A selection from "A Ph.D.'s Reverie, Imagined for Professor Francis G. Guittard"

Yet before the apparition could respond,
The Tower Clock began chiming Westminster,
Then gonged ten times, startling Frank awake,
The figure in his dream a memory indelible.

He slowly packed his notebooks, pens, and ink in his case
And walked to the rooming house where he slept.
The concerns of his day were now far away,
In their place a strange peacefulness.

- Charles F. Guittard
House of Poetry Program

Wednesday, March 15, 2017

On the campus of Baylor University, Waco, Texas

All events are in the Armstrong-Browning Library

(Follow the link for directions; enter at the portico of the Cox Entrance Foyer off James Street)

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<td>Registration and Coffee Reception—Cox Reception Hall</td>
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<td>Welcome: Department of English, Baylor University</td>
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<td>Noon-1:00 p.m.:</td>
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Bruce Bond is the author of seventeen books including, most recently, Immanent Distance: Poetry and the Metaphysics of the Near at Hand (U of MI, 2015), For the Lost Cathedral (LSU, 2015), The Other Sky (Etruscan, 2015), Black Anthem (Tampa Review Prize, U of Tampa, 2016), and Gold Bee (Crab Orchard Award, Southern Illinois University Press, 2016). Four of his books are forthcoming: Blackout Starlight: New and Selected Poems 1997-2015 (E. Phillabaum Award, LSU), Sacrum (Four Way Books), Rise and Fall of the Lesser Sun Gods (Elixir Book Prize, Elixir Press), and Dear Reader (Free Verse Editions). Presently he is Regents Professor at University of North Texas. https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poets/detail/bruce-bond
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*The House of Poetry 2017*

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Linda Banks

Beyond Eden

On the 8th day man began
to search for worlds outside his own.
Beyond the garden he could see
where land and sky encircled him.
Toward that horizon he would face
in all directions, wondering...

With sun and stars to guide his way,
he marked a path across the land
until he stood on sandy shore
where sea and sky rolled endlessly
in restless rhythm of his heart
once again, wondering...

When man had charted land and seas,
he lay beneath the canopy of sky
that always covered where he was,
and saw his world surrounded by the view.
Beyond the moon and stars, the sun, the known,
he gazed, wondering...

Previously published in *A Galaxy of Verse*, Fall 1992
Linda Banks

Moon Watcher

In 1969, while astronauts walked on the moon, my toddler took his first faltering steps. My son has fallen several times since then, and so have I.

When Neil Armstrong spoke those memorable words, *one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind*, my son was learning to talk. And I was learning how easy it is to listen, but not to hear—to hear, but not understand.

Looking up at a recent full moon, I thought of Armstrong, so recently gone from this earth, and how he shunned the spotlight. But I wondered if he ever wished he could go back and do it all again.

If I could go back, I would be wiser and stronger, knowing there is a grace that holds us up, helps us take one small step after another, that keeps us grounded wherever we are.

Previously published in *Inkwell Echoes*, 2014
Christine H. Boldt

A Stitched-Together Life

Prairie wife sits sewing, alone, on the sill.
Her *soddie* is scourged by a merciless wind.
There is naught but chaff in the granary bin.
Her man’s gone to town and her children are ill
with a sickness that’s left them sallow, and still.
She regards her stained fingers, their broken skin.
Prairie wife sits sewing, alone, on the sill,
Her *soddie* is scourged by a merciless wind.
But piecing a cover, she’s caught in the thrill
of turkey-red scraps against black, daffodil.
Her back becomes straighter; she lifts up her chin.
Folks may have it drab, but that don’t break their will.
Prairie wife sits sewing, resolved, on the sill.

Previously published in *Encore*, 2016
Christine H. Boldt

**Bacchus in Texas**

Bacchus, *a terracotta* mask,  
grimaces, gape-mouthed  
on the garden wall.  
He's an expatriate under our live oaks,  
although the sun sets as outrageously here  
as it did behind the black cypresses  
and the raw ocher oven  
where he was once fired.

Moss has worked its way into his frown,  
has given a cast to one of his eyes  
and split the curl of his lip.  
The children watch him warily,  
especially when one girl is brave enough  
to tease the daddy-long-legs  
quartered in his throat.  
Then, their pulsing communion disturbed,  
The critters whisker down his chin.

Bacchus and I rarely converse now  
about the old days,  
but, at the Feast of the Assumption,  
*Ferragosto*, we usually remember  
how the heat of a Roman summer  
would explode the cones of the umbrella pines,  
graveling a dusty piazza with *pignoli*.  
And, last year, when a spider webbed  
a monocle over his bad eye,  
I took his picture.

Previously published in *Texas Poetry Calendar*, 2011
Christine H. Boldt

Medusozoa

I floated, bubbled,  
‘mid coral rubble.  
I turned and viewed, afar,  
relaxed, suspended,  
tentacles extended,  
the sea-ward kin of a star.  
With beauty, danger,  
in equal measure,  
its dangling jewels were set.  
By Circe’s daughter!  
In Aegean waters,  
was it good or evil I’d met?  
The fiery colors of a daring heart,  
or the burning eye of the sun?  
Transfixed, I delayed,  
then I swam away,  
but it had already stung.

Susan Maxwell Campbell

Saying Kaddish

My father died alone.
The week before, I said goodbye and sang to him:
Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm has bound the restless wave ... 
O Hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

He used to sing to me, maybe Glenn Miller or Gershwin,
at bedtime in another life shared and lost.
Sometimes he made up stories:
Jimminy Grasshopper who spat tobacco juice
through the gap in his front teeth.
Every night in the dark, he counted slow as a metronome
twenty-three
twenty-four
always announcing first how far, how high he’d count
thirty-seven
thirty-eight
so I would fall asleep.

In the nursing home, Dad
had no pleasures. Couldn’t
read, didn’t eat. He hurt
everywhere.
He burned holes in blankets,
and they rationed his cigarettes.

Magnified and sanctified be God’s great name ...
My father, once a dark haired altar boy in white surplice,
ever missed a step in the priest’s light dance
from sacristy to altar to communion rail. I think of that often.
The celebrant’s hand with the wafer, our eager tongue:
The bread of Life.
How it has no taste of its own, how even crumbs are to be consumed,
the celebrant’s finger tip collecting them on the silver plate
afterward, after us.
... in the world which He created according to his will.
Then the wine, real wine pricking the top of our mouth.
As if it may break, the priest slowly turns
our common cup, wiping the edge with a white linen napkin.
Do this in remembrance of Me.
The purple-red seeps up the threads, undoing the starch,
a permanent stain, and it spreads along the hem.
May the great name of the Holy One be praised to all eternity.

In the nursing home, my father’s face became
a pharaoh’s face, tight skin over high bones,
eye sockets deep like cups.
“Are you my daughter?”
In one of mine, I could take his whole hand
that used to seem so broad.

For the dead, for the war dead, he sang:
_ O Holy Spirit, who did brood_
_ upon the chaos wild and rude ... _
_ O Hear us when we cry to Thee _
_ for those in peril on the sea. _
Into black water—the ship steadying on the black water—
bodies slid, one by one, souls commended to the deep,
men he commanded and lost.

    fifty-nine
    sixty
    sixty-one

_Hallowed and honored,_
_extolled and exalted,_
_adored and acclaimed_
_be the great name of our God._
_though He is above the praises, hymns,_
_and songs of adoration men can utter._

As a Gentile, I do not lay on phylacteries.
Yet my body wears reminders of my earthly father—
the whorl of hair at my nape, the leaning of my teeth,
and I have torn the garments over my heart.
I will not mend the rip though my father’s shroud
turns spider web thin. I say Kaddish for him,
I say it over and over

    eighty-six
    eighty-seven

for him, for myself. For us all.
_May He who ordains harmony in the universe_
_grant abundant peace and life to us ... _
_one hundred_

_Let us say Amen._
Susan Maxwell Campbell

February 14

I used to know the stories of saints—the nuns had their favorites,
but all I now recall is Nicholas and the gold coins he tossed
through the orphans’ window and how they landed
in stockings left to dry on the backs of peeling wooden chairs.
The charity of saints—the purest of loves beaten now
like brass by Hallmark and Lady Godiva and FTD—
but never mind! Commerce organizes life—love sweetens it.
But what I want to talk about is Valentine.
A man before a saint, he must have known
the paperweight chains forged in lust—how the skin
tastes sweet and hair tickles, kisses, teases.
Certainly his body moved over hers
(nothing rushed, all parts praised)—under hers, rhythms
turning fiercer, faster and sighs growing to cries
as they rushed out of themselves into one glowing
sphere that seemed to hover while their breath was gone, after.
And there has to have been a moment—maybe
while he was buying a fish for supper, having judged
its clear eye that looked back at him, or pruning
last year’s vines, cutting back to sturdy horizontals, gathering
trimmings for the fire—one moment when his heart knew
how much the body was only the envelope
for the world, for the letter his life was writing
to her, telling her the rose bush was leafing out
its tiny green gestures among the worst thorns,
telling her he'd bring the book he had described
as they lay yesterday in the late sun spilling
across the floor, the bed, her naked back, his face....
telling her how on a solitary night bursting with flowers
he had learned God's sacred name, telling her
he had seen the sin-black and hope-white of humankind.

But that moment—as he held out copper coins
to the fisherman's wife or grasped the vine to lean on
as he stood up—that moment was the pivot that made
all the difference, a promise remaining fresh in his memory,
to fuel his loving imagination even now
living into sainthood as he ages and diminishes in body,
an old man now who prays continually in his singular cell
and thanks his God every day
for her love, for his love, for His love.

Previously published in Beyond the Gate (Fort Worth Poetry Society centennial book)
Paul Chaplo

**Big Diamond Ring**

There’s a little chapel on a hill  
Down by the Rio Grande  
We’ll need some flower girls  
And a couple of wedding bands

You better call your Ma  
Get someone from church to sing  
Tell your Ma to that a seat  
You got a big ol’ diamond ring

I’ll meet you in the front  
Where we’ll stand hand in hand  
Look into you pretty eyes  
Slip on your wedding band

For the honeymoon  
We won’t have to go far  
‘Got a cabin in the hills  
And we can get there in my truck

There will be gentle rain  
And wildflowers in the sands  
Children splashing in puddles  
As we kiss

And in the church yard  
The saints will dance  
In the desert the stone-covered bones  
Will drink and laugh again

As you sleep in my arms  
Under the moon and stars.
Paul Chaplo

Indiana

In Memory of Capt. Bruce Beck d.1949

Bruce isn’t coming home
And she’s dropping to her knees
And Bessie’s playing with weeds
She’ll never be the same
Poor baby

That’s Indiana in the springtime
That’s Indiana in the rain

Woolworth flowers in the shade
And she’s dropping to her muddy knees
And she can’t believe he’s there
Beneath her as she prays

That’s Indiana
Let it rain

Running for the barn in a downpour
Kicking back on round bales
Thinking about you
The man I never knew

In the rain in Indiana
I can almost see you standing there

Ray’s grandfather eyes smiling
As he buys me a .22
The grandson he never had
As he brags to the neighbors
Just the way grandfathers do

That’s Indiana in the sunshine

Oh, that warm Indiana sun on my face
As I played in those fields and streams
That’s Indiana in the springtime
That’s just the way it was.
Paul Chaplo

When I Meet You

When I meet you
I’ll be smiling at you
I’ll be wondering
“What planet are you from?”

So show me
Show me that you like me
Want to get to know me
Show me with your smile

It’s gonna take a little while

You might seem a little strange
On a bike with a basket or a bell
But what the hell
Take a look at me
I’m writing this for you
In my boxers drinking tea

I’ll put streamers on your handlebars
And then you’ll see
How we’re meant to be

***

You’re not who I thought you’d be
And boy am I relieved
You’re just the way you’re supposed to be

And we’ve got love to share, how rare
We’ve got life to share, how rare
How rare.
Lee Elsesser

This Just In

Metropolis readers have lost
a long-time friend.

Mild-mannered reporter Clark Kent
resigned today from the Daily Planet,
citing irreconcilable differences with
the newspaper’s management.

In a prepared statement, Kent said he was

+ shocked when Reporter Lois Lane
slipped questions for a presidential
debate to one of the candidates,

+ saddened when Photographer
Jimmy Olsen admitted he only
submitted unflattering photos
of one candidate for publication,

+ dismayed when Editor Perry White
published an editorial stating fair
and unbiased reporting were
no longer necessary at the paper.

Kent, who joined the staff of the city’s largest
daily in 1938, wrote in today’s statement
“When I came to the Daily Planet, we operated
under a strong set of professional principles and
ethical standards. Today, here, I find no sense
of support for my core values of truth, justice
and the American way.”

Kent was not available for questions. An associate,
Business Editor Lana Lang, said she thought he had
flown out of the city to consider his future.
Lee Elsesser

Adobe Walls

I wish I could have seen

that adobe fortress in 1845, new
mud-brick walls aglow, the panhandle sun
setting on the Republic of Texas, or

the gunpowder blast in 1849, when
the trader William Bent, who built the fort,
blew it down, or

those ruins in 1864, when Colonel
Kit Carson, ambushed and outnumbered
sheltered his army among the broken bricks
to organize a miracle retreat, or

what was left of the fallen walls
in 1874, when a buffalo hunter, Billy Dixon,
shouldered his Sharps rifle to fire the shot
that won him a place in frontier history, but

adobe melts in time to mud,
and dries to dust

and broken stems of prairie grass.

In the winds of West Texas,

only the stories stay.
Dawn: Grand Lake of the Cherokees, Spring Retreat

One chill spring morn, we slipped our bunks,  
shaking other drowsy campers, tip-toed out,  
hiking up a country road to an overlook,  
a lover’s leap, to watch the sun come up.  
We were city kids, come to the woods  
to find ourselves and God, amid the quiet to listen.  
No lovers here.  
Rustlings in the dry leaf-mould, eerie at midnight,  
were friendly now,  
some cuddly creature creeping to its nest.  
Around the bend, a cloud tangled  
in the bare-limbed trees.  
(Some said it was a dogwood tree, but I knew better.)  
We assembled on the bluff above a silver finger of the lake  
in the lifting morning light, below us trees  
o’erhung the water, fringing it with lace  
as mourns the night,  
Shivering, we tracked the dawn, hands tucked in our elbows.  
Above -- a tiny edge of pink.  
The mockingbirds, forgetting to imitate,  
led a swelling chorus: the bird’s aubade.  
“This pink and pinker is getting boring,” said one.  
We laughed and shuffled our feet. No one left.  
In an instant, a sliver of yellow,  
so bright it hurt our eyes,  
The birds were still. We joined in silence.  
Majestic, swelling in the sky,  
dividing the pink, driving up the lavender sky,  
contours filling, rounding, brighter than gold,  
edges lost in blazing light,  
the sun cleared the horizon.  
Across the lake, a tractor engine caught.  
Out of our trance, we shook ourselves  
The sun was up, and we remembered breakfast.  
We skipped and leapfrogged back to camp,  
and shouted -- vain attempt -- to fill the stillness.  
The woods absorbed our noise.  
I pressed it all like pink and purple flowers  
in an ancient tome of mouse-eared leaves,  
laid it in lavender, a memory for my cedar chest.

Previously published in Red Earth Revisted, CreateSpace, July 25, 2015
My Father
(A Haiku Sequence)

abandoned shack
in plowed field
his childhood home

he got a Ph.D.,
he said, to never again
chop cotton

the world is wider
than a pasture, a field
a harvest

out of the fields
out of the foothills
came genius

now we know
what the weather will do
less guess work

he respected them
the workers in the fields
a safer harvest
Patricia Ferguson

What Is Man...?
(Haiku Gloss on Psalm 8:4a, 8-9*)

the fowl of the air
glide through endless opal skies
dive rough or calm seas

and fish of the sea
school through living coral reefs
ballet perfection

and whatsoever
passeth the plankton and kelp
that feed vast oceans

through paths of the seas
swim magnificent mammals
that name each other

O LORD our Lord, how
awe inspiring is the sea
power--sine waves--pound

excellent thy name--
creation--mother of life--
depth-- magnificence

in all the earth what
is more insignificant
than men on the sea

*Psalm 8:
v. 4a. What is man, ...?
v. 8. The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
v. 9. O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Leila Fincher

Metamorphosis

Downy hair, fluffy limbs
feather lashes light on satin cheeks
bundle of joy, promise of tears
sleeping angel in my arms...

Awkward duck, knobbly knees
too big feet run slapping down the hall
bundle of laughs, promise of fun
ALMOST outgrown mama hugs...

Sparkling wings, graceful curves
ballet butterfly flits through my heart
bundle of promise, joy of growth
Spread your wings dear butterfly.
Leila Fincher

There's No One Quite Like Mom

Mother, Mommy, Mama, Mom
Such insignificant words
“It's not all that hard,” you say
“to fill the shoes of Mom.”

Other hands can rock a cradle.
Other voices sing them songs.
Other mouths can teach them colors, letters, shapes, and more.

Abler hands can soothe an illness.
More educated minds should teach.
Mother really aren’t equipped to rear their little ones.

Did you feel the first life flutter?
Know him before he could be seen?
Fret over her whisper-breathing?
Spend yourself to give them life?

Mother hands are able hands.
Tender Mommy voices teach.
Bear-like, mamas guard their young.
There's no one quite like Mom.
A Ph.D.'s Reverie, Imagined for
Professor Francis G. Guittard

Stanford Commencement, June 1931,
A reporter asked the robed figure,
“Dr. Guittard, a moment please,
Now that you have your Ph.D.,
Do you intend to retire?”
A grey-headed Frank faced the young man,
His mind turning without thinking
To the real beginning of his story
Forty-five years earlier in rural Ohio,
And the memory of a mother
Who hated cold weather,
That terrible storm May of 1886,
But loved flowers and growing things...

A brisk September in 1886,
Following May’s cruel storm,
A year of hard times all around.
From New Bedford, Ohio
To Chester, Texas was the plan.
Frank, nineteen and restless,
Would scout land for a family move.
Maybe Texas would be the place
For his father to make a new stand,
Buy a farm, restart a medical practice--
Hopefully more coin of the realm this time,
Less farmers’ goods and produce.

He said his goodbyes with his mother--
“God bless you Frank, we’ll miss you,
I’ll be glad to learn you’ve done
Something of note in Texas.
Please be sure and write, won’t you?
We’ll go by the post office every day.”
Those mother’s last words so sincerely offered,
All the same, were disturbing to Frank.
He had thought the plan was to return home
After reporting on climate, crops, and prices per acre,
Apparent miscommunication between parents and son.
Were they expecting him to remain in Texas regardless?
It seemed so.
Would he see his parents and family again?
If so, when?
He knew not.
His future would just have to play out in time,
Whether by Providence's inscrutable plan
Or by winds of chance tossing him who knows where.

He grabbed his heavy bag and heaved it onto the rig.
His father urged his best horse and buggy along the path.
They mostly kept their thoughts to themselves
As they passed neighbors' fields and barns,
Voicing only an occasional innocuous pleasantry.
At the station after their long ride, an awkward hand-shake
And final moment between father and son,
The urge to embrace suppressed,
Enough words said the night before,
Nothing more needed for memory's sake.

Now aboard the Pennsylvania Railroad,
Crickety clack, crickety clickety clack, crickety clack,
With a sack of sandwiches, a jug of apple cider,
A few dollars in his pocket, a train schedule,
A dime western or two, a Bible for instruction;
For mind's improvement several volumes
From his father's library—*A Pilgrim's Progress*,
*Don Quixote*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall, Volume One*—
There would be time to study on the train
During a three-day ride to barely charted land;
A clean shirt, a hat, all packed neatly away,
And a letter of introduction from his father,
In his father's painstaking hand,
Asking for kindly assistance for his son Frank
From any Christian he might meet on his way.

Frank hoped for a college degree, his life's central goal,
Someday, somewhere, somehow,
No help would be coming from home, however,
He knew he was out there on his own.
He felt a little like one of those storied orphans
Who were put on trains to distant States,
They might like their new families,
Or then they might not,
But never to see their poor mothers again.

Two years later he learned without warning
His mother had left this world, the cause uncertain.
He sobbed heartrendingly, grief and remorse welling up inside,
Never to see his mother again after leaving her that day.
Some things he should have said before he said goodbye
He blamed himself for, some words of appreciation
Never offered, perhaps an apology of some kind,
We'll never know what it was, for Frank never said.
Forty years afterward, in dimly-lit stacks in Palo Alto,
On one of those warm August nights shortly before ten,
After a long day’s work making notes in his notebooks,
Scores of dusty volumes still piled high on the table,
An exhausted Frank struggled to stay awake,
His chin occasionally touching his chest, then snapping up.
Suddenly he thought he saw her face near him,
And desperately motioning her to stay
Lest the apparition disappear from view,
He released the feelings he had long wanted to say--
“I hope I’ve done something to please you, Mother,
Something which may be ‘of note’…”

Yet before the apparition could respond,
The Tower Clock began chiming Westminster,
Then gonged ten times, startling Frank awake,
The figure in his dream a memory indelible.

He slowly packed his notebooks, pens, and ink in his case
And walked to the rooming house where he slept.
The concerns of his day were now far away,
In their place a strange peacefulness.

Frank gazed across the Quad
At Mrs. Stanford’s Memorial Church,
Listening to the Tower Clock behind the church
Again complete its familiar chimes.
Frank looked down at the reporter,
Answering the lingering question
In his measured manner of speaking,
“No sir”---“Now I’m prepared
To go to work in earnest.”
The reporter smiled at the new Ph.D.

The next day, for one last time,
He boarded the Southern Pacific for Texas,
Headed home to Josie, to Waco, and new students.
He would teach “in earnest” into his 84th year
As Baylor’s oldest active faculty member.

Katherine Hoerth

Mary Makes Breakfast

He watches from below the countertop,
stands on tippytoes so he can see
the daily wonder born from her two hands
as she empties flour in a bowl,
tosses in a scattering of salt,
a pinch of yeast, a squeeze golden honey.

He’s never seen the dough rise but he knows
it happens under darkness. How or why?
His mother doesn’t say but keeps her faith.

She hefts the silent loaf into her hands.
He imagines it’s alive like muscles
growing in his legs. As Mary kneads,
he listens to the rhythmic pulse of hands
on dough on tile. She hums a tune, the same
one that she hummed with hands on belly years
ago. He feels it in his bones, the warmth,
the blood, the everything she is
she’s given willingly. She shakes the flour
from her hands and wipes them on her apron.
A cloud of white surrounds her like a halo.

She slides the pan of dough into the oven.
He watches through the glass and waits
until the scent of fresh baked bread engulfs
the kitchen. Mary pats his head. She trusts
that one day he will come to understand
a miracle is made of love and labor.
Katherine Hoerth

**Vigil for Persephone**

What else is there left to do but lie
together, hand in hand, before the solstice?
My mother and I watch the ceiling fan
spin in endless motion as we savor
the fullness of our bellies and the taste
of Abuelita, cinnamon and pan
dulce lingering still on the tongue.

I’ve practiced my acceptance – packed away
sundresses, floppy gardening hats and chanclas.
I’ve let my hair grow long, the way he likes,
stopped polishing my nails a daisy color.
I’ve learned to love the fruits of winter, too –
calabaza in my empanadas,
grapefruit in the morning with some coffee,
tunas sliced thin, devoured seeds and all.

But my mother’s different – she’s a mom –
puts the heater on full blast and shuts
her eyes. She tells herself it’s always June,
that our time together is eternal
like her love. I know that once I’m gone,
she’ll keep my bedroom as I’ve left it, rise
every morning, warm tortillas for two,
set the breakfast table and eat alone,
watch out the window for a trace of me.

Winter will take me with the coming sunrise –
my hand will slip from hers. I taste the bitter
sweetness of pomegranates on my tongue.
Enter Our Soles

Northern neighbors slush through snow
In Texas we crunch through leaves
With the rhythm of our shoes
Six inches deep on a winter day

The sun shines brightly
As we expose our toes
Warmth radiates through the
Tops of our bare feet

The earth is cool and damp
On the bottoms of naked feet
Sitting quietly we feel vibrations
Enter the soles of our feet

Connecting with Gaia
On the balance beam of life
Creating stability and sensitivity
All thoughts on the present moment

To keep our footing, not to slip
Aligning energy fields
Below the surface
Mingling with tree roots

In the playground
Swimming deeply
With the trees in the breeze
As above, so below
Sandi Horton

Marked

The teen-age boy with a mark on his neck
The teen-age girl with a dancing pony tail
Communicating intently with their eyes
A crowd watching every move

Light streams through stained glass
Reflecting bold colors
The masterful violinists
Illuminate the room with more light

Notes flow from their bows
As the players and instruments
Grow comfortable together
The teen-agers naturally become one

Streams of light and music mingle
Creating a sense of weightlessness
In a dreamlike world
To those willing to float away

A girl plays games on her phone
She's missing out
On the flying experience
Of the motionless ones

Time is suspended
Breathing slows
A vapor embraces the room
Until all are marked

This poem was written after attending a string quartet performance in the Treasure Room of the Armstrong Browning Library, Spring 2016.
Sandi Horton

Swinging Bench

Every day I walked by
the wooden swinging bench
so peaceful and inviting
in the shade of an old oak tree

I never stopped
to enjoy the breeze
the surrounding gardens
to sit quietly

Now it's 25 years later
my children have left home
almost time to retire
time to swing under the tree

so much has changed
as I glide
forward
and back

This swinging bench is located near Draper Academic Building at Baylor University.
Christine Irving

A Lovers’ Homily

There is no love without accompanying death
for green weeds flourish in love’s fertile field.
Love needs her scythe to cut a place for breath
a sacred circle unconcerned with yield;
needs clip off withered roses, dear and dead
stop them dispatching sweet romantic scent
to waft around the present love’s sweet bed
replacing lustful joy with sad lament;
must cut back sheltering branches of the oak
whose shade my reach too far across a lawn
and blight the bud with shadow’s heavy stroke
that might have bloomed in colors of the dawn.
If thou would love, set Lady Death a place
at wedding’s feast and ask her to say grace.
Christine Irving

Battle Crow

Badb comes cawling
wearing guise of crow,
forewarning doom,
foreseeing verdant fields
churned muddy with men’s blood;
arm, leg, head, hand and tender crops
trampled underfoot, severed limbs
hacked by axe and sword.
Shillelaghs batter bone,
burst kidneys, shatter spleen.
She screeches frustration,
screams rage into the wind,
man, once again, destroying in short hour
what woman took a lifetime to raise up.
Christine Irving

Walking the Valley of the Shadow After Your Father’s Death

Death lurks behind your shoulder.
Father tumbles to its scythe
leaving you exposed, vulnerable
trembling on a tightrope ring;
a situation not uncommon to old men
who have forgotten to enjoy
life’s accumulated wisdom.

Your purpose now -
to make a sacred marriage;
Hieros Gamos
melding yin and yang.

Drink the peach’s sweet elixir!

Sagacity, perception, knowledge
acumen and sense comprise its honey.

Inquiry engenders understanding,
understanding engenders forgiveness.

Know yourself to know the God
your ego fears to meet.

Compassion outlasts death
forever.
Catherine L’Hcrisson

Touring the Gardens

Daffodils and tulips nod in their beds,
while pink flowering quince
and forsythia, bright as sunshine,
bloom beneath redbuds and dogwoods.

I stop to rest on a bench, admire azaleas
in numerous hues in the distance.
Baby leaves on native pecan trees
seem to grow as I watch
in the early morning mist.

It is later, when I go around a bend,
spy the six-foot, red tip photinia bush,
damp leaves all aflame in bright sun,
that I, like Moses,
feel like I am on holy ground,
expect to hear a voice commanding me
to remove my shoes.

Published in A Galaxy of Verse, Vol. 35, No. 1 Spring/Summer 2015
Catherine L’Herisson

An R-Rated Poem
(suitable except for nudity)

At the new gynecologist’s

on my very first trip,

I was only given a handkerchief size

cover-up after I was asked to strip.

In a quandary about what to do--

not big enough to cover any one place,

in panic as the doorknob turned,

I covered up my face!

Published in A Book of the Year 2016 by the Poetry Society of Texas
Catherine L’Herisson

Even at the Sink

Green strawberry caps
float like small lily pads
on top of the dirty water
in the dishpan.
Several berries,
overripe, crushed,
bleed in the cold white
porcelain sink.

Oh, how like my heart,
those bruised berries!
With poignant pain,
I think of you.
Still...the sweet fragrance
of strawberries remains.

Published in A Book of the Year 2015 by the Poetry Society of Texas
Budd Powell Mahan

**Love, Valor, Compassion**

**Terrence McNally**

If a single subtext lies

in his words,

it is *connection,*

the sought and sanctified need

that propels souls on.

The stage lights with his text,

yearns its way to the proscenium,

steams into the theatre to mist waiting eyes.

He inhabits, speaks through characters,

scratched façades reaching to reconcile.

And as the stage lights dim,

the heart will leap,

rising to the moment in a scene,

a soaring sense of understanding

pulling toward a final curtain.

Published *in A Galaxy of Verse*, Autumn/Winter 2015
Budd Powell Mahan

The Sister Poems

And in that last moment,
moving toward her stillness,
it all released.
I was broken,
unable to contain
what burst and spilled,
great sobbing loss
buckling progress.
That is all
there is of that day.
I wish I could remember
letting her go,
wish she knew how
poems summon her
to eyes’ edge,
her lips shaping words
I am never
able to hear.

Published in Autumn/Winter issue of A Galaxy of Verse, 2015
Patrick Lee Marshall

Castle Fantasies

Wading through photos of my existence,
I hold one up, examine the scene,
recalling Heidelberg, the quaint town and
magnificent castle a short walk away.
Not a fairy castle, not a monument to ego;
a town . . . built within protecting walls—
grand in scale, resplendent in aging decay.
I captured her eyes briefly meeting mine
as I prepared to photograph a memory of her.
The statue studded wall at her back unaware
of the beauty she added to the ages there.

Examining the picture after all these years I see
someone new at the edge of our photograph,
a young man with a zoom lens—focused
pulling closer a desired view.
A smile broadens my face, trying
to step into his thoughts, knowing he’s not
focused on the massive castle, but rather
the ravishing woman that is my wife.
I wonder what his fantasy was that day?
I wonder if she was even aware
the young stranger took a memory
of her with him.

Previously published in A Galaxy of Verse, Fall/Winter 2016, Vol.36, No 2
Patrick Lee Marshall

Drifting

Near sand dune
patterned beaches,
bellowing clouds,
tides and time, paint
different shifting scenes,
speak of new dreams.

I recline in wet sand
at water's edge, wait.
Waves wash over me
lift me from the shore
pull me into its embrace
where deep water currents
carry me to uncharted and
unexpected new adventures.

My feet can take me places
I know and want to go.
When the pen takes over,
Subjects do not matter.
It’s all about the show.
Patrick Lee Marshall

This is Not About the Brazos River

It’s not about the time we went to where the Brazos flowed into the Gulf, taking bacon to catch crabs. It’s not about family reunions at Cameron Park in Waco, where the Bosque river joins the Brazos, or times at Baylor’s Ruth Hall; Cameron Park providing different and deeper emotions. It’s not about skinny dipping in the Clear Fork of that waterway, or finding fossils along the Paluxy, before it dumped treasures into the Brazos. It’s not about the time when we skipped school to ski silver-smooth water on Possum Kingdom, Nor is it pertaining to families and fishing trips on that river, at the last turn before murky water twisting through Palo Pinto hills and canyons settle into clear coves in Possum Kingdom Lake. It’s not about when I was six and Dad allowed me to go on an early morning trot line run. That time Dad at the bow of the boat, tore the trot line free of a snag that ended up being a four-foot Alligator Gar, jerking it into the boat, as a water moccasin fell from an overhanging branch to join the fish, while we moved quicker than ever to abandoned ship, later laughing about what was not funny at the time. No . . . This is about intersections in life, roles they play and memories they make. This is about returning to Waco where I attend the Baylor House of Poetry to read and listen to tall tales about the people, flora, fauna, places, and incidents that might occur where the eleventh longest river in the U.S. holds sway over so many lives.

Previously published in A Galaxy of Verse, Fall/Winter 2016, Vol.36, No 2
Janet McCann

Life List

My friend the scholar-birdwatcher
is dying, after a quiet regular life
of Milton and birds, and if I could

imagine him a farewell, it would be this:
to look out into the small yard
he tended for forty years, to where

he placed the bird houses, the martin
house and the hummingbird feeder,
just in time to see a sweep of air

curve in and take form, the great arctic gyrfalcon
not on his life list, there on the sill,
beak, feathers and pinions

and final knowledge, Adam’s homecoming
after the story’s end, better than Eden.
May he leave in his hand a feather, that his wife

might know where he has gone.

Previously published in Rattle #25, Summer 2005
Forbidden Images

over her shoulder Lot’s wife just glanced back
at the home she was leaving, wanting to glimpse
for one last time the field, the goats, dogs, hens,
her old father waving at the gate.
but she turned into grief itself, a statue of grief,
a columned tear. and then
Eurydice, who herself did no wrong
but Orpheus could not wait for her to form
herself in the world, and looked, and so lost her,
her slender weeping ghost melting away
into the underworld. and still
others: Diana in her bath,
the bronzed young hunter
seeing her, stunned, fascinated,
then turned into a stag, hunted down
by his own dogs. and then you. if you knew
a face wreathed with snakes would calcify you,
but you knew it would hold perfect, consuming beauty,
each of your cells bursting as it turned
into the purest light: would you
not look?
Janet McCann

If There Were No Other Listener

Except myself and the dogs, would I write
Poems for them?

Rhythmic yips and a growl,
Refrain of woofs,
Their names repeated twice,
A high yowl sliding down a rail
To a quavering whine.

And they do like some arrangements
Better than others, they go from fast to slow.
Lots of range in the howl,
And the yaps, staccato, snappy as orders,

Until I can’t continue their poem
Because they are standing on my chest
Licking my face, adding impromptu yelps.

Of course I would write for them,
Would take their critique seriously,
Would collaborate with them on a dog poetics
Which would change of course with every passing litter.

Poems about the chase, about the snap
Of jaws, about doggy humping and birthing,
No poems of death or poems of writing.

A lot might be made of such a poetics
If no one were listening, only me and the dogs.

Previously published in The Bark, Feb. 2017
Masood Parvaze

Detroit summer of 1974

Below the dull green tightly shut windows, with rain on dirt streaks; lives a city

With screaming fire trucks

Police cars and ambulances

Inside the building . . . doors slam

Hallways . . . drenched with . . . smoke

Beer spills . . . and Profanity

Steps . . . leading to the front door

Occupied with tenants leaning in odd angles

Drinking from brown bags

Smoking and talking in inner city English

On the street . . . pimps walking up and down . . . guarding their business

Skinny guys with restless looks

Slick back hair with Afro sheen glow

Older men, with Luis Armstrong scratch

Eyes glued to floor

Wallets; chained to empty pockets

Styrofoam boxes . . . fly with left over French fries

This piece of promised heaven . . . for an immigrant

Was . . . all mine
Masood Parvaze

Poem Unborn

In my head
I always carry
A poem
Unwritten
I
Feed it
With memories
 Fantasies
Dreams . . . and
 . . . nightmares
Hoping
It will be born
One day
Grow up
And
Make me
Proud
Masood Parvaze

War Stories

Old soldiers . . . get together
And tell Stories
Big and small lies
    about the wars
There were friendships, selfless sacrifices
True heroics . . . honest . . . and admirable
But     they never talk about
Killing boys     when they were boys
Men     piled up on the roadside
Like     cut logs
Smoke filled with smell of burning tarps
    . . . human blood, and gunpowder
Just the rescues and walking through hell
They never talk
about the tears shed at night
The urge to prove; what they were     and weren't
Deep down . . . they all know
There has never been
    A good war
Or     a noble war
Resurrection

Fleeing from the tyranny
the slavery of the despised Dakota tobacco field
Hank landed in a small west Texas town
by way of Mexico
striking it rich along the way
mining gold

But somewhere in search for his fortune
Hank lost his sight
He was going blind
Hank had come to the end
His journey was over he thought
Until....
Someone restored his sight

You would have thought all hell broke loose
Racing his bicycle along the dusty streets
of the town he called home
his long white beard flowing from his
wrinkled Methuselah face
With a smile of glee, Hank shouted
“I can see - it’s a miracle
Doc gave me a miracle!
I can see!”
Jessica Ray

Disconnection……
Unrelated?

3 birth certificates
an amaryllis with 62 seeds
a wedding waterfall
advise: “rise above it”
from Texas to Montana
somewhere in San Antonio
summer camp

What is the link
connecting these seemingly
unrelated events and things

That is the question I’m searching for an answer to
waiting in a hospital rotunda
a gigantic circular four – tiered structure
found in the center of a West Texas City

Looking more than a hundred feet above
one’s eyes are led to a round sky light
surrounded by an intensely black ceiling
as if to dispel the darkness inside
a darkness of illness struggling for life
Only the muted sound of voices in the distance
breaks the silence that late winter evening
until I hear the soft sound of Sandie’s voice

Weeks ago she came to my bed side
a tiny wisp of a woman
Sandy locks of hair framed her gentle face
Her dark brown eyes conveyed words of compassion

Sandie came to bring healing…. 
healing of a different kind
It seemed that Sandie’s approach to healing that day
was to reveal her own life of healing

It began at her birth in a Methodist Home in San Antonio
Her mother made a choice to keep her
In time Sandie came to own several birth certificates
Yet years later she came to choose her birth father’s
name as her own
After years of searching
she found her father
in Montana

But in her youth Sandie found a father
that never left her
Introduced to him one summer at a Christian camp
as a “father to the fatherless”,
Sandie knew at last she had found her true father

At that moment her life changed
Sandie became a mother of four daughters
with a husband a confidante
who comforted her in days of discouragement
with the words “Rise above it.”
Despite her remarkable accomplishment in
music and ministry she needed comforting

Sandie’s hands dance across the strings
of her harp, “the voice of many waters”
and echo in “A Wedding Waterfall”
which she performs at weddings

And the amaryllis with the 62 seeds?
(They were planted for more to bloom)
It graces her sun room
as a reminder of the beauty of nature
and the ever present link in pursuit of mankind
the invisible thread of life
the loving presence of Spirit
The Final Conversation
In memoriam for Tina Marie

She spoke, “I’m glad you came over today. Do you want some coffee?”
“Yea,” I responded, “what have you been up to?”
“Nothing much, just being bored, come on let’s sit on the porch.”
I taunted, “You need to quit smoking.”
“Yea, right and you need to quit eating.” She was quick to reply.
Wow, your plants look good. Remember how Debbie used to keep those jars
of stinking egg shell water to feed her plants.
Yep. The kids would run outside when she would get ready to use it.
But her plants were always luscious and green. She offered, “Here take
a little hooker in your coffee.”
Not too much, I got to drive home.
Stay here tonight; we can talk.
And talk we did.
We talked about our spring,
when as teenagers she and our sister Jerri would take Daddy’s car
and drive the twenty miles to Wheeling to stay with me. When I got
off work I would have to drive them home to Cadiz and our brother
Johnny would have to take me back to Wheeling.
We talked about our summer,
when we would gather at either sister’s, Debby or Laurie the house
would be full with nieces and nephews and cousins and friends.
Impromptu parties and card game that would last all night; football
rivalries that divided the family into screaming sides about Daddy
and how he called us Honey with a slant...and we laughed.
We talked about our fall,
when our kids became parents making us grandparents. You, forever
young, did not want to be called grandma, but loved being one.
Your smile did not leave your face as you talked about all the babies
who are growing to be beautiful young men and women.
We talked about our coming winter,
as we Miss Clairol-ed the snow. We spoke in hushed whispers
about the missing members of our family tree.
We hugged as we parted. You said, “I love you Babe, come back soon.”
“I love you too,” I answered.
One month later she headed for a different porch, where someday
we will all sit together and talk.
Jingle Jangle Spirit

In memoriam for John David

From now on I will call you the spirit man.
Never in my whole life have I felt this touching
closeness from a passing. My love for all who
traveled before you was present in my tears of mourning

I hear your laughter while riding in the car,
My phone rings and I look for the image
of your smiling face; it is not there.
I re-read the "Johnnie stories" online...seeking peace.

You were you. Accept me as I am.
There was a depth to your loyalty
Be it family or friends. You had your reach out
and touch someone frame of mind.

In this age of travel with phone in hand
suited you well. From the time you opened
your eyes in the morning to moment you closed
them at night your phone was close at hand.

If I listen to the wind I hear the tales you told
In the warm air passing, I feel you still.
In my house I see an empty chair but
my heart is filled with your spirit; resting there.
Carolyn Tarter

The Little Tree

I have emptiness inside of me
Each time I look where the tree should be.
My heart aches because it did not live
But for five short years. Lessons it did give.

Each year it grew not up but out.
It doesn’t look right, some did shout.
It’s not growing fast enough,
And its shape is rather rough.

That’s not the place where your tree should be.
It will damage the walkway, don’t you see.
Take the tree out and put it over there,
Just any ol’ place, I don’t care.

Yes, that should do it. It’s in the ground.
Now, it can grow strong and sound.
What’s that you say, the leaves are brown,
Falling crispy to the ground.
Oh, well, dig it up and toss it away.
It was just a funny-looking tree anyway.
Oh, Why Can’t I Find George

I wanted to be part of the group,
To belong and do my share,
Until there were groups far too many,
And participants who didn’t care.
“But there really isn’t much to do,”
People said as I volunteered.
“Your duties are few, hardly any,”
And as I said yes, they all cheered.
The telephone rang almost daily
For just one more job to be done.
The tasks were involved and were plenty;
No time to walk—it was run.
Constantly people demanded
For just one more favor from me.
My time, life and energy depleting,
I had to find George urgently.
I have to have time for myself,
To relax and calmly sit.
Determined I replied sincerely,
“Leave me alone and let George do it.”
Wearing Sunday Blue

Morning church is over, the fidgety afternoon
not yet settled on its intent.
Little brother and his wife, traveling away,
share with me their splashing pool and sky,
dressed in softened shades
of sapphire blue.
The Texas June pours sunshine
all over, warming me deliciously
and raising my internal thermometer
to a high degree of pleasant idleness.
It is hours before the cardinals and thrashers
will fly to the feeders for evening dinner.
Tall slender pines in a grove behind the house sway
first toward each other, then away, then back,
in a mesmerizing treetop dance.
A drone hawk prowls suddenly overhead,
his outline a dark cutout against the white sunlight.
He swoops low in search of bluejays.
I deflect his threat, waving khaki shorts
back and forth over my head,
then settle into a soaking stillness.
Freshly-mown green grass steams
a summer sachet of quiet contentment.
Somersault memories tumble past,
landing on my eyelids, softly
as the solace of a simple Sunday supper.

Previously published in *Paths to Peace~Journey to Wholeness* 2016 Art of Peace - Tyler
Carol P. Thompson

Spice Girls

Gathering in chattery clusters for a food court lunch,
the women shop and tend the little ones.
They serve salsas and stir fry in ethnic cafes
and paint apricot toenails in salons.

Strong accents and exotic words deny eavesdropping.
All of us in foreign dress, are master builders
of invisible walls, hesitant to approach,
eating next to strangers seldom acknowledged.

Watching, I wish to share in the intimacy of their kitchens,
to hear them name and employ their cooking utensils,
the bottles and jars of oils, the red and gold seasonings
lined up in spice racks with metal curlicues.

For their hands to show how they marinate and marry the herbs
while breathing the curry, the cumin and coriander,
sharing work which transcends nationality,
the fragrance of tadka, banh xeo, su cocina.

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Mary Tindall

For Keeps
A tribute to Evelyn Corry Appelbee

She left behind her slant of words,
the heart made soothing balm in jars
of stolen calm from sunny days
that followed nights of twinkling skies.
Inspired, the poet scanned the scenes,
collected stories, bound the hope
in pen and ink. Polishing links
between the lines, she saved for keeps
the times that chimed: a chair inside
the yard permitting favored space
to gather gems enlarging there.
The mockingbirds returned to nest
outside her window bringing back
the notes she craved.
Their borrowed Iams inscribed
in measured verse
she left as testament.
Reel Young Love

I was a full breath of fourteen,
Dizzy with imagination,
Fed by old movies and,
The newly discovered history of romance.
He was a drifting new friend- a stray.
My brother brought home,
A twenty-one-year-old grown
Man who had been
Hand dipped by God in everything
That affected the raging senses
Of a young impressionable
Teenage female.

He worked for a vending company,
He was a Snappy Snack man.

He dropped in randomly for supper,
No more than twice a month,
Each time thrilling my heart.
And he knew.
He teased me and pulled my long hair,
And left my heart reaching for
Some black and white film.
Marlene Tucker

The Little Bridge

Fear not when you are traveling home,
    The little bridge will stand.
The deck is reinforced with love,
    And Mercy fills the span.
It matters not how fast or slow,
    The weary feet have trod,
The bents are held unwavering,
    By the mighty hands of God.

We’re never really far from home,
    It’s just across the way,
Where, passed the gloom and darkness,
    We can see eternal day.
Keeping us divided from,
    Discarded earthly dross,
The little bridge made strong by faith,
    Will bear us all across.
Marlene Tucker

The Spandex Experience

My daughter was getting married,
For her I wanted to look great.
She was planning lots of pictures,
And, well, I had gained a little weight.
    I noticed a bit of jiggle,
That I blamed on growing old,
So I checked into some spandex,
That promised a true and firming hold.
    I crawled into the one piece thing,
It lay easy on my neck.
I couldn’t get it passed my navel,
    Though I pulled on it like heck!
My arm, above the elbow,
Felt banded close around my chin,
Snaps that were to join down south,
Went north when I tried to bend.
The tension that was harnessed,
When the garment was in place,
Was something that I feared would give,
    And coil up in my face.
And, oh the posture I did have,
When compressed tightly from both ends,
    I knew I’d never stand up straight,
Or be able to wave at friends,
    And I’d die if, at the wedding,
A restroom trip was made.
Why, that snappy little underwear,
Would have rolled up like a shade!
So while fighting off the constrictor,
With both arms stuck above my head,
I decided to ditch the true firming hold,
For something more comfortable instead.
Thom Woodruff

All the Chocolate Covered Strawberries

All the Hallmark cards ever printed, mailed, sent, received
Every rose, singular, bunched, real and artificial
All those chocolates! All those songs and poems!
Most will be discarded like a Valentine balloon after the party
We will move on to Mardi Gras/St Patrick’s Day/Easter
We will move on past love/past loves/all love is temporary
Some things remain with us—plastic and radioactivity
They have longer half-lives than marriages and divorces
They speak Fukushima, Harrisburg, Siberia, Mururoa
They are in our food chain. In our sushi. In our genes
Like plastic micro-organisms in our bloodstream
Our love, desire for and necessity of plastic
extends into oil and gas industries.
Like dinosaur blood they survive longer than solar cell reflectors
More powerful than wind farms.
Pipelines through Missouri River water supply at Standing Rock
over peace and love and prayers of water protectors
It costs the earth. This love. We need a divorce.
Wood & Water

WE ARE MADE OF WATER
Without water, we will not live.
Before we were here, elders (trees) breathed
Water flowed and we emerged
We flow back to our origins as dust or as bones
Water always wears away stones
So when Art attempts to explicate
What is thrown up and away from oceans (us)
As driftwood and as sculptures
We walk as wood within water
Water within wood-even when dry
Even when skeleton of frame and cage
Even when suggesting motion (yet still)
We are not wood (yet)-but drifting
Oceans expelled us once
We return to origins.
Thom Woodruff

The Cat & The Moon

WE LIVE IN MAGICAL TIMES
So when (on one night)-a comet,
a full moon and a partial eclipse occur
one would tend to pay attention (to the night skies..

No one can ignore Mother Moon Selene
as she of one white eye transfixes

our gaze upon the Heavens. BLINK!
and you may have missed

both comet and eclipse. The moral this-
if a miracle is unwitnessed, does it exist?
Celestial events have their own time tunings
We are a tiny dot in our Universe
And histories extend far further than 5000 years

Vegetarian dinosaurs are still making EXTINCTION jokes about us
while shark and rat and crocodile still maintain their ancient forms
So, if @4.02, i finally realize that our moon spins

without regard to our little earth, it helps me to better understand
why cats don't care.
The 23rd Annual Festival

A three-day celebration of some of the finest contemporary poets, with readings, a panel discussion and the Virginia Beall Ball Lecture on Contemporary Poetry.

Featuring:

Catriona O'Reilly, Margaret Mills Harper, Adrian Rice, Micheal O'Siadhail, and a Poetry panel, moderated by Chloe Honum

About the Event:

Baylor University's 23rd annual Beall Poetry Festival is supported by the John A. and DeLouise McClelland Beall Endowed Fund, established in 1994 by Mrs. Virginia B. Ball of Muncie, Ind., to honor her parents and to encourage the writing and appreciation of poetry.

Event Details:

All evening events at 7:00 in Kayser Auditorium, Hankamer (formerly the Business Building)

- Evening of March 15: Catriona O'Reilly Poetry Reading
- Evening of March 16: Adrian Rice poetry reading
- Evening of March 17: Micheal O'Siadhail poetry reading

Afternoon Events (all at 3:30 p.m.)

- Afternoon of March 15: Student Literary Contest
- Afternoon of March 16: Margaret Mills Harper, The Virginia Beall Ball Lecture in Contemporary Poetry
- Afternoon of March 17: Poetry panel, moderated by Chloe Honum
- All afternoon events will take place in Carroll Science Building, Room 101

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