

Poetry Makes Something Happen

I think, this time the words. This moment
I am ready. But the Indians swarm. Braddock
confuses me. Keats. The teeming ball-point.
The arrows. A problem not so much of mathematics
as of judgement. The rare insight that pronounces
infinity. Makes something absolute become:
defeat transcending invidious victory.

Down from the hill
all poets ascend, I descended. Brought
the night I found there. And day. A parcel
of light tied with snakes. Thirteen blackbirds
in a bag. And the melon of a mouth tasted
when I was young. Happening now with clarity.

-- Ralph L. Kinsey

Navarre, Ohio

In communicative effort we
began
with some crazy painter and his
pointalism style

and turned to why you were putting
egg cartons on your basement ceiling

Then you explained that it wasn't your idea
so we turned to Scotch and you-name-it
for enjoyment

funny that the Scotch wasn't yours either

That's when everything started disagreeing
with me and I lost the Scotch all over
a stack of egg cartons on the basement floor.

-- Sherry Hutchinson

LaGrande, Oregon