

# Spun to Gold

Rebekah Bloyd

A golden giant lies  
where wheat  
still grows

The straw to be gathered will  
not be spun to gold  
The sun still

beams down so  
the big man's eyes  
are but slits

Eaten away  
the wheat  
of his nose  
sun poisoned

Each childhood night  
he had switched off  
the lamp:  
Little boy

blue, his horn  
leaned against the shock  
and slept

slept and slept

## New World Warblers

Rebekah Bloyd

In the company of yellow birds, parrot fish,  
a handful of friendly locals and outsiders  
for three high seasons and the stormy nor'westers

in between, our bodies met. Blessed  
with the flesh and oomph of twenty-somethings, quips gave way  
to jokes, jokes to anecdotes during our evening shifts

at the unhurried pace of the two-star resort  
only your charismatic mother  
was frantic to make shine. Beneath a million-

starred sky, you coaxed a tiny moon  
onto a metal plate secured to the telescope  
you'd set up by the sea wall.

Here,  
you offered.

Here, Budgie. A genuine New Mexico moon.

Budgie, you'd nicknamed me, warming to a toddler's mistake  
of my name. New Mexico, where you'd learned the patterns  
of the night sky.

Before my island visa ran dry (while yours  
would not) we took a room in Miami, dank,  
air conditioner shuddering.

Your black hair slipped sleek across my blond-  
skinned belly. You rose into my face before rocking back, eyes closed,  
whispering as you had before,

Where?  
We met anew.

Against oceans and hours we coursed,  
spiraled, tucked. And woke, our transit  
at the edge of that moon begun.

In the departure lounge,  
at my apartment door, near my students' classroom, through  
the flat afternoons of my Middle West,

I listened for your clear call.

After fifteen years you appeared  
to my retired mother absorbing U.S.A. Today,

your warm self, convicted  
of fraud and conspiracy, floating  
an Internet pharmacy from a suburban bedroom in the Keys.

You, two years in the Pen. Three years  
for the magnetic mastermind. Just what relationship did she  
talk him into my own mother wondered, aloud.

# At Sea

Rebekah Bloyd

*after a painting by Josef Šima*

a field of children roars

into a seascape

swimming perpendicular

spindly legs

sudden, crackling softness

against royal blue

closing in on a whale's back end

spindly legs

layers of pinky clean flesh

against royal blue

away from

greenwood

their own dreams

this neon

conflagration

limbs of spring now ships at sea

do they lament?

a funny home

daddy turned to lighter things

a dripping child

darting

a handy chair

sweet bruised knees  
underbelly a pale pool  
near the tub

slate skycloud  
at sea

do they fold up  
for their lost first bodies?