

Two Poems

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the smell of sequoia bark
the way it's never left my nose
now part of me, something I still seek out in dreams
the way you've never left my mind
not once since I first heard your voice
it rearranged me, reinvented me
the feel of that rough trunk
thousands of fibers woven, living
beneath my fingers
still, but humming
buzzing like a nest of something small, alive,
years and years of growing
singing about the way sun feels
on its needles, way up there, too far up
couldn't climb it, that kind of height isn't for us.
I'm still, but shaking
down here where I belong

between your legs, on my knees
trembling like the clusters
of needles that were on the ground
the ones that I bent over for
scooped up, cradled, let bite into the palm of my hand
that was then, this is
now: my lips are pressed to the branches of your ribs
then: I leaned in to smell that bark again,
blushed and dusty,
sun-warmed and ancient,
everything I'd never been looking for
now: I recall it, miles away, years later
legs spread across the duvet, my searching nose pressed to the curve
of your spine
seeking out something growing
something humming from the inside of you,
something I intend
to remember

dyke knight

you liked it when I placed myself between those men and your body,

those men standing outside the bar

your body which I would do just about anything to keep intact, to keep
untouched, to keep unbothered

I'll try not to let on how much it terrifies me; knowing that my five feet
and change will

do very little in the face of a man once he's decided to become a mon-
ster—

but I will don every piece of armor that I own and I will fucking ride into
the night because there is no way they will ever be allowed to look
at you askance while I am still breathing

let alone move in your direction, let alone lay a finger on your skin
did you see, when I guided you away from that man with long gray hair
who told you to "stay right there" and reeked of alcohol

did you see how I was shaking?

Clara Anderson-Cameron is a fourth-year English student who always falls back on words, especially during times like these.