2013 See & Respond! Adult Poetry Entries



Beside Myself Winner Adult Poetry

by Martin Balgach Inspired by Here and Now

What stands beside me is a rusty omen— a scarlet circle hollowed out of minutes and cast brown in patina's quiet agony

This burden holds me like a hand while I wait hungry as a ghost and infinite as Sisyphus

Mocked by leaves held hostage by cement I wither at time's pace bound to this other that was once me

Please do not pity what is missing—I was once whole

but now I wait in the afternoon light as the wind takes another lick I can almost feel my own shadow on my knees

Rest Easy By Cameron Eickmeyer Inspired by Waiting for the Bus

Rest easy, little angel, rest easy for a while. Whatever led you to this bus stop, or for whomever you await, can stay away for now. Rest your halo and its holy weight as long as you like. I do not care to know why you sit alone today. No sin is worth your sorrow. Not even wings can keep aloft the heavy weight of purpose. The sun will rise again tomorrow on this bench and in towns down the line. So rest, little angel, rest easy for a while.

DARN!

Inspired by Frontier: Cowboy

Catherine Webb

Blue sky, crisp, fresh

Sun glinting on the metal in the weathered stands

Ready for the competition

Dusty's hands were sharp, eager,

Toughened by the sun and work

Practiced, ready, steady.

He walked a bit in the dirt

Waiting his turn, boots kicking up dust.

A hawk cried above, searching for his prey.

"Focus, Dusty" he told himself.

Just then he saw her seated in the stands

Relaxed, laughing, hair flowing in the breeze.

Dusty's heart stopped, his mind froze.

He hoped she wouldn't notice

All but his 10 gallon hat and lasso turned to jelly.

DARN!

water nymph dressed in summer inspired by Suzanne Constance Boyle

she stands in morning light wet
after an early swim her bronze body
gleams extended
hourglass face
turns toward me slender waist legs long
beneath a marbled skirt striking her ankles
she stays an hour half a day until
I beckon she comes to me takes
the pen from my hand writes pool water fountains
I plunge into

Searching For Inspired by Searching For Elizabeth Jenny

"Searching for-"-what are you searching for?

Maybe a robot with a heart? Maybe a heart?

I found

"Searching for," the sculpture, under overhanging trees on Public Road in Lafayette.

He had a flat bottomed bright smooth copper can of a coat, with arms pinned to his sides

And his eyes, two shiny pointed stones, were so keen that I (almost) could not take my own back.

What are you searching for, I wondered, as I gazed fixedly at him...

--How to get across the street to play with another sculpture, like "Frontier Cowboy? Probably not, as they really have very little in common, too many loops and wide open spaces...

---Perhaps a missing relative from Easter Island?

"Searching for" is expectant and quietly serious.

I believe he seeks a new home.

Suzanne Inspired by Suzanne Elyse Brownell

Suzanne

quiet one

How long will you wait?

Suzanne

slender one

Why does your lover starve you?

offering scraps of heart to hold you over

How heavy are those secrets in your pocket?

Do you take them out when no one is watching?

line them up like never worn shoes like the lovers that came before never understanding them.

Suzanne

strong one standing tall one with your body spun of gold, one

How heavy is your skin? soft fern or chain – Is this how you feel when no one is watching?

Open field or shade – Where do you stand?

Is this a reflection or a projection?

Suzanne

sturdy one frail one patient one

How will you fall?

like a midsummer rose without witness standing tall in your scent

open exposed

only to fall to pieces when winter comes.

Dance of the Shallots Inspired by Remembrance Frank Coons

A shallot unwinds
after knife's fall on a bamboo board;
skin shed and ready
for the olive oil, white wine and capers.
These happy slices
can only dance and pirouette.
Who wouldn't perform an arabesque a la hauter
or penchee, if they had recently escaped
from an underground prison?
And who appreciates such precision
more than a chef preparing the tapenade?
He knows the redolence of aromatic oils,
how one coil of shallot enhances the other,
shimmering like bracelets of platinum
in their bath of chenin blanc.

Weary Wires By Jeremy Hanson Inspired by Wired

The wire man at rest After running for his life Copper's value high

ECHO
By Katherine West
Inspired by Remembrance

To walk on water is to walk on reflection And also to drown

REFLECTION

By Katherine West
Inspired by Remembrance

When I push you bend When I bend you push your hands Never do touch mine

Three Rings, April 2013 By Kristie Letter Inspired by Three Rings

Ring One
Up on Loveland pass
men shade eyes looking at the glitter
of spring snow heavy and unbroken -then falling -- as spring's unstable
force catches them in its shifting.
All their hopes move
beneath the snowslab, broken
and refigured with this weight.
Below this rocky mountain
a new heaviness settles.

Ring Two
By the lip of the Atlantic
a groom waits beneath a striped umbrella,
Looking towards his hope, moving.
A father steps across shifting sand his now grown girl steadies him
as he once steadied her.
A ring of gulls add swoops to the
slow processional, sweet notes while
love focuses in an arm
keeping someone from falling.

Ring Three
On a suburban sidewalk
a boy lifts to toes, looking through
metal circles with softened teeth.
The Three Rings sculpture
like a red wheelbarrow or a Tennessee jar
shifts everything, reframing
taco carts, trees, plashy fountains
and distracted strangers as
pieces falling into place, gears
of his world's sweet machine.

The Sky Dancer talks with the Earth by Laura Melling inspired by Sky Dancer

Dancer:

Mother, mother the lilt of the wind the touch of space the sun on my shoulders carries me so far from you

Why did you give me wings when you can not fly?

Earth:

All that you are is beautiful, my Son. I want to see you fly and be free.

Dance for me the Sky that you love so well.
Let me see you in your glory.

Dancer:

I will dance for you, Mother, with all my soul.

The wind is in my arms the sun is in my belly there is lightening in my blood and you, Mother, are with me in the strength of my legs.

Earth:

Son, your dance fills my heart to bursting the rivers laugh the crystals sing the trees stand taller the ocean spins in joy when you dance the Sky that you love.

Dancer:

The rain is in my heart the stars are in my bones the moon is in my lips and you, mother, are with me in the strength of my legs.

Earth:

Son, your dance fills my heart to bursting the animals prance the mountains exhale the grasses kiss the ocean spins in joy when you dance the Sky that you love.

Dancer:

The rainbows are in my eyes the clouds are in my breath there is thunder in my knees and you, mother, are with me in the strength of my legs.

Earth:

Son, your dance fills my heart to bursting the fruit becomes sweet the flowers fill with nectar the lettuce stands crisp the ocean spins in joy when you dance the Sky that you love.

Dancer:

I will dance for you, Mother, with all my soul.

Earth:

Your dance fills my heart to bursting.

The Unemployed Angel By Laura Powers Inspired by Waiting for the Bus

Sometimes it makes me sad
When my services are not required
I offer my assistance to you
But you do not know I am there
So I sit and I wait
Hoping to be of service
If you are in need
Simply ask for my help and it is done
Until then, I'll be waiting
I hope to hear from you soon
With love,
Your Angel

Suzanne By Marian Smith Inspired by Suzanne

The faceless bronze glow Down and darker than above Pours through Suzanne's shape

No Room For Doubt By Marian Smith Inspired by No Room for Doubt

Beast of a man to Stand up straight in bronze stature, Without doubt he waits

Flying Home from Home

Marj Hahne

If the *Pachelbel Canon* climaxing in my headset while this plane makes its final descent into Denver is a cliché, I'll take the trite life, timeworn, twice-told, tame as the wingtip light mooning over a prairie of clouds, an orange wash the only drama of sun just like dusk over the Rockies. If painted steel and enamel turned by hand or wind can turn a city sidewalk into a kinetic sky, then give me a plain geometry: a ray, a halo, a straightline horizon, a perfect circle between waxing and waning, like a story remembered and forgotten between sisters. Once, in every rural town from Groton to Golden, the only way a girl could get rich quick—in the knick of time—for the annual summer carnival was to chase down lizards and snakes and pitch 'em cheap to the neighborhood boys, or paint infinity fish and stars and spirals on totem stones and sell the whole lot to the widower down the road. If time's been doing the chasing. If an old promise to care for another in the sunset of her life is natural. If one sister marries and the other never does. If every rhythm—classical, ambient, rock, techno, new age, jazz, pop—of Johann Pachelbel's Canon in D major moves me to swap this mile-high mountain for my mother's cloudy mind, then sign me up. Going home is an arc of the heart and home is where the heart is.

Here and Now By Melinda Rice Inpspired by Here and Now

I haven't walked the streets of Lafayette, haven't seen the sculptures in all three dimensions, touched the wood, the clay, the chiseled stone, yet here I sit, right now on the other side of The Divide, with a Googled version on the screen, now a printed version fresh with ink: an egg within the womb, a mother figure standing close beside it, soft clay and sturdy metal, once fresh clay and weathered steel now something else from the artists hands, and here a piece of paper, born of woman somewhere else, now a picture meant for me to study, in this small room, right now, a stormy evening, what it means to me right here, right now. I've Googled Fatboy Slim, pulled him up on my computer, see the film and hear his lyrics, right here, right now. One cell becomes invertebrate develops to a vertebrate soon crawls on land, stands up becomes a man who once believed ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, but now we don't believe it, waking up we find it isn't true. An egg within the womb, me here within this room, AND now my mother dead and gone.

A Bracelet For Her

By Sandra McGarry Inspired by A Bracelet for Her

"A notation of love for my wife." Ivan Kosta

I love her into being, see in the mind's eye her becoming, give form and measure to the steel.

I fancy her in the elements, bending her elbow, just so light can do its part.

I give the bracelet to her, bangle of beauty, to wear on the arm of time.

How shall I count the women who flick their wrists, say, IT IS MINE.

How shall I choose, one of many, say it is hers?

Does it come down to the art?
Or the final notation that
the best weld is love
which endures heat, stench, and flame?

39.9936° N, 105.0892° W
(Coordinates for Lafayette, CO)
By Sandra McGarry
Inspired by Suzanne

It doesn't take much to remember how Suzanne and I took to liking the west with its prairie that stretched for miles, mountains that made the Ford learn a thing or two about climbing. Coming west from east of the Mississippi River, night sky spread her lingers, diamonds on everyone. We were so close then blending music, wine, small town living on a thread of love.

I still tremble when that summer came tumbling down the mountainside in rain.

So much was lost...

I low I counted the gains as I grew strong, again.

The big city drew me back.

Suzanne, you stayed, loved into being a home in Lafayette.

You've become your own woman I can see it in how you hold yourse1f quiet dignity that soars with strength. It is all I ever wanted for you.

For What Is There But By Shirley Kobar Inspired by Effloresce

Wide open strengthens embeds my roots filters membranes into cellular particles absorption of exploration kaleidoscopic light for what is there but forward and upward of my stamen in the upward swell crystallize effloresce my petals.

Chariot By Valerie A Szarek Inspired by Three Rings

Helios tries to keep Phaeton from lighting the earth on fire steering the chariot wheels away from tender lands the pull of youth and heaven too great he can never say no handing over the reins solar steeds breathing fire turning planets from the sun Jupiter lovingly aiming his arrow making the choice

Shall we dance? By Valerie A. Szarek Inspired by Long Necks

she can never hide what she feels

disguise her giddiness in love

keep her toes on the ground

still her feet in the mating dance

she frames forever between her fingers

makes no secret where her half found the other

cloaks are for those who live forever

Miracles By Wendy Wham Mills Inspired by Ham 'n Eggs

Miracles come in many ways.

Some are so large that they headline the evening news. Other miracles stun us into mindfulness that grace is all around; but most blessings are quiet... so quiet that if not paying attention, we will miss their wonder infused into daily lives:

A beautiful silver-blue cloudscape floating in the cobalt sky, the sun's delicate backlighting that set the trees aglow on a summer's day. The brilliant colors of a glorious sunset... or the shy, loving smile of a small child still steeped in the awe of the quiet glory of life. The blessings of love from an animal, the deep love of family, or steadfast love from a friend-- there at the moment that you need them.

Miracles abound.

Consider shaking off the guarded cloak of adulthood, and remember your magnificence

(Deep down inside you know your truth).

Be as that small child—be filled with wonder at the magnificent gifts set before us, and embrace the daily magic of nature, family, and friendships.

before us, and embrace the daily magic of nature, family, and mend.

Love.

Believe in yourself.

Follow hunches.

Believe in miracles.

For indeed, even pigs can fly, with grace, and the wings of a helpful chicken on their back.