



LOVE'S FULCRUM + 2

By

Gerry Fabian

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

What if you, too, were to have your heart highjacked by R. Gerry Fabian's hijinks? He's like unearthing buried treasure in err...while digging fenceposts. 'Object Trouvé' may be one of the most endearing piece of poetry I have ever read in my tenure here. It has atmosphere, rhythm, wit and derision and just a hint of contempt and suspicion; and to be honest, I don't even know what "yellow ylang ylang" is. 'Love's Fulcrum' follows next in this trilogy of his, where "a kiss...is confirmation of...unbalanced chaos." and "...to initiate / what's beyond." (context omitted in the interest of clarity). 'Having Earned My Chops' is a delightful retort...more for those who tend to hear rather than declare the words "'or else'"...(Spacing is poet's own.)

Five Stars

Object Trouvé

I watch you discard your broken heart
by the guard rail of the small town
circus Ferris wheel on a muggy July evening.
Stealthily, I pick up the heart
using extra brown napkins
I obtained from the hot dog stand.

Taking it home with me,
I spend the next several days
in repairs and cleaning.
For the aorta, I use
small dabs of baby oil;
for the right atrium,
I pour a warm solution
of yellow ylang ylang.
Just enough for it to
reach the right ventricle.
For the left atrium,
I slowly mist
a sandalwood essence
I used diluted ginger
on a Q-tip
to cleanse all the valves.

When I am finished,
I place it in a vase
near an open window
and wait for you
to come looking for it.,

Love's Fulcrum

is always a kiss.
It is confirmation
of what was
unbalanced chaos.
Expanding in stages,
it begins coy and wobbly.
Often, it goes no further.
In its second stage,
a leverage force
tilts and wavers.
Lips turn and twist,
so breathing
has nostril implications.
When reaching
ultimate capacity,
it combines
with pulsing pheromones
to initiate
what's beyond.

Having Earned My Chops

don't come to me
with 'or else' demands.
I started with kickback bosses
and inflated contractor's costs.
I slogged my way
through false overtime,
guaranteed governmental greed
and broken union dues work stoppages.

You walk off and I have
sixteen qualified guys
waiting like bears in a salmon stream.
And, if truth be told,
your skills ain't all that.

THE POET SPEAKS:

The poem, “Object Trouvé” offers the idea that when all seems lost, there may be somebody who cares enough to salvage the loss and slowly clean up the mess and leave it where it can be found by the one who saw no hope. I used the extended metaphor of a heart as a symbol for love but this is not necessarily a poem about romantic love.

“Love’s Fulcrum” details three stages of romance. Using an extended metaphor of a kiss, it shows that the kiss can carry different meanings. The stages may have an ending or continue to build. In each stage, the intensity may determine the outcome.

The poem, “Having Earned My Chops” is told from the point of view of a tough foreman type who seen it all in his time and is not going to give in to demands. This can be viewed on several different levels as we all have been in the foreman’s place at some time in our lives. Whether it is on an actual job site or within the scope of family and friends, there comes a point where someone has to call the bluff.

The beauty of poetry is that it can express several levels of an idea using poetic devices which allow the reader to insert their own experiences into the interpretation.

AUTHOR BIO: R. Gerry Fabian is a published poet and novelist. He has published five books of poetry. *Parallels*, **Coming Out Of The Atlantic**, **Electronic Forecasts**, **Wildflower Women** as well as his poetry baseball book, **Ball On The Mound**. In addition, he has published four novels: **Getting Lucky (The Story)**, **Memphis Masquerade**, **Seventh Sense** and **Ghost Girl**. His web page is <https://rgerryfabian.wordpress.com>
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