

Call It What You Will

By Nyasha Warner

Outside in the deck chair sometimes I think,
so what? and the so whatness is what is there,
but other times the crucial kindness of June rolls around
with its pluck of green and streamers of light
and the tops of the trees all a-simmer with the small talk
of reality, the way the wind is blowing and how it goes,
and then I get that the origin of the seasons is not worth questioning,
that it's better to listen to the hum of the crickets,
(all in time and singular together),
to take what roots and blooms into the metronome of your heart.
It makes the crickets tall. It makes you small,
enough to fit into the lap of luck or faith or call it what you will.

Saturday Night Prayers

Sometimes the living room gets holy.
When my daughter and son prostrate themselves
before the alter of some game on TV
and the fridge hums a background blessing
and I kneel curled in the fat cushions of the couch
listening to the short prayers of love traded back and forth
about who farted and how the goalie did and
what the supper options are.
Outside the stars are icing in a chocolate night sky,
the same sweetness, really, we feel inside.

Gone Is My Childhood

It's in hibernation.
It's beyond the epoch of nine to five.

It's the trace of a memory behind me.
It walked into the therapist's office.
It became a story I made up.
It's in the taste of bubble gum and marmite toast.
It's a song the words fell out of.
It's a wish I can't let go.
It hiked the mountains of my youth and disappeared.
It's in the bones of my daughter and dreams of my son.
It's playing hide and seek.
It's whispering my name.
It's writing this poem.
It's at the end of the road, just there, waiting for me to catch up.

Nice Work

I want to be an itinerant of the weather and I guess I am.
It's an easy job when I'm granted one wish
and make it the leafy fringe of summer,
here where the sun has an unending crush on us
and the feeling is mutual,
where the lawns have lawn sales of flowers
and the sky carries time as if it weighed nothing at all.
The ligaments of the afternoons stretch on and on
and after all the on and on-ing,
the days begin to come untied at the edges
and the trees, not yet walls in somebody's house,
become listeners to the stars.
Nice work if you can get it, and we can.