George Hitchcock

"THE GIFT"

catkins fallen from the alders
float on the water’s surface.

The bicycles are leaner. under the foot-
bridge there are new fronds of fern.

The faces of unknown poets drift
in the sky disguised as plumes of mist.

Spring enters my window
carrying a small bouquet of steeples.
Waiting For Seurat

waiting for seurat
is not so bad

is not what everybody thinks of
standing in a fish tank

arms akimbo legs too
when the bathers fail to make

the morning’s exercise
forsaken all awash

as I am too
but now

the final holiday draws nigh

some sunday afternoon

the chime has chimed
the branches overhang

the crowd of watchers
& it’s time

to coax the children
back into the car
to leave the dishes
& the soap behind

the other little friends
so soon departed

still we wait for them
we are the walkers

in the park
& if we fall into the lake

a second time
the acrobats will scoop us out

will whisk us home
like children

neither lost nor found
our bodies & our thoughts

like tiny flecks
& little reckoning

the time it takes
to sink or swim

still bug eyed
half alive

the big bowl broken
waiting for seurat
Dystopia Parkway

how far he dives
into a sandbox
lights erupting  flicker
down a parkway
riding to the Star Hotel
a place to watch
the stars on carpets
sidewalks stitched into a
pure dystopia
as one by one
we dance
for all the children
in the world
my temper will ignite
feed you my flames
a red confusion
opens to the right of us
we raise white fingers
stubby arms
a forest of computer
screens alight
the parkway filled with
phantom windows mothers
can stare out from
their dystopias
more like a fact of life
seeing that nothing
can cohere however
solid are the walls
however bright
soap bubbles floating
over broken glass
the perch deserted where
birds seldom sang
the parkway packed into
a sun box  flat
I carry underneath
my coat the memory of where
we all will live
a family of artists
each one with a simple story
resolved to bring it home

Nancy Tobin, Dystopia Parkway, 2005; Painted paper collage, 26.5” x 20.5”

The Best Thing About Sunday

is the color
& the next best
how the little folk
find here a place to fly
balloons & kites
skidaddle
rummage among the broken
mother boards
how pink & paper thin
the world appears
to be a field of pinwheels
driven by the wind
& spinning
line on line
& circle into circle
strings cut free
these are the gifts
they bring us these
are what we throw
into the air & see them
flying by
the children’s room
a little brighter
walking cockeyed looking
for the wind to stop
then we can find
the best thing about sunday
eggs & eyes
adornments cars that run
on spirits wheels
too precious for the road
a pig that squeals

Nancy Tobin, The Best Thing About Sunday, 2005; Painted paper collage, 20.5” x 16.5”