

POETRY

Vincent Defies Crows over the Field of Wheat and Chooses the Other Side of Madness

They do not need roads,
those shrill Furies flying toward us.
With consummate artistry
Vincent has twisted his wrist
between the down and the up strokes
as he paints bold black vees.
Beaks of the frenzied beasts are aimed
straight out of the picture at us.

The swell of thick gold grains
should have been harvested weeks ago.
Low and near, black thunderheads trouble violet skies.
And, those mysterious roads.

With the poet, let us ponder which to follow.
One curves across the bottom
of the canvas. With a cascade of brushstrokes,
it begins left and exits right. We must infer
the muddy brown section off-canvas.

There, unseen, the fork begins
and rises through the wheat.
Abruptly it narrows and disappears
beyond a bend. We could join the artist
as he traverses this less traveled grassy path.

Strident cries from Furies
born of Vincent's blood greet us.
The horizon with its burden of clouds
is hoisted toward us. Agitation in the labyrinth
of wheat disturbs our equilibrium.

Determined to stay the course,
Vincent becomes lost to us.
We who cannot draw
the two lines of a vee
as a crow gone mad
turn back to the solid safety
of the brown earth road.

- Rose Ann Spaiht



Deborah Griffing's *Transcience* and other works showing at Lindsay Gallery through April 22.

Beyond the Shadows

Raindrops collect on tree limbs,
create a jeweled necklace
as I might wear.
Birds, undaunted by rain,
sing surprise songs.

The cat stares out the window
at birds that flutter by,
then curls up with his own dreams.

In the silence of the room
I imitate the cat – find a book
of poems – perhaps Emily Dickinson,
who wrote invitingly of spring,
and begin to read.

I am content, until I look up, aware
of the black shadow of a crow,
looming across the glass.
The near-spring day seems less
promising. Fears intrude.

I wonder what's ahead in the shadows.
Soon it will be Easter.
Do the dead, remembering talk
of a resurrection, grow restless
in the dark, frozen ground?

- Betsy Kennedy

Beethoven

It's a solid gray picture on my glass sliding
door today, but I still admire everything about it.
The Sunday branches barely being touched by the cautiously
approaching high winds, just enough to give a sweet
soft motion to the overcast waking skies, if you
stare at it long enough. And the hint of
bubbling just under the surface tiny peeking buds up

and down the long slender hairless arms. I'd like
to see that suddenly perfect color up close and
personal. The bees, what's left of them, are glad
to comply I'll bet. And the serious houses waiting
to crack a Spring smile on top of each
other, following every street sign to its current concrete
conclusion, like pieces played down on some crazy board

game. Yesterday I heard my first invisible bird of
the year and it was magnificent, ordinary and more
beautiful than Beethoven in its loud deafness. A living
wind chime. A bell with a heartbeat. A tinkling
foghorn. It lifted me out of myself. I floated
like a leaf. I unfurled like a flag. I
smiled like a poet. Stretched like a cat. Stood

like a lighthouse. Sat like a sea shore, heart
bobbing like a seahorse (attached by tail to a
strong green strand of Atlantic seaweed), splashing passing whales
with playful waves from both my hands. All because
one lone bird being was feeling the need to
celebrate the moment we shared. The inside barrier was
demolished. Then the bird left, and I wrote you.

- Darryl Price

Earth rotates a bit.

The morning arrives fresh flowered.
Yellow and red daffodils and tulips
dewed shrewd in sunlight.
Bright flight crows cawing somewhere,
starlings crawling,
squirrels bird feeder puzzled;
chipmunks burrowing with fuzzy logic
while above Landsat documents
all the erosion, snap snap;
bird seeds, weeds, and buried nuts
randomly strewn among the tulips
and crocuses and lilacs
and glads ready to green and grow tall
and spread windier color pink
green sunshine waves back action
freely blowing in the treeless meadow

of my soul, such silent sadness
where only old world asphodels grow,
nurtured mostly with passive water
where worms undulate feminine dilemmas.
Worms and bugs and slugs and process
and decay and disease
give green red light goodness
cooked stewed in energized
microwaved nuclear society.
Fate found Mel Fisher on sea horizon,
as he sucked on the Atocha,
it came up the pipe and in,
indirect spiritual revenge,
one more golden son set.
Bardo without, bardo within.
Within without.

- Michael "Bookie" Buchenroth, 1974
(1953-2008)

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