

Irene Koronas – Three Poems

11 & 12

11

i don't care to think about the elevator
that stops with a disturbing double jerk
or the quiet manager who opens a thick steel door
or rooms with tasteful expensive furniture
or bookcases or floor lamps that illuminate the corner

last night is the mystery i seek
your tongue and fingers reflect that

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tonight i chop and cut up letters
x-ing your apostrophes
the x-act point buzzing like a neon sign
your eyes finger print me
your leopard skin patent leather sneakers
your dizmal point. our derelict dialogue
exhibiting our extensive hippy daze

albino trees

when he said I said
we said it was forever

dear one, beginning our rhyme

darling our spring

firm as knotted balls

he said no
I said it was forever
he said when the fun ends
and of course it ended dry as leaf

he now lives in elderly housing
I stayed where I am

most nights I see silver maple branches
by my bedroom window

he stopped calling after I said its to much
to hear his raspy voice. his roots underneath all the dirt

I tell myself it was then when there was
a then that ended even when forever twigs my memory

dream, dally, grass

there are dreams I wish
I could remember, knowing dreams
were somewhere I wanted to be
but i'm awake. last night is simply a dream
a pearl necklace
a bone in our ears
or in our mouth
we study and create theories
produce evidence
for young breasts
the biggest penis
the penis is harder on theory
some men use their tongue instead

the right setting to show off
tinkered slammed dishes
we all enjoy being a dream

few can control their dream life
those that do
dally with fear
swallow their children
make claim to sky
highjack conversations
rest on grass
look at clouds

metea says, isn't it amazing how every
individual finger print is different

Irene Koronas is the poetry editor for *Wilderness House Literary Review*. She has two full length books, *Portraits Drawn from Many* and *Pentakomo Cyprus*, and many chapbooks, her poetry is in many anthologies. She reviews poetry books for the small press community, Ibbetson Street Press and Cervena Barva Press.

Her third full length poetry book, *Turtle Grass* published by Muddy River Books, 2014, contains more than eighty poems connected within a natural landscape. Grass species become metaphor, context for person, place and entwine the reader in poetic music. Deep within the ordinariness of grass, shadows loom.