

## **Diane Hueter – Two Poems**

### **No One Can Touch What I do not Wish to Share**

1.

My eyes ache tonight.

Water freezes down the path

of the ditch.

2.

The whites of my eyes, miniscule,

shining circles of ice.

3.

A blue ring flashes

black arrows—

the mark of my family.

not anger—but fear.

4.

Is the center's dark onyx

a black sun of regret?

memory's poppyseed?

roly poly bugs

careening ahead

of a broom?

5.

My eyes

ache

tonight  
I  
still/will/must  
believe  
that  
somewhere  
they  
shine.

## **Falling**

Jimmy fell out of the apple tree  
and broke his arm. He is five,  
younger than when he shot a hole  
in our neighbor's window with his bb gun,  
older than when he reached up  
to Aunt Carol's kitchen table, gulped downed  
Uncle Jack's jigger of whiskey--neat.

I have no memory of him panting in shock and fear,  
no picture of pain flooding his sunburned, freckled face,  
tear streaked and sweaty. Yet it was the story always told  
where I could hear, behind the cigarette smoke  
and beer, around the kitchen table, after Sunday dinner,  
in the car, at the store--Jimmy  
fell out of the apple tree  
and broke his arm.

Whenever I saw the tree's gnarled trunk  
out Grandma's kitchen window, apple blossoms  
in a vase, slices of apple sugared  
and cinnamon-sprinkled in a bowl,  
I saw Jimmy, his blue eyes and freckles,  
dark hair like mine—almost a twin,  
close enough so his high school friends  
would line us up shoulder-to-shoulder  
in front of hallway lockers just to say  
*See? See?*

Even now in summer's deepest shade,  
under the sweet gum, the pecan,  
trees never known in Grandma's yard,  
I think of that tree, that fruitful, bountiful tree.  
I see the sun's rays sparking among its leaves,  
its crotched V where any child could sit  
so low to the ground, I still can't fathom it  
a dangerous perch. I can't help but wonder  
how high he climbed and envy, yes, the power  
of one who could fall and break and mend

**Diane Hueter** is a Seattle native now living in Lubbock, Texas -- a place with very blue skies and very little rain. Her poetry has appeared in *The Carolina Quarterly*, *Nelle Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, and *Iron Horse Literary Review*. Her book *After the Tornado* (2013) was published by Stephen F. Austin Press. Many years ago, she attended the Community of Writers poetry workshop near Lake Tahoe (a truly transformative experience). Her poems have been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.