

3 poems

by tom smith

WHY WE LIKE IT: *We published Tom Smith's story 'An Unwritten Love Letter' in Issue 3 and you can read what we think of his fiction in the Why We Like It. But it turns out this talented author also moonlights as a poet and when we received these three out of the blue we knew we had to start publishing verse. Since none of us feel we have the experience or expertise to critically appraise poetry, we will just plead mea culpa and say we're doing it because we like them. In the meantime, we welcome our new poetry editor Hezekiah Sretch who does have the experience and expertise...if we could only get him out of the bar.*

A ROW OF HOUSES

A row of houses, windowed eyes,
From floor to ceiling truth and lies.
In bowels of basements souls disguised.
Through gentle cracks a soft wind sighs.

The roof sheds off the rain in tears,
Collects in gutters, wells in fears.
Measured rooms and walls with ears,
But who can count the missing years.

The echoes in the attic know,
There will be storms the wind may blow.
But as the families come and go,
They each shall cast a same shadow.

If only they had not been born,
Had undrawn curtains not been torn,
The stairs would not have seemed so worn,
With dreams forsaken, hearts forlorn.

Or maybe they might someday learn,
The ripest apple draws the worm.
Addressed 'To Whom It May Concern,'
A name not called was next in turn.

And if they rose and rang the bell,
Staved the hunger, broke the spell,
How-do-you-do and fare-thee-well,
What toll is taken, time will tell.

SPRINGS ETERNAL

There was a land, was always spring,
Where crocus bloom and robins sing,
And rainbows made a perfect ring.
But still somehow it missed something.

A forest darkened by the night,
Where the moon could scarcely light,
Lies a sylvan strayed from sight,
Whose love for love knows no requite.

She is prays of all the wood,
Flourished in her motherhood.
She'd embrace it if she could,
But would she be understood.

Caught between the earth and air,
Without a single mortal care.
But no mortal love to share,
So she feels she must beware.

There's a wind that winds and weaves,
Dancing shadows in the trees,
Through the fluttered rustling leaves
Echoed voices softly breeze.

"Neal beside the water's edge,
As to drink but pause instead."

That was all it seemed they'd said,
She rose from off her bowered bed.

She approached the swelling stream,
The rising sun had cast a beam.
She thought she saw a face she'd seen
In visions of forgotten dreams.

She spread the water side to side,
And filled the pool with tears she cried,
And on that day the forest died.
Autumn, ever, to reside.

YOUR Eyes

Iridescent liquid blue,
Reflecting scenes and seeing through.
Enchanting those who misconstrue;
None can say, what may come true.

Excepting that which Nature brings,
Passion swells like swollen streams.

Let fools divine what can't be known,
One can't reveal what won't be shown.

Unshared love is but a token,
Recited lines that went unspoken.
Dreaming spirits lie un-woken.
Eyes that tell of hearts unbroken.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *These are little more than grim nursery rhymes. It is unlikely you might publish them. I like your site so much I was resigned not to decline to not, not submit. It doesn't appear that you publish poetry, but I still couldn't resist.*

BIO: *I have an undeniably modest and abiding affection for words and how they hurt, heal, offer hope and forsake. I can recall why I wrote this stuff. They are a layman's recitations: 'the memories are still there—clear, intact, indestructible'. (A Spencer Tracy line from 'Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?').*