

Three Poems by Martin Willitts Jr.

Normal Tries To Regain Its Footing

All the explosive noises of life settle.
The rest of the world edges back carefully.
Doctors rush in to probe the recesses of pain.

It is supposed to be quiet like a stupor.
The chairs are talking in hushed frightened tones.
Some of the curious are stepping carefully in this world.

In another place, someone watches reality television;
but here they live it, and there are no commercial breaks.
The world is not always a black and white re-run.

Dorothy knew this difference between Oz and Kansas,
and still she preferred the homogenized flatland.
It is hard to imagine why she gave up the ruby red
slippers.

Nearing the End of a Hard Winter

Those first green sprouts — I live for them —
peas curling out of earth coaxing the sun —

however, the air is licking its wounds
from the rough handed-winter, its bruises showing —

how many good days are left?
Many refuse to believe healing flows both ways.

All this waiting is almost torturous. I glance
at the seed packet for delphinium for reassurance.

Storm

Heavy branches ruffle against the wind
but the dogwood does not want to lose its flower.
It clings to it hard and fast.
Some petals shatter on the ground,
and the world finds more ways to die.

Clouds of flies darken over a dead woodchuck
like the moment before thunder breaks.
It is the same as opening the door to a stranger;
not everywhere do we get a warning.

Death can be slow as a leaky faucet;
but when the sky turns granite color,
soon the world will break apart into pebbles.
Then, how strangely strong will be death's appetite.
There will be a red shadow in the sky.

All we will find afterwards
will be remnants of white dogwood petals.

Martin Willitts Jr. is a retired Librarian. He has 8 full-length collections including National Ecology Winner, "Searching For What Is Not There" (Hiraeth Press), and over 20 chapbooks. His forthcoming include "*How to Be Silent*" (FutureCycle Press), "*God Is Not Amused With What You Are Doing In Her Name*" (Aldrich Press), and "*Dylan Thomas and the Writer's Shed*" (FutureCycle Press).