

Two Poems

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TOOTHED

(With a phrase from C.A. Conrad)

I've hit the edge of my aging

to find it lined with

psychic barbed wire.

Ten years later, and here I am

thinking the difference

between artifact and architecture

is one seen through a pinhole.

I've walked furniture laps

around my apartment,

strangering my own artifacts,

thinking repetition will

skeleton the poems

and fill the body's pockets.

I've picked up my new strangers

and thought *godless, swamp thing*

and thought *cue the song*

already coming up

through the floorboards

and thought

strangers are proof

the world goes on without us

NIGHT IS AS LONG AS THE WINDOW DESIRES

“Does one leave in one’s room a shape emptied of its body?”

—Etel Adnan

The character
in absence of scenery
I’ve dreamt this way
to mutiny against this longing
and I wake up to find
the floorboards have inched
that much further away
I’ve lived this way
camouflaged into the furniture
after all this time
I’m the apartment in disguise
and I’ve suspected
the character in dreams
darkening the window with vision
and I wake up to find
everything whittled to sound
the floorboards covered
with it
my vermin selves
such were they
dreamt this way
until the scenery mutinies
and the floorboards multiply
in disguise
the dream character
a homing device

for what's left wanting
I've dreamt the return
of echolocation
the walls
disguised as shadows
and I wake up to find
the new sport
denial's become
the floorboards radicalized
weaponizing pity
the apartment captains
the ship it dreams of being
and I wake up
weaponizing shadows
to mutiny against this longing
and I wake up to find
the floorboards whittled down
to reveal the skin underneath

each moment is blood kin
to the next

