

Easy Practice

1.

sipping Riesling and sweating on maroon leather
as the moon rises in the Eastern sky
clean smooth wood, fingertips
floors and wall shine
lightly traveled as people prefer mountain trails
grainy elegance of wings
a slight film of dust whirls
the moon retracts ghostly sunlight
the door clanks shut flickering gas lamp
wind and a child's voice
my breath, wine

2.

a crow yells from the rooftop flapping strong stretch of wings

we should look at our three dogs in the yard

as orange light bounces off an airplane and sunset clouds

the dripping water through rocks and bamboo chimes hanging from trees

the dogs sleep the move around and restlessly as the hummingbird hovers

over planets the slope of wings and July wind drifts

nothing exactly what we would like but what of it?

there's nothing to tell: the airplane surges west

the crow flying away at dusk

3.

someday all of it leaves
tulips and sunflowers
a large dinner fish
that plate of tangerines and creamy Italian cookies
photos of turquoise umbrellas
farmers churning curds of cheese
a wall of brick and ivy
the sweat of people some earthy and sweet some awfully stinky
like mildew and mold
humanity swearing
blindness the wearing
weathering that funny way we age
so full of mystery waiting for the guests and trees
full of warbling afternoon birds
so all of it ends
we never know what will happen next
laundry and paying the bills for certain
all of our worries
all gone

*I have found writing finally....
the internal voice, spinning its tales,
seemingly long unheard....{whatever} can be witnessed
....as catalysts that sparked.... poetry
as a mistress coming to me.~Diana Q*

thanks for including me it's January

we can hack up each other's poems and I am a working mother with a disabled child
I am the shop steward for the union nurses who work in the chopped up psyche ward
poetry in literary magazines leaves me cold I am working for
boot camp for writers I'm published in grassroots and slick magazines
ambition makes me get rejected if you submit you are dominated
there's cheap housing where I was born but now unexpected success in the hills
where mothers shuttle their kids off to ballet and fathers play a round of golf in the afternoons I
have these stories about my mother selling booze after hours
to police men in New York beginning with prohibition but she did it through the 1980s
I am catching up with my canoe paddling the leaves of outside reading
I am nothing regular and outside I am trying not to be a waste of time
I have found poetry and journals poorly written and I am trying to catch up and I am breathless
with formal structure and don't know about reports or gardening
and the air we're breathing is depressed and gritty an inventory of explanations
I am reading my work and I am last summer and it's sometimes cold to share
in the field of success you find surprises and the difference that has served me well
there's a practice and law to this too the work outside the home and the okay meeting monthly
we can be a generation of improved contemporary sophistication and what about all the
community locals and we can spend time on the defense or changing how we look at all that
trouble and all that something not wearing any clothes what we could value and all that
affluence and influence had served us well until year more regular and interested in mechanics
and inspiration of the evangelicals the nurses the homeowners and the spectrum of desire

Calling out the end of shadows

singing within the earth

I wander around a darkened house where the heart echoes

those wonderful questions inside no one knows

calling dogs and cats

blending into an ocean of air

not too long from night's

shifting reason and meaning

and what it is to be wrong

I get home before dinner

then we walk dogs at midnight

not too long we complain fast

the way breathing and too long always

gets left alone with whatever you make me feel like

we are far from each other

calling out

across the telling

Untitled

when the days are light and crisp....
when the trees sway stormy and ruffled
when talk is glib and quick and muffled
where dense time squeaks by brisk

where the maze of cars people all spin into a whorl
when the lines on faces are drawn dry and taut
when shadows from light burst before darkness well-fought
where doors close and open that uncanny swirl

a garden of overgrown weeds shrubs daisies lilacs
through the green the grey the faces flush
as if the heaven open into where the bodies crush
our thoughts drifts and swell with frequent cracks

no one answers the prayer the horn the recall
a field a needle a shiver in the regret of touching
lipstick for instance the quiver of moonlight blushing
these days of forever laughter or silence or breath that's all