

Five Assorted Poems 1/5 (2 pages)

Valkyrie Shopping

Women search clutter-barren shelves for clothes to bring out their beauty

Refrigerated air and blaring muzak make them fools

So they buy itches, pinches, forgetting their dignity

In pursuit of warmth, fashion, coverage, escape.

Gust of clean breeze shuts down muzack and air conditioner

A Valkyrie has landed in women's business dresses.

She's riding, invisible hooves thud softly on hard floor,

Steel helmet on her head, shining sharp spear in her hand.

Is she shopping for a suit to wear to an interview?

Will anything on the rack please this magical woman?

Her eyes narrow, mouth turns down. She scorns our offerings few.

A short, tight pinstriped skirt and matching jacket catch her eye.

Her shining spear rends the skirt in which no woman could stride.

A sheer blouse follows. "Stay out of Valhalla," she shouts.

Weeding the store of all no serious lady could wear

To the place where she works to feed herself and her children.

Five Assorted Poems, 1/5, page 2/2

On to the shoe department the angry Valkyrie rides.
Hobbling heels, flip-flops, sneakers priced high for their name
Vanish at jabs from her spear. She takes out a shelf of slides,
Leaving only shoes willing to play a supporting role.

Eternal maiden, she laughs loud at lacy lingerie.
Sweat suits, track shorts, soft cotton clothes earn a gracious smile.
She moves to send the shapewear and push-up bras on their way,
but spares the girdles when when a woman says, "Those help my back."

Her sweep through bathing suits leaves nothing that can't take the surf.
Hats and sunglasses must stand up to the harshest weather.
Value for the dollar is the rule on Valkyrie turf.
She completes summer clearance, little remains in the store.

Her face shows many laugh lines, years of riding in full sun.
Legends give her gold hair, but it's the color of snow.
She calls out to her horse. The warrior's shopping is done.
Wotan's own wisest vulture couldn't find a thing to wear.

Five Assorted Poems, 2/5

Grandfather Death's Porch

I turn away from

Gray door stained with remains of red-brown paint

Cross cracked cement porch

look for steps to garden of rattling leaves

find concrete crumbs

six feet down from broken, rusty handrail

I have to jump down

Below, I see concrete, thorns, or darkness

Please, someone, push me

Or maybe please don't.

Five Assorted Poems, 3/5

Rainy Desert Limerick

blown by soggy breeze, looking for sun

somehow still saying that life is fun

dancing through desert rain

confused, but won't complain

hummingbird on morning nectar run

Five Assorted Poems, 4/5

End of Summer Haiku

strong breeze, not quite warm

fans summer's fading fire

shining pink sunset

Five Assorted Poems, 5/5

Inspired by a Brave Poet

Frozen will.

Erased joy.

Ache in the heart.

Rumbling guts

Futile to go around it

Escape does not lie under it

Absurd to jump over it.

Reckless to ignore it.

Flex knees

exhale

and breathe in

reach your goal.