

Sixfold Summer 2022 Poetry Submission

Time for Work

i sit down at my desk,
in my comfortably uncomfortable chair.
It is time to work.

Soon, my wrists ache at my keyboard
and my toes tap out my frustration on the floor.
Still, it is time for work.

Lightning flashes through my window,
a signal to come play.
But i must work.

Thunder shakes my house,
always impatient.
But i must work.

Rain taps dolefully on my window,
like a boy throwing stones.
But i must work.

Wind sings through the cracks around my firmly closed door,
like a siren luring an unwitting sailor to sea.
But i must work.

My house shakes,
barraged by the elemental summons.
But i must work.

My door flies open,
begging me on creaking hinges.
But i must work.

I get up--
to close the door, of course...
for I must work.

Rain and Wind caress
my face, my arms, my courage.
I step out into the storm.

Soft, soggy grass tickles my feet
as gooey mud sneaks between my toes.
I take my place on stage.

Lightning gives me the spotlight,
Thunder the beat
as I dance.

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A Single Bird

a single bird sings outside my window,
an annoying grating sound so early in the morning.
I yell at the bird. "Shoo! Go away or I'll eat you!"
but it keeps singing, alone.

I make a taco out of my pillow and head
I huff angrily and toss and turn in my bed
I even get up and bang on the window
but it keeps singing, alone.

Finally I give up on sleep
I get up to my feathered alarm clock,
make some tea and grab a pen.
The bird keeps singing, alone.

As I work, the light through my window brightens
and the bird stops singing
and the room feels empty in morning silence.
I wish the bird would keep singing.