

Two in Miller's Pond Bulrush

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Selected poems in the 5-7-5 form.

Todd Doucet
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Compassion in youth.
For four percent per annum,
many broken lives.

Sunlight lessening,
these short winter solstice days,
sleeping like the hens.

Neighbor's barking dogs,
trying unsuccessfully
to avert my ears.

e.e. coming on
the electrons deify
again and again

Laurel bay, Daphne,
Apollonian repast—
fragrant blackeye peas.

Intelligent eyes,
the irrelevant cigar.
Who's afraid? Not me.

Fruit fly with a plum—
black belly *Drosophila*
melanogaster.

Trick-taking con man
skillfully exploits weakness.
He'll burn it all down.

To rise but not shine,
opaque puffy grogginess
till coffee kicks in.

Like lifting a spell,
methylated xanthenes make
orthography right.

Deer foraging browse,
glass bottles slide into bin,
ears swivel, converge.

Young man on Portland
street holding sign and it says
I'm dying of AIDS.

Sees perch receding
while swooping onto fencepost—
sparrow's field of view.

Tossed logs over fence—
nine juvie woodchucks emerge
the following spring.

Young boy sees ancient
melancholy face of moon—
dusk of fulsome pearl.

Bursting pollen sacs—
two in Miller's Pond bulrush.
Asthma later on.

Strange fruit on TV.
Mom watches, says to the air—
They killed that good man.

Trailing edge of Hair—
bought Mao at Marxist bookstore
on Forbes, Starbucks now.

Vieille sauvagesse—
spanning seven-score years now,
our renegade dreams.

Billionaire's plaything—
avian virus infects
nitwit brooding place.

Tree of Life—neighbors.
Beautiful soul knew to write
on sign: Words Matter.

Sew, it goes like this—
the jangling testicular
bobbin unspooling.

Inauguration—
a rock, a river, a tree,
no bloodshed. Just us.

During walk with friend—
painted mural resolves to
mosaic of tile.

Terror in Iran—
two teen boys try to look brave,
are hanged together.

Enthusiasm—
counting the time, precisely.
My acey seven.

Three stepping in wind,
Bury Saint Edmunds blows hard—
push, then back back back.

Affective pivot—
unexpected empathy
from former badass.

Three-lobed two-spirit —
Acer pensylvanicum,
indehiscent fruit.

Learning symmetry,
the mystery of leftness—
look to the window.

Ionic support—
five undecennial suns
rose. Nova coming.

Gathering sunlight,
deferring entropy for
a time—life conveys.

Spinning sonant spool—
turning some toward music,
some toward science.

Solder fumes rising—
Dad fixing walkie-talkies,
prescient Christmas gift.

Young love of public—
Schenley Trail to remember
great society.

Offerings of books
surround the cloud factory,
awesome—silent—gifts.

Bibimbap below
with egg atop, pickled side—
gracious, delicious.

Eighteen eighty-nine
Liberty silver dollar—
sister's precious gift.

Werewolves write software,
wizards duel, practice craft—
much heat, but light too.

Mesmerized in spring—
maples animate in storm,
tell me yes, yes, yes.

Pedal daily through
eucalyptus-scented hills,
cover twenty miles.

Intoxicating
mist—Rose City refugee
reads, come rain and shine.

Complex formulae
unspooling through the ages—
his infinities.

Hand writes words in ink—
the long thin line bobs and weaves,
letters lean forward.

Sparkling spreading arc,
cortex wave illuminates—
exhilarating.

Loopy persistence—
arrested forward motion
circles back again.

Upright buxom books—
folds gathering all atop,
leaves fall onto shelves.

Fallen fishermen
inhabit confluence mist.
Proclaim: ghost eelers!

The unexpected
cubicality of salt
under microscope.

Eye through telescope—
looking forward faraway
back into the past.

Divine relation—
symmetry in action yields
conserved quantity.

Signal rain on roof—
Gaussian burble and splash,
worried about leaks.

Backing and filling—
the perpetual shuttle
until it's too late.

Rhodia A5,
no little black book for me—
luxurious glide.

I take the train there
and carry stillness with me.
My stop—I depart.

