

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# Friday The 13th

Milk drops splashing in a pool  
Of yesterday's dinner

I count each one as it drowns  
Outside it's mad – everything

This is not me  
It's blue jeans worn inside out

Half hug  
Half a post card

This is what I think of  
When you tell me

Patients are sleeping  
In a castle, 20 ft. below the sun

Sailors counting the stars  
Then crossing them out again

The wind mistook the sea  
For a lavender petal

Half scissors  
Half a watch

I listen to the sound of someone  
Tearing apart another sheet off the calendar  
And a boy lives through a fire  
And I smile

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# Grandfather Poem

I remember when grandpa and I seeped  
Into the woods to gather chestnuts for someone's swollen leg  
It was autumn  
I never learned how to spell autumn until that day

Into the woods to gather chestnuts for someone's swollen leg  
We went, but skipped rocks into puddles instead  
I never learned how to spell autumn until that day  
The clicking, beating of colors against evergreen brush

We skipped rocks into puddles  
We sculpted continents into continents with walnut halves and strings  
The clicking, beating of colors against evergreen brush  
It was our guide, steering us through no clear paths

Tectonic plates cracked pecan shells,  
The word autumn and old sunlight  
Under the forest, pebbles chattered, the sound of  
Glass marbles inside a coffee grinder inside a little girl's hand

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# Ode To The Book

Oh, my dear poor book

I am sauntering on your dirty, scrappy  
But full of music pages  
Some of them are burned.

But others painted  
And some of them are dizzy  
Dizzy - from the smoke

From the smoke the wind is driving  
From the crazy currents  
From the train to China making rain

Until it arrives  
I watch the rats  
Running through

Your lines.  
I want to touch them  
With my hand but I can't

Reach so far  
I watch you  
Thrown there-

On the kitchen  
Floor. Maybe people  
Are trying to learn how to cook

But they did take the wrong book!

Because there on page 52  
I see a hole, dug deep into the ground  
Filled with victims from the war.

I see a woman praying there - behind the yellow rug  
Here - on the page thirteen - A few blue flames.  
A seismograph is measuring the force

Of an Earthquake and there are fissures decorated  
All around page two I can hear the winter  
Bringing roses from page 106.

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# So You Can Sleep

Because a soul on the border of life and death  
Is like a stone, defining the world as it is  
Because the last time we met  
A seagull stood on one leg  
On the roof  
Where a shingle was missing  
Because you wanted elephant ears  
Because no matter where I searched  
The albatrosses pointed to the wrong direction  
Because I couldn't  
Because I didn't try harder  
Because nobody talked about it  
I wanted to read fairy tales  
Instead of history  
Because a blue jay, is a blue jay  
And a blue jay only  
Because while someone is being robbed  
Of their childhood  
Grandma will shut the door  
So you can sleep  
Because tomorrow I will not have a chance  
Because a man with soot on his face  
Began to whimper in the mines today  
Because he wondered if he will ever  
Ever  
Afford his wife's medicine  
Because you listen  
Because of that single moment of sacrifice  
When the wild is tamed  
Because of the wind and its simplicity  
And its plea for forgiveness  
When your brother was blown away  
Because of the blind  
Who know the sea  
Because the earth feels feverish  
But the doctor isn't always there to help.

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