

TCPL
POEM IN
YOUR
POCKET
DAY
ANTHOLOGY
2020

Charming After Snow White

he lives
in a funeral parlour
built with his hands

he practices
rituals with her remaining
prescriptions

and sleeps with
the coin from his beloved's
lips under his tongue

when he speaks
silver spills
from his mouth

like a waterfall
it forms a river
that flows north

currents that lead to the last
memory of a kiss
sleep a blissful wish

Eric Machan Howd

When I was a child, you used to tell me
to keep lavender by the bed to make rest
easy
and dreams sweet. In our balmy
afternoons together,
while my parents were away,
you taught me not to ever lie, steal, or
cheat.
And now, verge of adult,
I understand a witch's soul can never truly
die;
it is merely dispersed among the plants,
dirt, and rocks
she lives by.

Alexandra O'Brien

Journey

We begin the journey
with no idea of its end...
and for a moment
only the slightest
that we've arrived.

Michael Foldes

Hunting helling hellions howl hungrily, help.

Hurry hunting and howling, how horrible. Horror haunts hiding humans, help.

Howling harsh hurricanes, huge, haughty, huffing, HOOOOWL! Hiding humans

horror heightens, HELP. Horrendous, hideous, hair-raising, hellacious, helling, half-human hellions, hunting,

howling. Hemming, hawing humans half-hidden hear horrible howling. Hounds

hasten, holding, hauling, heaving hysterical homo sapiens. Homunculi howl,

hankering hunting hundreds. Humans hope

heros hurry. Hurt heavily humans hear heinous, hedonistic howling. Heartbeats halt.

Hateful hounds holocaust horrifies harmless, helpless, hopless, hostages.

Human, hear how horrible helling hellions howl, howl, HOOOOWL!

Hurry, hide.

Siena Porcello

it's raining, on march 2nd
and the air is warm enough to inhale.

it's a miracle.

i walk slow
breathe with my eyes up
remember that my hands are small and
they can hold yours.

Tara Eng

for Eric

Goat Unicorn

is so much like itself
it gets confused sometimes

dappled on Wednesdays
horned on Fridays
black as an owl's hoot
very other Sunday

kid, doe, wether, nanny:
its water trough shows
its changing beard

no stanza can keep it in
no metaphor can claim it

but there was that poet
who gazed into its eyes
with Pan tattooed on his arm

that day
it felt clear wild love:
the perfect hooves
they shared

Katharyn Howd Machan

a heavenly grin
down feather hair
porcelain skin
so gentle, so fair
you believe this is true
but don't let it fool you
try to stay wise
he's got the devil in those angel eyes

Elyse R Kiel

Fantasy

Life itself is fantastic, don't you know?
A little bit weird, a little bit strange,
and yet as lovely as a fall of snow.
Life's great pulsations have enormous range,
and give us reasons to endure, pursue
our quest for pleasure in the saddest times,
to keep alive the promise and some clue
to search for meaning in poetic rhymes.
We are a curious species, I think,
able to imagine fanciful things,
and though, at times, we appear on the brink
of despair, we can still hear when earth sings.
Why not mix the fantastic and the real?
There might be new vistas we could reveal.

—Roni Fuller

It has a taste for torment, derision on
its lips,
It winds a ring of doubt about the
contours of my hips,
Hissing chilling chants, it whispers
taunts into my ears,
Distorting and illuminating all my
deepest fears.
It's eyes a-menace sear my skull to look
into my soul,
Trespassing my armor, all my errors to
behold.
It steals my sins and puppeteers them
plain for all to see,
A band of marionettes on stage
performing obloquy.
I close my eyes and plug my ears and
dream a sunset sky —
Elysian fields or tranquil seas or eagles
flying high —
But when I wake, I realize I'm not in
reality.
In consciousness I bear the burden of
my fantasy.

May Sharif

The Vow

If you don't call a leprechaun an elf,
He'll share his gold with you.
If you sing a song to a siren,
She will find for you the prettiest seashell.
If you give a fairy a poem,
It will grant you luck for an entire day.
Unicorns can give wishes,
Dragons bestow strength,
But none of those things cause my knee
to bend.
If you take my hand
And dance with me in this moonlit wood
Where the stars shine solely
To make your eyes glitter,
I will give you custody of my heart,
My soul, and my body
Because your love is greater than any
magic I've seen.

-B.Q. Williams

Mysterioso Gnome

There's a gnome in my front
yard that comes to life every
night.

He plays checkers with the
squirrels, and moons all the cats
as they run on by.

He holds up his lantern, which
lights up when the sun goes
down, and always leaves

me cookies if I have been good.

And I am always good...

except when I am not.

Rich Recchia

Nightmare

a millipede dreamed
it was a human
clumsily bumbling about
on just one measly pair
of ungainly legs

then woke up relieved
in it's bed of dead leaves
finding its three-hundred limbs
right where they should be

Isaac Sharp

Between
The pages of
One old library book
Paper songbirds nest waiting for
Release.

Carrie Cunin

How easily their hands went into the air
In the town we thought they were
waving
At first a few rolled to the sand
Like beach bathers stunned in the
waves
Recumbent they cheered their
distractors on
I drew happy faces on faces with o
mouths
When I was surprised or sad
Evening came and the lamps
Cast dim blue shadows on the shatter
lands
Then many waved and thrust their
palms up
Thinking they were strong
Some defied the dim blue shadows
And lit cigars in cupped hands
Their faces were angry and red puffing
the coals
They wrote books in dead languages
And then the parades began

Jon Frankel

WHITE SPACES

Georges Braque is shoveling
his driveway with a palette knife.
Squares of asphalt appear,
design is everywhere
waiting to be uncovered.
He steps back, surveying
his enormous canvas,
smiles to think what his buddy
Pablo would make of it . . .
nothing: this space is mine to fill
he says, and knows
and closes with his shovel,
smiling to see that his neighbor
has just emerged to greet
the snowy reaches of our street,
blocking out the lights and darks.

Jack Hopper

Through the Years

We're forty-two and it's hit the charts
and we're in love and dancing
and it's become
our song, our song, the one
that tugs us to
each other across a crowded
room and
we glide it seems beneath a
sprig of
twirling mistletoe till the last
beat fades.

One you, one me still dancing
now as Kenny's
last beat fades. And our song,
our song plays on.

Mark Ashton

She Spoke

From deep in the white silence
of falling snow
slivers of sound suddenly sprang from her
tongue
and went tripping through the trees
dancing branch to branch
teasing the tip of every twig
before flitting into the caves
of my ears

There, they imploded into tiny electrical
blips
and darted down a dark and twisting trail
to a small clearing
in a thicket of neurons
where, in a snap, they were decoded
into recognizable fragments of meaning

words

four of them

I love you, Darlin'

leaving me
speechless

Todd Rose

*Celebrate National Poetry Month
and put a Poem in your Pocket.*

Tompkins County Public Library
101 E. Green Street, Ithaca, NY

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