

## Three Poems by Cleo Griffith

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### **'Cause It's Not About Numbers, Anyway**

When adding to our social group we must remember  
the addition rule means that the boxplot must not accept  
anyone after the harmonic mean has been met  
for this impossible event would not be in correlation  
to the regression equation laid out by the  
permutation formula which, on the average,  
puts Pascall's triangle into another whole mode  
resulting in a modified boxplot which is another partition of a set  
the probability of which results in scatterplot odds,  
if gambling on the outcome.

The uncountably infinite ways of interrupting the uniform  
digress from the expected value, as a five number summary  
is a conditional probability of the mathematical model  
which claims disjoint sets have an expected value,  
a linear fit if you will, and you know the disjoint sets  
and super sets will never match, and by now you are aware  
I know as little about math as society's crazy rules.

## Like Some Old Dickens Character

Do not huff and puff like some old Dickens character,  
I am only leaving you, not killing you,  
I leave no bomb implanted in the chest of drawers,  
no weakened floorboards through which you may plunge,  
no, I only leave you more space  
more independence, like it or not...I know you don't.

Do not weep and shout as though in Shakespeare's tragedy,  
at worst this is a comedy, not of mistaken identities  
but of crystal-clear, no-longer-fantasy-colored, vision--  
you see me now without my make-believe obedience  
you're better off alone  
young prince who isn't, who never said you were.

I do not fence and parry, this is no subtle invitation  
to chase and fetch me, I have left all the games behind  
with you who never play, so will not even note their presence--  
soon you will have swept the corners clean of my dust,  
you'll hang a sign in the window  
*Maid wanted, live-in, extra benefits, no days off.*

## **South to warmth is not here**

no, correspondent from the past, your fears  
are right, I have no memory of you – too many years—  
these last hectic but rewarding in their way  
but that's my life, to you I say--

your plea to spend a few nights with me to rest  
because you're working your way west  
and south to warmth for comfort for your bones  
tired of cold mid-east winters, of being alone --

I am too old, as are you, to accept such changes,  
life is steady at last, no one else rearranges  
my schedule, cooks in my kitchen, sits in my chair,  
I do not know how you found my address, or where

your mind was that you shook my solitude  
with this odd request, changed my easy mood  
to discomfort. I ask you not to write again, and so--  
should I remember you, I'll let you know.

**Cleo Griffith** is Chair of the Editorial Board of *Song of the San Joaquin*. Her poems have been published in *Cider Press Review*, *Iodine*, *Main Street Rag*, *More Than Soil*, *More Than Sky: The Modesto Poets*, *Poem*, *the Aureorean*, *Tiger's Eye*, *Time of Singing*, *The Furnace Review*, among others. She lives in Salida, CA with her husband Tom and their aptly-named cat, Tank. She belongs to the Modesto Branch of the National League of American Pen Women and four poetry groups.