

Marge Piercy – 3 Poems

Remembering can suck the air out

The air weighs me down today.
It looks as if it might do something
but it doesn't, Just grey air heavy
with unexpressed moisture.

My mind is heavy today. Too many
memories of too many dead faces.
They are ghosts I can't see but feel
like faint soggy wind

as they brush against me, turning
slowly like languid watersprouts
They place me in rooms furnished
with shabby regrets.

The air has turned to ocean and I
have become a bottom dweller, tons
of pressure pinning me here where
no light penetrates.

To force indifference to old wounds
is the only way to rise, expelling
bubbles of escape, floating upward
grey on grey.

Addressing old addresses

I keep addresses in a computer program.
Erasures are invisible, eliminated with
a keystroke. But in a drawer I have an old
red address book. Why do I keep it? Two

thirds of those friends have vanished
as if with a keystroke, moved, quarreled
with, died – or worse, I have no idea
who they were, what they meant to me.

That's my old life in pen and pencil:
addresses in cities across the globe,
obsolete phone numbers, names that
roil emotions. I am informed me when I
hold its soft old leather how we take
friends for granted and then they're gone.

The gardener is tired of the poet

This has been the coldest spring
since I moved here decades ago.
Idiots think climate change means
it always gets warmer. No, change

is change, everything more extreme.
Today is bright and warm at last,
the cats soaking up sun stretched
long and flat as if turned to rugs.

The little red leaves of the crab
are scatching at the high blue
sky and hungry bees bend
every flower. I watched a spider

baby exploring a wooden table
under the wisteria arbor still
stippled with sun. Yesterday I
rescued its mother from the tub

carrying an egg. Put her on pansies.
The hell with poetry. All I want is
to plant, plant all the tomatoes
banging their heads on the shelf

above, pumpkins bursting their pots,
cukes attacking the marigolds.
They should all go into the earth
yesterday. I belong outside.

Knopf published the paperback of **Marge Piercy's** 18th poetry book *The Hunger Moon: New & selected poems* recently. They also have published *The Crooked Inheritance*, *The Moon Is Always Female*, *What Big Girls Are Made Of* and others in paperback. Piercy has produced 17 novels, most recently *Sex Wars*; PM Press just republished *Dance The Eagle To Sleep*, *Vida* and *Braided Lives* with new introductions by Piercy. Her memoir is *Sleeping With Cats* (Harper Perennial). Her work has been translated into 19 languages. She's given readings, speeches, workshops in over 450 venues in the U.S. and abroad. PM will be bringing out *The Cost of Lunch, Etc.* her first short story collection in 2014. Each June she gives a juried intensive poetry workshop in Wellfleet.