

Carolyn Howard-Johnson — Two Poems

Falkland's Town Crier

Mike Butcher makes his point. From his home,
his town is Leg-O-Land, red roofs like plastic bricks,
peat sod walls separate green Monopoly houses from brick
hotels. Beyond, Stanley Harbor idles, a mirror, Falkland's

connection to the world. Near Pioneer Road, Mike's gate
--a Magellenic penguin, iron-wrought and closed--does not invite
me in. No need, really. Rusty cannon so close
I could touch it through the fence, its voice

a hand-scrawled sign, *22,000 lives it took*
from '37 to '65. Remnants of its deeds pock
his yard. Over there beside Mike's potato patch,
a Minke jaw, farther on a sperm whale's spine,

here harpoon clusters like arrows emblem-eagles
clasp in their talons, explosives bound
to these to assure their spurs wreak instant death.
We needn't chat over tea, Mike and I.

Déjà Vu

After that morning of terror
I silenced the radio, shopped

for heritage tomatoes and romaine.
Civilized decades, distant wars,

stripcenters scaped with potted
palms. We forget too easily. Nothing

has changed. Really. I reteach

myself (my young), to be alert
as a badger snouting out moles, to still

affect the serenity of a resolute monk. Peril
is not new. My ancestors beat down a scourge

of crickets with brooms and bonnets, farther back
they carried torches to fend off carnivores

that watched, waited, attacked. Frightened
as they were they sowed, milked, hunted ,

laughed around homefires. They knew
that beasts are everywhere.

Carolyn Howard-Johnson is a multi award-winning author of fiction, poetry, and nonfiction listed in *Poets & Writers* respected catalogue of published authors. Her two *HowToDoItFrugally* series of books have helped writers and retailers worldwide. Learn more at www.howtodoitfrugally.com.