

CATHERINE GRAHAM

MY EAR IS LOST

My mouth won't "u"
the way Mademoiselle wants it to.

"Ew. Ew. Ew!"
Her face bullets to a freckle.

I taste her stale croissant on my tongue.
Tears take over. They talk for me

sobbing the wrong vowel.

GARRISON CREEK

I've felt the yellow heat
thirsted for dry tongues
been a bath for birds
and a Visine for eyes

a blind colt in a coal mine
bricklayers led me to
this sewer pipe and now
your night-sweats feed me.

Catherine Graham is the author of three poetry collections: *The Watch*, *Pupa* and *The Red Element*. Her writing has appeared in *The New Quarterly*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Taddle Creek*, *The Literary Review of Canada* and *Poetry Ireland Review*. Vice President of Project Bookmark Canada and Marketing Coordinator of the *Rowers Pub Reading Series*, she teaches Creative Writing at the University of Toronto and the Haliburton School of the Arts. Her forthcoming collection, *Winterkill*, will be published fall 2010 with *Insomniac Press*. Visit: www.catherinegraham.com