

Ode to Poetry

Where have you been all my life?

Hidden in weary words,
soon to be thrown away?

Misunderstood as archaic angst,
cloistered by fear and shame?

Surely I am not good enough
for such a handsome fellow.

Yet you cosset me and comfort me
in countless ways I cannot
number nor express.

Until I take my pen and place,
a student at your feet,
hungry for a metaphor,
for smooth and soothing words,
ready to write and adore.

Ode To My Duodenum

My stalwart companion for a million meals,
you've put up with sugary cobblers and greasy grits,
spicy grasshoppers and chicken feet,
never complaining, never ceasing
to devour and conquer what I assign.
Your quiet presence belies your importance
to my digestive design.

What have you not conquered?
Yet where are your laurels?
Is your gravestone to be void
of accolades and compliments?
Shall you never be awarded the promise
of rest and relaxation after a job well done,
you good and faithful servant?

Maybe you are the God core of our being,
the essence to whom we give homage,
when all else is said and done and we are freed.
For without you, our favorite pastime is gone,
not baseball, nor walking, nor even reading,
but the one thing that makes us one.
One for all and all for one – eating.

How Many Dead Today?

I rise in the morning and say
“How many dead today?
I pour a cup of coffee
and greet my sleep-tousled spouse.
“How many dead today?” I say.

I’ve always been a cougher,
sinusitis the cause.
Now I cough in shame
“Sorry, I forgot my spray.
I don’t have Covid, please stay.”
Still, they hurry away.

How many dead today?

A cup of soup for lunch.
Keep it light to diet, but why?
when thousands die?
I read, write, cook, and play
games with my husbands,
as we rage about news of the day.

How many dead today?

I've always been a loner.

A quiet and simple life,

it's nice to live this way.

I like to walk the dogs, others
do the same, mumbling through masks,

"How are you," they say.

How many dead today?

The birds are singing,

the sky's so blue, it's

hard to remember the gray.

Pollution's gone,

climate changing,

but what a price to pay.

How many dead today?

My heart aches with the question,
each one a hole that cannot be filled.

How many dead today?

How many dead today?

Anthem

I don't believe in God.

I know God.

In many ways I try not to.

I say "there is no proof".

I ask questions galore,
and don't wait for the truth.

"I have stuff to do," I say.

But then I find God
as I walk down the street.

He's the tree-maker,
the flower painter,
the imaginer of furry forms
that lead their two-legged friends
by the leash.

I breathe
and God is there,
the inventor of a multitude
of masks we wear,
cultures of tiny tracks
of tribe and tradition.
Where does what is you stop
and I am there?

Eat up the fences that divide us.

Smudge out the borders
of nation and creed,
power and greed.

Shout out far and wide.

God is One

God is Us.

Let the rivers and rodents

Join in the chorus.

Inhabitants of every house and home,
never mind how great or small.

Shout out to one and all.

God is One

God is Us.

I Am A Poet

I am a poet too small
too inept and dull to express
the grandeur of the universe.
Yet I feel it with my poet's soul,
the width and breadth and wonder.

I can but stumble
from one delight to another,
grateful for its surprising beauty.