

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Sue William Silverman: Two Poems

Sue William Silverman · Thursday, November 26th, 2015

Sue William Silverman has a poetry collection, *Hieroglyphics in Neon*, published with Orchises Press. She is also the author of three memoirs. *The Pat Boone Fan Club: My Life as a White Anglo-Saxon Jew* is part of the American Lives Series with the University of Nebraska Press. *Because I Remember Terror, Father, I Remember You* won the Association of Writers and Writing Programs award in creative nonfiction. *Love Sick: One Woman's Journey through Sexual Addiction*, published with W. W. Norton, is also a Lifetime TV movie. Her craft book is *Fearless Confessions: A Writer's Guide to Memoir*, and she teaches in the MFA in Writing Program at Vermont College of Fine Arts. For more information please visit [www.SueWilliamSilverman.com](http://www.SueWilliamSilverman.com).

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### If the Girl Stalks the Man

and rings his doorbell  
that echoes through memory –  
a house untamable  
as weather peering through windows  
opaque with longing.

If he grabs her arm sleeved  
in recklessness, the ticking  
clock stops  
at the worst possible  
minute in the past.

His desire is mute  
as crockery, so the girl  
cracks hairline  
fissures through blind  
assignments. Her desire bright

and wild as pollen.

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## ***If Love Is Here Every Day!***

The girl lurks under the Jersey Shore  
boardwalk, black leather, hair  
braiding her to the pillar,  
where this promise is sprayed.

The Ferris wheel circles  
the moon, the boardwalk  
splinters with smutty  
kisses. A camera captures

her acquiescence and defiance.  
She reads a novel, fading  
into fiction and darkness, her  
mouth pink cotton candy.

A man's tissue-  
paper-thin breath trembles  
in expensive moonlight.  
His luminous shirt shines

like a star in wind piercing  
a sallow sky. She swallows  
a mouthful of light.  
Tail-finned

cars speed toward Atlantic  
foam, salt bruises  
her tongue. The season  
is over. The girl's wan

smile is a last carousel ride,  
wood horses distorted  
in mirrors. She'd translate  
her body back into its own

language, if only she could.

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