

The unexpected receiving line

The writer writes about herself – what she sees when she looks in the mirror, and what is revealed when she peers into her soul. She is aware that the face in the mirror is not the one she presents to all others. “Is my soul reversed as well?”

The writer blurted out this question to Mister T. S. Eliot, when they met the first time, once she had passed through the gates. How amazing... he was waiting there for her, just beyond the gate keeper. He was first in line to welcome her; right behind him she could see

Miss Dickinson and right beyond her the Bard himself. She had no idea why she deserved such a welcome. She had thought perhaps her parents might be there and the spirit of her first love who had died in his fifties

of lead poisoning, victim to his hobby of casting tin soldiers. And where was her little brother, dead of a stroke at barely sixty, no surprise, he was grossly overweight. “Is my soul reversed as well?” she asked again. Mr. Eliot peered down his long nose.

She could not understand his answer and realized with a start that English was not the lingua franca here – she would need to re-learn Latin, having forgotten it in the eighty five years since high school. Oh, my, she thought, so much work lies ahead of me.

Writer's block

Since when? so long! it's been so long!
words no longer visit me...

My world has turned too sunny...

Brightness lightens all the corners
and the monsters practice lifting
up the corners of their scowls. In
time they'll start to smile.

Ah, I'll teach those monsters to sing with ease!
we'll warble all the vowels to start our voices
rolling-- when we reach the consonants we'll
flick them --skipping, skimming-- and we'll
tumble in the ripples! Like pups at play we'll
bark, we'll yelp and yowl.

Then maybe (soon I hope) the day will come
when once again I'll speak....

Giving birth

The day was hot, and I was damp.
Buses barreled by, they did not deign to stop.
"Good book?" With that I was distracted
from my rage against the MTA. Looking down,
I saw my fingers marked a page.
My eyes then lifted to the lady's and I
looked into the eyes of someone who
confessed she was a writer, with a decade's
worth of blocking sitting on her back.

Yes, the book has helped me get my ass in
gear. I didn't put it that way, though.
I offered an embarrassing confession:
wasting time by playing solitaire
was how I spent the winter and
the spring.
The writer of the book had urged a stop to
all behavior that was toxic.
I played no more. Instead, I typed: "ideas for
poems."

Next thing I knew, one tumbled out

Vibrate

On "ah"

Open your mouth

Then release your breath

The tone will vibrate lustily

You discover your voice can sing

It sings with ease because

Your mind directs it

To vibrate easily

On "ah" **Sing!**

The morning ritual

Each day with much ceremony she
greet the cats one by one: first
Mimi with the pretty face, her
golden continents swimming
 across a sea of silky
white fur. Then cross-eyed
Minerva already bulging at the
sides. The Goddess Of Wisdom
didn't pass on much of it to you,
you Foolish Feline!

Tail upstretched, Minerva rubs
against her in answering ceremony,
eyes focused on that black nose-
spot, tongue protruding in a silly
grin. Reaching down to hold the
bulging, swaying ball between two
hands, she imagines tiny Mewers
swimming in their Motherwater.

 And here is
Greystoke of the Lynx-face, proud
tufts spiking upwards from his ears to
balance the bush waving high above
his rear.

 Two smooth Ladies and
a bushy Gent braid themselves between
her legs at the hiss of the can sending out
its livery deliciousness.