

# Drinking River Water

Peter Joseph Gloviczki

DRINKING RIVER WATER  
A COLLECTION OF POEMS  
BY PETER JOSEPH GLOVICZKI

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*MO: Writings from the River*: "Elegy for a Mentor"

*Modern Haiku*: "visiting his grave" and "queen-size bed"

*The Orange Room Review*: "camping in June"

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"early snow" was inspired by Deborah Keenan's poem "The Last Lion," which appears in her collection *Good Heart* (Milkweed Editions, 2003).

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**Remembering Joseph H. Patterson,  
a city journalist (1921-1986)**

Sarah told me that he wanted to be buried  
next to his typewriter. So I lowered the faded alphabet  
those yellowed keys, into the earth.

Later, I took Sarah, the fresh widow,  
to Slippery's pub. A fitting tribute, I thought,  
to the man whose handshake  
smelled like newsprint and rum.

visiting his grave  
as always  
he listens

## Elegy for a Mentor

*after Paul Guest*

It all stuck together once,  
the memories you wore  
like armor, the long stories  
I used to keep the fire for.

You were always fond  
of how a cat might purr  
at the elusive silhouette  
of a Spring-red cardinal.

And here, as if you knew,  
a bird lands on the branch  
and stares at me. We wait,  
together, watching leaves.

I start to laugh, convinced  
you've planned it like this.

October wind  
extra Bailey's  
in my coffee

early snow  
the last leaf  
turns white

## Electronic Winter

Where is the tactile?

Where is the swish  
your fingers learned  
on this tattered page?

There is nothing worthy  
or worth being scrawled  
inside electronic margins.

The gleam of the monitor  
bastardizes morning light.  
I will slide this page, now,

between your slight hands  
before you can say: *Here,*  
*let me read it.*

sweater morning  
cinnamon floats  
in hot chocolate

March evening . . .  
just enough rain  
to fall asleep to

## Drinking River Water

*Like this, I told her,  
let it crash, slowly,  
against your lips.*

*Let yourself taste  
the fluid current.*

## Foreplay

*Tease me, she says. Be spontaneous.*  
And I stand there, frozen like a patron  
at a Degas exhibit – studying the lines of her  
milky skin, the curves that I can't believe  
actually exist. Caught in a moment more real  
than six-hundred megabytes of *the hottest* and  
*best* and *most naughty*, caught in a moment that  
no mouse or hard drive or keyboard can make sense of.  
*Tease me, she says, and there I stand,*  
as if waiting for a download to complete,  
as if foreplay were something to be Googled.

## Sonnet for Anne

*after reading Stephen Dobyns' "How to Like It"*

There are no dogs outside, no men looking  
into Kenmores or Amanas. Trash cans  
were emptied this morning, there is nothing,  
just my shrill voice making high-pitched demands  
about borrowing the car – the Blue Sebring  
with the convertible top, to make Anne  
blush. Her cheeks become cherries: fresh, ripe Bing  
the kind that would have been painted by Rembrandt.  
Anne turns that cold Pepsi to sweet Riesling.  
She sends Catholic school girls into a jealous rant.

Her hair tastes like lemonade and gin,  
the kind of trouble all Boys want to get in.

camping in June  
a crowd of stars  
against our tent

queen-size bed  
the dog lets me  
sleep there too

August evening  
two fireflies  
trading light

late September . . .  
I tighten the cap  
on the sunblock

## When She Left

That was a six-Corona day.  
And after I sucked them dry

I sung myself the dirge  
of every fucking drunk—

the one where a woman  
makes him stop & weigh  
the benefits of breathing.

## Triolet for Poledancer

Her hips are the joyride I've never had.  
Under these lights, my wife disappears:  
Katwoman's never *tired*, or *busy*, or *sad*.  
Her hips are the joyride I've never had—  
Their churning and chugging drives my cock mad.  
With a porcelain grin, she whispers *come here*.  
Her hips are the joyride I've never had.  
Under these lights, my wife disappears.

the frayed edges of her picture—  
I grasp what my fingers remember

## Door

And what will the ricochet  
of my right ankle be worth  
when all the scalpeled men  
re-arrange the bony puzzle  
from that window doubling,  
now, as a mirror: the person  
I was before I kicked gravity  
hard in the abdomen. *Laugh,*  
*babe,* that's what you told me  
on the night when I asked how  
I should answer to those taller  
versions of yourself when they  
appear between the boundaries  
of what that old architect let in  
when he said: *Here, put it here,*  
*yes, that's it, now we are home.*







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Peter Joseph Głowiczki lives and writes in Minnesota. He is a Ph.D. student in the School of Journalism and Mass Communication at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. His poems have appeared, or are forthcoming, in *Margie*, *32 Poems*, *The Orange Room Review*, *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *Acorn*, *Poetry Midwest*, *MO: Writings from the River*, *elimae*, *tinywords*, *Gertrude* and *Alba*. His prose poem, "Dating Caroline," placed second in the 2008 *Blue Earth Review* Flash Fiction Contest. Peter holds a B.A. from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota.