

Three Poems by Linda Scheller

Bricobracomania

Perhaps I shouldn't buy it
but pigs are so cute,
squinchy eyes and big pink ears
and that questioning snout
and I have just the place for it
beside the chipped demitasse
below the collection of Kewpie dolls
on that shelf in the hall
you keep hitting your head on

And what about this
oh my god did you ever
it's adorable, a carrot I think
or maybe a tent stake with eyes
and such a nice shade of orange
a perfect match with the sofa
you know, the plaid with purple roses
the one with the antimacassar my aunt
crocheted for my sixteenth birthday

Oh and look I just have to have this
it's darling and maybe valuable
a real collectible I'll bet, why here
it's stamped Made in America
so it must be real, and so reasonable
I've always wanted a string holder
and this one has a fish on it

like my sign, Pisces, what luck
to find it before somebody else did

Here's a black panther statue
just like the one my grandmother had
except this one's red and a lot smaller
and oh it's missing a leg
but it reminds me of Granny
so I'll just put something in front of it
like the little green plastic bucket I got
at the flea market last week
and that way no one will even notice

Oh my god, can you believe it
a model of the Eifel Tower
made of beer cans why this
would be perfect in the family room
I think it would fit and
I could put all my little animal friends
around it like they were visiting Paris
and dancing under the disco ball
oh wouldn't that look classy

Cryptonyms and Questions

What name shall I call you, four years gone?
My Hobab, Tyr, Cuitlatl, Ehlose?
Your absence leaves confusion
of tongues, and not even music will spirit you back.

I believe you watch us through coffin eyes:
Horus the sun,
Isis the moon. If I remember the look

on your face backstage
the night before you died,
can you remember my smile?

When you visit, how will I recognize you?
By a pattern of birds, blue stones with yellow veins,
the wind? Wake me from my dreams if I'm
sleeping when you pass.

Much loved in life, much missed in death,
your absence burned our town and scorched
my wings. Why not write poems to tell you so
and call you by your new grave names?

**Pantoum for Rigel:
Burying the Dogs**

My son came home to visit me today.
He finds a shovel, lifts it, digs a grave
In the grass beside the pasture for
The family dog, old sentry, friend.

He finds a shovel, lifts it, digs a grave.
Twelve years ago, my son was eight.
The family dog, old sentry, friend
Of childhood, felt the coldest shadow.

Twelve years ago, my son was eight.
He dug the grave, ripping those soft palms
Of childhood, felt the coldest shadow
Glide across the golden fields at sunset.

He dug the grave, ripping those soft palms.
The sun swelled up, bled, and set. Winds
Glide across the golden fields at sunset
Without advice to give, and still, we listen.

The sun swelled up, bled, and set. Winds
Or not, we know the sun will rise again
Without advice to give, and still, we listen
Facing north, where coyotes may sing

Or not. We know the sun will rise again.
The grave is in the grass beside the pasture
Facing north, where coyotes may sing.
My son came home to visit me today.

A 5th grade teacher with two grown children,
Linda Scheller has poetry and plays printed in
numerous publications including *Notre Dame
Review*, *The Distillery*, *Poem*, *Seattle Review*, and
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