

## POETRY

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Douglas K Currier

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### **Showering with death**

It's not just her. You've noticed,  
it's always one or the other of you  
under the water, someone is always  
left in the steamy cold, the mist  
breath makes in winter.

Less cleanliness and more the naked,  
the water attracts the hands. She won't  
stoop to pick up a dropped bar of soap.  
She won't steer you to the spray when  
you have shampoo in your eyes.

She won't even wash your back. Showering  
with her is waiting for a fall, a dizziness she won't  
steady you from. She is slippery when wet.  
She is only there for the warmth, your feeble grip,  
and for you – with everything you own.

## Friends

*here we laughed here danced all falls away  
only the tattered snatches of what we call past  
echo out from the isolate provinces of time.*

“Friends” C K Williams

And here we were never quite satisfied  
with repetition, redundancy – circling  
the flame, darting in and out for the frenetic  
singeing of feathers, finery, and personality  
– the “bon mot” of intimacy.

“Remember that time . . .”

We become our only friends – never close,  
not close the way the grit of discovery sifts  
to caulk the cracks in friendship. No, only  
acquaintances – a morning hello  
in a bathroom mirror and a sigh at night after  
sitting down bedside to remove our socks.

We have no secrets left to trade for confidences  
we won’t remember. Those who die, having  
friends still, hear in the grave:

“We thought he’d never leave.”

## About the Poet

Douglas K Currier holds an MFA in Poetry from the University of Pittsburgh and writes poetry in English and Spanish. He has published in several journals: *The Café Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *The Comstock Review*, and others, as well as in the anthologies: Onion River: Six Vermont Poets, Getting Old, Welcome to the Neighborhood, and Poemas Zafados in North and South America. His chapbook, *Señorita Death* (Main Street Rag Publishing Company) appeared last year. He lives with his wife in Winooski, VT.