

**Classic Poetry Series**

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**- poems -**

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Laura Sewell()

# Choices

i prefer smooth peanut butter  
to crunchy  
mind you  
crunchy is all right  
but i prefer smooth.

i prefer strawberry jam  
to raspberry  
mind you  
raspberry is tasty  
but it's got all those seeds  
and i prefer strawberry.

i prefer mustard  
to mayonaisse  
mind you mayonaisse has it's place  
amongst condiments  
but is likely to go bad  
if left out to long  
and poison everyone  
so on the whole i prefer mustard.

i prefer cooked meat  
to raw meat  
for much the same reason  
as i prefer mustard to mayonaisse  
although it also has to do  
with the fact that i don't  
like my meat to bleat  
or moo or make chicken noises (BAGOCK!)  
when i eat  
so i tend to avoid the raw  
though mind you  
the meat that i prefer  
may at some time have been raw.

i prefer not to say  
why i think so  
but i do

and i suppose it's all  
just a matter of taste  
so if you'd prefer to think so  
then crunchy is better  
than smooth  
even if it does interfere  
with the texture of the  
peanut butter  
and jelly (strawberry) sandwich  
which ought to be somewhat  
devoid of substance  
merely a sticky sweet something  
to fill your stomach  
put mayonaisse on it  
if you like  
i'd prefer not to think about it.

Laura Sewell

# With Arms Outstretched

with  
arms outstretched  
and crowned with wisps  
of seaweed hair she floats, eyes closed  
in a world of perfect silence  
that is loud enough  
to hear  
light  
a kaleidoscope  
a shimmering, elusive glimmer  
dances across the bottom, the reflection  
of a white hot sun that fails  
to reach beyond  
the blue  
alone  
she dives spins glides  
in effortless infinite motion  
bubbles trailing like round diamonds  
in a perfect sapphire sea  
surging forward  
free  
scales  
pearly sheened  
each a tiny peacock's feather  
with ridges gilded gold with care  
fins, flimsy pink and sheer  
drape like silk  
weightless  
suddenly  
the quietness is broken  
the bubble bursts and she is gone  
the mermaid is lost, the solitude forgotten  
replaced by a girl with nothing to  
do on a summer's day  
but dream

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