

poets

bring me images
 bring me dreams
 to eat
 I don't live
 without the taste of death
 and the salt of eternity
 feed me dreams
 and give me life for wine
 reality is the place where the skin breaks
 and the bullets explode
 the edge of time
 and the blade of death
 one child wanders
 in gardens no man should see
 routing through gross obscenities
 and oranges
 doing a juggling act
 presenting a play
 with robes of flowers
 and blood for rouge
 there is an ice laugh
 a spurt of machine gun applause
 the child/poet takes the stage
 by storm by bare hands
 words
 that calm the chaos
 or make it
 mould
 the beauties
 throw them into the air
 with the terrors
 juggle knives fire oranges
 and hold the balance
 several seconds
 it's a brief flash before your eyes

a silver game
 the poet smiles
 and is gone
 again reaching
 into the garden of your fears
 your loves and dreams
 groping for
 your worst or best days
 for his next show
 feed me

Linda Wikene Johnson

in winter

in winter
 there is a blood stained rag
 hung in the wind
 and the old clothesline
 on the hill
 groans and whistles
 between grey posts

the hill is mud and torn grass
 while the sky is an old woman's hair

she comes one day
 to take in the rag
 and then it is spring

Linda Wikene Johnson