

# POEMS (2015/16)

by Chris Villars

## Little Bird

*Little bird,  
hop into my branches.  
My leaves will protect you.  
Your song will remind me I have a soul.  
Let's shelter together  
all winter long!*

## Now

*Now's a funny thing!  
It seems like all there is.  
Yet it's always harking back  
or reaching forward.  
To what?  
There are no other Nows!*

## Daisies

*All the daisies in the lawn outside the museum  
came out arranged in astral constellations!  
I'm no expert, but I could see Orion  
with his famous belt and sword,  
and Cygnus the Swan with its long neck,  
and Cassiopeia, the double-u.  
It was wonderful!  
But when I told my friends  
they didn't believe me.  
And when I took them to see, guess what?  
More daisies had come out in between,  
and there were no constellations any more.*

## Bee

*I guess it thought my ear was a flower!  
I didn't feel it crawl in,  
but I felt a sudden Pop! and out it fell,  
attached to a piece of wax.  
I don't know what kind of honey earwax makes,  
but my hearing is much better now!*

## My Pompeii

*Pompeii of the heart!  
Pompeii of the soul!*

*He ran away from the emotion,  
curled up and hid.  
And there we find him still,  
a charred remain,  
buried in the ruins of his dream.*

## The Dabbler

*He was not a poet,  
though he wrote a few poems.  
He was not an artist,  
though he painted some pictures.  
He was not a physicist  
or a philosopher.  
Not an art critic  
or a musicologist.  
He was a dabbler,  
toying with now this,  
now that.  
You see,  
that jumble of what he was not  
was what he was!*

## Obscure Poem

*Gentle reader,  
obscurity has its compensations!  
This is a poem you alone in all the world  
are reading right now.  
Think of all those others reading along with you  
that poem by Shakespeare, Apollinaire, or Lorca!  
It's a wonder you can hear yourself read!  
This is a poem you alone  
are reading right now.*

## Dreams

“I'll let you be in my dreams  
if I can be in yours” (Bob Dylan)

*She came to me in a dream,  
and led me searching  
for somewhere we could lie together.  
We never found it.  
We found a locked door  
and a broken promise.  
A pack of dogs pursued us,  
rattling tin cans.*

*When I woke,  
one of the dogs came with me,  
and led me searching  
across the rooftops  
for her dream for me to be in.  
We never found it.  
We found the still, smooth,  
surface of a lake,  
and the dog howled at the moon  
until dawn.*

## Old Age

*Tree clothed in autumn colours,  
one by one your leaves drop away.  
Soon you're alone in a winter landscape,  
yearning for spring.*