

Five Poems for People

Coffee with Cream

Bitter and brown
It goes down
The throat with difficulty

Stains the mouth
With a bold residue
An unwanted aftertaste

Not like cream
Sweet and sensational
So it would seem

Refreshing, familiar
A preferred taste
So fair

An easy flavor
Stirred up by
A passionate punch

I look at myself
A blend of “bitter” and “sweet” is what I see
Not brown
Not white
My coffee with cream.

Little Blue

Little Blue
with colors true
turn my grays
a golden hue.

Take my hands and lift my head
so that my eyes meet you instead.

Kiss my nose
with cumulus lips
paint my cheeks
with pinkish strips.

Never has my heart laid eyes
on purity as clean as skies.

Nimbus swims
in your sea
strata skims
chromatically.

To chase you is my selfish whim
an endless dream of Brother's Grim.

I bite my tongue
I fix my gaze
on songs unsung
the heavens ablaze.

Little Blue
always you.

Youth

My chin rests on my arm as I sit at my desk
I think about that playground I would visit as a young girl;
 reaching towards the sky on the swing set,
 the rush of wind filling my lungs as I raced down the slide,
 and the soft green grass carpet between my toes
 greeting me like a familiar childhood friend.
So I decide to revisit that park to see if I find
 that young girl who's most troublesome burden
 was if Alice would return home from Wonderland
 with her head.
As I enter the park it's deserted
The colors I once saw in vibrant yellows and blues and reds
Now faded and chipped
Exposing a rusting gray metal underneath.
Maybe that's why the swings screech so shrilly
And why the slide peels my burning skin
And why the browned grass squelches under my feet
And why I go back home to sit at my desk.

Stargazing

The billions of miles of space between
this patch of grass and that cluster of stars
is great enough to allow us to wonder
what 6,000 degrees feels like
but small enough
to get a sample of the untouchable.

We give them names
purpose
in the hopes of acquainting ourselves with them
and maybe they too have given us names
purpose
and they wonder why the clusters of bodies below
never remain in the same formation as they do.

Perhaps sometime you will lay with me
and listen to Lyra play
while we watch Orion battle
the great Ursa Major
and they too
will observe us by name.

Summer for a second

It can be difficult to notice
how alive the world is
pulsating with the calls of creatures
with wings
antennae
paws
and tails.

How the air circulates
the breath of trees
that have witnessed countless suns and snows—
like blood flowing through
the veins of a tenacious child.

We can forget
that a real tweet comes from
a feathered mother
a beaked aviator
a light-footed scrounger—
lest another friend request from a distant relative
or a raucous post creating the latest scandal
convince us otherwise.

How could white ceilings
littered with stringy cobwebs—
like the sheep dollar-store Halloween webs—
ever compare
to an endless oxidized ocean
that creates a much more tasteful display
of colors and patterns no store holds in stock
and it's free.

If the music stopped for just a moment
you'd hear the sounds from the world's Bluetooth speaker
echos of lively little voices
maybe a spirited game of tag
or a contest-less game of soccer
or a family daring to spend time together as a whole
countless games played
fights fought
loves confessed
thoughts spoken
all while the world becomes a still-frame
zooming in on that one cloud
that you've noticed looks
a whole lot like a slightly deformed turtle.

Who could think
how much milk is left in the fridge—
when should I catch up on work—
should I watch that trashy reality show tonight—
why did I spend my day completely horizontal—
with that breeze telling you all you need to hear
which is absolutely nothing.

You could spend a lifetime
binging shiny moving pictures with pretty people
escaping to man-made lands with fancy names
delving into an unconscious state of sleep
and you could cram a whole lot of seconds
into a lifetime.

or

You could take a second
tuning into the various dialects of songbirds
wondering how that delicate bud can bear so many layers of petals

watching the sky imperceptibly shift in color
even crafting droning—
yet meaningful—
perhaps slightly pretentious poetry—
and you could experience whole lifetimes
in a second.