

Barbara Werling / 3 Poems



Donkeys

Will you think it strange?
For they are there,

And I am there:
Speaking through the fences,

Speaking in my voices
(In my fattened

Or thinned grasses)
Until

My voices
Hold,

Blowing,
Making their own wind

And sowing
Little grasses,

Which bend and unbend
curling,
Yes, my words

A floating turf
Of dark ink, uprooted –

Such black and tasteless
Senseless sounds for

Eyes that know
No sense.

The Stapler

Is all hat, glazed and made
Of plastic.

Open it up.
There's the brain.

It thinks in one slow row
And is always forgetting.



The Patient Reader

My father is a doctor,
And I am a writer.

Our work is to cut.

We would have been killers
Had we not altered the knife,

His flesh, mine.
But I am no healer,

I operate without end.
For so work the words,

Necessarily unfinished,
Waiting for your arrival.

Author's Note:

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