

S (ix) poems **ms** 6 (!) six poems

six poems 6 (poems) **six...**

By Kate Clemm (!)

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

'Never has there ever been a bottle of wine not served just in time.' Ms. Clemm somehow reminded me of this ol', golden-rule rhyme. She's Sublime. Kate's bio read: 'Just started writing within the last six months, and am as yet an unpublished writer' ...Where ARE you people? And WHY are you HIDING from US? It's a Stupendous stew of pensive broth and sustenance; sideways thinking, lateral thought my favorite herbs and spic...and she is twice-thrice so romantically motivated in here readymade recipes: "Leaving me just enough time to introduce myself / And ask for the next dance." "The whiskey poured is top shelf /Single malt... I take a sip and talk a little louder." Guaranteed to lift the spirits of the loneliest of hearts, with headspace to spare; what she has to share will keep you in a deepest depth of gratitude—our greatest grace—don't you think so? "Solitude, the sea, and [we]..." (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)

Actor on the Beach

Solitude, the sea, and me

Make for a companionable trio.

Solitude feeds me like the sun activates chlorophyll,

The sea provides the music to dance by.

I am the actor here.

Joining us, the salty breeze spurs me on

I dance and speak my lines.

Solitude graciously tolerates my voice,

The sea drowns it out;

I choose to waltz with the starfish

That the sea spits out and jealously sucks back in

Leaving me just enough time to introduce myself

And ask for the next dance.

My Late Uncle's Garden

As I stroll through the garden

I look up at the trees

Their branches crossing

Like a vaulted cathedral.

The gazebo needs a coat of paint.

The fishpond a desert of algae,

Monkey grass whispers along its edge in the breeze

Of many happy hours spent in companionship

Champagne in hand.

The pansies a deep purple memory

Peonies a pink flamboyance in my mind's eye.

There's no one to tend or worship now

The years of loving care and attention

Have run out.

The lone magnolia has lost its bloom

And I will leave the garden one last time

With memories locked safely away

A gift from my uncle.

Musings at Sea

Alone and the sea is calm
I stand my watch from astern
As the screws turn
And the ship leaves its wake,
I can see the sky's plentitude of stars
Where city lights cannot bleach them out.
Orion's belt, Andromeda, the Dippers, Big and Little
Are all there for the eye to behold
Just as for Ptolemy
And the Chinese sailors of yore with their compasses.
In another age,
Sextant in hand,
Nautical Almanac conveniently open
The mate could pinpoint with an X to mark the spot.
Ha! Satellites with their busy signals
The ancient Art supplanted
By Sputnik and
A man on the moon.

In the Night

Stardust clouds my vision
Nightrtime closes in
Even in revision
It knows the place I've been
In blindness I'm careening
Like a boat without a sail
It steals all the meaning
From the whiteness of the whale
An object of obsession
A door completely closed
Denied overt possession
The night will stand opposed
Where it all will take me?
A mystery, like the weather
But all the things it cannot be
Will tie me with its tether
Oh, the soundless night
Longing for the morning bright
Habituate the daily plight
The blind, the deaf, the endless fight.

In My Glass

The ice tinkles in my glass

(I'm not such a purist)

The whiskey poured is top shelf

Single malt

A bit of the Hebrides in my glass

I take a sip and talk a little louder.

Some savor, I toss back

The whiskey in my glass.

Hime (Japanese Princess)

Silence and obedience

Mark the lady of high birth

Blackened teeth

Her badge of refined womanhood

Skin pale beneath the moonlight

She awaits her betrothed

In tremulous anticipation

Silk rustles with every movement

Cranes fly overhead

'A good omen' her mother says

The Princess lowers her eyes in deference

A good match

The Daimyo approves.

THE POET SPEAKS... *Nature, the ultimate muse, is most inspiring to me. I love to hike and wander in the woods, or in public and private gardens; I went to a maritime college and love to be at the ocean or on the water. The art of guiding a ship holds a deep fascination for me. Stylistically, I always return to the 19th century Romantic poets for inspiration. Many of them loved Nature too and wrote of bird song, the stars, trees, and bodies of water as well. Reading and writing poetry gives me great pleasure. I find poetic imagery a beautiful form of expression. It can be playful; I like the economy of language possible in a poem, the pleasure of the rhythm, the internal logic holding together a sort of Impressionist painting with words.*

AUTHOR BIO: Originally from New York City, currently live in North Carolina. Just started writing within the last six months, and am as yet an unpublished writer of short story fiction, flash fiction, and poetry.