

BLUNT



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By

Bill

Simmons

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... I can only imagine that Bill Simmons gets himself into more mischief than he intends or for which he can account. In 'The Dork' we find him longing to "be back home / sitting under the oak tree" not, not writing about his neighbour. There is something pastorally disgusting about "Late Afternoon" that I can't quite put my finger on--nor look away. And, in 'Blunt' a gentleman's romantic, euphemistic sensibilities are rightfully thwarted as the lady he is attempting to court matter-of-factly corrects him, "Oh, I thought / they were screwing." (Actually, factly isn't a word on its own either.)*

Blunt

In front of me
and my girlfriend
sparrows mating
on the high school lawn.
“It’s a spring thing,”
I tell her walking
to our next class.
“Oh, I thought
they were screwing.”

The Dork

I could be back home
sitting under the oak tree
writing this poem, as my
neighbor stands, hands on hips,
glaring at me from across
the street, thinking I’m writing
about him, which I am: The Dork.

“Late Afternoon”

Pine shadows cross
The upper meadow,
Like fingers grabbing
For hair in green panties,
Racing to the rivulet
Where tadpoles will squirm
In the vernal song
Of their parents.

THE POET SPEAKS:

The Dork: This is a true poem; it actually happened countless times. Read this poem as it is. This is my time to wave back at him.

Late Afternoon: This is a biological poem, where tree frogs jump in the rivulets crossing the verdant meadow, mate and sing all evening and night long. Life in front of my eyes and ears; it felt good to write this poem. The time for this poem is evening when the frogs begin to sing.

Blunt: This a poem about me, any guy, walking on campus full clothed with his girlfriend and sparrows get it on in front of them. I become slightly embarrassed and try to shine it off. Then she makes a straight forward remark.

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