

Maureen Kingston – Two Poems

Seeding a Charred Bed

I'm channeling Walter Neff in *Double Indemnity*,
dropping by a bowling alley to roll a few lines,

delaying my downfall by a puny hour.
I perch left on the boards. Aim center-arrow.

Seize up. The voice-over in my head tells me
to quit stalling. Friction's the only way to pick up

a 7-10 split; slamming one bedpost into another
the only way to win. The voice eggs me on

until I wind back, loft a hard curve.

In a few of frames I'll discover what Neff
discovered about wildfires. That anything

can happen in the passion game. That there's
no insuring against some kinds of heat.

Scoop and Run

grief . . .

A smooth hand-off. The running back tucks
the football against his body, propels himself

during the flood

downfield. It's a straight shot. He strides to victory.

bridge collapse

The ref signals a touchdown, reaches for the ball,
but the running back refuses to hand it over.

after the flood

The 12th-man crowd stares in silence as the minister
coaxes a silver urn from the young father's arms.

scour holes

Maureen Kingston's poems and prose have appeared or are forthcoming in *Blue Earth Review*, *B O D Y*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *Gone Lawn*, *Gravel*, *Gyroscope Review*, *KYSO*, *Maudlin House*, *Modern Poetry Quarterly Review*, *Stoneboat*, *Terrain.org*, *Unbroken Journal* and *Whiskey Island*. A few of her poems and prose pieces have also been nominated for Best of the Net and Pushcart awards.