

# Each Wednesday is Different

By Tom Squitieri

*Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: Wow, a celebrated journalist who waxes poetic? Will wonders ever cease? Squitieri's sequences are cerebral and certainly well-seasoned. Well shouldn't they be? In the first piece, **Warmth at 9 degrees**, he is inviting us into his 'world at large' "Today we control / The Ouija board / We mock the maelstrom's / Fury ..." "the music we create / is what makes / Earth smile" This is the first of ten poem, sally forth, "Shorn of fear." If the evening news read like this I might just tune in. The language is engaged; the man's a raging sage, persuasion fills each page, the fifth estate at center stage. His voice and verse are both earthly and worldly. "I wanted more / it gave me more" My personal favorite is **Dyad Senses**, but I am a poor judge. These poems are sophisticated with an inkling of licentiousness. 'But Lust precedes what's yet revealed.' (Spacing is poet's own.)*

## Warmth at 9 degrees

walk with me  
in what I have learned  
as we face a moment of  
true challenge

Today we control  
The Ouija board  
We mock the maelstrom's  
Fury and know how  
To stare it down

the music we create  
is what makes  
Earth smile

We ignite within us  
Then spread its  
Power

i love your body  
and eyes and  
mind grabbing me  
It gives me the truth  
I was timid to share

Each beat in  
Our music  
becomes a chord  
No one has  
Heard before

Yes, go more  
Because those next steps  
Will be like  
No others

The brambles do part  
If we look carefully  
Shorn of fear  
Radiate in belief

And one moment,  
You will look around  
Smile and say to me  
“You were right...”

### **Laughing Hair**

Tell me the things you enjoy  
I will take it from there

There is more  
that I see  
those eyes and smile,  
head tilt.  
I am pretending  
we laugh the same way.

Lovely again  
and then again

I will not  
Push too hard  
Just always try to  
Go a little longer  
At a nice pace  
As I will give you  
Presents every day

No matter what  
You say  
Or do not do  
I'm going to embrace  
This lovely sharing

To add luster  
To what you create  
not a sunrise  
Not a sun set  
It is  
a sun stop

You see  
I delve into mysteries and  
fan flames of those  
ready to soar and sing

### **Two Crows on a Telephone Line**

We knew at once  
How easy it could be  
Coming from different directions  
To rest on the telephone line

Two with knowledge  
Being used well  
The wind supports the line  
Even as it causes it to sway  
We swing like kids in a park  
And laugh

How the world hates our caws  
As if their yipping is not the true annoyance  
Calm crows concern them, it seems

Our sharp eyes seeing through all  
Transparency that quakes the majority

### **True Plinth**

That stunning, sacred  
Moment of stillness visited  
This morning  
Oh my  
The world truly stopped  
Opened its words without speaking  
Pumped me with life  
Made me more

I wanted more  
it gave me more  
Twice, thrice  
A blink of eternity  
That restless night  
Distant and defeated  
For the moment

Magic still comes  
There is just so many  
More demands of it

My mouth smiles  
A laughing lick  
A sigh and a ponder  
As again you sweep my heart  
And awaken my wishes

Slowly, the dark coffee  
got deeper  
richer  
I no longer could resist her

## **Dyad Senses**

Let's just open for each other  
As we know it will be heaven  
To smooth our skins  
Tangle our tongues  
Warm the world  
Stir the thoughts

We sleep as one  
In our own desires  
Perhaps our dreams  
Cross  
As our fingers touch  
In slumber

We are far away  
And strangers  
Yet no one can prove  
What I know to be true  
That you and I  
At some point  
Deserve to look  
Deep and smile  
As one

We get transported to  
Magical places  
Only to discover it is  
Within us  
That the magic  
Sings the loudest

## **Shared Creativity**

I will give you one word  
If you give me a paint stroke  
A photo of the true you  
A smile that sees it all

A word on paper  
For paint on canvas

A finger touch of talent  
Of two connected

A fair trade  
indeed

The stroll  
the thought,  
the rumpus of the mind  
and runaway of the heart  
Are pure, true  
Art

I want my  
Words to go  
right through you  
Then boomerang  
And hold you tight

Your fingers  
Take the brush  
And create me again  
In the vivid color  
That my words  
Cause to erupt  
In you

A very fair trade  
Indeed  
Can you match  
My words  
And their daring  
With paint and clay  
A smile, a touch

Or perhaps pencil  
Yes  
A pencil to draw  
And a pencil to write words  
You see  
We already have  
harmony

## **Penultimate**

Each word is  
like a star in  
the sky

A few seconds, demure.  
Stops the moment,  
breath held,  
wondering, keeping.

What word next

Arms on knees,  
head in deep ponder  
how do I  
get into your thoughts

body gets  
ready  
soul sings

Feel your hidden  
Secrets  
Pull my words  
closer

We walk and search  
Suddenly  
That beauty  
We fear  
Will never be found  
Appears

Even as you remain  
silent

## **The Chew**

She was really eating grapes

Nothing was wrong with that  
Her mouthed moved  
To fulfill total  
Taste and then  
To tempt

Because what are lips  
For  
But to taste  
And tempt

As we  
Watch  
Thoughts construct  
Lips dry in  
Ponder

### **Unresolved Chord**

Hollow never leaves  
Despite spring's  
Promise of beauty

Hollow stays  
scorches beyond  
Repainting  
As to taunt life

Hollow will remain  
Even as new life blossoms  
This spring  
Which we tried to reach  
and could not

Sun will again  
Shine on the deck  
Yet the warmth  
Will elude  
The basking  
We once enjoyed

Many many many



Times  
I am glad I said  
I love you  
Snuggling on  
The pillow  
Walking  
The extra blocks  
Stopping to look around  
Sharing as one

Now alien words  
Crowd me  
Distraught. Forlorn  
Opening the door  
To  
Hollow

Don't worry  
Sweet girl  
Even though hollow  
Is now here  
I will tell the  
School children who love  
you,  
that you are still  
laughing with them  
How they, and I,  
Danced with  
your happy smile  
Soft ears  
Best wagging tail

And I promise to  
Always sniff the air  
For both of us

**\$50.59 Or \$59.50**

Life laughed and told  
Me wake up  
Told me in ways  
That soothe attention

Two consecutive purchases  
\$50.59 and \$59.50  
Vast odds to happen  
Life laughed again  
It sometimes does  
Pay attention, it said  
As the sky said, hey

Those pleasures of the body  
And mind  
That the many say are  
wrong to feel  
Are to be felt  
so gloriously right

The winds coming  
In to the shore  
Gale force in spirit  
Deep in embrace  
Reminding  
This is the beginning  
of anything you want

Go down the slide with mirth  
Be a silly and a badass  
Get stoked and soaked  
Meld childhood wonder  
With adult wisdom  
Soon the paths  
All join  
The same soul

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *Poetry is the opera we all can sing, it is the Prosecco in the vineyard of words. When you write someone a poem, you can find the words that before could not come out of your mouth. And if the author is reading that poem, those hearing that poem will react more real, more intensely, usually more lovingly, because writing a poem is indeed your act of love and affection to that person.*

*I've loved writing for decades and now poetry reflects what I have learned, who I have saved, how I have fallen and the wings that make me and others fly. I love poetry for many reasons, from listening to Dr. Gargano in freshman English reading "To His Coy Mistress" to Jackie Gleason reciting "Casey at the Bat." I think it started with "T'Was The Night Before Christmas" and continued to "Dream A Little Dream of Me" and "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow."*

*It is usually in the morning, as the coffee's aroma is in a duet with the waking up songs of the birds, that I write. The more I write poems, the more places I find inspiration. Sometimes something I see, sometimes a line I hear or read, often a combination of seemingly disparate moments or thoughts or events or prods that weave themselves on my typing fingers.*

*For example, my dear Hezekiah, in the poem that I finished today — perhaps in anticipation of your kind note — drew its inspiration in large part from the conversation we shared several days ago.*

*As for the two poems before that, written as inspiration in the COVID warp that now snares us, one came from a line of conversation with a friend (“I Will Be There”) and the other from a comment made to me in a grocery store (“Smiling Beneath the Mask”)*

*One poem which you graciously accepted reflects the last months with my dying friend. Another talks of surreptitiously watching a colleague unknowingly sensuously chewing. Two vastly different inspiration points.*

*One female friend told me, to my surprise, that “you write what women want to hear.” Another said “Your poems are sexy and sexual. Makes you want more or to actually see that person.” A third wrote of the woman in my poems, “How lovely to be in the place and space for her so that she can easily and energetically find her way to you. :)”*

*To hear such lovely responses is a true honor.*

*Poetry liberates me from the false rules many impose upon us; that is the potion to happiness, sensual invigoration, the bounty of a robust sex life, and embracing fun for couples. Poetry to start the day means you are alive. It is what truly sweetens that morning kiss.*

*It first struck me on a December morning as the war in Sarajevo was winding down I was walking down the hill and my chum Roger Cohen of the NY Times was walking*

*up the hill; he observed my glances, my pausing and my jotting words. He smiled and said aloud, “Ah Squitieri, writing poetry again.”*

*He was correct and I had not realized it. My dispatches from the war zones were often written with poetic song as the binding for the story.*

*I used the horrors of war, where love dared only to be shown in quiet, far away places, to fuel the song shared by those who would not give up in the face of horror. Soon I realized that poetry is the window to not just capturing love but liberating love. The love most prevalent during the war was of those giving up everything to save someone they love. Nothing seemed more powerful. That is manifest now in writing the pleasure of love -- not when love is a joy crushed under the boots of bully boys and rapists.*

*From bullets to ballads, angst to aubades, elimination to etudes. That I do reflect constantly that love in its purest forms always needs embraced, cultivated, supported and sung.*

*Tom, April 15, 2012*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** *Tom Squitieri is a three-time winner each of the Overseas Press Club and White House Correspondents' Association awards for his work as a war correspondent, with reporting from all seven continents. His poetry has appeared in Ariel Chart, The Raven's Perch, Scarlet Leaf Review, Twisted Vine, The Literary Yard, Eskimo Pie, The Stardust Review, Wanderlust Journal, Shanghai Writer's Workshop, No Strings Attached, Style Sonata and The Griffin's Inkspot, as well as in the book "Put Into Words My Love," and was selected for Color: Story 2020. He writes most of his poetry while parallel parking or walking his dogs, Topsyie and Batman.*