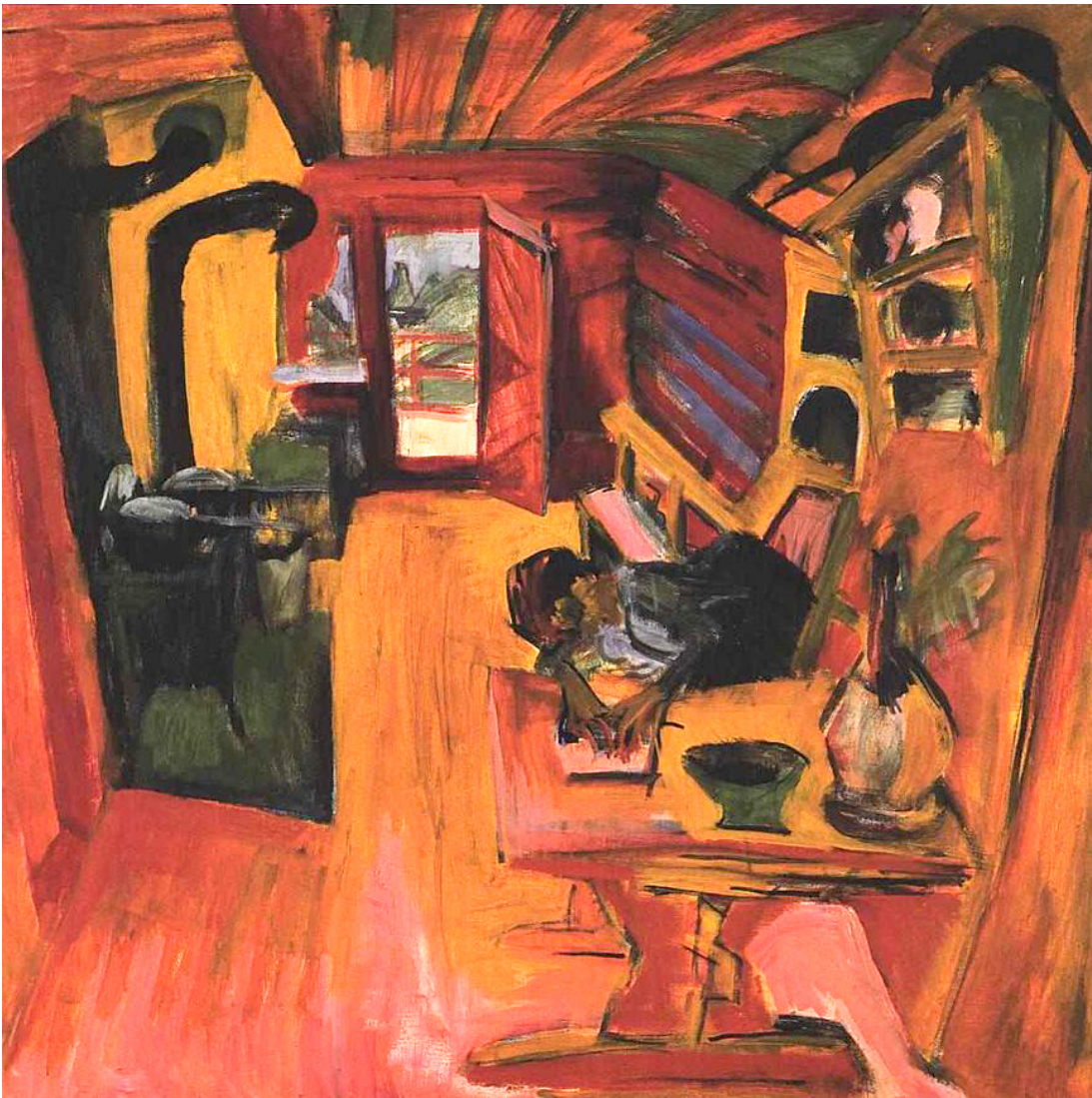


Two Poems

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



Alpküche, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, 1918

Not That It Does Me Much Good

I have learnt that an apartment can't
Quite be yours till filled with the décor
Of your problems. Later griefs would grant

Sequel principals. For instance, your
Workplace is a Where you cannot lay
Claim to till you've known the queasy grey
Of returning, having rushed away
For some family emergency.

Once, I boasted no idea (in love,
As the sun descended in its spite)
Whether I enjoyed a spasm of
Real bewilderment or of delight.

Now, with thinning hair & painful knee,
Well, the difference is clear to me.



Bay on the Coast of Fehmarn, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, 1913

The Seafarer

The sea is a quilt unfurled

Over Earth's unsteady knee.
Every man is lent the world
(All the wiser men agree)
As if by implicit pact;
I've been lent it, though, in fact,
Quite begrudgingly.

Only sleep can integrate
An entire day's fresh re-
Mórses into some self-hate
That's discrete & orderly,
Till I undertake to cross
The uncivil, various,
Apprehensive sea.

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Jeffrey Burghauer 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 collection, *Real Poems*, is available on Amazon and his website is www.jeffreyburghauser.com.

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