus*, *New English Review*, and *Iceview* (Iceland).

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