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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1.	I AM THE OLD LADY IN THE WINDOW	6/21
2.	OBSERVATION FROM A HOSPITAL BED, PART I	8/22
3.	THE BLAZE	11/22
4.	THE ROBE	12/22
5.	THE NIGHT THE MOON WAS STUCK	3/22

I AM THAT OLD LADY IN THE WINDOW

I am the Old Lady
In the Window
I have been
condemned for 1,000 years to be the Old Lady In The Window distributing evilness to the world.
Why, I could not remember.

They would climb the stairs and purchase my salves, libations.
They came with kind words, but I felt their faces, hands, and I knew
They had murder in their soul and spirit.

My mind's eye could see their dark thoughts, their intended crimes.
But, no one would listen to me—that was my sentence! I was just
The Old Lady In
The Window.

I could not cry,
I could not rise, I could not move.
I could not
Remember my crime for 1,000 years.
Why? Why?

II

Then one day, She came and knelt before me and I touched her face, her hair,
And I immediately knew She was my Savior Cometh!
I have waited 1,000 years to be released and it is happening now.

She told me that she wanted my salves, my libations to bring forth good in the world,
To bring forth healing.
I touch her again and She is telling the Truth.

She takes my hands and leads me to where
Warmth envelopes me.
Soft winds caress my hair, Sunlight dances on my face.
Oh, Infiniti! Play your soft bells, allow me to smell the incense of the Universe.

With her guidance, we climb the steps to a light I cannot see—but feel.
With her guidance, I am now in another space: clean,
Radiating goodness.

Soft tears run down my face
Tears I have not felt for 1,000 years.

My eyes open and now I see!

Me, a blind old woman, condemned to sit at a window without seeing for 1,000 years.
Condemned to distribute evilness to the world in order to survive.

The Universe, the sky, the sun has been given
to me as a gift. Why, I don't question, I accept.

I want to kneel to her, but She keeps me upright. She tells me to enjoy these gifts:
To stand tall and strong,
I thank Her. I pray, sing Hosannas to Her. I want to thank whatever, whomever brought
Her to me.

I vow to "see" goodness and Kindness in whomever I meet.
To follow my Angel of Truth.
To stand tall and receive my gifts before the Universe as I have been told
And as I accept.

Amen.

OBSERVATIONS FROM A HOSPITAL BED, PART I

When my cold hospital bed became warm,
And my old eyes adjusted to the light,
An artwork on the wall captured my attention:
A skinny tree standing alone in a garden.

Every branch festooned with soft white delicate flowers,
The tree sags under this lovely weight.
It appears as if she bears this weight with pride,
As if each flower is her child.

Nearby, stands a small remnant of a tree, cut off,
Never to rear again?

Was this your partner, tree?
Your loved one?
Lost in his prime?

Now you have your flower-children to abide with you
In your sorrow, sharing tears, and joy.
I have an empty garden, with only remnants of love lost
Through my sad time.

Time misused
Time ignored
Time, twice-mixed with pain

But, I don't envy you, tree.
I enjoy you, fecund, beautiful tree,
Generously sharing with us your protection, shade, beauty, Year After Year.

I have discovered that an "an old tree" like me, can bear flowers of a different kind,
And, be proud, too

And, Move On——In Peace

THE BLAZE

The blaze grew brighter and brighter.
Smoke was becoming visible:
shouts and scrambling to get out.

Yet a piano was being played and a soprano
was belting out an aria.

The big people were helping the little people,
the old people, reassuring them and
bravely moving them along.

We tried to save what we could of our history,
but the elements were stronger, and we had to retreat.

Curses, crying, and shouts filled the air.

And,

Somewhere, someone was still making music!

Afterwards,

What was left? I looked and saw old half burned
sheet music, unfinished poems and love letters
from another life. Waterlogged books were everywhere;
“The Tempest” survived – Tempest, indeed.

The proud owners of this place had long passed;
their artwork was destroyed. I could see their arrogant faces,
their cruel lips curled into half smiles.
I heard their reedy, annoying voices say, “Fate catches up to
all of us. And, one way or another, we’re all equal,” Really?

Later, I walked among the ruins; the music had stopped long ago,
the precious instruments perished.

The tears finally came and I let it happen.
As I turned to leave, not knowing what would happen
To me next, and where I would place my bones,
I kicked a shiny object and bent down to examine it:
It was a steel toilet paper holder.

I rubbed it and saw my distorted image.

Is this then, the perfect ending?

THE NIGHT THE MOON WAS STUCK

Me. tired, standing at the sink doing the dishes
Window open, cool breeze
Heart troubled.

Oh, the Moon! It appears bright Yellow tonight! Strange.
But, wait, it appears to be hiding, yes, hiding behind the telephone pole
And the palm tree. I wait and wait, the hot water running, waiting
For movement Please Moon extricate yourself in all
Of your yellow beauty, please, my nightly Moon companion.

It's struggling, I can sense it, struggling to be free — like me.
Come on Old Moon, throw your eternal light on me, on the
Truth of our small lives:

Illuminate the truth of our dirty dishes
Our dirty secrets
Our secret longings

Because we hide, all of us hide, stuck, hidden behind our private
Palm trees, we wait for the right moment to move on beyond our
Sinks with their dirty dishes.

My soul needs your strength, Moon.

Rise Rise Rise

Moon, separate yourself from these earthly objects, and, take me
With you on your nightly journeys across the sky. I wait.

There is no Moon movement.

Sadly, I turn away from my Moon. and I see a Star –
Alone

Set apart from any entanglements.

Alone Shining Strong Bright

And this strength, this ability to shine so bright, all alone,
To move forward unencumbered —Yes!

I'll follow your lead, Star:

To Live Free To Think To do

To do – what? Everything!

Finally, my Moon has risen and gleams jealousy (dangerously?)
In my direction.

But

It's too late to follow you now my Moon, my past, and dear
Nightly companion.

I've given my heart to a new guide – a Star.
She'll lead me now, and forever.

All I ever needed was one Star!