

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Lee Rossi: Three Poems

Lee Rossi · Tuesday, September 2nd, 2014

Lee Rossi is the author of *Wheelchair Samurai*, his latest book. His poems, reviews and interviews have appeared in *The Sun*, *Poetry Northwest*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, and *The Southern Poetry Review*. He is a staff reviewer and interviewer for the online magazine *Pedestal*.

No Face

If he had a face, it would include his mother's ears,
 his father's sharp, insistent nose, the basset's jowls,
 and eyes deeded by a consortium of Picts and Celts,
 Romans and Jutes, a thin, watery northern
 blue in which fog and cloud is constantly
 trying to form. He is wary of such a face, watching
 as his sister and brothers battle over breakfast.
 Every morning he studies himself
 scouring his already rotted teeth – how many
 cavities since his last birthday?
 He sucks his cheeks, flares his nostrils,
 wears his hair as long as he can, its pale
 surf barely cresting his extravagant ears.
 He is proud that he does not resemble any
 of them, that he doesn't even look like himself,
 but like a grave digger, or a grave robber,
 like a backyard mechanic, or a salesman
 selling Bibles door-to-door, like an albino
 gypsy, like a refuge from some television camp
 for the dispossessed in Africa or the Middle East,
 some genetic freak left on a hillside to die
 who miraculously survives only to be sent
 into exile to foster with these strange familiars.

Puzzle

If you should ask me when or how,
reluctantly I'd answer why –
the soil that rises from the plow
but does so with a sigh.

Undergrowth

When Brer Fox tossed the Rabbit
into that dense tangle of thorn,
he was doing what we all do,
condemning others as we
would condemn ourselves.
If he had spent his youth
among the canes,
he'd have known
how companionable those
narrow halls can be.
I think about the women
on my computer screen –
all those clear-cut hillocks –
and women I've known,
their genital fuzz or fluff
downy as dust bunnies,
and then I consider my luck
in finding you, adorned
with sprigs of tough
wiry hair, a dark halo
surrounding each nipple,
and the insistent scribble
from navel to nest,
where only the most
delicate coaxing –
tongue chafed and littered with thicket –
reveals what the fox
could only dream,
a secret passage, the way through.

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