



"To see the world in a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
And eternity in an hour."

William Blake

## Poems by Bart Becker

### Market

Old people smile and hug  
beside vegetables.  
Young people kiss  
beside packets of seeds.

### Differences

Acting on unavailable information  
I think of cities  
or perhaps it is the farm-thoughts  
which prefer to be alone  
and have gone off alone  
thinking there is no more  
Heaven and Hell than there is snow.  
My fingers want to bump my pencil  
like warm rivers  
brushing old islands;  
still this pencil  
moves to be held as carefully  
as blank pieces of paper  
or pieces of sharp sculpture.

### Futures

1. I thought about life with a fat woman  
and the way the floor would creak  
when she moved around the bedroom  
preparing herself for ponderous lovemaking  
as I read, sitting in an easychair.  
I thought of moving to sit in her chair  
rubbing my ass across sunken cushions  
and getting up to wash my face  
and wipe it with her towel.  
I thought of looking at her reflection  
while I was shaving in the morning  
and she was straddling the toilet.

### Mornings

Smells  
of shortcakes  
and long legs  
mingle through my mornings  
sticking to the rooms  
like wallpaper.  
Then,  
quietly as smoke,  
you rouse me.

### The Old Days

Mom remembers when  
they backed the car up the low hills of Nebraska  
like mechanical squids  
propelling themselves through blacktop oceans.  
She remembers when the sparrows  
used to hang like feather underwear  
on the clothesline  
and scrape songs from their throats  
like blistered paint  
until she chased them off to the woods.  
Dad remembers how  
chickens were raised loose in the dirt  
fighting for crumbs like begging generals.  
He remembers pleated skirts  
like rows of accordion girls in the school  
when he was young and on the school board.  
Things seemed more interesting then.  
But not much.

### Bella--Through Snowdrifts

Bella is a saviour  
with rainy mouth.  
She comes blundering  
through leaking doorways  
slightly sliding.  
Out in snowdrifts,  
licking freeze from tangled jowls,  
she comes like a trained rainstorm;  
providing life.  
And Bella has whiskey.

