Elysabeth Faslund
- poems -

Publication Date:
2022

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Elysabeth Faslund()
'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.

Elysabeth Faslund
In The Event...

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

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

Diddly dee, dee, dee.

Elysabeth Faslund
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.

Elysabeth Faslund
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.
Ooops, 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?

Elysabeth Faslund
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.

Elysabeth Faslund