

Poems

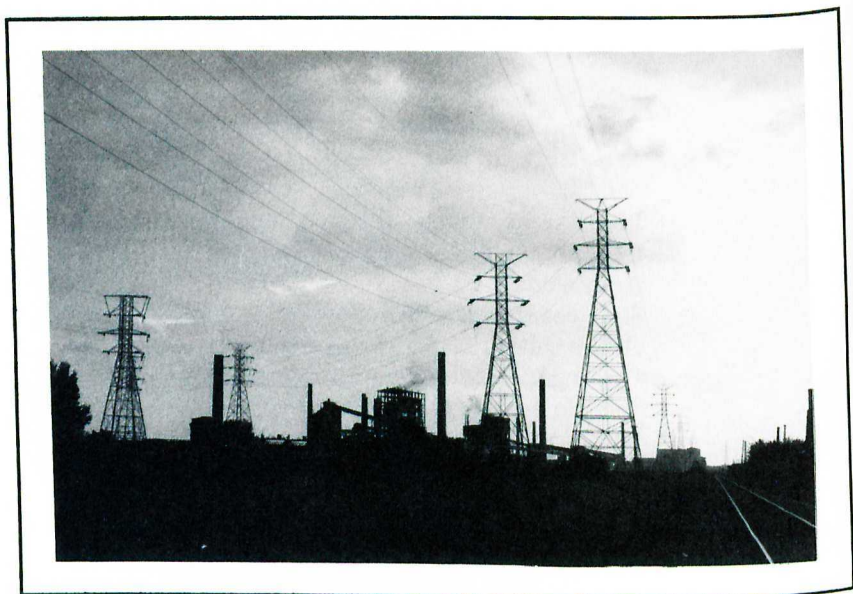
Glenn Michaels

Prescription glasses (for Mildred)

We both sit on the porch
Wedged into the thick heat
(but I wouldn't say we sit on the same porch)
I see in the lenses themselves
Thousands of faint scratches
Like in the gentle curves
Of an hour glass
Beyond the lenses I see
(where I expect eyes)
Two points of intense heat
Geometric and flat
Energy
(I wonder is it just refraction?)
And we both look out
Across a road
I see the jutting architecture
Bustling people, jerking cars
She sees the drooping willows
And sighing she bends
To join them crying
As she walks with her husband
(where her legs will never again take her)
In nineteen and twenty-six

Turning to the wind
We glance up that road

I see the irritating yellow
Of a double line, running
And become restless
She sees the waning yellow
Of the setting sun
Turning to me, looking through her glasses
She can see my tears
As I can see hers
And I am glad that her lenses are two way
And that she is too old for sunglasses



Eruption

Sweltering ground
Bursts
Splattering sticky hotness
On bare flesh
Of sleeping stones.
Distant rumblings
Muffle pain-filled cries,
Until drowned
In molten sorrow.

Ebb

Salty broth

Turning, churning

Tossing spray.

Throbbing sea

Oozing over

Silver sand,

Leaving

Specks of froth

Stranded.

Wasted time

The sound of stone
Scraping stone
As the cinder block hands
of a time worn
Clock
Grind across
Its withered face
Counting
the seconds
of a wasted
Day

Visiting Father

The eager flame
Twisting, leaping
Writhes like wonder
In sister's bright hard eyes.
The jack o'lantern
shakes with laughter
In her tiny hands.
How she gasps
With each silvery ring
Of shiny spade
Dancing in dirt, oh wicked blade.
Her shallow breath
Mixes with the pitter
Of rustling shower of sand.
I hear her heartbeat
Match the knocking
Of my shovel on his rotting door.
Creak of door swing
In dim illumination
But we would know our father
Anywhere.
Rickety click of hallowed bones
Swollen stench of strips of flesh
As he warmly winks a corroded coin.
Silent reach of sunken hand
Into our very soul
To clutch the flowers we have brought him
And crumble into dust.