

Editors' Poems

"...another story about living and dying, and that fragile, shivering place in between..."

Joan Strauch Seifert

What a great space He has left us to fill in...

Like twice the heartbeats you feel when your guy comes through
the door,
looks across the room—who will he go to?
Many smiles ago it was you, but now?
Two share his favor now – is it she or you?
And over he walks, grins, offers his hand to neither, but to Dorothy—
a new choice, a new beginning, a new ending? You shiver, fragile.
... a story about living and dying...

Like the jubilant gasp; as the last seconds drop off the clock,
the crowd goes wild. A perfect arc claims the net,
the raucous horn announces victory by two points. The ring!
There's never been a season like this one,
If you live to be a hundred, none like it!
... a story about living and dying...

Like that favorite chocolate cake;
no one goes home hungry from her picnics.
And that night fireflies seem like millions over the meadow.
The elders tell of mayonnaise jars with holes in the lids,
how if you're fast enough, gentle enough,
you catch your own light home,
then free them to find their bright life back again.
... a story about living and dying...

What a great space He has left us to fill in.

The title of this poem is taken from Rick Bragg's book, All Over but the Shoutin'

I Don't Think about You

James R. Adair

Just so you know,
I don't think about you
EVERY minute of the day.

I do think about you as soon as I wake up,
and you're often the last thought on my mind
as I drift off to sleep.

I think about you when I get to work in the morning,
and when it's time for lunch
(whether or not we eat together that day)
and when it's quitting time,
and at other random times throughout the day.

Obviously I think about you
when we're together:
eating, talking, drinking,
shopping, kissing, staring into one another's eyes.
And when we're apart,
I often think about you
and wonder what you're doing,
if you're having fun,
whether you're thinking about me
(and I know you often are!).

But no, I don't think about you EVERY minute of the day,
just pretty much every waking moment,
so that leaves a few hours of sleep every night when
I don't think about you—
unless I'm lucky enough
to meet you in my dreams.

Rivers

Gerard S. Robledo

Her hand now fits securely into mine,
like dried dates: beautiful & dark,

once succulent with life.
A map of rivers slowly moves outward

just under her skin, blue-green tunnels
navigate the rolling brown landscape—

the headwaters pump intermittently. There may still be
time to dam them before they flow out to the cold sea.

Serenade

Carol Coffee Reposa

For my grandparents

I never heard them talk of anything
Except the scarcity of decent help,
Low prices for their cotton, times to pick
Wild plums, perhaps the latest outrage in
The city. Never did they talk about
Transcendence, squabble over Emerson
Or even Shakespeare. I was young, and so
I never listened for their quiet songs,
Their whispers drifting through the transom with
Soft lamplight and a scent of talc, until I groped at
Their bedroom door with some now lost request.
I saw them lying face to face, their spent
Shapes tangled in the sheets. She was smiling,
Almost shy, her hair fanned out around
Her face, one speckled hand closed tight in his,
The scar from her new surgery still bright
Along her neck. His eyes were closed, his head
Thrown back, the grizzled curls still damp, his life
Beyond the reach of grinding steel, of sun
And rumbling cotton trucks, the only sound
The humming of the ceiling fan above
Their heads. I closed the door but still could hear
The lazy ballad of slow moving blades,
Revolving, singing, in the summer night.

From At the Border: Winter Lights (Pecan Grove Press, 1989)