

those yellow leaves and other poems...

By Emalisa Rose

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes... Emalisa Rose has been everywhere from Calgary to Delaware. "shed of my second skins, i / was dressed up in daffodils" She is short, as in not long, and sweet. " we are songs on the / lips of this summertime / daydream" What a lovely line. "..lush words and / plush words blueberry / slush words" Delicious...(Spacing and font size are poet's own.) HS

1. those yellow leaves

i counted five then
looked away..this
tic of time as Summer
simmers on the front
line, its jaundiced leaves
softly falling, winking with
an Autumn dream.

2. caught in the leaf limbo

on the ninth of November
your leaves became lyricists
vining in violet..cliff diving in
Calgary, double dutching in
Delaware..caught up in the
interlude, i collapsed at the
overpass..laying down in the
conifers..i slumbered in Sicily
waking up in a summer song
shed of my second skins, i
was dressed up in daffodils.

3. to write poems with you

waves rise the flatline
of water..sandpipers
gather the night chorus

we are songs on the
lips of this summertime
daydream

ii.
and i want to write poems
with you..lush words and
plush words blueberry
slush words

to lay in these sand sheets
forever..to dance by the
ocean's concerto.

4. pop art and poetry

here..where the paisley
triangulars intertwine with
with the last of the hyacinths
where petals recline on the
miles of the greenery..we
lay in this mattress of pop art,
red wine and the arms of our
poetry..what else do we need?

THE POET SPEAKS: *Growing up by a beach town provided much of the inspiration for my art. I lived in a housing project development during the 1970's in a very diverse neighborhood. I had a great group of friends, many of whom were artists..i.e. painters, poets, macramé crafters..The artists brushed murals on brick apartment buildings with colors that had names, making the poet in me fall in love with...cerulean..scarlet..chartreuse etc. It was a beautiful psychedelic time coming of age and creating along the way. This joy swirls inside me many years later, along with some early influences..i.e..the Beat poets, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Pablo Neruda, Sylvia Plath, e e cummings. I am humbled to be a poet in progress and to have my work appear on the page, hoping it reaches someone, somewhere. Many blessings, Emalisa Rose*

AUTHOR'S BIO: Emalisa Rose is a poet, crafts artist, animal rescue volunteer. She lives by a beach town which provides much of the inspiration for her art. Her work has appeared in *Poettree Zine*, *Parrot Poetry*, *Echo22*.