

That Call and other poemS...

By Gerry FabiaN

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...*

Ahhh, Fabian (Or is it aaah—the subtlety of interjections, when a fully-blown interruption is so much more rewardingly disturbing.) Who could resist this “There are times we go beyond / the moments of hope. / When we sip cold coffee / and succumb to the obvious.” And this is ‘in the beginning when the h...’ I read so slowly my aping lips are apt to cramp, leaving little doubt for delighting in an economy of words in others’. Gerry is both profound and parsimonious in his expressions. Let me try: He rivets me. Still there is little left unsaid. Not to play Fabourites, but I surmise he may be a most quotable author this issue. The poor man has fallen into our grasping clutches; he is Fleas’, forever now, Our Gerry Fabian...(Spacing is poet’s own.)

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That Call

There are times we go beyond
the moments of hope.
When we sip cold coffee
and succumb to the obvious.
When our jaws harden.
We have the weakened words
but our tongues refuse to form them.

These are wood fire hours
blowing eye burning smoke
filled with antiseptic scents
and late-night long hall echoes.

Everyone makes alternative plans
based on the inevitable.

Patterns Of Personal Poaching

In life, the periods of transition
are like frightened quail
chased from dried cornfields
into chilly October skies
by the deadly hunter
that is our own change.

Erudite Charlatan

He convinces you
that he can cure
heartache.

It is a cold rainy
February evening.
Spirits are low.

The next day
you awake
with baggies of herbs
and regret.

The baggies are
unlabeled.

Two empty wine bottles
on the kitchen table

confirm the need
to recycle.

THE POET SPEAKS:

*The first poem, "That Call" was written as a universal response
to the unexpected call that everyone gets at one time or another.*

*This is the call where someone who is important to you is in the hospital
or worse. Then suddenly the person on the receiving end of the call*

has to uproot their routine. The second poem, "Patterns Of Personal Poaching"

*again, speaks of unexpected change using the extended metaphor of hunting for quail
from the quail's point of view. The third poem, "Erudite Charlatan," is about how when
a person*

*is in despair that they will often reach out to anyone offering hope and there are people
out in the world who prey on these people in various ways.*

*For me, poetry is the only literary genre that is pure. People don't write poetry to make
money and support themselves. Only a very few people in the entire world can eke
out any sort of existence by writing poetry. I believe that poets are people who have
a creative need to show their world in a different way and who can use tenents of poetic
style, form and device to achieve this passion.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: R. Gerry Fabian is a retired English instructor. As a poet and novelist,
he has been publishing his writing since 1972 in various literary magazines.

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He has published three books of his published poems, Parallels,
Coming Out Of The Atlantic and Electronic Forecasts.

In addition, he has published three novels.

They are Getting Lucky (The Story), Memphis Masquerade, and Seventh Sense.

All these books are available both as ebooks and paperbacks at all publishers

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He lives in Doylestown, Pennsylvania.