



AIR BORN + ONE

By

Stephanie V. Sears

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

Stephanie V. Sears' 'Mistakes' is Fleas' good fortune. Her ballet-like balladry is so seamless, it is difficult to single out lines. "Horizon extends a hand / gifting the ghostly redoubts / of cloud blots." "The stag hangs antlers on the sunset. / Macaws fly by as scarves." In 'Air Born' she continues to dance off the page. "The vista vastly ascends / to greet you with / a banquet of silence." "Dabbling in deprivation / now that you approach / that weightless quiet." "Plucking at blueberry patches / you peel off incarnation / and rise to the stars." Just try to stop me. I'm not sure I've even captured the best of her...Sears is simply stellar. (Spacing poet's own.)

Five Stars

Mistakes

Horizon extends a hand
gifting the ghostly redoubts
of cloud blots.

Spirit draws symbols
across the permissive sky.
Flat yonder levels with reason.
At night stars absolve all
in a covenant with instinct.

The red scratch of the Trans-Pantanal
was engineered to capture immensity.
Animalia mistakes the soft highway
for a lounge. Tenderness clings
to harshness as they wallow.
At times they stumble onto
the road's fatal prophecy.

The stag hangs antlers on the sunset.
Macaws fly by as scarves.
A dead anteater hides
behind his plumed tail.
Aqueous and frozen, a caiman
aims a citrine eye
at the careless old fellow
curled in slumber, or moribund,
beside his sole friend,
an arthritic bicycle.
Drafted into nature's poem,
he has out-run loneliness,
erased his human algorithm.
Leaving but a black seed
sunk in the red clay
by the maw of irrelevance.

Emotion's calculus intervenes.
Two women stop their car.
From nowhere they summon
a man and his son. And

torn from sleep's shell,
assaulted by compassion,
old *Pantanero* is set back
on solitude's long straight road.

Air Born

Chopin can no longer be heard.
A lacing of fjord castled
with icebergs blue with cold,
drifting to their capsizes
past crags scaffolded with fog.

The vista vastly ascends
to greet you with
a banquet of silence.

You nest in lichen with fox,
raptor's gold.
Dabbling in deprivation
now that you approach
that weightless quiet.

These outlands took off
with your senses,
saving you from want.

Boulders glisten as granite thaws,
mirrored by a run-off's tune.
Plucking at blueberry patches
you peel off incarnation
and rise to the stars.

You may look down now
at the coddled landmarks
of picketed cottages
trying out curtseys
around the harbor.

The Qajaq lager you drank
just four hours ago
ambered you into memory.

THE POET SPEAKS: *'Mistakes' was a compulsive reaction to my trip along the Trans-Pantanal. The linear vastness of this red dirt road, mostly empty of traffic so that animals use it to sun themselves or to cross, makes one see, in existential clarity, the meeting of sky and earth and the loneliness of conscious man. An old black man was lying by the road beside his bike, as if dead. One could feel his relief of giving up a tired body to nature, blending back into oblivion. Yet we forced him to wake up to comfort ourselves that he was not dead.*

'Air Born' began to take shape in situ, above Qaqortoq in southern Greenland. The words dictated directly by the fresh, lichen-scented air, by the mountains and iceberg'd fjords below, from which humanity seemed permanently absent. Then took place a sensation of weightlessness and evaporation of one's self into this landscape, of becoming a spirit of some sort. Turning in another direction, a view of the small dainty town of Qaqortoq far below made the author suddenly recall the memory of herself.

Poetry is, to the author, the ultimate language of freedom and as such, of profound esoteric value. All at once evocation and invocation, macro and microscopic in its observation, preferably combining the two: a key to the mysteries of our existence.

Poets of great impact on the author: Eugenio Montale, Tomas Tranströmer, Raul Deustua (Peru), Nicanor Parra (Chile), Wallace Stevens, J.L. Borges... to name only a few. One could add the old faithfuls: Rimbaud, Byron, Shakespeare, Mallarme....

AUTHOR BIO: Stephanie V Sears is a French and American ethnologist (Doctorate EHESS, Paris 1993), free-lance journalist, essayist and poet whose poetry recently appeared in The Deronda Review, The Comstock Review, The Mystic Blue Review, The Big Windows Review, Indefinite Space, The Plum Tree Tavern, Literary Yard, Clementine Unbound, Anti Heroine Chic, DASH, The Dawn Treader, Dodging the Rain, Amethyst Review, The Non-Conformist Magazine, SORTES, Short-listed in 2009 for a Pushcart Prize. Her first book of poetry: 'The Strange Travels of Svinhilde Wilson' was published by Adelaide Book in 2020. Her second book of poetry 'Anaho' published by Arteidolia Press, is pending.