

5 Poems In The Shape Of Other Poems

by Kevin Army

gray and decidedly ending

he yells at the goalpost by the place where
the standing room is.
he's still alive and thankful for the net.
things are fallen, there on the grass.
he wonders if there is a club, like a knitting group, or a book club,
where he can
concede that it doesn't matter if he wins or ties.
it's a bit broken at this point, and hey, there's the ball coming right
at
nothing. all he see's is nothing.
his best friend died playing frisbee when he was 16.
it was nothing like this is. this game has spectators, and it seems
like it will
never be over.
 thing 1[1]

motion sensors

mariners? it wasn't something he thought about.
over by the hill
with the shining death and
the faces.
someone was walking their dogs a few years back
and heard the motion, the
movements within.
there, where the concrete is broken, and
there, where he smoked when he was younger.
a ship sailing outward, where something calls back.

cement and plant[1]

who, the animal

who, the animal of the inner wells and workings of that cabin sam had built years ago, somewhere in wyoming where there is endless imagination to consider when the days are longing and the animals are walking through the front yard. who wanders over to him and wonders why do we do these things? impaled on the kindling of life, how do we get past start? he looks down, held by who, and sees the bottom of the well, reflecting the top of the sky and thinks, it's all here isn't it? the things we will accomplish, the things we will leave to others.

light[1]

the letter, the hand, the pear

the hand that is
standing alone tonight,
and space that stands: elsewhere.
ufo's reported again, and that
hand is reaching, hoping.
my mother spent a lot of time
dreaming about space.
"i robot" peered from the bookcase, and
she wrote a letter to save star trek.
reaching. reading her books,
drinking tea and eating a pear.
wire and plants[1]

our own private little seas

not.

we are endlessly battling with these negative emotions that confront us.

by endless paths through mountains and by endless paths through oceans and as we set sail in our private little seas we wonder

often, if there is something to be learned what is it, and why did we really try and figure that out anyway, if it mattered then

wouldn't it be born into us, the way a ship yields to storm, the way our bodies fall when tackled, the

ways we yearn, endlessly.

endless.

* * *

end[1]

