

## From a Window on the 6:15

I am mindful that some famous writers  
like Sylvia Plath, Amy Lowell and Billy Collins  
have, at one time, walked these same platforms  
and traveled these same tracks.

I further imagine Plath, at the Poughkeepsie station,  
late for the 6:15, grabbing an everything bagel  
with cream cheese and a coffee with cream, as I have,  
makes me feel like I have something to do with her  
explosions.

Then I wonder, as I always do:  
Did they see the same scenery streaking by  
through these thick windows?  
Windows like movie screens.  
And together we separately write our pieces.

Did the writers try capturing a moment as it zipped by  
like the flash of a camera, to store away in memory banks?  
To be tucked neatly into poems?  
Or perhaps they slumped into slumber  
while the train took snapshots.

The small, insignificant station stops along the river  
bob up like driftwood, then fall back away and  
fade into an early mist. The tracks follow the swell of the land  
as the train continues to make stops at stations  
whose names I've mostly forgotten.

Was there a sudden rush of imminent muse that  
flooded their notebooks influenced perhaps by the Hudson?  
How inspirational a moment captured as waves careening  
against the river bluff.  
Wondering also why there are no backyards in Manhattan.

Debris scattered like discarded poems dot the landscape  
in vast portions of wasteland hidden away under bridges.  
Secret areas secluded by beds of thick reeds, like slats on wooden fences –  
where vagabonds and runaways crashed –  
storing brown bags of fragmented belongings.

Splintered telephone poles supported by guide wires taut under stress,  
leaned over chilled swells; dead limbs dipped,  
puncture an otherwise painted and inspiring countryside.  
These things I imagine provoked their muse  
as it saturates mine now.

I wake from my reverie when the train shrieks into Grand Central Terminal.  
As the train whines to a stop we grab our things from the seat  
and barely managing our excitement,  
we make our way through the thick reeds of people into the crisp October air -  
careful not to leave anything behind.

## Structured Memories

Its existence spoiled from abandonment, this home  
sits wedged in the skin of the land like a splinter  
with ramshackle sides and a peeling rooftop.

Dilapidated doors, hallway carpets worn thin –  
toy-dropped dents on the bedroom hardwood  
speak of a home at one time teeming with life.

How desolate and lamenting these halls now seem;  
scary with silence – homesick cries saturate  
these walls of children grown and gone.

Like a 45 record found on the closet floor,  
I'd like to hear the history of this home by sticking  
a needle in the grooves of the partial vinyl siding:

a dirge proclaiming its glorified memories.

## **The Gardener**

She was mesmerized –  
enjoying her bounties.

Lady loam with her hands and  
knees planted in soft soil, massaging –

becoming rooted among the likes of  
her garden and the beds she tends.

She beams like the red roses, sways  
like her sprightly lilies in a warm breeze.

Lavender orchids emit an intoxicating  
sweet bouquet that envelops the garden native.

She floats weightless above the  
fertile soil still planting tulip bulbs

and backfilling as though she were  
conching the world's richest chocolate

## Orange

I open you;  
peel open your door.

You allow me to do this.  
grant me your pulpy goodness.

You are full of zest and squirt your  
very essence and it trickles sticky and sweet.

Between my fingers it swirls,  
And down over my wrist with your juice.

As I peel - thrusting my appendages further  
inside of you, searching, working, starving

With my brash and your pith, you are  
A treasure, a sweet surprise unwrapped.

This you offer me in my time of need,  
a chamber to reflect a segment of our time together

## Winter's Kiss

the snatching is deliberate  
of Summer's finer things  
Winter gathers all life  
tucks them under white wings

seizing green lush lawns  
all vogue and canopy greats  
the ruthless wrath upon us  
the cold cloche of Winter Straits

flowering; chirping; morning dew;  
pleasantries of Summer's past  
a merciless, thieving grip  
seems now so ever last

starless skies on Summer nights  
the seas of stolen blue  
warmth taken from the wind  
by Winter's colder hue

Winter's sorcery is harsh  
surprise attacks are why –  
unforgiving punishment  
and pilfering of life

leaves a barren landscape  
starving for Summer's bliss,  
to begin new life, a flowering –  
cocooned from Winter's kiss