

Columbus Day, 1980

There are no poems now.

Now there is a hypnotic hum,
A purr of the practical.

I could have written about
The soft tomblake canyon
We walked in today.

I could have captured three chipmunks
In a verbal cage somehow.

There could have been quaint failures
At describing gold-plated trees.

Irony might have jailed the camera-clicking
Kid-scolders bepeopling the park.

A childish whoop reverberating
from the bottom of the canyon
Could have lingered at the end of the poem.

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