

Vivian Wagner – Two Poems

Interrupted

After *A Lady Writing a Letter* (1665-66), by Johannes Vermeer

My pearls shine,
and my yellow robe
drapes just so.
You there—
what do you want?
What do you need?
Can I help you?
If not,
kindly move along.
The day's getting
away from both
of us.

Mathing

A life divides into parts:
a beginning,
infinite middles,
some indefinite end.
Ultimately, it's
an equation we
cannot solve,
with an answer that's
an incalculable
sum, plus these:
sunlight, branches,
robin feathers,
the softness of a baby's
blanket, the jelled
edge of eyes.

Vivian Wagner lives in New Concord, Ohio, where she's an associate professor of English at Muskingum University. Her work has appeared in *Slice Magazine*, *Muse/A Journal*, *Forage Poetry Journal*, *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*, *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, *Gone Lawn*, *The Atlantic*, *Narratively*, *The Ilanot Review*, *Silk Road Review*, *Zone 3*, *Bending Genres* and other publications. She's the author of a memoir, *Fiddle: One Woman, Four Strings and 8,000 Miles of Music* (Citadel-Kensington); a full-length poetry collection, *Raising* (Clare Songbirds Publishing House); and three poetry chapbooks: *The Village* (Aldrich Press-Kelsay Books), *Making* (Origami Poems Project),

Curiosities (Unsolicited Press) and *Apocalypse Party* (forthcoming from Thirty West Publishing House).