

KIM TRAINOR

## TWO POEMS

### *GUYASDOMS' D'SONOQUA*

She was carved from the bole of a red cedar  
as if she had grown just there, at its heart  
and simply been discovered by the carver  
who worked to free her from the rough fibrous bark.  
He slit open with care the swollen tree  
and reached in to softly peel back thick strips  
of skin and glistening cartilage. And she  
stared back at him with black eyes and raw lips  
opening in the red wood. Lips that spoke  
in the tree's own voice, and eyes that could see  
what he could not, and arms that she flung out  
to take him into her as she awoke  
to this new freedom, into the dark lee  
and musk of her, and drew him to her heart.

### *VANQUISHED*

There is a kind of desolation here  
she captured in dark, elemental pigments:  
pale splinters of bone in a fine ash grey  
that coats your fingers while your heart is rent  
with grief; the rawness of cedar fresh cut  
to make the box you'll place him in; and salt  
dried to a glittering mineral caul;  
everything that disintegrates and rots.  
Go deeper now, into a heavy grief  
that takes you down through elemental blues  
and lays you gently on the ocean floor.  
Take ash and salt and cedar for this life  
you mourn, everything you loved and knew  
and place them on your tongue, and taste this sorrow.