



Butler University
Digital Commons @ Butler University

Graduate Scholarship and Professional Work

Graduate Scholarship

Summer 2021

Collected Poems: Summer 2021

Sara Anne Hook

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/oa_grscholarship



Part of the [English Language and Literature Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Collected Poems: Summer 2021

Sara Anne Hook

Rebellion

Little suit jackets
with lapel pins
gone.
Skirts
donated.
Fake pearl necklace
tossed in the trash.
4-to-a-pack pantyhose
unopened.
I've worn them only once this year!
Ubiquitous briefcase
sits in the upstairs closet
with the Christmas decorations.
Dress shoes
lonely in their compartments.

Tiny bit of makeup.
Haircut from Big League Barbers
Ask Gail for the Number 4.
Legs shaved?
Not likely.
Wearing a bra?
Too much information!

Give me the shorts
that make my butt look big,
my favorite stretched-out sweaters,
and old white tennis shoes.
Floral-print, free-flowing dresses -
the frumpier the better.

Shed the trappings
of my so-called success
Not that I don't care
but it no longer matters.

Did it ever...

When Assisi Smiles

St. Francis stands
Silent and stoic
Bird on one arm,
cross clutched in the other.
Spider webs surround him
Fragile yet strong
Filet crochet or tatted lace
more delicate and beautiful
than what the best crafters can produce.
I refuse to brush the webs away
and destroy the spider's hard-wrought handiwork.
St. Francis would be pleased.

*St. Francis of Assisi – patron saint of animals

What's Important

My husband
gave me
the best
gift
when he
said,
*You know
more about
football
than most men do.*

Traveler's Lament: A Haiku

Flying would be great
if there weren't other people
sharing my cocoon!

*Inspired by and based on Stephanie Harper's *Claustrophobia*.

The Most Difficult Colors

Green is one of the most difficult colors -
whether in colored pencil, watercolor or pastel.

A pre-mixed palate's greens are garish and unnatural,
greens in nature range from

light to dark

spirited or subdued

lusciously layered or delicately understated.

Compelling greens are a mixture of yellow, blue and red –
a composite of different colors,
influenced by light, UV rays and perception.

Shadows are not dark –
but are a variety of colors
complementary to the object and its surroundings.

Trunks of trees are not black.

Realistic grays come from combining many colors.

A basic set of 12 colored pencils, watercolors or pastels
can make many colors
hues, tints, tones and shades.

Black is the least used color in a set.

Except for white -

which can diminish the freshness,
transparency and vibrancy of color.

My skin is not white, but is pink with blue undertones.

My friend's skin is brown, but with peach highlights.

Scientifically, there is no such thing as magenta.

We think we see it anyway.

Encounters

I visited her often, to watch her glide effortlessly in the pool.
Meet her? Of course, I'd love to!
I hurried over on a cold and snowy February day.
In my best coat, long, charcoal grey.

She came towards the gate when she saw me
Welcomed me with a wave and then blew me a kiss.
The gate opened and she came near, her large, mournful eyes met mine, tender, trusting.
She rested her head on my coat – and felt the cloth with her spiked whiskers like plastic straws.

From her bulbous lips, she greedily accepted the silvery fish that I offered.
From a steel bucket filled with lunch for her and her friends.
Before I left, she allowed me to stroke her ample back, wrinkled and ribbed.
Then she lumbered away to meet the others at the pool.

Paddling down the lake in my kayak
I noticed a large dragonfly floating helplessly in the waves.
Her body was shapely, slim and black,
Wings like blackwork embroidery, a stunning pattern of delicate stitching.

I carefully scooped her into the bottom of my kayak
Hoped that her wings would dry and were not damaged.
We sat together that evening, as she rested on the arm of my chair
I watched the changes in the lake and the sky.

The next morning, I wanted her to be gone, flying free.
But ants were already busy around her carcass.
This magnificent creature deserved a more dignified ending.
I carried her into the woods, to be embraced by ferns and wildflowers.

My father claimed that as he was being wheeled on a gurney for surgery,
Another gurney crossed his path, carrying a pig.
The more he insisted, the more everyone laughed.
But I did not laugh.

Instead, I said a prayer of thanks for that pig.
Whose life gave my father new life.
No one knows what happens in the great beyond.
As souls transition to other worlds, they meet and then continue on their separate journeys.

How beautiful to think that this could happen.
In that mysterious moment of transition, all creatures become one.