

3-1-2017

# Rubble & Honey

Megan J. Arlett

*Florida International University*, [marlett@fiu.edu](mailto:marlett@fiu.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.fiu.edu/etd>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Arlett, Megan J., "Rubble & Honey" (2017). *FIU Electronic Theses and Dissertations*. 3271.  
<http://digitalcommons.fiu.edu/etd/3271>

This work is brought to you for free and open access by the University Graduate School at FIU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in FIU Electronic Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of FIU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [dcc@fiu.edu](mailto:dcc@fiu.edu).

FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Miami, Florida

RUBBLE & HONEY

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of

the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

in

CREATIVE WRITING

by

Megan Arlett

2017

To: Dean Michael R. Heithaus  
College of Arts, Sciences & Education

This thesis, written by Megan Arlett, and entitled Rubble & Honey, having been approved in respect to style and intellectual content, is referred to you for judgment.

We have read this thesis and recommend that it be approved.

---

Vernon Dickson

---

Denise Duhamel

---

Campbell McGrath, Major Professor

Date of Defense: March 1, 2017

The thesis of Megan Arlett is approved.

---

Dean Michael R. Heithaus  
College of Arts, Sciences & Education

---

Andrés G. Gil  
Vice President for Research and Economic Development  
and Dean of the University Graduate School

Florida International University, 2017

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Many thanks to the following publications whose editors chose to publish my work:

Breakwater Review: “Small Game” ; Crab Fat Magazine: “Leaving (Madrugada)” ; Elke: “To the Waterline at Key Biscayne” and parts of “Hunger” as “Mango at the Deering Estate” ; Hermeneutic Chaos: “Trout” ; Houseguest: “The Yellow House” ; Indianola Review: “Crossing Biscayne Bay” ; Literary Orphans: “The Stag” ; Lunch Ticket: “Aubade in Los Angeles” ; Mud Season Review: “On Her Fifteenth Birthday I Tell My Sister Why A Woman is Like a Bouquet of Flower” and “Upon Discovering My Tire Stabbed” ; Poet Lore: “After He Demands I Say ‘I Love You’” ; Pittsburgh Poetry Review: “Genesis II” ; Right Hand Pointing: “Razor” ; Rose Red Review: “Sharing a Toothbrush, I Decide to Marry Him” ; Sheepshead Review: “Meditation at Lagunitas in American Sign Language” ; Sliver of Stone: “For Laura (Who Now Works Sixty-Five Hour Weeks)” ; The Boiler Journal: “October” and “Sitting with my Grandmother in Kingston, East Sussex” ; The Grief Diaries: “Elegy” ; Tinderbox Poetry: “Kingston Road”

Thank you to Florida International University’s creative writing program and my teachers, Campbell McGrath and Denise Duhamel, who taught me poetry from the ground up.

ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

RUBBLE & HONEY

by

Megan Arlett

Florida International University, 2017

Miami, Florida

Professor Campbell McGrath, Major Professor

RUBBLE & HONEY is a collection of poems unified by its use of language driven lyricism to recount personal narratives in the life of the poet. The poems in this manuscript depict the landscapes of California, Florida, Mississippi, the South Downs of England, and Anglesey off the northwest coast of Wales. The manuscript engages with these physical spaces, how the speaker reacts to the natural world and how these locations can reflect the internal.

The collection is broken into four sections: the first two explore parting, firstly from a relationship and then revisiting the poet's childhood landscape of Sussex, England; the third is a rebirth of sorts after the exploration of these losses, a joyous look at the world that is tentative but hopeful; and the fourth section revisits the themes of the first from a more distanced perspective.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.	1
Crossing Biscayne Bay	2
Daffodils in January	3
Aubade in Los Angeles	4
Hostage	6
Leaving (Madrugada)	7
After He Demands I Say "I Love You"	8
Small Game	9
Wildfire	10
Upon Discovering my Tire Has Been Stabbed, I Think of You	11
On Her Fifteenth Birthday, I Tell My Sister Why a Woman is Like a Bouquet of Flowers	12
II.	13
The Stag	14
As Sylvia Plath Dies, My Grandfather Cycles to Work in London	17
Kingston Road	19
Genesis I	20
Genesis II	22
Portrait of my Father, 2000	23
Sitting with my Grandmother in Kingston, East Sussex	25
October	27
Razor	28
Bonfire Night, Lewes	29
In the Wings at Glyndebourne Opera	30
For Laura (Who Now Works Sixty-Five Hour Weeks	33
By St Brides Castle, Pembrokeshire	33
Sonnet for my Father	34
Elegy	35

III.	37
Fatigue	38
IV.	42
Hunger	43
5AM at Lester's Diner	45
To the Waterline at Key Biscayne	47
7AM	48
Meditation at Lagunitas in American Sign Language	50
The Yellow House	51
Supermoon	52
Notes on Inhalation	54
Sharing a Toothbrush, I Decide to Marry Him	56
Trout	57

I.



## Crossing Biscayne Bay

We do not wish to hurry. Snagged  
by the currents, avoiding what has been left  
on the shore, what we know.

Blue water, blue minds. Where do manatees  
go when their bellies are filled with hose  
water? Polluted, drunk on mankind.

This affair will annihilate us. Green shadows  
must cover all of Florida —river-of-grass-state—  
constant drift released impassive into the Atlantic.

A little light is filtering out of the palms,  
their fronds spread wide like silence:  
thin and sharp and full of hunger.

Daffodils in January

Little yellow smiles

pushing through the mildness,

eager and insistent.

Think, how they birthed themselves

blindly, how intuition drew them up.

Is this not what we all do?

One day they will grasp what's wrong,

each smile crystallizing

with the frost,

and you will wake beside a lover

you could not change,

though you tried.

Aubade in Los Angeles

After Laura Kasischke

August 1981, and someone's killing

couples from Santa Barbara

to Sacramento. A woman called Linda

sits with my father

beneath the buzz of a motel sign

drinking coffee in the yawning summer.

This is the year they drove the Pacific coast

through towns where men lay hobbled,

crockery balanced on their spines,

a treble clef of terror

in their wives' throats,

waiting for the sun to rise

like a final breath.

There's a degree of separation  
between everything we see here.

All I know

is what my father told me. How  
he should have married Linda, how  
he isn't sure

why things fell apart,  
the membrane of a college romance

worn away until it tore

revealing cigarettes, more souvenirs  
than memories, and an emptiness  
a little like walking the streets at night.