

Carla Sarett – Two Poems

After hearing gunshots, Mission Bay

No one's playing at Oracle Park.
No music or fireworks at midnight,
or whenever the Giants' games end.

Still, I hear jangly echoes in Mission Bay,
fireworks or gunshots, either way,
they drown out other sounds.

It's hard to know what is what since
wild turkeys are flying in Potrero Hill,
and funerals are out of fashion,

when sidewalks are haunted by
ghosts of buried shipyards,
debris from fallen houses,

the memory of water when
hawks fed on terrified rats, and
the antelope fell with the arrow.

The House I Never Lived In

I've been walking past the house I never lived in
on a cul-de-sac whose name is Robin Court,
a slanty-eyed woman lives with her shy son,
or was that son mischievous, did he steal my chalk?

And behind a blue lake, three coffins are buried,
and three children died. I remember them each,
Lizzy with pigtails, Samuel with freckles, and shy Abigail
with her mournful dark eyes who
loved the blue lake in the back of the house.
And in summer's past, I would hear their wild laughter,
echoing, echoing, come in with me!

And under the streets where sirens roar,
I run down dark stairways, three stairways in all,
and I see three strangers who call my name
softer and softer until I find the
brick house that I never lived in, with
candles that shine through its windows,
light that is soft as the moon.

For one silent moment, I think I might enter,
but there's always a reason to go, and walk up the stairways
to where there is sunlight, because I know
that I will find the house that I never lived in,
if not on the next street, then the one over,
if not today, then the day after,
some haunted laughter must find me.

Carla Sarett's recent work appears or is forthcoming in *Hobart*, *Third Wednesday*, *The Virginia Normal*, *Prole*, *Boston Literary Magazine* and elsewhere; and her essays have been nominated for Best American Essay and the Pushcart Prize. Carla has a Ph.D. from University of Pennsylvania and lives in San Francisco.