

## Two Poems

### **Jameson Buckau**

#### **Crush**

18 walls or two pairs of eyes? The way my socks slide on the hardwood or the way those voices put me at ease? Do I love the endless amount of books to examine, head tilted, reading spines, or the explanation they give when I ask my many questions?

Let me explain:

Ivy snaking across the walls, too high to reach, green and searching and finally having room to breathe.

3-5 bookcases, overflowing not only with books, but trinkets and photos in frames (gut punching, heart aching, this mature affection). The bookcases are tall, too. Barely reachable.

Their TV is small, not the center of their decor like so many other households. They center something else—each other, themselves?

There are so many photos. And the photos are of cats and staged plush-

ies in carefully planned outfits and one another, together and apart, and there's a pang in my chest recollecting.

2 cats, essential, obviously. A distinguished tuxedo and a ginger who has earned the title.

The hardwood floors creak with nearly every footstep. In their honey tones, shoulder tension melts away. Every step is met with soft reassurance from the building and the cats darting between ankles, desperate for dinner.

They cook in a way that I don't think my white family could fathom. Those queer, vegan dishes strong enough to smell at the creaky complex entrance, better than any meals I ate growing up.

How do you know if you want to kiss someone? Or kiss their doorstep?  
Kiss their cheeks in that inviting, foreign way?

Paprika,  
Onions,  
Garlic,  
Basil.

Do I have a crush on them or the spices?

## Blocking, Enacted, to Avoid Burns of the Fourth Degree

Sometimes I need someone to be angry for me.  
I'll text my closest friend about some religious rhetoric my parents are  
spewing,  
how they're telling me I'm ruining my life and going to hell,  
how I'll never be loved living *this* way.  
And I can't be sad about it because I'm too angry,  
for that little child I used to be,  
who used to believe this.  
I'm too angry for them.  
So,  
I call my friend and tell them,  
*I need you to be angry for me,*  
*just for five minutes,*  
and then they rant about the injustices of the cruel hand a child is dealt,  
dealing with parents who would watch me burn before forsaking their  
god.  
And I cry and cry for the full five minutes,  
handing the anger off to someone else,  
taking a break.  
I just need to know someone is angry,  
for me,  
with me.  
I can't put it down,  
someone has to hold the anger.  
Anger doesn't make me cry like it used to.  
I used to have white hot tears streaking my face as I was argued at,  
scorching lines against my freckles,  
but anger doesn't let you mourn or vent,  
it just burns like a fire in a windstorm.  
I blocked my dad.  
There's not so much to hold now.

**Jameson Kay Olson Buckau (2002)** is a graduate teaching assistant and master's student in the English Department. They did their undergrad at Black Hills State University in South Dakota. They are queer and trans and come from a religious background, which influences much of his writing. He has a dog named Bailey, who enjoys long walks by the river, meeting new people, and cuddling after dinner. Jameson is specializing in creative writing as well as queer theory, with an interest in postcolonial studies. They believe in the unending fight for all people's liberation under the powers of colonialism and white supremacy.