

5-1-2012

Jimmie Calvin

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Recommended Citation

Lipscomb, Katie (2012) "Jimmie Calvin," *Forces*: Vol. 2012 , Article 46.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2012/iss1/46>

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Jimmie Calvin

KATIE LIPSCOMB

I love singin' the blues
 Slow dancin' on your shoes
 Let's put on our pj's
 and shoot the moon
 When morning comes
 Clanking pots and pans
 Let's go feed the fawn, Jimmie
 There's age on your hands,
 and after we'll dream in hammocks,
 and eat onions from the ground,
 trade stories of Pickle sisters,
 and look at all the bugs we've found.
 I'll pitch washers with the sandman
 and ask if he'll hold this moment still
 I am 5
 and so are you
 and we've got all the time to kill
 I'll see you in your overalls
 on the farm where you grew up
 I'll see you get the belt
 when you try and act too tough
 I'll see you walk to school
 and I'll see you give Ruby a ring
 I'll see your love grow,
 I'll see your faults show,
 but I'll be damned if I miss a thing.
 For I see what you are,
 and it is infinite.
 And I thought it's time that you should know
 that
 I measure your spirit in the mountains
 and my love
 for you
 in
 miles

Forecast Calls for Stopped Time

JOSHUA OLDFATHER

Humid mists drift loudly,
 A barrage of water,
 Sheets drifting, slanted rain.

 Heavy leaves unload their
 Burden, dripping sorrow
 Onto parched waiting earth.

 Vivid orange specters
 Stare through obscuring
 Cumulous framed cement.

 Light not shone, hid by clouds
 Mounds of mud and girders;
 Skeletal ribs glistening.

 Work called off for weary
 People watching reports
 As halted time marched in place.