

Four Poems

By

RC deWinter

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... RC deWinter makes me shiver 'til I splinter. She puts the gitalong in my hitch. Scretch's my itch. In 'deconstructing heaven,' Arcy takes the words right out-of-my-mouth, "stained as we are by the imperfection of the human condition / encased in the flesh that both sustains and limits us." Okay, I couldn't write that, but she does put the whirl back-in-my-mirth. She can put a spin on anything, "if it comforts you to dream of angels / and an old man on a throne have at it . . . we made him in ours . . . " It's really quite profound, if you think about it; well, not me, you. Whoever's whosoever-image we are made in could only have come from our own imaginings. Where does the Faith end and the Begorrah begin, gosh, golly? Now for 'Fool's Errand,' once again she is tapping my fancies, "Sleepless in [d']clutch of sorrow's claws / I got up, dressed for [de]winter." I'll likely get canned for this one. It comes straight from the site: 'Our style is 'HOTS!'—hands off the submissions!' Get this line, "Under the gimlet eye of the sickle moon," make mine a double. And, "on Nepenthe's wharf, where I . . ." come from we call them monkey cups, they're carnivorous, man-eaters. "But the bastard never showed . . . I cursed him in the effluvia / of the disappointed" (Well there's not a lot of perfumes and eau de toilette sold at the wharf, it'd be like taking a short walk in stalk of a tall dwarf. Maybe what she was smelling was something that washed up on shore. I did put a note in a bottle for her once. At last, 'you, in dreams,' "shimmering, / skirting lightly at the edge of orange lily . . . across the canyon of the maw . . . now you speak in shades of every color you'd never / painted . . . careful not to crush those buds / now blooming . . . " I can't go on . . . I just found a peach pit in the bottom of my rolled trousers. Well that's the last time I wear my white flannels to the beach. Read RC, you can almost hear the mermaids sing . . . (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.) HS*

deconstructing heaven

stained as we are by the imperfection of the human condition
encased in the flesh that both sustains and limits us
we cannot imagine the sacred geometry of the universe
but when we become the stardust that lights the blackest nights
every mystery will be revealed in a glory impossible to know
until we are part of it

if it comforts you to dream of angels
and an old man on a throne have at it
but there's no old man who made us in his image
we made him in ours still our indestructible atomic energy
will continue to fuel what we call life
in some new and wondrous form forever

Fool's Errand

Sleepless in the clutch of sorrow's claws
I got up, dressed for winter
and went out to the garage to find a spade.
Knowing the ground was frozen
but needing the almost impossible labor
of breaking it up to tire myself enough
to catch the ferry to Dreamland.

Under the gimlet eye of the sickle moon
I lifted shallow spadefuls of uncooperative earth.
Flinging messy chunks over my shoulder
until I was exhausted and ready to meet the Sandman
on Nepenthe's wharf, where I could bargain
for the temporary sweetness of the impossible.

But the bastard never showed,
though I heard his mocking laughter
echoing in that dark tunnel
like a punishment for my every sin.
I cursed him in the effluvia
of the disappointed and then, kneeling,
drank the dark and bitter water of salvation.

you, in dreams

shimmering,
skirting lightly at the edge of orange lily,
wings roaring like a bomber in the sun,
the jewelled bird sips quickly, then again.

this vision in the span of life is but a second,
maybe three,
but casts its eerie glow of incompleteness down,
across the canyon of the maw.

unfenced

when you first appeared a diplomat concealing
all evidence of your hunger your disappointments
the atrocities of your wars i took you at face value
never expecting more than you were willing to give
we each with fences shielding us from familiar
disappointment shared an intellectual discourse
ignoring everything that touched our hearts
the flowers budding in the field of hope you often spoke
almost angrily challenging everything i in my
innocence my ignorance believed

when you broke it was a bombshell collapsing those
fences into the insignificant dust of the unnecessary
now you speak in shades of every color you'd never
painted flawless strokes born from the surrender of
your heart that gift freeing mine as

revived by the pulse of love we dance smiling
unafraid in that green field to music only we can hear
learning new steps careful not to crush those buds
now blooming in the late sun of unspoken dreams

THE POET SPEAKS: *RC deWinter makes me shiver 'til I splinter. She puts the gitalong in my hitch. Scretch's my itch. In 'deconstructing heaven,' Arcy takes the words right out-of-my-mouth, "stained as we are by the imperfection of the human condition / encased in the flesh that both sustains and limits us." Okay, I couldn't write that, but she does put the whirl back-in-my-mirth. She can put a spin on anything, "if it comforts you to dream of angels / and an old man on a throne have at it . . . we made him in ours . . ." It's really quite profound, if you think about it; well, not me, you. Whoever's whosoever-image we are made in could only have come from our own imaginings. Where does the Faith end and the Begorrah begin, gosh, golly? Now for 'Fool's Errand,' once again she is tapping my fancies, "Sleepless in [d']clutch of sorrow's claws / I got up, dressed for [de]winter." I'll likely get canned for this one. It comes straight from the site: 'Our style is 'HOTS!'—hands off the submissions!' Get this line, "Under the gimlet eye of the sickle moon," make mine a double. And, "on Nepenthe's wharf, where I . . ." come from we call them monkey cups, they're carnivorous, man-eaters. "But the bastard never showed . . . I cursed him in the effluvia / of the disappointed" (Well there's not a lot of perfumes and eau de toilette sold at the wharf, it'd be like taking a short walk in stalk of a tall dwarf. Maybe what she was smelling was something that washed up on shore. I did put a note in a bottle for her once. At last, 'you, in dreams,' "shimmering, / skirting lightly at the edge of orange lily . . . across the canyon of the maw . . . now you speak in shades of every color you'd never / painted . . . careful not to crush those buds / now blooming . . ." I can't go on . . . I just found a peach pit in the bottom of my rolled trousers. Well that's the last time I wear my white flannels to the beach. Read RC, you can almost hear the mermaids sing . . .*

AUTHOR BIO: RC deWinter's poetry is widely anthologized, notably in *"New York City Haiku"* (NY Times, 2/2017), *"easing the edges: a collection of everyday miracles"* (Patrick Heath Public Library of Boerne, 11/2021) *"The Connecticut Shakespeare Festival Anthology"* (River Bend Bookshop Press, 12/2021) in print: *2River*, *Event*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, *the minnesota review*, *Night Picnic Journal*, *Plainsongs*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Southword*, *The Ogham Stone*, *Twelve Mile Review*, *York Literary Review* among many others and appears in numerous online literary journals.