

Poetry, As I See It . . .

. . . by Carol Bush

Seattle: First Avenue

Music moves along this street
on sodden slippery-slipped feet.
Always sad and sometimes sweet
does music go.

I find her at her worst and best
down on skid-row's bawdy crest

among the poor and sorely prest,
there follow her.

And as her shadow do I go
walking slipper-foot and slow,
humming with her, humming low
of loneliness.

So does my heart in tortuous mime

walk on slow and slippery time
tugging truth it cannot rhyme,
nor give as alms.

The blind man tears his fiddle
and his ragged consort sings,
her blind eyes on the glitter of busy sea gulls' wings.

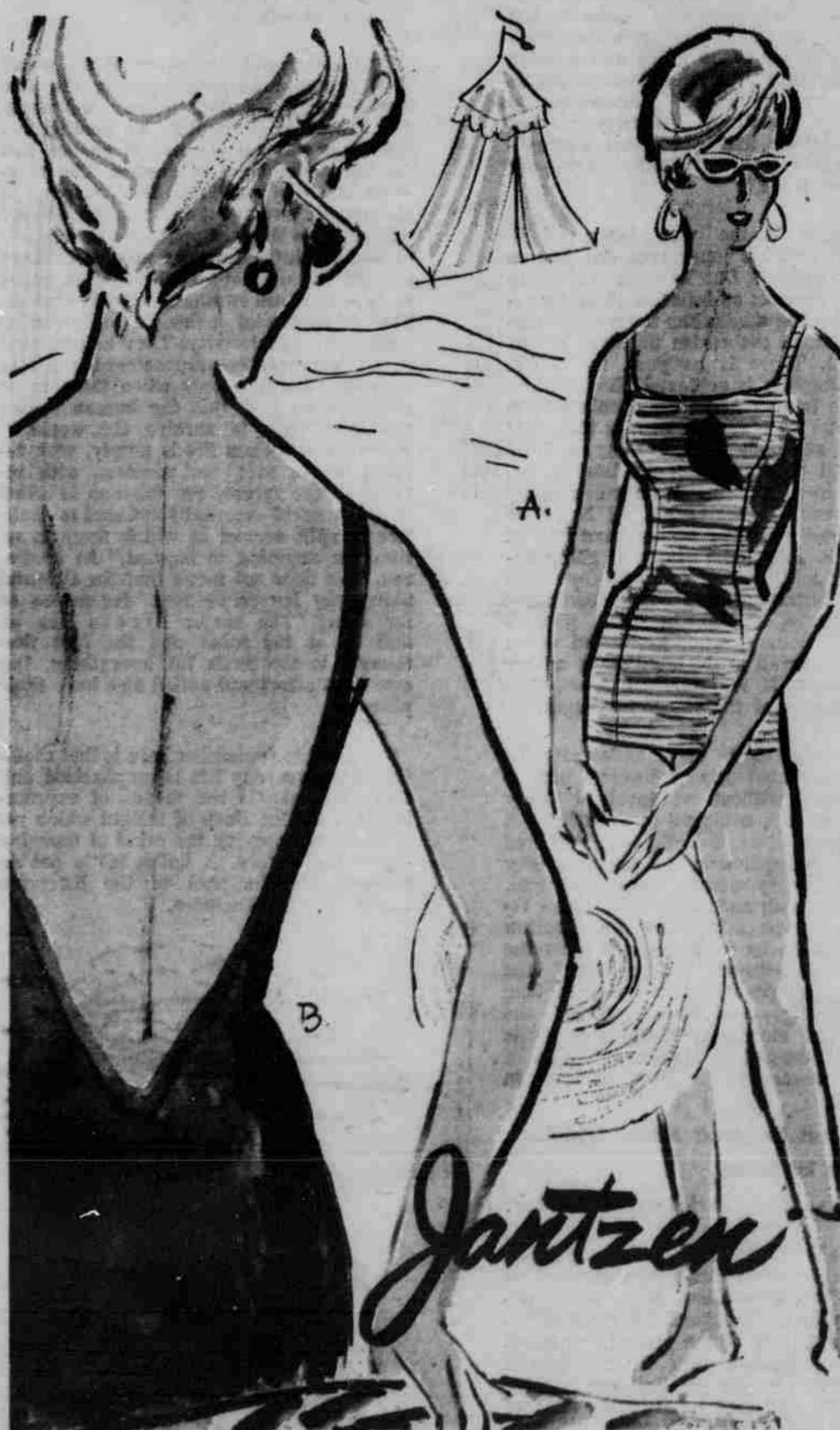
Carol Bush

Love Library: May

The lilacs are singing on R street.
The crab apple's searing my sight.
I gasp to see in the morning the green that has grown in the night.
The path of my streetsong to magic
is mourning the telescoped May

and the sign on the street of my wonder
that something has stolen away.
A room where I laddered to worship
is locked at the head of the stair,
and the eyes of the idol are ghostships
that sail the library's air.

Carol Bush



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Facets

1.
I saw you riding on the hem of a daffodil's frilled gown
parading glints of gold and gleam
for an audience of one.
I saw you mold a mound of mud
across a citted leaf.
I heard you laugh as children would
when the aphid broods moved off.
You plunked a pizzicato pool
that fiddled on my lawn
with minute movement and applause
from everything that's green.
Wading a dahlia's harridan hair
you wiggled to the wind
alert to ride on the bannery air
off to another blonde.
Then landing in a little plop
on the pate of a staid old stone
you went to pieces on the spot.
I saw you break and run.

2.
I saw you yesterday grow whole
and dazzle in an eye
and one I'd mocked was beautiful
O more than I can say.

3.
I watched you walk the windowpane
in a clean descent to grief
fated to fall in a grassy grave
near a tiny greeny roof.
Don't you know you'll rise again
in a little leafy craft?
Don't you hear the bell that rings
at the door of the grassy shaft?
The grave is the door of the dancing dew
that reckons with the sun.
Hasn't the truth been proved to you
over and over again?
I drop my tears in the Hand of God
Who moves me in my pain,
Who sows the seeds the heart must reap
in the saltbeds of the sun.

Carol Bush

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