

# POETRY

AT THE

# BACKYARD

September 11, 2024  
Tahoe Poetry Collective



# Table of Contents

Tower One  
Brad Hatchen

Claire's Hair  
Jill Casey Drum

Rooster's Lament  
Logan Veith

Winners & Losers  
Logan Veith

Star Hill  
Logan Veith

Says the Girls with Green Ribbon and various other poems  
Aimee Lowenstern

1

2

7

8

10

11

**Tahoe BACKYARD** MYRTLE TREE ARTS  
Presents a~ *Sierra Creatives Spotlight*  
A gathering featuring the artistry of Poets ~ Musicians & Interpretive Paint  
Hosted by Rina Wakefield

*Music*  
Paul Godwin  
Ezra DeVore  
&  
Michael Spencer  
Green

*Poets*  
Featuring  
Derrick Brown  
Alisyn Gularte  
Colton Brodeur &  
Michael Todd  
Gallowglas

*Live Art*  
Serena  
Galindo

8428 Trout Ave  
September 18th  
5:00pm-9:00pm

# Tower One

Brad Hatchen

---

What heights  
we had known,  
story upon story,  
borne of concrete  
and steel, only  
to collapse into  
a crumbled heap  
of smoldering  
rubble, burning  
jet fuel.

What meaning,  
sifting through  
ash and smoke  
trailing off into  
September blue  
the reflections in  
the broken glass.

What last message  
from the doomed,  
by email or phone,  
story after story,  
the three words  
of the death bloom.

What heights  
inspiring we'd  
come to know,  
story after story,  
borne of flesh  
and bone; that is,  
the human story,  
a message lasting,  
and hope renewed  
that lives in me  
and lives in you.  
At the cornerstone  
of foundation new,  
place one message  
that says, *I love you.*

# Claire's Hair

Jill Casey Drum

---

Your hair  
sat in front of me  
at the poetry reading  
last week  
Exact shade of brown  
identical curl  
memorized bounce  
when the head turned  
Recited poems  
washing over me  
as my life  
behind you  
paraded through

Sitting next in row  
second grade  
mesmerized by  
the halo of curls  
opposite of mine,  
ducking the nun  
and her icy stare  
but never you,  
break-all-rules  
attitude,  
passing a note  
under the desk,  
"Want to be friends?"  
Clutching your waist  
inhaliloopy locks

soaring down  
snowy hills  
serpentine  
wide pines  
on the hard wooden sled

Straddling the back  
of the sparkly seat  
on your bright blue Schwinn,  
the coils flying  
in my face  
obscuring my view,  
navigating town  
and adolescence,  
the intoxicating scent  
of Herbal Essence  
forming an imprint  
recalled at will  
breathing the memory  
after all this time

Clever lines  
drawing me back  
to the room  
at the bottom  
of the library  
filled with poets  
offering their work,  
but my gaze  
lured by  
the hair

so familiar  
yet wasn't yours,  
the power  
forever having  
a hold

Steering the rear  
of the long, green canoe  
at camp far from home,  
salty drops spraying  
off your springs  
soothing my sunburned brow

Pushing strollers  
of sleeping babies  
single file  
on new neighborhood sidewalks  
following behind  
but keeping up  
with the rhythm  
of your strut  
and your hair

keeping time

Guiding the wheelchair  
along hospital halls  
marveling the curls'  
sassy signature spunk,  
gray snaked in  
though remarkably alive  
while you struggled  
and finally succumbed

watched your hair  
at the poetry show  
knowing how it felt  
without having to,  
my fingers remembering  
the soft, silky-smoothness  
playfully pulling  
forever giggling  
at the predictable pop  
as they sprung  
into place

Tears returned me  
to the poets' place  
realizing the end was near,  
the show now over

Wait, one last look  
before leaving me  
again,  
heading out the door  
and my life,  
my eyes followed  
but my heart longed  
to reach out  
to hold the hair  
that wasn't yours

Chad "Sir" Hayes  
THE REBEL

The movers and shakers.  
Unwilling to except what they don't like.  
And ready to stand up and fight for what's right.

It's the rebels that said: "We don't need a king and queen to govern our lives we can do that ourselves."

It's the rebels that said: "It doesn't matter the color of our skin we are all the same and it doesn't who we love, love is the same."

It's the rebels that asked, "What if nature itself could tell us more about how the universe works than scripture?"

And although when we think of a rebel, we imagine a warrior type, it's the rebels that said "Make love not war."

Rebels create change! Without them we'd still be ruled by Kings and Queens,  
people would still be slaves,  
gay would still be shamed,  
we wouldn't have our modern tech world, and the idea of world peace wouldn't be a joke.

A rebel without a cause maybe the essence of destruction  
but a rebel with a cause is the essence of progression.  
With a positive course they're a powerful force.

And with that said  
LONG LIVE THE REBEL!!!

## Rooster's Lament

Logan Veith

---

The road is long, o adventurer  
Longer than we could ever walk  
So we walk endless, o companion  
Let us go in the hour when the rooster crows  
Along the country roads, barbed-wire fence  
Keeps us out, like a rooster from his hens

He calls his call of lonesome lament  
For he was born to love his hens  
But is kept out by a wire fence

We weary travelers, treated this way  
Told by a fence where we can't stray

Mother nature made roosters and hens  
She made people, but we built a fence  
She made people, and the wild  
She made people wild  
And we built a fence!

Mother Earth winked her great blue eye  
Once, a long long time ago  
Washed away days we can no longer know  
She opened her eye and let us in  
One day, travelers, she will wink again!

# Winners & Losers

Logan Veith

---

Yes, there are winners and losers in this life  
And yes, sometimes the winners feel their triumphs  
And yes, sometimes the losers feel their loss  
But despite what our cultural rules say about you  
How do you feel with yourself, alone?

Because sometimes winners still need more  
Still need to win, again and again  
And what did the winners lose  
On their road to victory?

Because what if the losers don't even know they've lost?  
If they've found their own little piece of happiness  
Does it really even matter?  
And what did the losers gain  
In their blissful ignorance?

I'm a loser in this world  
I'm a loser with a life  
A loser in love with one who has lost and won  
A loser who can see beauty  
Who can recognize kindness  
Who can feel both sorrow and joy  
A loser who can find this  
The thing we can only borrow and destroy  
The only thing we can keep until we die

I am a loser who will die a loser someday  
Knowing that I gave to this world  
All the intangible things that  
Poet write about  
Philosophers think about  
Nature thrives in  
Animals fight about  
Aristocrats live without  
Millennials vibe in  
Drunkards write about  
Royals writhe about  
The pious whine about

I am a loser who has lost my cool  
Faltered in my purpose  
Who has been the fool  
I am a loser who has hated myself

And I am a loser who has loved deeply  
Sat on top of the world  
And loved my life

I am a loser who will die someday  
But I have lived

I win

One time  
Something divine gave me a gift  
Just one time

I was allowed to visit the clouds  
In these clouds you can hear wished  
That's where they keep prayers  
And children's innocent dares

I heard a child declare with utmost belief  
That we can have peace  
That no matter how bitter a life we've lived  
We can still forgive

I heard a hard man confess his love  
And I saw him changed  
I heard a gentle woman say goodbye  
And she meant it

I heard a liar tell the truth  
A truth that broke a heart  
I saw one who lived a life of apathy  
Finally make a start

I witnessed God in a private moment  
As he lamented his godly responsibilities  
I saw the devil in a moment of weakness  
As he committed an act of forgiveness

*originally published in Tower Magazine*

What if I don't fall apart?  
What if you unravel the dark green ribbon from my neck,  
and my head stays attached to my spine?  
What if, God forbid, I have to watch the fabric fall limp,  
a dead snake in your hand, a snake you strangled  
the moment you pinched your forefinger and thumb  
above my collarbone?  
What if my throat doesn't split  
and your face doesn't pale  
and your eyes don't go gun-wound wide,  
what if instead you smirk and say  
"That wasn't so bad",  
and I have to live a long long time  
with those words echoing in my mind?  
I still think it would matter.  
I still think it would matter, because  
I asked you not to touch it.  
I asked you not to touch it, I asked you not to touch it,  
Please, God, I asked you—



†Tahoe **BACKYARD**  
**Saturday**  
**Makers Market**  
 June 22 | July 13 & 27 | August 17 & 31 | September 14  
 3:00-7:00pm  
 ARTS & CRAFTS - ENTERTAINMENT - CRAFT BREWS - FRESHEATS

8428 TROUT AVE., KINGS BEACH (BEHIND THE BANK)  
 visit [www.tahoebackyard.com](http://www.tahoebackyard.com) for more info




# Poetry At The Backyard



Presented by  
Tahoe Poetry Collective

Sponsored by

