

Two Summer Poems When I Wanted Three

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

Not Canoeing

That summer was a good summer.

I remember when my life's goal was to sit outside. Complete contentment under kudzu, I'd say. I should write a pome!

You can be too happy to write.

We went not canoeing but the other thing. There was water, trees.

Underwater

Spring seems reluctant to come this year. Today it might show up. I'll finish the new summer quilt, batiks the shades of green the sun gives to ponds. I've been noticing how much I love the word "summer."

It's a beautiful quilt. Tying it I am struck how the patterns teem, all those eyes under water.

Ready

In twenty minutes I have a date.

I have a date now in twenty minutes. My date is with my unconscious, subconscious. Whichever. Or both. That's easier for antecedents.

I wonder where they are now. Maybe next door gently nudging or maybe at the end of the road, daily deliveries coming soon in big boxes.

Mimic Simic

I should always read Charles Simic. I should mimic Simic and Ristic. (I have already forgotten his first name, he who changed me with his deep understandings a minute ago. Already forgotten!)

Rain

A rainy afternoon is on its way.
I love rain!
I wonder what Serbia is like. Like Italy?
It would be fun to go around the world as an anonymous old lady,
one no one notices.
No longer blonde.

Honk if you are Dylan

I like to think of him like he's a guy in a bar band. The guitar player.

He's got a few suits and they all fit.
I imagine he has a wife who works a day job for the benefits. He's quiet, keeps deep, loves her.

Oh Fireflies!

The new moon erases the horizon and in the dark I see each light,
far and near, star and stardust.

