

Trophy

Poetry is a love line, laugh line, blood line;
a blotted line that never quite dries.
It is a drop of aged wine, only a drop,
not spilled, a fine taste that lingers.
A shot glass emptied to relieve the angst
when no thoughts pool on teeming dormant paper.

Poetry is a vault of hoarded thoughts.
When it finally squeaks open on stubborn hinges,
you fish blindly in the depths.
Surprise ! Only a starving moth staggers out to expire.
Its death scene lasts the whole third act,
seen with new clarity under a magnifying glass.

You sit on a weathered Windsor rocker.
You scan your microfiche dreams,
then cast your line and troll the clouds.
Unseen creatures nibble the bait until the hook is clean.
With breath as a lure, your rod bends double.
What races below churns the surface.
The turbulence calms in the sunset's spreading net.
You reel in your trophy poem.

--- Harris Gardner