

Classic Poetry Series

Peter Cherches
- poems -

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Peter Cherches()

Lift Your Right Arm

Lift your right arm, she said.

I lifted my right arm.

Lift your left arm, she said.

I lifted my left arm. Both of my arms were up.

Put down your right arm, she said.

I put it down.

Put down your left arm, she said.

I did.

Lift your right arm, she said.

I obeyed.

Put down your right arm.

I did.

Lift your left arm.

I lifted it.

Put down your left arm.

I did.

Silence. I stood there, both arms down, waiting for her next command. After a while I got impatient and said, what next.

Now it's your turn to give the orders, she said.

All right, I said. Tell me to lift my right arm.

Peter Cherches

Where Is She?

Where is she, I wondered, when she wasn't there.
If she's not here she could be anywhere. She could be
anywhere and not alone.

I began to imagine the worst. At every imagining
I thought I had imagined the worst, then I imagined
something even worse. It got to the point where my
imaginings no longer included her. I realized that the
worst did not encompass her. As my imaginings continued,
as worst superseded worst, making the preceding worst
only worse, I began to forget her. As worst got worse,
I forgot her more. Things were getting pretty bad, and
I had almost forgotten her completely, when she
reappeared.

Peter Cherches