

Three Poems



Roberta Olson

So Here We Are

I've lived in the city many years
Knee deep in burning
We turned our back on the horses
And stood behind a chain-link fence
Around a vacant lot.
Is there a hyphen there?
Soon this will be
A wall of evocation.
A flag, a leaf, a blade of grass
So many interesting things
Transported to the Old Boot Country
So Here we are
Falling on the soft "m" of a dream

Gentle Tremors

Gray sunrise with the shadowy
Haze of day
Descending onto dark green ivy
Athena sniffs the carpet
Where John plants his feet
Then jumps to the window
Breeze lifting leaves
Birds lifting morning-impossible
With the false noon
Of the security light that shines
On the robins chattering in the treetops
White-out in the morning
Sirens down the hill
The stove clicks and stutters keeping heat
At page end the broken story
Becomes another language.

Going Dutch

The piano player was the first to notice
A chill, a smell, and emotion
As opposed to a sloop
Which is a single-masted vessel
Or a stoop which is a stairway.
The morning seemed bright
Staggering and spreading its wings
The green fields stretching to high hills
Always felt like chaos
Clouds moved in and the tower
Wavered in the mist
Birds can be seen hopping across the ground
Listening for something beyond memory
Underground life is important
You need a whole new song to describe it
Some say it sounds like
The creaking of a tree.