

A Set of Imagined Recreated Conversations

by Sosha N. Pinson

George Keats About His Beloved Brother John

Some say that a family has one soul, one
body to serve as a mouthpiece a voice
for a generation
 The way the spirits are cast into the flesh
My brother was the tongue and I
am the ear that harkens
 Speak louder
So we can all hear you
His voice was the sound that echoed within us
and without it our mouth would move unintelligibly
guttural noises hollowed
out of our throat

Lucy Audubon About Her First Experiences as Wife

He carried me over the threshold of a one room apartment
over a saloon
where we spent our honeymoon
he ignored the bruises and scratches from the journey
the soreness from inside my thighs a different kind
from the chaps of horsemanship that I'd known my whole life
he laid me down
exhaustion turned celebration
commemorating one step closer to a new home
halfway between civilization and the wild
my bed was made every morning on the frontier
and Mother's fine silver was kept packed behind the door
for over a year ready to leave
and our first child was born
to cheers and toasts
rounds on the house
and bar fights

John James Audubon to Lucy Audubon

(In order to recreate such specific paintings of the birds, John James Audubon would have to kill and pose the birds in order to make them appear the most natural on the page.)

Last night I dreamed that I was a bird
taking off for flight
shot down by your rifle
and you picked me up off the ground
placed my wings, my beak
then you pulled out your sketch pad and cast me in ink
alive
But I awoke in a different state
a different body, confused
my feet are swollen from hiking
I lay here in the grass before I continue on my journey
I watch the sky and imagine I will fly again