

Exile

Volume 51 | Number 2

Article 2

2004

Proof

Anne Barngrover
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Barngrover, Anne (2004) "Proof," *Exile*: Vol. 51 : No. 2 , Article 2.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol51/iss2/2>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Proof

I have often thought your mind
 a jungle hackled with algorithms
 and packed thick with
 frothy equations.
 My dealings are with
 the symbolism of crows;
 I am transcendental
 and known to pick
 through many leaves of grass.
 But here you've brought me,
 here is our drowsy blanket,
 her is our popcorn sky.
 We knit our hands and blanch
 at the lovely American songs
 (because, you see, it is Independence
 Day, and we are both libral and
 sharply cynical enough to
 hate this hour—our Kerry pins are
 worn five month too early—)
 and we wonder why
 we are even here at all.
 You haven't shaved in a week
 of sleepy summer Calculus,
 and when we nuzzle you're bristly
 and laughing. Together
 we form the seperate places
 in this much
 of the bull-bellied,
 the blue-black smokers,
 the "good Christains" passing
 out sticks of cinnamon chew—
 "Jesus loves you (but if you think
 this cum is hot, wait
 till you get to Hell)."
 We are the unbouyant,
 the wide-eyed salamander children,
 floating beneath the kerosene
 river of hard breath and
 snak tails of cigarette smoke,
 those silvery wisps against
 the beer-black sky.
 It's so loudsoft
 that we can hear the stars
 calling out, muted and
 smothered
 beneath their heavenly tattoos.
 So when you kiss me
 quiet its alright,

exile

because the only ones
who can see are the blinking
bottle caps and the faded
corner pieces of our blanket,
the deafened green-lit stars.
And sometimes I wonder
how we can be so fit and
unfit for each other,
when I point to the sky image
of a silver lily a-bloom,
emblazoned among the
unbraiding symphony of
bright evening birds and the
golden fluttering of
pseudo-stars,
while you laugh and say
you had thought all along
that it was the number seven.

Anne Barngrover, '08