

2-20-2018

Two Poems

Scott R. Honeycutt

East Tennessee State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose>

 Part of the [Critical and Cultural Studies Commons](#), [Literature in English, North America Commons](#), [Nature and Society Relations Commons](#), and the [Place and Environment Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Honeycutt, Scott R. (2018) "Two Poems," *The Goose*: Vol. 16 : Iss. 2 , Article 44.

Available at: <http://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol16/iss2/44>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

Eagles at Suttons Bay

At the Eyaawing museum
two mounted bald eagles hang from a sun-dome,
ornaments in the hall of spirits.
The story claims that these mates danced down
sky, clutching talons and hoisting their wings
up and out as they fell in amorous ritual.
Entwined as one, the pair lanced straight through
powerlines and died before hitting ground.

When they were found near a sag in the dunes,
both still grasped the other's talons as if death,
embarrassed by its intrusion, felt compelled to leave
some message. But what of it?
Such beautiful violence, frozen and displayed,
looms above visitors and kisses the chamber
amid gaping, yellow beaks and our equally
opened yet covetous eyes.

The Swimmer

On summer mornings long after the season's plovers had fled
toward the Atlantic,
she would walk along the shore of Cathead Bay
browsing for driftwood and pearls of lake glass that washed
up at dawn. Her dog kept pace and jumped in and out
of the water, white strokes of foam leaching from its legs.

And with her children asleep in darkened rooms of the house,
and with numberless stars fading into bright air,
she moved through the quiet of her body, along places where no man
could intrude upon the distance or private spaces of thought.
The wind, though, touched her and smoothed sinews
around her wrist while fingers sifted sand like an hourglass.

Sometimes, too, she would undress and dip her ankles and knees
into Michigan's fresh sea
and then plunge head-long into the whole of it: her body
giving itself without asking; motions tuned like an instrument
of light against her wet and coruscated skin.

There, a daughter first, then wife, then mother all embarked as one
figure across those wave-less waters.
Waters that held the promise of days that would stretch long,
and unbroken in their joys
all the way westward toward South Fox Island and then beyond,
past the delicate vanishing line
that drew closer and closer with every stroke.

SCOTT HONEYCUTT is an assistant professor of English at East Tennessee State University. When he is not teaching, Scott enjoys walking the hills of Appalachia and spending time with his daughters.