

# 5 (Five) Poems

By JoAnn LoVerde-Dropp

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes... LoVerde-Dropp has a razor-sharp wit, and she has been kind enough to cut us in. 'Day Job' is hilarious, I can't find a single word I wouldn't highlight. In 'The Guest' the line "How we prepare for the visit / tells who's coming," is such a resonating statement I felt obliged to research it, and concluded it could only be her own. Her works are each a delight, but feast your eyes on this last verse: "Mostly, I keep quiet – / always changing my mind / about how far back in time / I would go if I could. // It's a little further back each time." (Spacing is poet's own.) HS*

## Day Job

On the days I don't get much done  
it's because I'm thinking  
of the life I lead  
in a parallel universe.

Not so much  
about how sad I'll be  
to lose that long-term temp position  
at the Museum of Light Dimmers  
when Lupe returns  
from maternity leave

but whether or not it takes place  
in the future and I just have to  
wait this life out  
or if it's already happening  
and I'm missing it.

## Driving Home from the Bars

My desire remains contained  
within a wave of heat rising  
from a ribbon of pavement  
as I stare into the convex  
warp of the windshield,  
my hand already reaching  
for yours.

## The Guest

### *For Rivers*

How we prepare for the visit  
tells who's coming.

Have faith that the guest will appear!  
Cook whatever it is you make best  
again and again while conjuring

the scene of the two of you:  
Erato's granddaughter  
mouthing silently as a ghost  
asking for the embrace – you  
straining politely to make out her words.

## The Walking Path

Let's say that the connection we have  
with one another is the same tug  
that pulls faces from tree trunks

and let's suppose  
while among strangers  
the barely lit dust particles  
floating in between us  
suddenly reveal themselves as longing.

## Time Travel

I know all of the names of good fortune  
and come close to whispering *the way*  
into the ear  
of a passing stranger or  
anyone who cannot find me  
if I happen to be wrong.

Mostly, I keep quiet –  
always changing my mind  
about how far back in time  
I would go if I could.

It's a little further back each time.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I grew up known for one thing and one thing only – daydreaming. I kid you not, my second grade desk and I alternated between the hallway and a 3-sided refrigerator box because I daydreamed all day long. And yes, I wrote a poem about it.*

*Poetry is a pretty safe bet compared to incoming volleyballs, loosely tethered inner tubes, and uniform tagging machines. The poems, “Day Job,” “The Guest,” “The Walking Path,” and “Time Travel” are testaments to the alternate universe in which I exist and prefer.*

*I was delighted to find “Driving Home from the Bars” accepted. This homage to being drunk and horny for my husband easily rivals latching onto an extended metaphor while in heady communion with the Divine.*

*My early influences are the poets whose sinkers strain the float. They take the image in unexpected directions through the murk. It's why I love the study of poetry as much as poetry itself. Better take a flashlight.*

*I don't see my voice reflected in hardly any of the modern or contemporary poetry I love, but it's important for me to find them and read their work; they teach me so much about the world from which I hide. I take them off the shelf and call them friend.*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** "JoAnn LoVerde-Dropp lives and writes outside of Atlanta, Georgia and holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Spalding University. Her publications include poetry in *Bigger Than They Appear: Anthology of Very Short Poems* and *Gargoyle Magazine* in addition to flash fiction in *The Absurdist*."