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## Three Poems

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# Three Poems

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## *Cathedral*

I unsettle here in this quiet  
carved out belly: its gut eats me

still. I sit on a bench too hard  
for my flesh. This roof

above my head, a carcass that moves in  
on my body, empty

pressure, a phantom  
limb. Still, it's the first place

I dream of as if I remember  
being inside another body, carved

mother, imagining the beauty of an internal space.  
In thin veins of light, my breath

exposes a film of dead  
skin, blood vessels become

visible as sun filters through  
my palm. I raise my hands up to see

someone. But I hear nothing,  
except trees, swaying somewhere

outside, ivy racing, dust  
kissing my feet in attempted forgiveness.

This holy place, this haphazard mess,  
sears the ears shut:

only lids of coffins, sheltering their dead  
children, know a seal this tight.

### *The Bakers*

In this yeast that spits, we turn  
our knuckles white and raw

like overripe peaches. In one thousand years,  
I wonder if I'll remember how

you smelled: hickory and oaked like earth  
growing under your careful hands.

Sometimes we sneak a taste  
of our humble beginnings: you claim I cut

my knee peddling too fast downhill,  
as you crack an egg and it turns to gold,

or when I threw a baseball indoors, smashing  
my mother's window, as you peel barked lips

of a vanilla stick, scraping for its silver.  
In one thousand years, I hope they find us

dead, open us like cocoa beans for secrets  
of sweetness, embalm our limbs, jewel

our bare throats like queens. We'll speak  
to our diggers in the ginger they found

near our feet. Our museum text will read:  
*no greater strength comes from two bodies*

*split to reveal how sugar is made*  
*in their own mouths: a species learned*

*to harvest air and spin it to divine:*  
*see the village bloom in their veins.*

### *Bowerbird*

There are one thousand ways to say what the  
bowerbird does

in his congregation, a gnarled nest of spooling  
forgotten

bits—a hair pin, a dint of slivered foil, torn edges  
of note that might have said, *it's not you, it's me*,

like she was the one who was already splintered, half  
dangling off the page, waiting to be

collected by someone who doesn't mind the schism  
of things, the body fractured everywhere

like sound recoiling itself between the naked  
amber night and the punched-pearl moon:

last known night between lovers, their air as quiet  
as the bird's hushed wing. Like the bird, she

displays her broken  
memories spilling from her mouth to potential mate:

drunken blue bar that swallowed her  
whole; portrait of motherless girl becoming a girl-

less mother; boy who begged for further  
touching, unwanted

body idling too close to her thoughts. Ugly thing, he  
might think,

she is collected noise split by the wind.

### **About the Author**

**Audrey Spina** finished her MA in English, Bridgewa-  
ter State University, during fall 2020, upon completion  
of her creative arts thesis. Her writing and research fo-  
cus on the female body, women's anger, and violence.  
She plans to teach at the high school or college level.