Explorer

Jeanne Moose
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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Winter 1996.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss2/7
Things were so much simpler then.
Which stuffed friend would accompany me on a magical journey?
Cookies, ice cream, or a popsicle?
Back then, I yearned for age and wisdom.

Now, standing on the threshold,
I want to go back,
back to that simpler time.

There is comfort in a well-worn path,
not in uncharted wilderness.
With a sigh,
I turn toward foreign land
and chart a new course.

--- Jeanne M. Moose

I suppose spring is here
my thoughts have changed w/ the weather
no more
Sadness
And
Dismay
a new day has come
the wind blew it in
--and I caught it
right out of mid air and
planted it in the ground and
kicked it around and
gave it to others
--my sisters and brothers
then tattoo’d it to my skull w/ acid ink
so I’d make sure it would sink
it has and I love it
--look, there’s a dove it’s
flying so low to the ground
--and those mighty wings
their motion is blowing everything around
turning up the soil and forming dust clouds
the sand settles and creates mirrors
which reflect the sunlight
back to the clouds which spill rain
and cause everything to explode

A biological Jack-in-the-Box w/ God at the wheel.

--- Jeremy Kimball