

I was going to write a poem

I made a pie instead it took / about the same amount of time. / Of course the pie was a final draft ... a poem would have had some / distance to go.

Grace Paley

-The Poet's Occasional Alternative

Maybe I will follow Grace's example this morning. Dancing bits of summer sunlight on a bowl of fresh peaches beckon from the kitchen counter as I pour my breakfast tea.

I have dutifully recorded the latest Covid numbers in my brain along with the latest states to pass anti-voting rights legislation. The names of wildfires blackening hundreds of thousands of acres that used to be Oregon green have been respectfully noted and I can hear the call of mourning doves.

But today I am not in the mood to make a poem or a pie. I am not in the mood for more facts or more mourning.

Instead, outside on the deck, I check the hummingbird feeder, refill the little water bowls and scatter the seed mix that is sure to bring the most amazing array of feathered hope, this poet's occasional alternative a different kind of poem, definitely with distance to go.

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