

Lonely Poets Society

I sat in the circle of writers
who meet weekly
in the Minoru Seniors Centre

and I confessed,
I am a poet
and
I am lonely
because

I weave my world
a tapestry of worlds
I want to show you
the pictures afire
in my head (no photos
I can show guests
on a Sunday afternoon):
pictures of red brick
walls, lines etched
in black and white,
purple-green trees
rooted in the earth's
molten heart, the sun
faraway and faded
as if buried in snow,
the broken horizon torn
from a larger canvas,
the bare branches of alders
like cracks in the air

and I asked,
Who will look?
Who can see?

and one man said,
I like poems that rhyme

and one woman said
You punctuate wrong

and more said,
What do you mean?
and only Ken said
nothing

and when I explained
how I published my poems
submission rejection
submission sometimes
acceptance poems sent
like an SOS distress
signal to the world

Ken said,
You're lonely
the way
I was lonely;
all my life
I've been a salesman
knocking on doors;

of course you're lonely.
you're a salespoet

so, look for me, folks,
I am everywhere
I am a salespoet
knocking on your doors
 and windows
ringing on your bells
 and telephones
echoing in your chimneys
 and air vents
with pitches and promises
you can't ignore:
 don't believe me
 try my poems
 they're good
 satisfaction guaranteed
 or you money back

Carl Leggo

My Young Architect of Amazement

no need for foundations
and plans
a two year old can build
 a castle
 in the air of confidence
dreams are the stuff
of cloud capped towers
 each lettered block
 balanced
 just
 so
 a K solidly
 stacked on a U
 a T precarious
 on a Y
 an O placed
 with cavalier care
 on a wobbly M
 (or is that an upside down W)
a double attempt
 topples it
and
 as
 each
 block
 tumbles

the laughter rises
higher and higher
and soon the zigzag
spire
stands anew
oh, my young architect of amazement
you teach me a crazy alphabet
of delight
and make me child enough to hope
that if the world should fall
little hands
could build it up

Rae Crossman





Letter Litter

on long drives
in November rain
people once known
long forgotten
decorate my dreams
trapped inside borders
of snapshots
snapped shut
snapped thoughts
stolen souls
frozen like mastodons
in Siberian ice
with green leaves
in their bellies
millennia old
Sherry Mary Lou
Jed Bonnie Ronnie
Bea Cec Gert Zoe
(I have known
people named
for all the letters
of the alphabet
except x)

but in my sleep
hourly broken
they are dancing

in my nightmares
multicolored
Sesame Street
alphabet letters
with lined faces
taunting me
with words
that could be
struck if only
I could
hail pin nail them
or dressed in black
a marching procession
a funeral
a parade
of letters
in alphabetical order
passing in silence
my corpse
in a coffin

Carl Leggo

Teaching Dance

Them what can, can-can.

Them what can can-can
do.

Them what can't can-can
cant if they can
if they can't cant
they recant.

(Chorus)

William J. Hunter

Dressed to Kill

Busy-work the peasants
with test and retest curves
exposing standard deviates
to keep regal myths alive.

Parading pompous ceremony:
honors for the harmonizers,
passes for the plodders,
hydrants for the dogs who don't.

The young reject tradition
as underdogs still plead.
The planet's going to hell
and we can't find new clothes.

Curricula
Curricula
Curricula
Curriculeeeeeee!

William E. Goding