

THREE PROSE POEMS

By Eliza Minski

Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: Minski, Minski, Minski: I haven't read it in years, so don't challenge me, but for some reason Eliza works reminds me of Pirandello's, 'Six Characters in Search of an Author' ...well you've found her. (Spacing is poet's own.)

Miss High and Mighty

The girl was always threatening to run away, saying that she'd disown the family. Can you imagine? She was uppity that way. She acted like we were horrible people, as if she was on a shelf above us. Always talking about going to college, like she was better than the rest of us. College this, and college that. Miss High and Mighty - Miss Highfalutin, that's what we called her. Well, you know what we told her? We told her that she'd never amount to anything.

She finally left us. Not one of us can admit how much we miss her.

Dour Weather

The weather is off. The atmosphere is burning. Inside their oily houses, bodies sag. The world shrugs, creases its brow before turning its face away. The heat is vinegar. The sun is orange and glowing and laminated in plastic. The cottony snow tastes like fish. Metallic clouds produce pock-marked rain.

Leaving

She hadn't left the house in two years. During the mornings, she looked through the blinds at the street below. In the afternoons, she watched *Judge Judy*. In the evenings, she took a hot bath and

turned on her electric blanket. She hadn't left the house in two years.

She hadn't left the house in two years. Her husband had died. They had been married a long time. The grocery delivery left the groceries on her porch. She hadn't left the house in two years.

She hadn't left the house in two years. Her daughter lived far away on the East Coast. Her friends had given up on her. Her neighbors had stopped asking about her. She hadn't left the house in two years.

She hadn't left the house in two years. She liked it inside where it was quiet. She found the walls peaceful. She watched the light changing. She hadn't left the house in two years.

One day she left the house. She took tentative steps down the stairs. The bright light hurt her eyes. The noises frightened her. She hadn't left the house in two years.

THE POET SPEAKS: *I've been writing since I was in high school, filling notebooks that must number into the hundreds. There are daily entries about what I'm feeling, or what I'm working on to be a better person, or I write about mundane subjects like the weather - posts about it once again being cloudy in San Francisco. Exciting things like that. I'll write poems in my notebooks and the beginnings of essays and short stories. I never particularly know where I'm going when I write but just let it take me there. I suppose I could say that in *Miss High and Mighty*, I was playing around with showing how a highly dysfunctional family is cut off from showing love, or in *Dour Weather* I could claim that this was my response to global warming, images strung together to portray a sick world, or that in *Leaving*, it was all about an exaggeration of the healing process. But of course I never really know what I'm doing and I like it that way for the discovery that writing offers. Mostly I'll just start with an image that pops into my head, like vinegary heat, and take it from there.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: *I am a 73 year old woman living and writing in San Francisco, California. I only started sending out my work about five years ago. Since then, my work has appeared in *Entropy*, *Poets Reading the News*, the *Eunoia Review* as well as many other publications. In 2017, I was a finalist in the San Francisco Writers Conference contest, in adult fiction. That same year, I was a finalist in UK's *Fortnight Poetry Contest*.*

