

Stacey Margaret Jones – Two Poems

Inspiration

In the photo from the exhibition
Alberto Giacometti works on a small, oblong
Standing lump of black. It may be clay.
He is backlit, but I don't think the glow is
The nimbus of inspiration.
Rather, the dark foreground
Is the color of dirt, the sweat of work.

The snapshot is a moment – less than one,
A black and white sliver of a second,
Grays skating over, slipping on to
The surfaces of the sculptor's route,
Sticking to something that isn't stuck.

I have tried to make it stay, framing the way
In silver – taking something made,
And wrapping it hard around the making.
Turning the means into pretty,
Then waiting for an inspired end.

Repent

The body, she
wakes up. There are
proclamations.
She hurts, may
be she is brittle,
a little broken,
or antsy, wants
action.

Give. I just give,
or give in.
Eat, stretch, push, pull
back. But I don't forgive. She
is not what I want.
I cannot hide her
the way I keep all
my other secrets,
in a dark shadow be

hind the moon of my
face. I say I'm sorry
out loud, but I don't re
pent this. I'm not soft, nor
should she be. She should
be worthy of worship.

Stacey Margaret Jones's work has been published in *Slant*, *Ariel*, *North Coast Review*, *Everyday Poems* and *Agave*. She was an award-winning Knight-Ridder newspaper columnist before the sad death of that media corporation. Jones enrolled in the inaugural class of the Arkansas Writers MFA Program at the University of Central Arkansas in Conway, Ark., and is an independent market researcher with a Master's in Communications Management from Syracuse University. She is a columnist for *Sporting Life Arkansas* and her columns and articles have appeared in *Elephant Journal* and *Savvy Kids*.