

## Two Poems by Ellaraine Lockie

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### **Rain Like Redemption**

--After *Hard Rain* by Alexis Rhone Fancher

It shoots bullets into the kitchen window  
Day eleven in the war against drought  
Ground has hardened itself to apologies  
They float in lakes like homeless children  
and look for refuge through streams  
that will soon be full-fledged rivers

Inside, a tabloid spreads its fact, fiction  
and folklore across the breakfast table  
The bipolar condition of California embodied  
on the front page with photos of stranded cars  
and people in thigh-high water wedged between  
words of relief and writing on the wall of disaster

In the local section a man dubbed *The New Noah*  
spouts his own deluge of doom  
His ten acres overcrowd with animal pairs  
in preparation for the next flood  
He's sure the depth of the devil has risen to meet sky  
And the hand of God will tear-up the covenant  
to never again flood the earth  
The New Noah's hands hold a Bible in one  
College certificate in animal husbandry in the other  
Both stretching out to readers in a plea  
for more land and building supplies

The woman who reads the story over morning coffee  
wonders which of the eight million animal species  
he plans to preserve  
What skin color the people would wear

She wonders if he'll have interviews  
Scrutinize IQ scores, sexual orientations  
medical and church records  
Surely homosexuals would go the way of water  
As would post-menopausal women  
Anyone with a disability and all non-Christians

She'd like a one-on-one with him  
If only to ask if he understands metaphor  
Or knows that scriptures employ as much  
poetic license as any translation of history  
Instead, she'll probably just call animal control



*Hard Rain by Alexis Rhone Fancher*

## Monologue After the Moon

*There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,  
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,  
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand roses . . .*  
--Edgar Allan Poe

Queen of the Night, where are you  
Goddess Luna who used to slide  
the silk of your arm through the window  
across the bed to massage stress into rest  
You who can beacon a safe path for sailors  
and nocturnal animals  
Your knights of shining armor  
in the sky echoing every epical act

Five nights straight your ghost  
steals the sleep from my eyes  
It stares with its own anemic eyes  
and mocking smile  
It slithers through the stars  
A voyeur who can't  
but watches others make love

Great Bear in Swedish folklore says the dogs  
up there are so afraid they bark  
Even brilliant Sirius dims when your imposter  
lifts its bald head out of the darkness  
Creeps under trees, haunts houses  
and roams cemeteries  
And then sheds its rotted rays  
over the earth like a shroud

I would welcome even the sinister dreams  
it whispers in my ears  
rather than this offspring creature

Cannibal who rattles the cage of my mind  
Swallows the flesh of my sanity  
The iron from my blood  
Weariness which doesn't cease when the sun god  
awakens the eastern sky

Come back Rishima/Mahina/Mizuki  
and honor your eternal commitment to my gender  
with your regal crown of light  
You who govern the ocean's cycle along with ours  
It's time--the creature is drooling  
The red petals on the roses are dropping



*Blue City, Hangnail Moon by Alexis Rhone Fancher*

**Ellaraine Lockie** is a widely published and awarded author of poetry, nonfiction books and essays. Her chapbook, *Where the Meadowlark Sings*, won the 2014 Encircle Publication's Chapbook Contest. Her newest collection, *Love Me Tender in Midlife*, has been released as an internal chapbook in IDES from Silver Birch Press. Other recent work has received the Women's National Book Association's Poetry Prize, Best Individual Collection from *Purple Patch* magazine in England for *Stroking David's Leg*, the San Gabriel Poetry Festival Chapbook Contest win for *Red for the Funeral* and *The Aureorean's* Chapbook Spring Pick for *Wild as in Familiar*. Ellaraine teaches poetry workshops and serves as Poetry Editor for the lifestyles magazine, *Lilipoh*. She is currently judging the Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contests for Winning Writers.

**Alexis Rhone Fancher's** poem, "when I turned fourteen, my mother's sister took me to lunch and said:" was chosen by Edward Hirsch for inclusion in *The Best American Poetry of 2016*. She is the author of *How I Lost My Virginity To Michael Cohen and other heart stab poems*, (Sybaritic Press, 2014), and *State of Grace: The Joshua Elegies*, (KYSO Flash Press, 2015). Her photos are published worldwide, including spreads in *Blue Lyra*, *River Styx*, *Blink Ink*, *Fine Linen*, *HeART Online*, *Rogue Agent*, and the covers of *Witness* and *The Mas Tequila Review*. Alexis is poetry editor of *Cultural Weekly*, where she also publishes a monthly photo essay, *The Poet's Eye*. Find out more at [alexisrhonefancher.com](http://alexisrhonefancher.com)