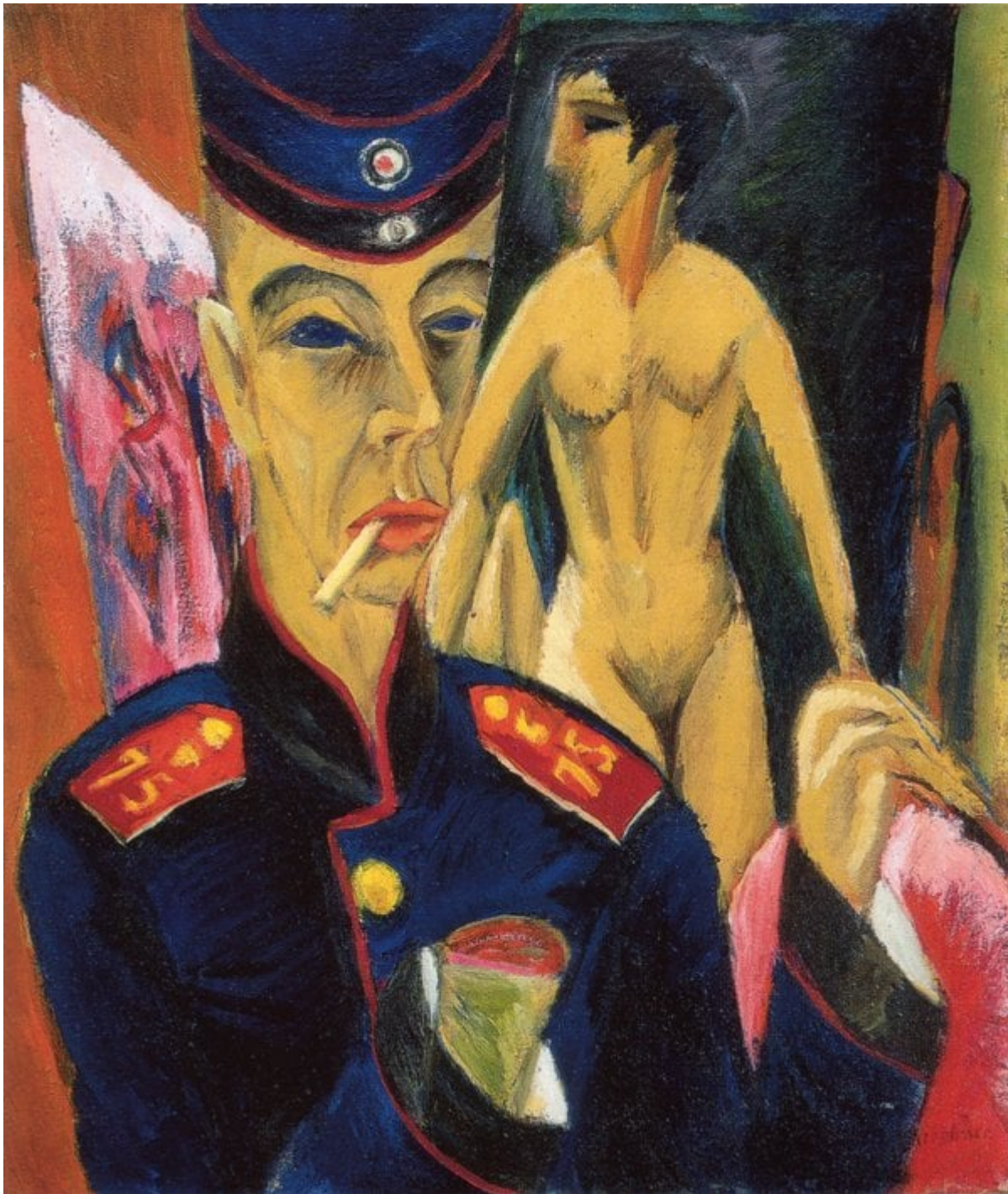


Three Poems

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (August 2020)



Self-Portrait as a Soldier, Ernst Kirchner, 1915

Nostalgic Song

There were seven mobster Cadillacs
Semi-settled in the forest floor.

Under dusk, I leapt from hood to hood.
I smoked cigarettes when you could still
Smoke inside, and Communism was
Fallen, and the World Trade Center stood.

Why is it considered something like
Righteousness to not forget the place
You're from? An eternal epilogue:
This is what the Present Moment seems.
Memory has all of the unstrained,
Pathetic loyalty of a dog.

Cannot Be a Woman

God, though rather too fine
To be like unto a man,
Cannot be a woman—
For there is no dimension
Of God's magnificence
Of which God is unaware.

Clock

When I have caused her pain,
And she begins to bawl,
I undergo the shock
That comes when my mundane
Attention comes to lock
Upon that bit of wall
Where once was hung a clock.

Jeffrey Burghauser is a teacher in Columbus, OH. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo and the University of Leeds. He currently studies the five-string banjo with a focus on pre-WWII picking styles. A former artist-in-residence at the Arad Arts Project (Israel), his poems have appeared (or are forthcoming) in *Appalachian Journal*, *Fearsome Critters*, *Iceview*, *Lehrhaus*, and *New English Review*. Jeffrey's book-length collections are available on [Amazon](#), and his website is