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According to a Proverb, Marriage

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Prairie Schooner, Volume 77, Number 1, Spring 2003, pp. 169-170 (Article)

Published by University of Nebraska Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/psg.2003.0018>

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watching myself eat a delivered pizza,
with *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* playing
on a UHF channel. Believe it or not,
that was the closest to home I'd gotten by then.

So when I walk up to my house, now,
I will not hear the stereo from the street,
and when I walk inside
I will not listen for the note in her voice

that betrays her drinking. Inside these doors,
no one will have words they don't say
that build up over months and years,
and no one will ever leave me.

Lynne Kuderko

According to a Proverb

Two antelope walk together so that
one can blow dust from the other's eyes.
A man walks out onto the street. Perhaps

he hurries, perhaps he is going to meet a woman,
who may or may not be beautiful. A cloud in the sky.
Perhaps it will rain, perhaps

there will be days of unrelenting sun.

Marriage

March 19, Venus and Saturn in the sky
make a trio with this slit of moon busy cradling
the black ball of its unlit side. Astronomers describe

the moon as 30 minutes across, and the planets,
a minute apart. So close, you could hold up a finger,
blot them out, it would seem. So too a man

and a woman, moving through the space of their marriage.

Marjorie Stelmach

Poem In Which Krishna Appears As a Heron

Lifting awkwardly, scattering beaded droplets to pocket
the lake's pearl surface,

a heron not thirty feet from my door. Wings. White.
My heart startled,

my flat palm pressed against air where the door swung away.
And the replay: my entry,

blear-eyed, into another chilled dawn; the draw of my breath
at the starched unfolding;