

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*."