

John Flynn – Three Poems

Last Will And Testament

To all those who crave them
I leave my confusion and gratitude,
the missions and hills that framed me.

Where, you may ask, are my casinos,
my downtown parking lots,
all those moneymakers?

I leave to all my enemies
rush-hour traffic jams
during heat waves.

To the Smithsonian, I leave my insatiable
unreasonable hunger
for acceptance and posthumous fame,

a mountain of computer-generated rejections
a tin of busted pencils
and a few unrealized dreams

to visit haunts that no longer exist.
You see, I've always been a little slow
to catch up or else to get there.

Why stare at me that way?
Look at yourself jiggering along
and don't forget to laugh.

Once Said Is Enough

I trust routines.
I can hide within them
Bury ambitions, failures, shorelines

If I-beam and rivet have no use
Then what of these hands?

I stroll to the nearest cliff edge
Study rumors of decline
Wheel deliriously in my own wake

Seagulls pierce shallow winds
The surf re-forges me

Eclipses

This white cross has endured three winters.
Photos of those two fresh grads,
glazed with road salt and dog-eared,
curl when winds rise.

No parent easily accepts the nightmare thought
that this may happen to their children.
Father cures at his workbench in the basement.
Mother meets with friends simply to talk, talk, talk.

But in most towns and every summer these eclipses happen
at ankle-shaped turns on unforgiving roads,
in the dark or at dawn of a new June morning
after graduation ceremonies and at bold careless speeds.

John Michael Flynn currently lives in Khabarovsk, Russia. He has earned writing awards from the U.S. Peace Corps, and the New England Poetry Club. His newest poetry collection, *Keepers Meet Questing Eyes* is available from Leaf Garden Press (www.leafgardenpress.com). Find him online at www.basilrosa.com.