



Anne Haehl

Distinguished Kansas Poet

- [E-mail](#)

Anne Haehl has lived (mostly) in Kansas since the age of 7. She and her husband, Earl, have raised two Jayhawks, a son and a daughter. A graduate of KU, she is a storyteller as well as a poet and a peace activist.

Haehl's poetry has appeared in: *I-70 Review*, *Coal City Review*, *Studio: a journal of Christians writing*, *Potpourri*, *Bueno*, *Midday Moon*, *Chiron Review*, *Sunflower Petals*, *Moon Reader*, *Fugue* and other publications

Her chapbook, *Daughter and Mother* was published by Snark Publishing, 2004.

Carhenge

Cars don't speak, but
the grills look like mouths—
on the old Dodge, puckered
on the Edsel,
angry on the Lincoln;
and the headlights, eyes,
even though painted white,
seem to ask
why
they're here, why some
are set in the ground
straight up, and others
balanced across two upright
form a curious arch.

Some, half buried
struggle to get out,
trying to return
to the nearby highway, where a man says,
"Welcome
to Carhenge."

Pushing back
the straw hat
from his thin, gray hair,
he tells, "See" pointing--
"the El Dorado,
and the Explorer up there,
and the Falcon.,
I sold them new."

Changeling: to My Husband

My parents sadly missed
the child the Faery Folk had stolen,
leaving behind their discard,
the oddling,
me.

Mother often glanced at the replacement
in vague disappointment, but
my father screamed
at the usurper
of his child's cradle.

Who can imagine then,
who can believe the wonder—
all history turned upside-down--
in your arms
I belonged.

On the Factory Floor

Breathing a tang of nitric acid,
zinc oxide powder
coats my tongue,
warmed by the flavor
of dust.

Leaning over
the icy water fountain-

Keep your plums
Doctor Williams!



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From Cambodia

The people I live with hate to leave.

They know their daughter so sick, but
afraid the Khmer Rouge kill them
if they stay with her.

Also, their rule. You stay home
don't work
don't eat.
Maybe they work they can bring her
a little rice.

They come back,
find her dead.

My son Souvath,
has the same symptoms—
has dysentery.
I beg permission
take him to the hospital.
This man from the Khmer Rouge
doesn't give it.

I go to the hospital anyway.

There I can't get in—no papers.
So I go another way—
crawl under the barbed wire.
The nurse gives me medicine.
The next day
I do it again.

Finally, a woman says,
"I am leaving.
Take my bed."

These people in the hospital
must work one week wards,
one week kitchen,
one week fields.
They don't know patients.

When Souvath better
we go home.

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