

R.T. Castleberry – Two Poems

This Room Has No Message For Me

Year closing, stalking days remain,
travel from Jubilee Station.
I hear the wind change directions
from highway's reel to
water rising in the rain barrel.
Leaning in the open doorway,
I catch a cougar's slink between
winter elms, stump's jagged stain.
I pin notes in the studio,
allusions to the Icarus Dance,
an heirloom bomber jacket,
a war-dredged wounds narrative.
I don't lie. I'm sardonic.
Speaking of sorrow,
I leave my hand open for a tip.
Sleeping face to face
with my daily doom,
I roll out, groaning,
gathering clothes tossed to a chair.
Along Cutler's Gap,
a train whistle sears,
positioning for the morning run.
Rain gear hanging ready,
I stand, staggering,
a bleak cipher at his post.

Bare A Heart

Take ice clouds, take an owl
shading the rose moon,
clouds crystalline at the edges,
their bleak diamond centers
etching wingtip and claw.
Hold a river cup,
lip washed by melting frost,
dipped to overflowing from
the ripple of Lyra's reflection.
Take a family ring,
garnet red, etched bronze,
worn as fetish, borne

through conquest voyage,
arranged marriage.
Hold the passing ocean storm in sight,
stripped branches as divining rods,
as cudgel or cane, a wand
to conjure an island cave's comfort.
There are those who
connive a resting space in
untracked lanes, intemperate riddles.
Forego your sighting.
Leave them to their peace.

R.T. Castleberry, a Pushcart Prize nominee, has work in *Vita Brevis*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Trajectory*, *Silk Road*, *Visitant* and *Sylvia*. Internationally, he has had poetry published in Canada, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, New Zealand, Portugal, The Philippines and Antarctica. His poetry has appeared in the anthologies: *Travois-An Anthology of Texas Poetry*, *TimeSlice*, *Anthem: A Tribute to Leonard Cohen*, and *Level Land: Poetry For and About the I35 Corridor*. He lives and writes in Houston, Texas.