

3 Poems

By Michele L. Austin

***Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes:** This poet writes, 'My poems are not double spaced because the spacing I chose impacts the meaning.' (Now I'm used to being maneuvered, motivated and manipulated.) It might make it a little harder to read between the lines, but don't fret, the words are even better yet: "Consequences drift / lazily, untangling / gelid webs, deep within..." And just in case you're not enticed, scroll down to **LOVES ME NOT:** "This box / Particolored allure / Sempiternal soul"...I'm not quite sure what it means, but I love it, read on. I am forever fond of jaded romance...it is a contradiction that transcends a world of hyperbole, paralleled paradoxes and preys on ox-like-morons. Was this more me than her? HS (Spacing is poet's own.)*

SPRING SOLSTICE RUMBA

Consequences drift
lazily, untangling
gelid webs, deep within
dusty cranial interweavings, Green
goddess sprouts soft, palest emerald
fingers. Calyxes
irrupt! First flash
imprinting, fragile hyacinths
blush. Burst! Billions
efflorescent, all
chromaticity.

Subtle zephyr strokes
my visage, first awakening
a perianth of laurel. It stirs
floral faces; they rock
the rhythm. It stirs
cogitation, swims
lazily, this impudent breeze

discontent, swims
crazily. Coquette vamp.

Memories caressed
by fresh current, let go
of berths in time, abandon
timidness, and waft again
amidst unripe mind music, weaving
in crevices and corners of
id, mixing, mingling, rallying
vernal cognizance, reviving
me, reviving
salubrity long dormant.
Spring's terpsichorean egress
imbued.

I DON'T CRY

Only people
you don't know are supposed to die.
Today a tightrope
circus man fell. I hoped. Maybe he didn't
want to live. I don't know
him. I didn't cry.

Today I know Granddad
will die. Soon. I hoped. I'm sure
he loves
to live. But he didn't
die, yet. I didn't cry.

Ruthless fortune, all
I could carry
For one day, today
Death
would not let me rest. Just a girl,
seven, once
lived next door. She was four,
I fourteen, and we

were friends. She
moved away. Space astray. But I
remembered her
sometime. Today affinity
expired. My tiny friend
died.

Circus man, I indite
your elegy. Granddad
has time, still time, still
time.

My little friend, seven
nimble years are forever
expired ... forever.
Expired.

I don't beg for my
life, I wish only
to understand. Maybe I
do understand. Maybe that's why
I don't cry.

LOVES ME NOT

This box
Particolored allure
Sempiternal soul

This box
Confidential compartments
Verboten chambers

This box
Is not yours

These keys
Are not yours

These keys
Tangled, bespangled
Dangling, jangling

These keys
Coaxing, cajoling
Inveigling, invading

Avaunt!

THE POET SPEAKS: *Poems are such fascinating literary critters. Their endless leeway won't sit quietly in a corner but, rather, demands continual meddling and tweaking. With a handful of thoughtfully arranged syllables, a work can ping every note on the heartstring scale.*

I've only dabbled seriously in this genre recently because prior effort was expended wrestling with fickle talent. My focus has been writing humorous personal essays and nonfiction articles. Poetry is newfound deliciousness.

Penning a poem feels like painting a canvas with splashes from the color spectrum. Broad blueberry brush strokes with smatterings of sangria and an occasional black blot. Voila.

My inspiration seems to be random thought (for which there is no shut-off switch), random emotion, or mismatched words that insist I stop and play. Reality will sneak in and commandeer the process, though, as in "I Don't Cry."

I'm not a follower of rules, structures, forms, formats, styles, genres, mores or people. I do worship rebels, both literary and societal. I read whatever attracts my inner magnet, and I write whatever ends up on the page.

AUTHOR BIO: *I grew up in the frozen tundra, Wisconsin USA, and relocated to sunny Florida in early adulthood to escape the winter blues.*

My passion, besides writing, is world travel (40 countries & counting), with an eventual goal of becoming a homeless wanderer.

I'm an Ultimate Killer Sudoku freak (I dream number grids), an avid ballroom dancer, and an alto sax player in a performing doo wop quartet.

I'm easily distracted from worthwhile projects by the call of karaoke.