

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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