

Raíces

POETRY *IN MOTION*[®]

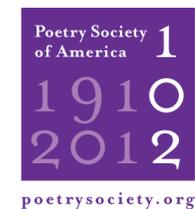


Cómo podría saber yo que profundo en este invierno congelado,
sería un acuífero?

Agua Vida como calenta como sangre.
Alimentar de Agua Vida arraiga en la oscuridad sin sueños.

Durmiendo tan profundo,
se habían olvidado la memoria de árboles.

Lisa Alvarado



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Folding

Houston Baker

I fold you, still warm from cleansing words,

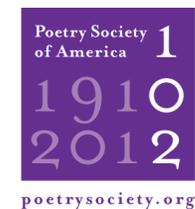
Into other memories and signs of our history,

Missed flights, long goodbyes, and seamless love.

We have struggled piece by piece, sometimes not far from collapse.

But simple creases can be as comforting as tedious work well done.

Folding is always the job love least likes to do.



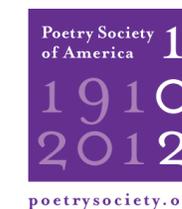
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Learning to Speak

Kelly Falzone

The tongue waits. The mind slowly climbs the stairs; lips and chin coaxing the body to draw up language.

When the words come across the teeth it is like letting go in love: the mouth wet the breath satisfied.



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Preguntas

Ricardo Nazario y Colón

Mi alma está llena de preguntas.

Me siento nueve meses y medio embarazada

a lo mejor cuando estos Dolores pasen,

daré parto a unas respuestas bellas.

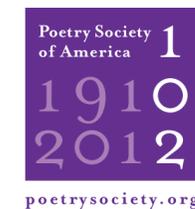


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from "This City"

Steve Earle

We just carry on diggin' our graves
in solid marble above the ground.
Maybe our bones'll wash away
but this city'll never drown.



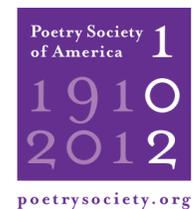
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meditative

Freya Sachs

I'd like to be there,
to laugh behind that house,
to learn how birch bends on different continents,
to understand the curvature of a back pocket,
to love a city more because I'm leaving it,
to invite birds to shadow me,
to make, of me, a shadow.

I'd like to think as the moon moves.



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Deference

Bees work the flowers of the present moment.

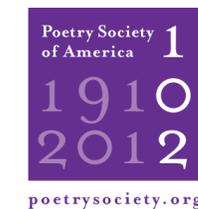
And then a pair of gold finches alights,
Bright yellow pain, green pain, stirring the past
And tearing new growth from it.

They eat and fly.

And the bees, who let them have the present moment
And retreated to some place I couldn't see,

Return to mind when those sorrows flit away.

Mark Jarman



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The World is a Great Poem

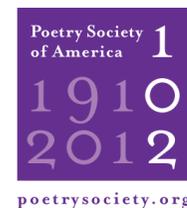
Thandiwe Shiphrah

What wants to be written next?
Peace. I am smiling like two lines coupling.

No one can predict the changes.
I like the simplicity of that.

What is the meaning of the poem?
There's nothing to compare it to.

Forget the sun, the moon, and all the rest of it.
Where does the wind blow?



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In the Garden: After

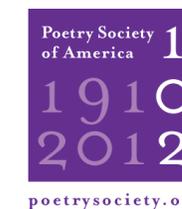
Blas Falconer

Dawn or just before. The rainy season spills
into the next with all its wind.

The fruit's fallen, the speckled skin split,
and tree frogs sing the same wordless question.

The only answer is
the question they ask and ask all night.

This is longing. For more. For something else.
You learn to live with it.



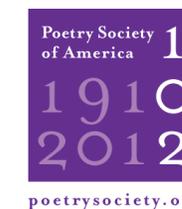
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I Know Home When I Smell It

Black eyed peas, baked ham in the kitchen, on the counter waiting for me.
Oranges saturate the air in MY home. MY space.
Wrapped in coat, scarf; fighting winter: cold. Wrapped
in the aroma of simmering pot roast at home - warm.
The smell of rich, brown coffee swirling in my mother's cup
as she waits for us to wake.
Grapevines and beehives in the fall.
Fabric softener sheets dancing
through my children's clothes as they run past me.
I will know home when I smell it.

A Collective Poem by the 2007 Residents of Magdalene House

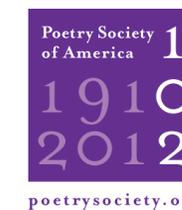


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At Ryan's

Brent, age 17

My heart like drumsticks.
In my stomach a dog growled,
When my Daddy yelled.

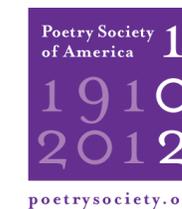


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Loose Leaf Kisses

Shane, age 16

Sun sets with fresh Breezes
Kisses fall on her neck like Leaves.
And leave me breathless.



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Hillside Poetry Lessons

Rin, age 17

I was a teddy bear,
Barely able to keep back brains from kissing dirt.
Four friends fed off my pencil shavings.
We hungered for an exhale
Colorful like stained sky before us.

