

For Sylvia

Cheryl Diane Kidder

These poems are not alive
 but stuffed with cotton thoughts
 kneaded into lumps and like
 old pillows need their seams mended
 their colors fade so soon after creation
 a burning flash of words to page
 no more not alive breathing
 of readers admirers but
 limp doll creatures made
 for pleasure only not lofty
 purposes of intellectualism
 not alive never dead but
 stagnate meanderings like
 so many lost geese shuffling about
 without a flock and hunter guns nearby
 they've no wings flapping leadenly
 kept to ground by my own heel
 turning into them burying them
 with so many flights of idiotic fancy
 romantic color collars of nickel
 they wear as gifts but actually
 those keep them down deadweight
 and blank paper is not safe as long as I
 masked witch of a thief
 am still loose to penrape them
 unknowing all that blank paper
 innocent to me
 help them quickly.

