

Three Poems

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Transcription is a tricky theme for me as a poet. As a poet, I am always transcribing everything. I get my inspiration from real life. My style of poetry is that of realism, most specifically American Realism. In my poems, I am a realist because I don't force language to go beyond the beauty that it would normally go beyond in the everyday. Within the language of the everyday, there is an infinite amount of beauty a poet can find to transcribe.

These three poems were written between 2007 and 2008. They are all poems that were written in the Summer and Spring. They are hot poems and full of hot optimism. In them, I am transcribing what is a hot (versus cold) life. If these poems were written during colder times, then they would be poems about the cold.



Hillary Clinton

Daughter of Chicago
Businessmen and teachers
She was born
She was smart
She grew up
With dreams
In Midwestern scenery
She met Bill Clinton
O Bill Clinton
This poem isn't about you
I am a feminist
Like every other woman
Of my generation
Even though you
Can't tell, much has
Been already done
Some men have a range of
Emotions you can count on
Abby Walton too
Once played me a song
Called Old Old Fashioned
Hillary Clinton speaks
And it sounds like the soft
Soft static in that song
Laura if we were one thing
It might look something
Like a blue-green dragon
You might disagree with me
About the color
In the morning the sky is grey
It is grey a grey grey sky
I can't count on the sky
Mother, mother, mother
Mother, mother
I like the way you were
Once round and full
And healthy
And the black night
Wasn't seeping in our dreams
Hillary Clinton
I know when I see you
I am seeing a little girl
Who knew
She could be president

Yellowbird

When the words you say are valued
They are more important words
Why do people think I'm weird?
I'm not weird
Constantly looking over my shoulder, the swan
Gets his big feathers in me, they are not my feathers
That soak the morn in their exactitude
Half askew the inner worlds of the dead are
Before they reach our world, which is one thing
I saw the moon rising and knew it was full of white feathers
Except you see the rocks, they are bumpy and silent
So many things have flown through them, but what they contain so
Like love, I so did contain
Many voices
They weren't mine
I'm not weird, like death
I am a turquoise woman who is gentle
O gentle me the men in suspenders
O gentle moon that rose so
I was yellow flower rose in the sun
So bright it could be seen from Mars until here
O pretty moon, your fire flowers
Are so weird for everyone to see
But don't change yourself fire flower
They do not know what they say

It is not just the darkness which is intense*for Marina Tsvetaeva*

Not just the darkness is the thing that follows me
The beach blown of glass
Is not the thing in the rain when it is cold
When he and I went to the beach it was cold
We swirled in dark seas
Now he and I go to the beach
It is light, sunny
It is sunlight on this land
For who knows how long
I do not know how long the good things last
But until they end
Let me slather them all over myself
Until I am wet with their grease
A pig with grease on me?
No I am not a pig
I am a woman who was born of fire and abuse
But I want instead in this last half of my life
To be watered down in the waters that are in me
Lighted rocks on the earth that mimic
The night sky stars above it
We who did not let our brethren sleep above the earth
We who will let them glow beneath it
We who make the things that are worth making
Is it love who found me on the watered earth
Before I had a chance to renounce it
No it wasn't love who found me, it was health
Flowing in me
Before I had a chance to renounce life
The big thing of life which is the ocean found me
Wrapped me up in seas of green
I had never seen
The maternal waters wrapped me up in their safe and salty arms
Before I had a chance to destroy them
Before I had a chance to tell them they didn't know me at all
And give into the dark dark waters from which I came.

They decided instead that they knew me after all
They decided instead they were the waters from which I came.