

## Two Poems by Stanley Noah

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### Style Americana

We marry fun people.  
We have fitness programs.  
We sweat 3 times a week.  
We jog        miles a year.  
We drink 8oz wine once a day.

We            eat healthy.  
We            never smoke.  
We get knee-joint replacements.  
We get gun shot by the mad ones.  
We get wrecked by drunk drivers.

We marry happy. We sweat.  
We drink red.  
We real healthy.  
We die soon,    yeah.

## A Brazilian Poet on The Amazon

He came walking out of  
The blue fog and deep  
Forest knowing I was looking  
For his words. This is what  
He had to say. Said, the  
Demise of poetry is almost  
Completed.

Poetry was born  
From rivers, there are no  
Rivers to be seen in poems for  
Years now. He asked me, all  
Rivers go to the sea, *don't* they? But  
Undercurrents have their own  
Ways to remain and express  
Past lives like hand prints on  
Dry mud. I've written poetic  
Transgressions long as the  
Longest river of maps.

I have lived up and  
Down the big river. You need  
To find the breath of rivers in  
Poetry again. As you can see,  
He went on,

I'm just a halfnaked  
Man, barefooted with dried up  
Dreams, drifting through, and over

Thousands of pages,        blank verses  
Blank faces        rivering about like the  
Smallest fish        you can't comprehend.

**Stanley Noah** has a BGS degree from the University of Texas at Dallas. He has been published in the following: *Wisconsin Review*, *Nexus*, *Main Street Rag*, *South Carolina Review*, *Poetry Nottingham* and other publications in the U.S.A., Britain, Canada and New Zealand. He was winner of the Mississippi Valley Poetry Contest, 2006 and poet of the month, Sept. 2009, <http://fullofcrow.com>.