

Carrie Magness Radna – Two Poems

Hum/Sweet meat (no. 17 of E verses)

The hum inside often gets silenced
by accident; just a common distraction

To feel inside is not easy sometimes,
but it's sometimes

Sweet, like tasting rare meat
covered in garlic salt and black pepper,
not a usual treat

For the poor, except when the
blood comes; then it's a necessary evil

Please pour me a glass of Roja
so I can close my eyes & imagine

That I'm in Argentina,
feasting as the tango dancers shake,
while the violins start to hum.

I will be his muse

I will be his muse.
He is already mine.

But, unlike all the rest,
I will not hold my sweet tongue
& won't go with the status quo

as the birds continuously sing;
the water grows deeper at the lake
one day we will reside and make,

& the traces of the banks
sometimes are washed away
without regret or remorse

& so my love, one day
it will be ours!
As the young people disappear from the crowd,

we will return to the water
where we will wash up our bones,

& our children, our stories & music
only the birds could ever sing.

Carrie Magness Radna is an audiovisual cataloger at New York Public Library, a choral singer and a poet who loves traveling. Her poems have previously appeared in *The Oracular Tree*, *Mediterranean Poetry*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Poetry Super Highway*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Vita Brevis*, *Home Planet News*, *Walt's Corner*, *Polarity eMagazine*, *The Poetic Bond (VIII & IX)*, *Alien Buddha Press*, *Jerry Jazz Musician*, *Rye Whiskey Review* and *First Literary Review-East*. Her first poetry collection, *Hurricanes never apologize* (Luchador Press) was published in December 2019. Born in Norman, Oklahoma, she now lives with her husband in Manhattan.