

Two Poems

Jordan Escobar

One Cannot Unfuck Oneself

“Memory is a field / with endless graves” -Hanif Abdurraqib

The boyhood trigger finger tracks
every dovewing overhead.

In school, they said
you have to kill your darlings

and I think of the field
of needlegrass and all the bodies

of gray feathered lumps.
Now tell me: Are you

the BB or the blast?
Or the two hollow

smoking barrels
stacked on top of each other?

What component of violence
do you stand in for?

On my shotgun stock,
there are two handcarved roses,

so lovingly engraved in the walnut.
Their stems entwine, blooms

from the same base, so that
a flower impression is left firm

on my cheek, each time I find
a bird worth burying.

Salamander Smoke Habit

Nestled in the green leaves of my garden,
we warm next to the humus

and count the swallows swooping overhead.
I want to praise sunlight rooting its honey-

colored rays on the shingles next door,
but the limiter switch has not yet been flipped on

and we're still bleeding for the memory of kids
rushing to the edge of an orchard with a handful

of amphibians locked in their coat pockets.
When I get older, I want to have a problem

with nicotine. I want to eat curly fries at the carnival
and grow a long beard. I want your tongue to flame

in my ear like a quotation mark: One day, we'll go
to Maine, and stay at a little B&B by the shore.

There's enough seagulls for everyone to play
dress-up, the foghorn incanting its love

for fuchsia-painted toes, like the little rocks
at the bottom of a fish tank. Slice another piece

of melon, and slide it into my mouth. Today
is only me and you, and the tulips are getting restless.

Jordan Escobar (he/him/his) is a writer, teacher, and zookeeper in Boston, MA. His work can be found in Water-Stone Review, Blue Earth Review, Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review, Terrain.org and elsewhere. His favorite bird is the double-crested cormorant.