

Poetry Series

Ricky Watson
- poems -

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Journal Entry 34

A rust born screech
As you closed the moss green door
Of your father's pickup.
Long locks stranded along your face sunk
In the ruts of bitter trials.
Torn dukes and high boots without a care
Of the stares burning holes through the denim.
All the times I've imagined myself in them
Turned backwards.
You stood and studied your face through mine
Pale transformation, as I tried to hide
My concern behind a bouquet of wishes.
I journeyed the distance
Five steps to your entrapment
In mud and summer rains.
Stems and petals dancing in the breeze.
Cicadas in harmony.
Your lips were dry,
A drought I often sought to end
But to no end
And in that moment
I pulled the stem of a Magnolia
And pinned your mane behind your ear
Exposing your hidden masterpiece.
You connected eyes and paralyzed my words
Thoughts rushed but couldn't break my tongue.
You cracked a smile
And I had forgotten the beauty of it
Until you made all gardens, green pastures,
and blue skies fade behind you.

Ricky Watson