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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Susan Tepper: Four Poems

Susan Tepper · Wednesday, March 25th, 2020

### Alpine Nuts

Don't miss me  
too much

reaching inside  
the broom closet  
to wipe up the mess

Mop's not there—  
where  
no cleaning powder  
either

No soft presence  
lingering from my shampoo

The one you said was  
Alpine nuts  
good enough to eat

snuggling your nose  
in my tangles.

\*

### Write it blank

you instruct me  
in matters  
of blood and rust

there is that  
around the drain  
you feel menaced by—

only rust—  
I keep telling you.

\*

## Despite

you wake up  
don't feel rain cutting  
holes in your face  
notice the pillow  
is blackened from night  
is stiff, a smoking gun.  
All that's gone wrong  
measures sleep in numbers  
—violence has answers  
despite, you say.

\*

**The last balcony**— and bells  
you kept climbing  
velvet stairs, the handrail  
soft from entrails  
roping the distance:  
stretch of fields  
a full-blown womb  
almost overnight,  
pale sun, snake eyes,  
girls emerging out of women  
breaking open  
the long silent history.

*(Featured Photo by Laura Bruno)*

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