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Slope of Monjou

Hugh Bramlett

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Well Fed

Shannon Lee Williams

That's perma-grin you spy
Across my face as Robert
Sings to me in quatrains
From the constant snow in my lap,
in my Subaru

Diverted by a vacuum of mechanical
Disharmony and SLAM!
Are those men's shoes she clomps in
Across the verdant blades
Cranberry polka dots hanging like wet laundry

Her broad shoulders pull tots in haste
Like splashing buckets of water from the well
Their Lily legs skitter beside heels
With smudged cheeks and frenetic limbs

Examining the mismatched clothes too
Small for the April chill
The essence of the spectacle pulls me in
Leaving Mr. Frost on his horse
Holding the placidity of my escape

At the edge of water her fists tear
Day old hot dog buns
In rapid and careless succession
She hurls them at the mallards, swans
Like slop for the pigs

Matted blonde strands jump
Anticipating with tummy growls and giggles
But no beaks grasp at the excess,
The ducks recede toward the rising moon
And I, I have miles to go before I sleep.

Slope of Monjou

Hugh Bramlett

Today came leaning
from the east;
climbing through pines
a haven for birds
of many different feathers.

One squats, weights the air
with haughty rasps,
the swallows flit
and finches sweep about
as bees in nursery, greeting.

A teasing breeze
as in nighttime,
bustles the bronzed oaks
to wave good-bye
in a ruffle, to a hush.

October

Nick McLean

There's a time when the warmth of the land ceases
To come from the sun
and instead rises up from within the Earth
carrying with it the new season
setting afire all the tree's leaves
giving a strange new glow to the sky
before retiring to the ground.

It chases blackbirds from the fence
as it bounds upon its paws, a cat.
It plays around the garden path.
Purring,
It rubs its furry black cheeks on my outstretched hand
Looking at me with eyes of yellow.

It is something strange, all a mystery,
This month creeping in with the moon;
In the middle of the night it enters my room
Arriving late but excited to see me.