

**Susan Kay Anderson**

**Convex Lens Tina**

Tales of her teddy bear hamster.  
Begin and end here.

She didn't spend much time weeping.  
That was me.

I was the one with the bag on my head.  
Sure it was paper but that still counts.

She spent endless hours regarding powder puffs.  
I noticed that the world was existential. Especially Dad.

She wrote off all of us. She wrote as a spider.  
But Albert was imaginary. He knew her better. He knew her upside-down

cocooning in his small yet large secret. Silence was developing as a butterfly.  
About to take her place in fifty years. An exchange. Because she flew away.

Imagine that. How quiet. Was that what Albert was bugging her about?  
Was he begging her to stay? Just long enough to wrap things up  
moving again. So he wouldn't get left behind. They. Them. With. Out.

## **Sleeping Idaho Hunter Wakes To A Black Bear Biting His Head**

Hear it breathing  
tugging  
once a year your dream

of sheep

big horns  
    protruding

snail shells  
holding

America

disturbed  
on the Middle Fork

tangled in the tarp

then shooting  
teeth  
    climbing  
all of Idaho  
holding its breath

## **Dinner In Norway**

The scene was always the same.  
Tina spilling her milk at dinner  
where we were invited silent as Norwegians  
Tina would reach for something else  
something chatty, distracted, and German  
and her glass would empty out  
over the whole table

We pretended nothing had happened dinner every night at home--  
milk leaking everywhere all the dishes  
Mark Spitz winning at swimming his large medals  
and small swimsuit  
Shawna wanting  
Dorothy Hamill's wedge-cut  
at the Hair Corner and crying  
when it made her  
into a boy

It is hot and windy in Missoula  
glittering coins with special words  
from far away it looks like ants  
on an elephant's body  
but a flat sitcom shape  
we could not get through a meal  
without Dad stabbing his plate  
blowing his top about Tina's milk  
the waste.

## **Old Faithful**

is an icy volcano raging in another country  
its ambassador was the creeping milk—

blue and white and pink  
our acceptance speeches  
soaking into the tablecloth  
while Dad was busy  
going for the gold

## Periphery

There are two always two  
Out the window spotting me

Automatically my twins stolen  
Ideas grazing away this way waiting

Still for me to come join them—  
They live just in just to the side eat there

Waiting not waiting they  
Would be tame except for

My twins are always not too far away  
They are further than I thought

I see them in reflections the creek  
Hunters waiting repetition being hunted

Hiding the thing that waits there not there  
Seeing them dearly spicy the way the world

Still by light or non-light. Made larger  
We were just getting to know each other

I had to leave where we meet nobody  
On the road after Seven Directions

What you find and don't find  
How to figure out what to pursue

Unknowable topics how to show  
The thing that lives between

The fire burned down their house  
Walking she points out the soft places