

Bev Says “Write a New Poem”

By Nancy Scott

My belief blindfold knows
there are no twistable syllables
though I wander the Ideas file
testing “Sunday buttons” and “Schoolboy Blue”
thinking this work used to be a means of travel.

Spring will require more fiction than last year,
but poems carved from my most personal shape
of clatter-keyed cells that only feel locked
could again send late roses that I can hear.

Will it always be rejection without a grain of salt?
Will it always be withheld and withstood versus vision and ovations?
Will I heed her tease and must?
Can a heard light touch command?

© 2011 Nancy Scott