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(Emily 479) and tra/versing the year


Naomi C. Gades

Allegany College of Maryland, ngades@luc.edu

Paul Puccio

Bloomfield College, Paul_Puccio@Bloomfield.edu

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(Emily 479)

Because I could not stop to Cite –
The Teacher did stop me –
She said this would be in my File –
For all Eternity.

She slowly spoke of Consequences
And I'd have given up that day
My sports and my leisure too,
To make It go away –

We learned at School, where Children write
To always name Sources –
But I was in a hurry then –
To pass all those Courses –

But she would not pass me –
And Summer suddenly grew chill –
For only Summer School, my Days –
Homework nights – no frills –

—Naomi Gades

tra/versing the year

(words like seeds dropping
through seasons of poetry
from the leaves of books)

rough winds tousle May
buds muscle open in an
agony of green

summer is cumin
spiced air hovering like bees –
sweet and stinging heat

night
 and
 leaves
 falling
clouds slide across tree-sliced moon –
goldengrove grieving

silent icicles
dripping slippery from eaves
in frozen sunlight

—Paul M. Puccio