

# Building A Better Scarecrow

+

2

By

*Bruce McRae*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... So, 'Building A Better Scarecrow' "Begin with a single stitch." "A mouth like a sinkhole." "Put your mind under this cap." "With your very first / breath, become someone." And my head I'd be a scratchin' / While my thoughts are busy hatchin'. In 'Rainy Sunday Afternoons' we are invited to museums of intangibles like "ennui," "The disenchanted" and "barely discernible moments." "Where the very search for meaning / makes a mockery of reason." This line is too good not to be stolen (from Bruce, I mean, not by him). His third poem, 'Broadcast,' is a wellspring of watershed thinking where "Phantasmagoria meets pandemonium," Give it a go, I'm treading water in hip waders. "When fear and ignorance wed / the fools' opinion bred." (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on a separate page. Please scroll down. ) HS*

## Building A Better Scarecrow

Begin with a single stitch.  
Take a switch of willow  
and tie it to a stone.  
Weave blades of sawgrass.  
Add a crown of hawthorns  
on a Sunday morning.

For eyes, two poison berries.  
Various feathers for hair.  
A mouth like a sinkhole.  
Wear a dead man's jacket.

Next, enter the cornfield  
at the height of August  
and plant a fishbone  
in the sweltering earth.  
Imagine the upstart crows  
and a valley of weather.  
Place your arms into the air,  
as if holding up the moon  
or light's gracile embrace.  
Put your mind under this cap.  
Dream of thunder and harvests.  
With your very first breath,  
become someone.

## Rainy Sunday Afternoons

The museum of stumbling  
blind through the earth.

The museum of ennui,  
of forgotten stories,  
of intangible slights.

The museum of want and water,  
icy slush in your shoe,  
the odiferous violet repeating itself.

The disenchanted museum.  
The museum of barely discernible moments.  
A museum where no one  
has ever been before or since.  
Where the very search for meaning  
makes a mockery of reason.

## Broadcast

Seventy languages heard  
in the bazaar of Dioscurias,  
today's tower of Babel  
streaming terrible news.  
Spleens vented and faux miracle cures,  
the process a disembodied entity.  
A dunce in his dark corner,  
pulling out a plum.  
Tales of the demi-demon's hellfire.  
The annals of blah.  
*When fear and ignorance wed  
the fools' opinion bred.*  
The awful price of cloudberryies.  
Big doings and lovification.  
An all-round bantering  
entitled 'four score and ten'.  
Housebound with the plague,  
Joe Blow accesses interior resources.  
Phantasmagoria meets pandemonium,  
ruling the Hertzian frequencies.  
There's some vague quote, in air  
quotations, what the overlord  
said to the underling, the ghost  
of de Talleyrand declaring  
'language was given to men  
so they could conceal their thoughts',  
our nerve-nets linked to the sensorium,  
to the amuse-bouche of idolatrous ravings.  
The sultan of Ptah, being smitten,  
is declaring war, and love, and war on love.  
They hoard munificence in a time of fluxion.  
There's paltering implicature  
and Billy Bob Roy losing the space race  
by mere picoseconds. All other powers  
delegated to the devil's minions.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *These three poems were written last year during a furious bout of scribbling. Rainy Sunday Afternoons was inspired by a book called 'The Museum of Whales You Will Never See', written by A. Kendra Greene, concerning Iceland's 265 museums, a book so fun*

*to read I was compelled to email the author and tell her how much I enjoyed it. I've found authors appreciate the nod, it being such a singular occupation.*

*Broadcast is a poem that's twisting the radio dial in my mind, scanning the centuries, reporting on everything that's happening all of the time.*

*And Building A Better Scarecrow was in response to the shocking state of today's scarecrows, their manufacture and existence a dying art. People, we really need to raise our game in this field. Pun intended.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Bruce McRae, a Canadian musician, is a multiple Pushcart nominee with poems published in hundreds of magazines such as Poetry, Rattle and the North American Review. His books include 'The So-Called Sonnets (Silenced Press); 'An Unbecoming Fit Of Frenzy; (Cawing Crow Press) and 'Like As If' (Pski's Porch), Hearsay (The Poet's Haven).