

To a farmer and other poems...

By Brian Stoll

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: Stoll is a burgeoning burning light keeping us fresh. 'To a farmer' "Dirt decorates your Levi's gnats worship your sweat" 'BMW Coup' "A woman brandishing the title of wife / without any of the substance." 'She' is equally delightful. 'To you' "I miss kissing / the connection of lips / the sweet fluttering of the eye / the stir in heart and head." Doesn't it make you feel quite extraordinary? (Spacing and font size are poet's own.) HS*

To a farmer

You till the fields with a green mechanical beast

from dawn till dusk.

Dirt decorates your Levi's gnats worship your sweat

you raise your crops as your children proudly

giving them to a world that undervalues them and you.

Day to day month to month season to season

until your back is hunched skin like leather

remaining prideful deservingly so in humbled silence.

BMW Coup

What does it take to have a BMW Coupe?

salt and pepper hair slicked back

a gut filled with excess food and drink

 a mortgage on a house with a stone walkway

and two car garage.

A life waiting for weekend after weekend

to tend a few acres of grass to scorch meat on a shiny aluminum grill.

A woman brandishing the title of wife

without any of the substance.

Bills to pay kids to pay for a dog tolerated

until its' spirit finally becomes that of a carpet.

 Waiting for the next day and the day after

to follow the same routine:

push to start the BMW peck the woman with title of wife

 pretend you are happy with it all.

She

had a little Buddha on her coffee table

I don't think she was religious.

Two small dogs

sickeningly cute little things.

Waiting for a love story sex becomes a favor.

Sweatpants and memories from four years ago

she was thinner then.

Yoga recipe results always green

a pyramid scheme motto written on a brick wall painted white.

I would still fuck her

swiping right to the next story.

To you

I miss kissing

the connection of lips

the sweet fluttering of the eye

the stir in heart and head.

Saplings intertwined in continuum against time

growing into one.

Clasping our hands together for the Eucharist our intimacy brings.

Beginning and ending lighting connects

the sky and earth in a flash

our embrace over in a moment.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Usually when I write I write from the hip. I have some emotion or thought in my head that I need to get down on paper. It can be inspired by anything from a horrible break up to a car passing by on the street. Sometimes those emotions or thoughts just hit me and in turn spurs the poems I write. I use poetry as a cathartic experience to help decipher the tangled mess that is my own*

mind. A way to express my emotions and thoughts, or else keep them bottled up inside and be consumed by them. The poems before you are exactly that, an extension of my thoughts and emotions. With these poems in particular I was experimenting with the use of enjambment and line breaks. Poetry like I said is cathartic for me without it I would be lost in a dark place inside my own head. Poetry allows me to say what I need to say no matter how small. It may not be important or moving to some but to me it means to be heard. In contrast when I read poetry I'm not usually reading for any type of cathartic release or to be moved, if it happens it happens and I relish the feeling, but usually I read poetry to write better poems myself. Analyze the poem and decipher what the poet is trying to say and how the poet is using this particular poem to say it.

AUTHOR'S BIO: My name is Brian Stoll a recent Towson University graduate wanting simply to share everything that I am, no matter how small, in poetry form. I am just starting my journey in the pursuit of publication with the first publication of my work to be displayed in the November issue of the Scarlet Leaf Review