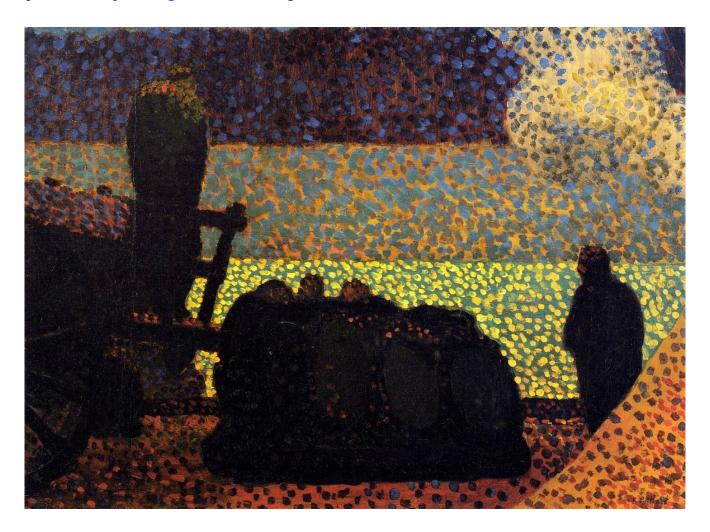
## **Two Poems**

by **Jeffrey Burghauser** (August 2021)



The Stevedores, Edouard Vuillard, 1890

## Silence

Negev Desert, Israel, 2003

I remember grey fedoras, cloth Handkerchiefs, and beveled pinky rings; I remember faces freshened with Chilly cedar of the *macher* kings.

"On-The-Flame" was a falafel joint Owned by that repellant Russian who (We would learn) had managed to appoint Cellar space for storing nearly two Dozen fettered Slavic women at Any given time, awaiting their Transport by the Bedouins, who (fat With the dark & sumptuary air) Suture trails through iridescent sand, Under stars, diversely acaroid, To the barbed Egyptian border, and Thence straightforwardly into the Void.

I remark on how the stevedore Loads, unloads the merchandise. You see, There are types of silence that the poor Can't afford, and others—that are free.

## Hangman's Reel

After "Hangman's Reel" is done, Banjos, mandolins, guitars, Rustic violins & bass Are relaxed; their sweaty, tanned Players, moments afterwards.

Instruments, like firearms,
Make, when handled idly,
Liquidly arrested sounds
Intermixed with circumscribed,
Vaguely-muffled clattering.

After gulping from a jar
Handed to him from the right,
Gideon, already soused,
Shakes his jowls in feigned disgust
As his wife inclines her eyes

Heavenward in some burlesque, Over-acted plea for help. Tune the banjos down to D. God has lips, and they can kiss. This is Heaven; Heaven, this.

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Jeffrey Burghauser is a teacher in Columbus, OH. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo and the University of Leeds. He 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 appeared (or are forthcoming) in Appalachian Journal, Fearsome Critters, Iceview, Lehrhaus, and New English Review. Jeffrey's booklength collections are available on Amazon, and his website is