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Zephyrs

Cycles

You want to believe
that I will not repeat
like a leaf in unrepentant
zephyrs. You forgive me
more quickly than I
can inflict, as frequent as
the seasons depart
and arrive, aching
to reappear.

Gaining Shape

Every time a nation gets its wings,
an angel kisses a dot onto a pear in a bowl
and asks you to suspend your disbelief,
even just for the duration of a painting,
that you are a stem;
if you'll admit it,
a deep curve will follow—
pass by it several times a day
and compare
your planes with its;
stare at it long enough,
and a Renaissance might ripen.

The Death of Laocoön

His circuitous insight
Delimited his limbs
And dragged him in reverse
To that hydration of which he was formed.
Between ecstatic shouts of grief,
He portended all the while that origin
Would mean enemy advance.
His fellow Trojans took the serpentine divination
As mere oration and his banishment
To the sea as part of the gift.

East to West

I'm sorry, Florida—
a flower can be no frontier.
I pluck petal after petal, and am disheartened
every time I land on a crimson-hot *loves me not*.
If I am to fall in love with a sunset on the horizon,
it must be in the west.
When I venture, it will be for gold.

Lost at Sea

I listened for the chance
Of being seen sounding so near it seemed
I could almost touch
Our hearts sinking as the sounds grew
Distant soon alone again
With the fog I heard the whistle
Of a quick ocean thought too far
To understand disappointment
As warmth for want of perishing,
I floated unheeding of the cry
That was once willing to be