

# Green Fuse 2011 Chapbooks

From: *Time and Silence* by Maggie Rowlett—\$15.00—email: [greenfusepress@yahoo.com](mailto:greenfusepress@yahoo.com)

## *For Jackson Pollack*

It is always there  
The tyranny  
Of the brush  
In every way  
It becomes an instrument of repetition  
The channel to sameness  
To mediocrity

If I follow the pathway  
You have opened  
As students have followed  
Their masters in other times  
Will I find the song  
That will be my own?

I spread my canvas  
Take tins of color  
And pour  
Weaving a blanket of color  
A web of dreams, desires  
The work grows  
Pulsates

Takes on a life of its own  
Strands of color  
Reach for me  
I am tied, twisted and turned  
The long sinuous line of vermillion  
Pulls tighter tighter  
Until I cannot breathe

Your harsh laughter reaches me  
From a great distance

From: *In the Herbarium* written and illustrated by Teresa Louis--\$15.00—email: [greenfusepress@yahoo.com](mailto:greenfusepress@yahoo.com)

Step through the doorway—  
∞ Bright sunspots dapple spring grass, ∞  
Tearbuds turn to smiles.



**DANDELION** (*Taraxacum officinale*)

Medicinal Properties: "The leaves provide vitamins A and C; the flowers are one of the plant world's better sources of lecithin, a nutrient that elevates the brain's acetylcholine, and may play a role in stemming Alzheimer's disease. Lecithin is also good for liver problems, and the plant is a time-honored treatment for jaundice and other hepatic complaints."

*The Green Pharmacy Handbook*, James A. Duke, PhD.

*Dent de lion*

Lion's tooth  
royal darling  
of herbalists Medieval  
fallen so far  
from grace  
to weed-dom,  
your face    sunshine  
no longer welcome.

Except in my yard.

Perky heads  
poke impudently  
through spring-green grass  
I pluck your leaves  
for lunch  
carefully trowel  
your roots  
to roast  
mid-morning coffee  
with cream.

You cleanse my liver  
my anger,  
keep my blood  
cycling  
cool and clear,  
help me  
digest  
life's disappointments,  
delight  
in a daily moment.

A joker,  
a tease,  
you bend  
under the lawn mower  
slyly show up  
in the midst  
of a cluster  
of carefully cultivated flowers.

You survive  
despite Round Up.  
The joke's on us,  
isn't it?  
You  
Piss-in-Bed  
Fairy Clock  
Blowball  
Swinesnout  
Lion's tooth

Dandelion.

## VAN GOGH'S CROWS

Crows took his body up to heaven—  
which, for him, was a small room,  
an easel, good bread on the table,

wine. He was fairly light so only  
a small flock got him there.  
They flew back to earth—black wings

perfect for mourning. They flapped  
over a harvested wheat field, wind  
dragging a sack of winter.

## CONTRALTOS OF IMMORTALITY

Sometimes I think when I die  
I won't just be worm food. Maybe  
at the Pearly Gates, which won't  
have pearls and won't be gates  
since Heaven shouldn't  
resemble a gated community,

I'll see old friends. We'll gab  
about Walt Whitman, hoping we  
end up on his street—which won't  
be golden but grassy and full  
of pansies that bloom every month.  
Hot-looking scruffy ruffians will wink.  
Mary Magdalene will wink back.  
Walt will invite them all to a cool pool  
for a naked swim and Mama Cass

will say *Come on!* to my pals and me.  
As we enter Heaven, her contralto  
voice slides across the solar system,  
her salmon-colored muumuu sways  
in cosmic wind,

everything truly perfect  
once she starts to sing.

## *The Inlet*

On the shore of the inlet we stalk  
a firefly strobing a bush.

Up close we catch  
short breath: it's caught

in a filament of web  
and the spider is on it

embossing the wrap  
with crossed threads—

smooth as milk the last  
silk of day on the ebb.

From: IMPROV 2011 Anthology of Grass Roots Poets--\$10—email: [greenfusepress@yahoo.com](mailto:greenfusepress@yahoo.com)

## I WALK UPRIGHT

Consider the wading birds  
Sometimes it doesn't hurt  
To bend over backwards  
It's simply a choice

It's true . . .  
I eat bread with  
Butter and sugar  
Talk about cows

Sun crosses the heavens  
East to West  
Green and blue cows face  
North and South half the time

I walk upright  
Complain about my feet  
One foot – of time  
One foot – of darkness and light

Nowhere do they say  
Brush the mud off your teeth  
Please remove your feet  
Before coming inside

*Gordon Holladay*