

Sixfold May 2020 Poetry Submission:

For Adelaide: Slant Sonnets, Crapsey Cinquains, an Encomium

Announcement from the Chair

Due to storms, there will be no agenda
at our meeting tonight. Powerless,
I could not process words. Instead
I brought peonies, doomed to be mush
by morning, cut and placed in that vase
by the wine and cheese, exuding
a come-hither cloud of desire.

It wasn't exactly a pleasure to stoop
severing blush pink petal-rich blooms
while the first cold drops landed cold
on my neck and back, with the sound
of no mowers and thunder clapping.
And this isn't exactly an elegy, but please
take a whiff, give a nod.

Overdue Encomium for Adelaide Crapsey

Gods have conspired to fashion for you
a gratifying, satisfying day—
entrancing, enchanting, elating, exulting,
ecstatic, emphatically gay.

Be tickled to death, or silly, or pink,
be ravished, regarded, revered—
delighted, enraptured, delivered and captured,
sweet nothinged, full measured, good cheered.

May the fruits of today be lusciously wet
like peaches you eat in the shower—
be pampered and powdered, perfumed and creamed,
luxuriate hour after hour.

Get sloppy, be wild, have chocolate on chocolate,
weave lavender blooms in your hair—
revel 'til dawn in the lush life you've made
while all of us wish we were there.

Slow Learner

At last
I am able
to see my long life spent
at safe social distance, sheltered
in place.

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Security

A blanket we hold desperately
as it were life itself, when
the only thing we have
to fear clutches us back
in equal measure
of that same resolve.
Why fear the thief?

What's ours to keep
cannot be lost
to force or treachery.
It is safe from scorn,
safe in storm.
Secure under sail,
secure after shipwreck.

Still They Rise

Word that
opening day
had been cancelled did not
make it through to late March bloodroot
flowers.

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