



irene koronas at the Bagel Bards in Somerville MA

irene koronas – Five Poems

cobble stones

the poem leads me to the past
and parks me in the future.
it reminds me of deserted paths
i sat on in cyprus.
a small roman bridge and cobble stone path no longer used other than
by people who sit to think about who they are and who they have become

we sit together in so many ways

dream rooms

stone homes overlook gardens

winds wile through upper bedroom

sand blows toward mountain
leaving dust on marble floors

village women pin day's wash
on pink plastic rope

my nap undisturbed by each righteous dream
as if dream particles in accumulation
lovers spray my rooms. youthful talk
hidden. sometimes danger breathes,
startles me awake

last night the women in my dream rooms
yak their yak on grass carpet

no more no less, just yak. it happens
walking around the open distance

looking for life in back room

each waltz in slippery rooms
perfumed by our making
your arms whirl my world

blown off the windowsill
dust flutters, flatten pillows,
entering warm worship

our lust. why haven't I thought
about mountains and spring rocks,
muddy walks, our bodies

crash into summer- your smile
I always see saw- you crack open-
we dance longer than music spins

spun from shadows' sensuality-
pebbles with white stripe surround
collection from streams

I throw my head back

vacuum clean the room

pushkin

years stretch spring greens into pink
all things rare in pushkin and time's full breast
strengthened pride written on his eyelids
when winds shake and spew his youthful sap
and all love suffers appearance
and the meadows and the world tries to eclipse
the long-since gone sun tries to heal
what praise brings, but women choose who they sleep with
even if his wailing passion to use and toss around
even if his heart from instinct mounts the wind hard as stone
every tempting look shines like fire burns precious
the world gives and makes sweet the lusty leaves seeking flesh

bright and quick his sweetest warning
why love those who confuse
why not praise his memory
delicate forget me knots' tremble against his linger and stay
I'll never feel his breath
his pen on parchment alters every wandering
touch rooted in desire he thrills my ear
his sweet fingers perfume
surely that is more than enough
to wrap that which flies by my face
my gentle feeding on what is left
I do not think I'd say

or urge myself to keep my desire from burning
all the pages and leaves and springs
when every night forget me knots
against the softest ground

lavender and roses and frankincense

roses when maple trees redden
the last flower dries. I listen for fall
always trying to be as pretty in black
as those girls who wore angora

its hard to give-up pretty

mirrors in low light sight
not as clear as when green was green
and lavender could be seen
and heard without all the sick days
flannelling my youth
so long sticking to what I do

afraid to slow my kisses on icons

why didn't I look

wild roses and frankincense light

irene koronas is poetry editor for *Wilderness House Literary Review*.. Her poetry has appeared in many publications, online journals and anthologies. With two full length books, *Self Portrait Drawn From Many* (Ibbetson Street Press, 2007), *Pentakomo Cyprus* (Cervena Barva Press' 2009). Her most recent chapbooks, *Zero Boundaries* (Cervena

Barva Press, 2008) and *Emily Dickinson* (Propaganda Press, 2010).