Jun-2004

Inside Front & Back Covers: Poetry

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://vc.bridgew.edu/br_rev/vol23/iss1/3

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Oxygen

I open Merriam Webster’s, tenth edition, turn to I for inspiration, find the connection; what inspires me to pick up my steno book, my favorite pen, is what pulls air into my chest, pushes it out, allows for the rise and fall, the even exchange. Inhaled words, exhaled flow of ink, are elements of respiration, another way to breathe, survival itself.
Wisp

In spring I take laundered sheets
Warm from the sun
To the back porch
Shake hard the billowing fabric
Over the rail and if a thread
From an edge or seam
Tries to loosen and let go
If I tug and pull it free
The wisp will float
Carried in sweeping circles
On the morning breeze
And land in a patch of grass
or wrap itself round a pine branch
Or cling to the embryonic
Pink-lobed leaves of an oak;
I like to think a sparrow
Or darting cardinal will find it
Make off with the single strand in its beak
Use the artifact of human comfort
To strengthen the walls
Or soften the lining of its nest
Fly away with the offered bit of my life
And weave it for a season into its own.