

Four Poems

Tori Kensington

I Stole Francis Picabia's Brain and Used It for a Paperweight

They told me there was art and I would grow.
They told me about art in the world and.
How it was supposed to be nature.
Or at least nature perfected some way.
They told me how my soul might find "it," what
ever "it" is supposed to be. I have
Found the "it" alright. But not in art.

Free Morning

The love that love's labors leave dry
And sterile as a stone,
Can ever be as fruitful and free
As our parent's own.

This love that earns all men's contempt
And likewise all their lust,
Has been; will be; its ubiquity
Is as common as the dust.

That love sighs of an ancient song
Some say as old as sin,
But no bell of hell can so loudly knell
As that of the unsung din

Of those that feel the mighty song
And keep fast closed their heart,
For their desire shall be their pyre
And burning shall be their part.

These loves that earn all men's contempt
And likewise all their scorn,
Has been; will be for eternity
As free as each new morn.

A Poem

She stands sturdy
with the rod of her office,
seeing nothing
anymore:
With the authority of a bailiff,
the children
as her youth
behind her.

Her hands,
brown, cracked, old,
like a basketball
that was used in a winning game of a high school sectional in 1937
now encased in the dark end of a hallway,
seldom seen,
among the bright loving cups and plaques
and photographs,
are there every day
nonetheless.

She is without a victory score,
painted and faded,
only the dust and dryness remains.
Brown and aged,
she is surrounded by bright and gleaming youth,
rushing by —
unfrozen trophies
for running and jumping.

And she, stopped
and stopping,
animates;
and makes youth younger.

French-kissing Oppenheimer

Pink and white flowers,
in water
in a brilliant white
vitreous china bowl,
must ignore the chain
and its reaction.