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Cell

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Cell for Milton Kessler
by Eric Machan Howd

WINNER

MILTON KESSLER MEMORIAL
PRIZE FOR POETRY

The room is full of him, my son; the
outside the window hold memories
tight as spider's web—what do you want?—
bring him to me, back into my fears—the
day gone to butterflies push and
above grass? Push and fall, beating the
the colors of wing melting on the
blades, slowly rolling to the ground—a
born of this blood, blossoms and ebbs—the
on his sleeping—all I wanted to
lost in the woods, memories in
Nurses, white, the black bars, how can this
protect? My arms strapped around my
the prayer begins, the mind turns to

trees
as
please
has
fall
air,
tall
prayer
scent
feel —
fragments.
steel
back
attack.

The prayer begins, the mind turns to
and children visit, small faces and
unbroken, untouched by terrors; they
love, oceanless, my son taken by
to out there and returned with burning
in his eyes, (distorted and
shadows and inward faces turned; these
crucify the clouds, merciless,
Empty . I watch my fingers scribble
on the air and I hear his scream, the
comfort. The man in the next bed is
and I feel his stare, his knowing of
my cowardice, he can smell with his
These children's parents don't know how to
my son roams the forests, insanE with

attack
lips
lack
ships
star
misshapen)
bars
again.
fear
call
blind
all
mind.
cry
sky .

Eric Machan Howd

My son roams the forests, insane with
chant! ho!, only I know what he feeds
at night under the moon. At first I
to care, locked him in the cellar; the
came and he was gone—his outline burns
eyes in every day dream. He is out
eating everything, studying fright,
the heart beats; I hear news of his work,
hunt > the smell of blood in word droppings.
They did this to him, aliens from the
country; before, we watched the moons rise
gray over staggered mountains, times when we
knew our bond. What type of being can be
bold enough to disturb the balances,
old.

Enough to disturb the balances, old
true friend, we have it all; these are the times
of jarred honey in wooden combs, behold
the age of garbage, men and space. The crimes
remain the same, justice indifferent,
and their paperwork sags in com-part-ment-
al paneled rooms with plastic plants and
smoke eaters. What ever meaning you evoke
from the constellations — have it your
way — all myths are fractalizing in our genes,
I Atlas, I Job, Hunter of the Boar,
doomed by my morals, a man fading green.
In the mornings I smell his powder breath
at night I hide beneath the windows, Death.

At night I hide beneath the windows,
scrapes empty trees together
and howls from the woods; my heart and my
increasing in the moon moth's
against the pane — they come and put me
bed, strap my wrists and ankles in
and the screams continue while day
begins its slow seeping through the bars—
together. A woman visits the
catatonic, his arms hugging air, lips kissing
someone— her, before she left—the
arithmetic on his face divides, what else can be
done? Men are so tired, their hearts beat slow ,
sub side all we feel is what we're missing
inside.

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<p>All we feel is what we're missing (somewhere a mother gives birth) and the shifts, spinning, seismic to the Sun — the is always male. O dear father what would you put on my life? My son is and men gather to drum in sage sick, nervous, prayers on the four winds. A light pulses from some tower, we think UFOs, and changes in the weather. I am in drag, dancing. My memories preserve my mind, the black box reads I use words to kill ants, watch them black symbols, arranged, their sound falls,</p>	<p>inside; earth tide worth dead, circles, red communication detect anger protect, "DANGER." crumble— fumble.</p>
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<p>Black symbols, arranged, their sounds fall, dark bodies spell L - I - F - E or it L - I - V - E; idiots answers into their chests, a woman from the ceiling or was it man? spider rebuilds its web in the flies live off the lighted windows, it be the times, I am old during the bent; the night ocean trips tiny hermit so they buoy and skitter, to scavenge. A strong hand, electric, my arm, turns me around, and winter in wet dreams, snowfall dumb and coffin the room is full of him, my</p>	<p>fumble, was mumble cries A doorway, may day, crabs desperate grabs comes breeze— Son.</p>
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