

Poetry Series

Allison Helman
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Allison Helman()

A Truth Amid Persuasion

Chirping there, and there,
but never here.
Still, if I am still inside,
the snow bunting will alight on this silver bough.
My hand clutching some vague, icy pain warms away to drops.
Quick eye glints bluer
I am distilled by the assessment.
Crown and downy chest. Splendid and content.
And, I wish to show some shiny thing
because, bent legs and widened wings and it is flight.
And I just make the sound Fl, fl, fl.

Shadow lays claim to your absence
in the little glass, in the tall afternoon.
Bright bird, they once could hush and sway
certain sake and self to rumor because,
it is true enough for them.
The cat slinking, stretching alights soft as nightfall.
Restful, watchful, cooing 'Am I not lovely? '
The all too easy reconciling ease they all do have.
She asks 'Why do you weep? Birds are for sport.'

Allison Helman

Cumulus

How many times did you look at clouds
and see heroes
or, animals
or, castles and, other marvelous hopefilled things
or just wanted to float upon one?

And, when did you first think
that like watching a glass blower, these airy, emergent wishes
were not just yours but, all of ours, the same;
these pink, blue, silvery white
clouds and might?

And, did you once ask
whether the smoke stacks made clouds as well?

and someone told you no.

And, you learned.
That.
That, is from man.
That, is the exhalation of failure.

And, the blue, blue, sky like heaven drew a little farther away.
And, later, older, you realized why cigarettes feel good but, are bad.

Cumulus, cumulative wishes.
Bits of us/dust
holding dear tears.
Cleansed bright, pure, and possible.
And, bowed to fullness
By the dimples of His hinted smile.

Allison Helman

Daddy

Not born with a silver spoon in my mouth,
You did place a cultured pearl in my hands.
And so from this sweet irritation,
The good of humanity glows that much more
The mediocre is seen toxic
And the bad, the bad from this.

I, bouncing in sky
Your hands chafing my belly
This is you for the first time that always I'll know.
It is Daddy setting me upon the air.
And now gravity can be grave indeed.

My hair is also falling out.
I've been tripping a lot like you too.
I wonder, if it is just like you wanted for me
Dancing, upon the air
In bluest and nightly skies
Daddy, that pearl became a galaxy.

Allison Helman

Leaves

Leaves do not take a hint
That they enchant trees no more-if they ever did.

Instead, trees yawn in ennui
To their final, plaintive, flare
Of gold like suns, of twilight lit plums
And let them waste bloodless and sere.

Away, away, away with them wind!
Sound them to a scratchy cackle
In concert praise of human's sense
To name them for their absence.

Allison Helman

Slide Rule

Weigh well the price of new perspectives.
They cannot be drawn without the vanishing point.
Even pain clawing in it's jealous rage
Does snarl and bite against it's pull.
That only love should be exempt floating laughing in sweet rebuff
Holding my new, tender skin
And you, and you, and you, will hold me again.

Allison Helman

Winter Is First Born

Babes nude and baldly
Their cries crack from sleep like wind snapped twigs.
Imploring the stark sky for her
She rushes, hushes
And blankets in opalescent white.

Unknown beyond a given name
What glory in potential wakes
To grow, to be,
To flower, to flourish secrets
Like the still trees?

Why do poets assign it death
When one sees life's self in Frosted breath?
December's last kissed new to first
With beauteous, snowy, milk to nurse
I would say winter's much like birth.

Allison Helman