September 2018

Silencer, Green Apples, October Sunset, Last Day, Birds and Trees

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Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol34/iss1/28

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Tempted by gravity, 
an apple tree limb 
bow low, weighted 
by green fruit only 
a bit of blush, 
too tart for me, 
green apples a taste 
I outgrew long 
ago, when a bite 
was a dare, and 
bellies ached late 
at night, when moons 
hung heavy and sweat 
was more than salt 
that stung wide open 
eyes that looked for more.
Last Day

Gray hair and bald
pates clash with office
tire, suits passe,
now a casual
mix of khakis
and jeans. Words stutter
on jowls and eyes lose
focus from crows
feet. Keep you face
stoic although cheeks
sag. Nothing lasts
forever. After all
the cake is devoured,
pack your box
and go gently
into the parking lot.
No one watches
from a wall of windows
at your back.
October Sunset

A purple horizon
abandoned by sun
tempts too far
a walk through dried
pastures, brittle
stems crunched by
my rubber soles
and dog’s fleshy pads.
We both seek something
in shadows that grow
from naked trees,
find only a clear
path back home
toward windows
that reflect a distant
purple horizon.
Guineas and hens are quieter today, with the red rooster gone. He was such a cock, drew blood, a crippler, a loud crower who awakened the dead. They part for me when I enter, eye me, witnesses to my dread act, he who removed their tormenter, stay just beyond my reach, my power to silence, to disappear.
If you believe, birds
speak from trees. Unaware,
we hear trees sing
sweetly, calling an audience,
a feathered following
gathered in shadows.
Before leaves burst,
birds erupt from limbs
and gnarled fingertips,
fully formed in flight,
learning their voice
to practice in spring
and sprout their own
to fill the tips of wings.