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**Mike Lewis-Beck**, a PhD from the University of Michigan, writes and works in Iowa City. He has pieces in *Alexandria Quarterly* (<http://www.alexandriaquarterlymag.com>), *Apalachee Review* (<http://apalacheereview.org>), *Cortland Review* (<http://www.cortlandreview.com>), *Chariton Review* (<http://charitonreview.truman.edu>), *Pilgrimage* (<http://www.pilgrimagepress.org>), *Iowa Review* (<https://iowareview.org>), *Seminary Ridge Review* (<http://seminaryridgereview.org>), *Taos Journal of International Poetry and Art* (<http://www.taosjournalofpoetry.com>), and *Wapsipinicon Almanac* (<http://www.wapsipinicon.com>), among other venues. His short story, "Delivery in Göteborg," received a Finalist prize from *Chariton Review*, 2015. His essay, "My Cherry Orchard in Iowa," received recognition as one of the 'Notable Essays' in *Best American Essays* of 2011. His poetry book manuscript, *Wry Encounters*, was a Finalist for the 42 Miles Press (<https://42milespress.com>) Poetry Award 2016.

## Two Poems

BY MIKE LEWIS-BECK

### SPRING SALAD

First shoots—  
backyard weeds & flowers

of April. Headless dandelions with sweet quill greens,  
chives spiking through a broken pot.

Garlic tops tassel from the wintered patch,  
light like feathers, with a light taste.

Chervil, hidden in the rock garden,  
under the dauntless sorrel

sorrel, so sour,  
softened by chervil's licorice lace.

Violets everywhere, reigning purple,  
divine jewels in the salad crown—

I put a white one in the center,  
taste the earth's promise.

## WARRIOR BUFFALO

I know a buffalo, this buffalo  
I smell, his body standing close,  
a cowbird perched atop his towered back  
just so, grubbing bugs. He's heaving,  
his scat's not right, there's blood.  
A second shot from my Henry rifle  
rends his chest, a bone dangles

from this 2,000 pounds of thunder,  
weaving through prairie gulches  
for water to stave the thirst, for mud  
to staunch the bullet hole.  
Two days galloping, a storm gallop,  
but my pinto has closed on him.  
He smells the pony, hears the spur jangle.

*My guts drag. I can't stop  
the bleeding.  
With my good hoof I X this spot.  
Myself I measure  
by heart.  
I must remain  
still, unheeding.  
When the cowboy  
comes for me  
I will gore him  
in the throat.  
The horn will leave  
his neck and pierce his ear.*



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