

John Brandon
Beth Ann Fennelly
Rebecca Makkai



Yael Neeman
Marjorie Saiser
Audrey Spensley

THE CHATTAHOOCHEE REVIEW

Exporting the South. Importing the World.



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Noah Blaustein

MOONLIGHT SONATA FOR THE OUGHTS

I thought you knew me better
than that. Most evenings I prefer
to be an indistinguishable shade
of twilight, generous, but quiet,
present but a thin vapor between
us. 24/7 transcendence was good
enough for the Romantics on paper
but exhausting in practice,
that's why we say "evening,"
this softening of hard edges. I want
to speak flowers to you
but an article on the Olinguito
has my attention now, that new
mammal researchers found
in the treetops of the Andes, quietly
munching leaves with their partners
in the fog so no one ever saw them
although they were looking for fifty
years. It's not that I'm aloof
or that I want to go on living
another year without really moving
in but I bumper-to-bumpered
home & already wolfed down
a quickie dinner. I left a little
Cronut for you in the fridge. That
pair of mockingbirds are back
at the feeder. I want to say all this
but my voice—sometimes I think
I work at a corporation sorrow
built. My co-worker looked at me

today as if I were thin as a promise
when I asked why we still invest
our futures in companies that make
things to blow us up. I know
no marriage is fixed like a throat
& we can't just kiss for too long
when we say good-bye but our
vows didn't include lying in bed
with our faces illuminated by rectangles,
our bodies dulling into themselves.
The catkins have neoned the trees
on Sunset Ave. again, that sexless
flowering. I still want you
to find your spot on my chest
tonight, synch your breath to the foghorn—
I'm just not there yet. My life, this
wondering after is & always wanting
to be singular & plural at the same time—
the Mexican feather grass wisps orange
over the rock garden but there's no
evening here. Just whatever you're
feeling now & me, happy,
on the other side of this intimacy.

