

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/4

Paul Rabinowitz

Quiet Morning

If I were a true poet
I wouldn't sit for hours
with curved spine
and hunched back
laboring over every word
wondering how it might sound
when read in the stillness
of your quiet morning

Instead I'd put down
my pen, extend my hand
and wait for music
of the milonga
to swirl between us
your dark eyes
surrendering
to my cabeceo

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Supernovas

I've grown tired of the way your eyes
flash when the setting sun dips below
the wide brim of your fedora

translucent like a yellow moon
over orange sandstone floating high
above the desert floor, Venus

brighter than a million stars
in a distant galaxy with black holes
supernovas exploding then dying
and exploding again

drained from it all I put down my pen

shut my eyes but hear a ringing
like church bells, your voice
rising then swirling and rising again
shaking my body
lifting me to higher ground

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Temporary Exhibit

Why is it when I visit
the great art museums
all I do is watch the curious

necks elongated
teeth clamped on lips
eyes like slits
maybe staring at a Picasso

and when they turn
to look at me
studying them
I feel overwhelmed

these patrons of great art
would take a moment
to analyze
what's in front of them

in the flesh
curved spine
against blank
white wall

inside the greatest
art museum
in the world