

Poetry Series

Elysabeth Faslund
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2022

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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North Face

'Pretty Blue' flew down, feathers fluttering,
wings splayed for quick take-off,
lit in the midst of beaking sparrows,
and one, old, lone, big-ass crow,
black,
who didn't know right from birdy wrong,
beaked the corner of a white bread
slice, and flew cockeyed back to the
electric lines,
meeting a ring-necked dove, who
moved over one inch.

'Mocking Bird' surveyed the scene,
standing his ground on chosen
branch.

He'd had his peck or twenty, when cloudy
skies were mauve, and tons of doves
had yet to begin the Immaculate
Feast.

Pink crepe myrtle stood dark within this white
morning.

It was Sunday.

'Mama Lamas', donned in run-of-the-mill
finery, still looped with Hallelujahs! the
Saturday night before, would be croaking
soon,
as pastors spelled the Word of God in no
uncertain loudness, echoing lewdly
in the brazen rafters above
worn pictures of the Baby nestled
in Maria's draped arms, a temporary
smile etching her timid-toned face.

Paintings were ancient as the crow, starting a
sparrow fight, stealing another piece
of white, bleached bread. Flying to a
nest of little-uns.

Shout Hallelujah!

Mert, in fringed orange dress, scurries out the
sliding door. Stops to glare at
Solomon, a good ways into Christians.

He offers her a sip. She declines, being
on her way to some church.

She has no hat.

Shout HALLELUJAH.

And AMEN.

Brother.

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In The Event...

You got vegetables for protein?
Good, great, scrumtiously correct.

Dee, dee, dee.
Yeah, I sees ya.

Diddly dee, dee, dee.

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Hawks, Etc.

Hawks wheel and dive this too early morning.

Night.

Not like that fool--Chestah Cheetah.

He don't go crunch.

He goes up and folds on down support.

Proud bird with a misprint for a tail.

Vocal is me.

Like I was asking two eclipses ago,

Where is the sun tonight?

Running along the dark side of the moon.

dim, dark as lemonade, blackern black,

Ratta, tat, tat.

Singing in the rain. What a glorious feeling,

I'm happy again...502 years ago, by some

calendar, maybe Mayan, or justified

Herringbone terrific in off the shoulder

boring.

Clock, docka doc.



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Planting Turnips Under Azaleas

Can't write anymore,
Or start a car,
As the sun rises, peeks.
I need a mop.

No cholesterol in chips,
Yet clouds quicken, so high.
Pills diminishing. Pain everywhere.
Oops, there's one left.

Agatha lifts her skirt, flamenco's
the gulf. Two ankles, knees, one
butt for 2022.
Dying is not an option for Tat.

Did Danny fix my vacuum?

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Bread For A Beak

Your feathers weren't enslaved by us.
Your babies were still fed by you.
Clouds clumped on the horizon,
White...not dark.

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