

Saturday 28 July 2018

POEM ONE

Poetry is what you find
in the dirt in the corner;

overhear on the bus, God
in the details, the only way

to get from here to there
Poetry (and now my voice is rising)

is not all love, love, love,
and I'm sorry the dog died.

Poetry (here I hear myself loudest)
is the human voice,

and are we not of interest to each other?

— ELIZABETH ALEXANDER