Alyse Knorr

Alice Recalls Georgia to Jenny

Let me show you the forests submerged in kudzu waist-deep,
the red clay of the riverbed that would stain our hands and fingertips,
or Dock J of the Bald Ridge Marina, where I first fell in love
with a woman when I saw her weeping.

Inside the old revival shacks, grass grows through the boards year-round.
I pass them and remember the story from grade school: a summer night,
June bugs fatter than ever, and two girls crashed their pickup
on Campground Road and died.

Give me your hand; I will lick away the orange in the paths of your palms
and we can find a road where I might still be waiting,
among the green growing higher and higher.

Robert Krut

Walking Toward the Blue Song

The flashlight looks over
the engine, the raised hood, the oil on my palms.
Beyond this shoulder is a hill, dark green
from night time, and small box of a church.

It could be a crate from this distance, no ornaments
other than the sign proclaiming First Signs of God.
The flashlight's arm stretches
up the hill and tugs my wrist.

I wake the caretaker inside. He speaks
in sleep-talk—sliding apart
in the middle of syllables. It is
indecipherable, and I think

this is a house for faith, for snake handlers
speaking in tongues. While he talks, I can see
his hands raised, copperhead pivoting in his palms,
his legs bouncing, voice gaining momentum.

He nods and leads me back behind the altar, through
an oak wood door and into a corridor—long,
hidden. Mirrors cover the walls, and behind
the mirrors, rustling. The glass reflects itself, amplifies sound.

We stop. There is a band
at the other end, behind a scrim, their music
hard to hear. Distant country blues
through gauze, humming through a pinhole in the night.

Their bodies are far, and coated with the hall's only light, blue—
fire blue, pilot light blue—
their skins are blue and translucent like a flame,
blue flame without an eye.

I am afraid to go there. The caretaker knows, speaks
in my ear, crisp now—