

Three Poems by A.D. Winans

From My Window

I watch him shadow boxing
in his living room
his curtain open
free admission
no questions asked
a giant Doberman
ears perched back
in attack mode
watching panting
as the old man weaves
dances shadow boxes
an imaginary opponent

from my vantage point
across the way
I watch him jab
a left hook an upper cut
and was that a Kid Gavilan
bolo punch?
duck bob and weave
no trainer no corner man
to throw in the towel

I imagine him in the ring
bleeding out of breath
knocked down
taking the mandatory
eight count

getting back up again
beating the ten count
knowing that like
the rest of us
he can't win
can't beat the odds
but refusing to throw
in the towel
nose bleeding
head pounding
jabbing punching
going the distance
hoping to get something
better than a draw

At 77

You realize
You're not immortal
Parents long buried
Friends fallen by the wayside
Like spring leaves
From aging trees
Arthritic Bones
that creak and moan
Mile walks turned to blocks

The years flee like months
Bring me to my mother's grave
Her tombstone chipped
The words fading

No such fate for me

I'll go the way of the Indian
My flesh given to flames
No dirt No worms
No suffocating box
Ashes and bone my fate
Monterey or San Francisco Bay
The sunset my head stone
My poems my marker

New Years Day Poem

some things stick in your mind
like dental cement
like your first kiss
the JFK assassination
the wild years, a trip down
highway 101,
foot stuck to the floor petal
hugging the middle lane
at one hundred miles an hour
a wild tango destined to turn into
a two-step shuffle

the clock strikes midnight
as I attack the keyboard
with vengeance
the hour hand gone mad

I take a four AM walk
the hour of reprieve
when the shops are closed
and people still asleep

my neighborhood a ghost town
still as a lion waiting on its prey

2011 gone
the revelry put to rest
I greet 2012 alone
with words that bleed
for company

back home a poem forms
nibbles at my brain cells
a beggar hungry for food
but the cupboard is empty
as I retreat into the amnesia
of yester-year
the lost treasure of my youth
a pirate with a graying beard
boarding a ghost ship
rocking aimlessly at sea

A.D. Winans is an award-winning poet whose work has been published internationally. He is the author of 60 books of poetry and prose. In 2006 he won a PEN Josephine Miles award for literary excellence. In 2009 PEN Oakland presented him with a lifetime achievement award.