

## Two Poems by Dennis Herrell

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### In The Kitchen

I hold my breath...  
as you stand at the sink  
staring out the window...  
as the cat moves  
in a straight line to the bowl...  
as you turn to give me your look.

### Red Memories

What passes for past  
is no more than bloody scab,  
hard crust covering a tender spot  
not important enough for bandaged care,  
just something to pick at  
during a slow moment,

or give an absent-minded squeeze  
to start the flow  
of red-running memories,  
as feelings fall,  
soldiers in a row,  
each jaundiced brother lying dead.

**Dennis Herrell** is a former teacher. Later he was a sporting goods wholesaler. Then gift/card wholesaler. Now an antique dealer. During his last three years as a teacher, he wrote and sent out

poetry, with some poems published. Wrote poetry during his career in sporting goods, but did not send out. Then in 1990's - more active in writing. In the year 2000, on July 5, he started submitting my poetry again, with some encouraging acceptances by *Atlanta Review*, *Aura*, *Aurorean*, *Bogg*, *Ibbetson St.*, *Mobius*, *Pearl*, *Poem*, *Poet Lore*, and others.