

3 Poems



Roberta Olson

Finite Differences

It all happened so quickly
Instead of being rounded by a sleep
We are rounded into integers
I prefer daydreams to psychology
If you raise the blinds a little
It almost sounds like music
In the click and hum of appliances
Where everything is automated
We know to walk along a certain street
With a mix of magic, comfort and longing
We circle the buildings
Speaking in birdsong
The night is habitat and
There is a sad irony
In the three note song
Of early morning birds.

Notes of Unseen Birds

I start running, finally I am back
 The last warm day of the year
 A soft white haze and the scent of rain
 I woke up to find my eyes
 Glued together
 The room was painted white
 And did not belong to me
 I wanted my vision to be
 Something fierce and hungry
 Like a hawk, an eagle, a cat
 But the dark blue doors were locked
 Certainly someone upstairs
 As the rain pours
 Grey day, grey feathers
 Something got a bird
 It is best not to rub your eyes

Totem

The second day is the hardest
 Tuesday morning small bird outside
 I was nothing but an enormous eye
 In a universe of sound
 The loud flat slap of rain
 The soft thud of pillows
 Falling on the bed
 Dark lace of music
 Tinny through the walls
 What shapes to make a tower of sound?
 The bicycle wheel and the shadow it cast
 The shadow of a lily made of lead
 Without a totem the story
 Spins out of control
 Your physical presence in the world
 Elusive as a pirouette