

Five Memoir Poems

Losing a Star

I hopped upon a firefly's back
and could not see for the light
and could not hear for the wings,
only the fluttering in our hearts and heads.

I had longed to fly like a firefly,
lighting the darkness like a tired star,
flying low, needing the wind,
to carry the star one more night.

As I ride, I longed to see the firefly again,
from a wooden porch, with the house lights out,
chasing and losing the sparks of the firefly,
with my eyes,
in the stars.

The Revenge of the Wolves

There is a sphere of fear
in the eyes of the wolf.
God gave the wolf the eyes of man,
so that man could see its own devouring.

"What have you done?" eyes,
faithful to man's undoing.
Wise Eyes,
knowing man's obligation,

to the revenge of the wolves.

Illbegone

If I make it that far;
to reach the knob,
to look behind the door,
past my first fall.

If I make it that far;
to fight a war,
find a peaceful craft,
past my lost love.

If I make it that far;
to another place,
the same as I wanted,
yet, past being there.

If I make it that far;
counted by snow falls,
measured in blooms,
past my father's grave.

If I make it that far;
remembered in slow moving cars,
lighting their way without darkness,
past the ground and the sky;
Illbegone

Janet

Janet from another planet.
The rhyme may seem unfair.
But life was cruel for Janet
And people didn't care.

Her belly was bare
Because her shirts too small.
But it fit like life
And she was just too tall.

Her voice was too loud
To be from grace.
But spoke of love
You can see in a face.

Adversity gave her wisdom
From her heavenly planet.
Perseverance her ship
To a place called Janet.

El Dorado

I traveled four hundred miles to El Dorado
in my grey, silver, black, and blue 58' Pontiac,
389, four barrels, dual points, hydromatic.
Got eight miles to the gallon

of Arkansas Esso gasoline.

The power steering broke at Sabine Pass
and I might as well had been on tracks.

Red-line, Tiger-paw, retreads thumped a hole,
and its rhythm to the white line fever
kept me awake for ten hours.

The Louisiana perforated blacktop wedged
into the Big Thicket spilled over from Texas.

The last thump in El Dorado faded in my bones
as the golden hair, on pure white shoulders,
leans over a green picket rail
around an Arkansas plantation porch.

The Louisiana perforated blacktop turned
to silk satin ribbons in my mind.

We rolled near a lake in the re Arkansas sunset
And got our feet wet until the skeeters woke us up.
Talking of her birthday in the forest darkened night,
hoping the stars would light I way.

I gave her a jeweled box with something inside.
Not the ring that they all but her expected,
I disappointed their anger and they had to let me go.

Back to Texas in my hard to steer
grey, silver, black, and blue, 58' Pontiac.
In the back forever, in the rear-view mirror of my mind,
sits the golden hair girl from El Dorado