

POETRY
AT THE
BACKYARD



June 15, 2022
The Tahoe Poetry Collective

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That Wild Wind

Gigi West

On the wind I see no further than the clouds that lay on the blue island
Nor do I see the blue mirror that goes on for miles.

The way the wind affects me, the blue mountains
He carries the sand that always meant to be lifted
Either way, it carries my entire soul.

Although it must eventually end, I feel as though it never will
Concentrating on the way the wild wind runs free like a wild mustang
Eventually I will become one of those big blue beasts that swim carefree
And that wild wind shall never be tamed
Never will I try and never will someone succeed.

Snow Moon, or Full Moon in Lettuce Wrap

Hannah Ross

I waited so impatiently for the
Moon
To rise over the terrace.
Circled by pool tiles and concrete fence
And then again, a ring of mountains
one over from my own.
And here they were
filled with stretched-out lights, Missing vowels, half a sandwich.
Absolut Dental. (mental)
I was missing teeth too.
Muscles melting themselves down to crude oil.
Raw ore or
Brick crumbs.
There's blood on the moon and the moon is me
And together we free bleed in the hot murky waters of
Another climate's disaster.
I wanted it to snow for days.
I wanted to ask for help and this time Mean it.
I want to feel held by a person or
At the very least space and time.
And Danny asks: are we floating in space right now?
Yes, yes, yes.

Chip-monk

Hannah Ross

I sit in silence and illuminate my manuscript with crushes
first and last names.

I think of committing suicide in the name of transportation reform,
For what the wheels do to my roads, my purpose.

In your chimney I smoke deeply with you.

I have never seen such beauty as from the top of a tree.

Before nature rattled, today it swirls like ribbons and flags and spiky branches.
This air back again, I kiss it as it passes.

Green is golden, blue is violet.

Prophecy 1: Upgrade your colors with your feelings.

The poem I always write about transitions

Mud, sticky boots.

Little floaters: bugs + fairies + pollen + sunlight on the page,

Pencil moves perfectly in shadows.

Everything is gushing and it is a horny experience,

A fresh one.

Not a new day but a real one.

Verdant, like NPR programming.

I put my glasses on to look at the trees: extra green, a little fuzzier.

Mule's ears pressing up like zombie fingers

From the graves of winter.

The tulips survived or came back or both.
Frizzy hair caught in the gold. Spring means
Summer means
Fall means
Winter.
Who am I now that the driveway is melted?
Who was I then when the carpet needed mowing
And the roses made their second push for my inheritance?
Today it's almost aqua because of the haze and angle of existence.
Parts of me were perfect
And I put them in the wash

which was from 1972 and It didn't work so well,
came out a little stinkier,
A little stained.

Dust Pan

Hannah Ross

Your hair on the bathroom tiles
Like little goodbyes.
All the suggestions that make
a lifetime or at least
Enough time to rehearse the soup.
I don't know why I tried
To count them all.
They were too many--woven into
the seams of the portfolio and
Bathmat
Reclaimed horsehair.
Re claimed
Red calm i.e.
(you)
That is
(in everything I try not to write)

The space between car seats
Is a kiss and a crack so deep
We had tried to fill with pudding.
There was no more room.
And I keep forgetting if we both
Hold the spoons or just one
We trade back and forth.
Feeling it pull at our teeth.
It would probably help to put
The seals in the box
To hide the crumbs left between the cushions,
The hairs on the bathroom tiles
Like little goodbyes.

For the Children by Gary Snyder

Scott Green

The rising hills, the slopes,
of statistics
lie before us.
the steep climb
of everything, going up,
up, as we all
go down.

In the next century
or the one beyond that,
they say,
are valleys, pastures,
we can meet there in peace
if we make it.

To climb these coming crests
one word to you, to
you and your children:

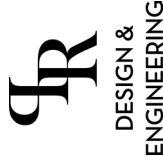
stay together
learn the flowers
go light

Poetry At The Backyard



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POETRY AT THE BACKYARD



JUNE 15TH, JULY 20TH, AUGUST 17TH, & SEPTEMBER 21ST
6:30-8:00 PM

Call for poets
This is a submission based series with a curated selection process.
Please send submissions to:
tahoePoetrycollective@gmail.com

Recommended audience age: 16 yrs. and up
Located at: Tahoe Backyard 8428 Trout Ave, Kings Beach (behind Bank of the West)
for more info e-mail: backyardtahoec@gmail.com (530)214-0692

The Eyes of Our Children

Scott Green

The eyes of my son are the blue of ice and flame. They burst with turquoise and thin streaks of emerald, speckled with jasper and jade. His eyes are the color of the water in the sandy shallows of the big lake in bays surrounded by granite boulders left from glacial sleds eons ago. On the lake floor of these crystalline bays are stones and rocks from which dace and trout dart brightly about. Those eyes are of this rippling water shining bright on azure summer mornings. His eyes are strong like the face of the glacier with the slightest melt, tearing down the ice. Falcon-edged glances along with the baby blue of early spring flowers are the gazes he gives.

The eyes of my daughter are like the bluest depths of the great mountain lake. The calm cobalt waters, they run smooth and deep like the rich ultra-marines of ground lapis lazuli dug from ancient mines and found in landscapes of Titian frescoes or within the silk sashes painted by Vermeer worn by girls with pearl earrings. They are soft and indigo, like cornflower blue skies seen in the afternoon over pastures of green and fruitful fields of grapes. Sapphires set to melodies and smiles. The blues that border the soul of the iris darken to midnight and twinkle with the silver of stars laughing at night, soft and safe as the harbor of home. There is no deeper blue.

The eyes of your children are beautiful! They are warm, dark, and lovely. Within the eyes of your children, I see the bright light of a thousand cities, the rich loam of a million villages. There are streams of gold and creeks of fire bursting through each iris. Each opulent glance cast with the gleam of the past and the dream of the future. Within those eyes are the smile of every papi and abuela, the humor of all the tias and tios the wink of every primo to make you laugh out loud and say ¡vamos a la playa!

The eyes of your children are deep and mysterious, their tones and hues from ancient exotic corners of the earth. Places I have never been, places I want my children to go. They are sharp as an obsidian point and can slash at you with the strength of a swinging steel machete. The ocelot patterns of the optical chambers frame a pupil black as an equatorial night with no moon just shadows cast from starlight emanating from celestial combustion formed when the universe crawled on all four, stretching out learning to walk and finally to run.

I Let You Sit Up Front With Me While We Wait

Kelly Cooper

I let you sit up front with me while we wait.
Your cough was getting worse and I was worried something serious was going on.
But you were full of energy.
You asked to roll down the window.
It was warm outside so that sounded like a good idea, a reasonable request.
Then you proceeded to hang out the window.
But you didn't roll it down all the way, only halfway down.
So, your 40-pound body was leaning on the glass and I thought it might shatter.
I told you to not lean on the glass and come back in the car while we wait for the doctor.

You just laughed.

You stayed dangling over the window.
And in that moment, I wasn't your mother.
I was a person enthralled with you.

Admiring you.

Eyes fixed on how freely you move through the world.
With such little regard for any of the societal rules and norms.
I love this about you.

I love when you bring us these moments.
I freeze in joy when you do something that presses my face so closely on this freedom.

This freedom that you have and I don't.
Well, not as fully as you do.
But with you, I indulge in it.
I let you do it.
Let you go there, a little beyond what may be considered "normal."
And the doctor walked up to our car, to you, as you hung outside.

She knows us.

We've been to this curbside type of appointment many times the past few months.
And here we are again today.
She does the exam, listens to your lungs.
Everything looks good.
We are ready to head home.
You climb in the back to your car seat.
You buckle yourself up.

And it feels like we have just entered a new part of our journey as mother and son.
It feels like the space between us has somehow shifted.
You feel different to me.
And I can't yet know where we are.
But I will know soon.

And all I can think is that I hope our days together go on forever because with you I always want more.

2 Days Till

Julie Morrow

I tried to get
inspiration from reality
today.
Today my reality
consisted of speculation.
Complete interpretation.
From your head
came mine
and therefore
vice versus,
completely mistaken.
I take it to be a sign
Signals blinking
from atop my bedroom
door.
Door's ajar.
Gimme, give me time
to undress my head
of the names its been fed.
Try to see myself through
the thick of it. Get a fix instead

Cigarette Tightens

Julie Morrow

Cigarette tightens
grip of sane.
Lost in shadows.
Bit off by God
Cant go to sleep
Today', gonna stay
Awake.
Contemplate life's goodness
and then fast away.
Never eat again until
I rot away.
Vindicate my lesson's
teacher.
Told her of his ways.
Never make much
sense but kinda
like it that way.
Wonder what I
missed by not being there.
Never really known
by any body's brain
even mine own.

Grandma Told Me of Spirits Held High

Julie Morrow

Grandma told me of spirits held high.
I've heard of disasters unfolding.

I heard Bob Dylan sing about some Hard Rain.
I saw stars burst 10,000 years later.

I feel slaves being whipped by his ancestors.
I've cried as love slipped through the cracks.
I laughed as the sky rested on the ocean.

I felt bombs blast with no specific purpose.
I saw fear in the eyes of young children.

I tasted blood rising up from the fires.
I felt the earth shiver from a
long list of problems.

I saw one man stir the world with greed.
I knew thirty people were thinking
the same thing as me.

I heard broken hearted mothers hushed.
I HOWL as the greatest minds of
my generation are silenced.

I wondered why the moon has
a face on it.

I spoke softly as millions screamed.
I saw babies die, and old people cry.

I hopped on a train that went straight
to my sister's.

I've seen men beat women and
women beat children.

I heard people speak of truth as if
they knew it.

I heard bombs blow up small running children.

I saw one person's greed prevent billions from eating.
I've seen a hand grasp tightly around
something that's useless.

I spoke Loud with the hopes of a
Revolution.

I heard muffled cries coming out of a
deep dark basement.

I've sensed people escape their existence by
picturing a rainbow.

I knew someone who had all the right answers
And, someone who asked all the right questions.

I smiled at the clouds as they painted themselves
above me.

I saw parents stand proud as their
children played games of war.
I noticed million-dollar diamonds on luxurious
fingers.

I saw this as people lay starving.
I've seen one murderous man change
the world with one push of a button.
I saw the greatest of kindness come from
one little old lady.

I've seen tattered clothes be used
as symbols for resistance.
I heard children laughing and playing
with no restrictions.

I smiled so large as my lover sweetly whispered.
I noticed as time went by faster and faster.
I saw dignity squashed as the men kept working.
I've heard people beg for their freedom.
But I knew a blind man who saw more colors than I've ever dreamed of.
I've seen history that shows we are all just animals.
I've watched as the mysteries of
life make the moment magical.
Grandma told me of spirits held high.

