

TWO POEMS
CATE LYCURGUS

Planter Box Conceit

How vain, to anticipate what's been
sown, foretell how the buried
will swell. Zucchini overwhelm
the raised beds—stems straight-arm
out with stop-sign palms—so wide, so
deeply lobed—no companion
can grow alongside, but—where
are we merely asked to whelm? Under
the foliage, blossoms tint tangerine,
thick veins net petals' backsides
matching my own hands; I attest—:
there is no squash to speak of.
Just a mess of splinters from the vine &
I am also green, at wresting use
from beauty—: instead flowers twist
like cheap napkins, droop un-
plucked, un-stuffed, un-battered
up, & the chance fizzles—it did—
from my shame at not turning out
the same as the rest—I wanted to be
outside it, exceptional, yield in all
the important ways—so mostly the
mundane ones

Be With

This is just to see
with the hoyer's creaks
what can I do
while daddy sinks
to the mattress
for you
I've asked mamma
thousands of days
times each day
night routine sets in
I find her
rolling the sling
from under his
behind I await
reply & am always
slow to take no
answer as one
the kettle cries out
I am ready!
for nothing really
worth needing
I can provide
hot water, a plain
mug, which I have
already done
tonight boils down
to residue
of tea leaves

I cannot read
her lips or tell
the shape my aid
might take
away the cup
has me afraid
of what I am
capable of, still:
to not be
or stay