

Elizabeth Hanson -- Two Poems

camping under stars

no lighting
only the thunder
& the exquisite soft rain
falling
pour from above
Pour down

raspberry canes
already in leaf
fruit not far behind / me in my element
you trying to stay dry under tarp
I grab your hand, we
run for cover
the tent
across the meadowland You
carry your hope in your pocket
salvage small Summer almost gone
black-eyed susan's nod
sunlight
wanting to come back / And me ?
calling back the rain
Pitter - patter
Willy - nilly

fire sizzles
while
grey
afternoon clouds
sail by the moon's face
there are no stars
I had hoped ...
my mistake

marshmallows
popped raw into our mouths

then the arbitrary sun in a final blaze
night a close arrival takes us

You with your stick by fire
happily roasting (you had never given up)

I busy in the tent am still waiting for the stars
to come out You already have envisioned them
certainly no
small accomplishment-
I pretend it doesn't matter

a gentleman and a scholar

coffee table books
on mahogany
tea cup adjacent
pile of the Sunday paper

you open the top one
to the first page
I say
anatomy ?
sepia lines depict
a book of ancient maps
sea battles
won / lost

a history lesson
we sit apart
we have met again
water under the bridge

so much to discuss ...
you have changed
I never knew you
you always thought
that I would stay –

Elizabeth Hanson is a visual artist with a Master Of Fine Arts from Queens College, NYC. For the last twenty years she has been part of an acoustic duo that performs on The South Shore. Elizabeth's poems can be found in *Ibbetson Street*, *Tell Tale Inklings*, *Soaring Without Limits*, *Brockton library*, *Oddball Magazine* and *Visual Inverse*. Ms. Hanson has been honored to read from her chapbook "After Hours" for the Plymouth Center Showcase She has featured at GNB Writers Block Most recent she has read as part of an ensemble for a benefit for The New England Wildlife Center.