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For Emily, In Gratitude

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For Emily, In Gratitude

Randy Scarborough

#101

*My mornings are full - I lunch, then write:
To let my child run out and play,
Parole my demon, clean its cage.
I call them home by supper, of course;
But, oh - the afternoons.*

#102

*Oh, I do love life!
(But nobody cares for love poems any more.)
So this little waif, unbidden child,
Will hide in my diary, safe, 'til better times,
Then grow up.*

#103

*What! Not write tonight? (I am tired.)
No scratching pen on borrowed paper,
Scrawling out the words in which I live my life?
But I must - Tomorrow is not writ yet.*

#104

*I am two selves,
The one, blood, (my hands ache);
The other is dissolved
In a scribbled line of ink, find me.*