

Any poem is possible

by Gita M. Smith

I am still upright. Bone is connected to tendon,
ligament to filament. I'm breathing,
and breath leads to song.

My brain is not just flesh, it is a canvas.
As long as I'm still here, any poem is possible.

Morning: I sit with coffee and the paper.
Better to sit outdoors, let the dog take her
desultory walks around the property,
show the squirrels what's what.
They take advantage of the feeders,
using brute force, if necessary.
Dog gives them the stink-eye and they shrink
back into the branches of a poplar.

Meanwhile, I wrangle word juice
from the *Oxford American*, sighing at
photographs of blues musicians
with solemn lakes for eyes,
reading a poem about birds aloud
to the audience in the trees.

