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Raw For Plenty

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LEE UPTON

Three Poems
Raw For Plenty

What can move us? What can we dismiss?
What makes us want someone here with us or gone?
I'm raw for plenty — hypothetically. What do I miss?
Tell me your name, when you were born...

What makes us want someone here with us or gone?
So long to learn long division, long to learn dread.
Tell me your name. When you were born
lights came to you, a woman took reeds

so long she divided them, divided her dread.
Are you the one I turn another page for?
The lights come on for a woman who reads
your name, a woman who could tell me more.

Are you the one turning pages for
panic, for fear of launching through some abyss?
What name could tell me anything more?
I'm raw for plenty, hypothetically, amiss.

No panic, no fear of launching through an abyss.
What fears come, come to us to be borne.
Hypothetically, I'm raw for plenty. There's someone I miss.
What can move us? What can we dismiss?