Poetry Collection & Revisions

Oliver Lance

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Oliver Lance is a series of self-doubt, your questions on the legitimacy of your intelligence, wondering when you will wake up to fail again? Oliver Lance is the next idea that comes to mind, forgetting the film camera you bought and new startup; failed before beginning. He is two PB&Js made from homemade jelly. He is constant analysis paralysis, can't just do. Oliver Lance is the lumpy t-shirts that crumple in drawers and the pile of clothes amassed in the corner, waiting to do laundry until you run out of underwear. He is drowned plants who yearn for a little less love. He is coffee until the heart beats further out of his chest than the day before. He is stopping work, needing a mental break. Oliver Lance, your grandmother who cherishes her garden and the life it brings; an environmentalist who forgets to turn off the lights.

A New Man Resetting

I walk with repetition, boots move a mind that stays behind. I left part of it at the door, with the company of love, warm embraces, and distractions from myself. I sink through the mud, the clouds entrap me, pull me through thicket into night. I am cornered between failure and fortitude.

Breath condenses on the single walled tent, dropping into my palm rested to the sky.

The seclusion under the oak, birch towered, whips the winds above and quiets my thoughts. The vastness invites happiness to stay a while, where it will sit by the fire of fortitude, reset the mind lost.

Wake to a familiar morning with new attention towards the critters shadowed outside, damp soil refreshing my tired, blistered feet, and a sign marked with my next accomplishment for the day.

A Night Under Oak

I pull comfort over, crested at the ears.

Small ripples in my cover, raindrops fall into a continued beating against the thin wall, a protector of the drum.

A night secluded in mind and muffled sound is an invitation of imagination:

Woodpeckers finding solace on the cover, looking for the larvae of wood-borers, tapping their thin beaks at the wall, steady repetition. I promise I am no bug, but thank you for your company.

Acorn caps from excited squirrels dropped in attack during their playful aerial war with the robins, over which oak branches they could claim. Cicada's getting trapped in the picturesque beauty of the ensuing war, falling as well.

Blues band, drums and all, playing a private show for the members of solitude, a groove, a perfect party with the wildflowers tapping along in the wind, the wisteria joining and chickadee singing in falsetto.

New wonder. The sun illuminating the water, beaded, running down to my legs rested inside. The woodpeckers, wildflowers, and war, still playing above. Thank you.

Mailman

You walk the same, steep segment today with the last. Broken boots and a tattoo enveloped on the calf. Carrying the remnants of lost love to the lady living alone next door and a temptation to tear open the letter and peek into lives unknown, paint the bricked walkway with words, trample the overgrown weeds with what you are not able to read. Slung over your shoulder are stories unsung, you piece together lives, a jigsaw worked on over years. Conflicting lives built by hopeful family postcards, heart marked letters, internet company ads, the reoccurring credit card bill, and overdue payments.

A morning of the self, waking up in roots of intention.

Pace forward and place the heel against the ground.

Roll around the calloused ball of the foot, arch raised.

Follow exhalations of release, gentle curl of the toes.

Focus on the movement of muscle tensing, gripping the ground.

Realize the ease that forms, clouds drift above contemplation.

Let thought relax, no further action needed in a muffled mind.

Shuffle selflessly alongside the breathe, repeat.

Make room.

Welcome! To the tired mind, distracted and focusless, please lie down, leave your shoes by the door, relax, rest.

Welcome lover, duvet draped over the head, protector from the constant fan blowing hair, feet out to embrace the kisses of current.

Welcome brown calathea orbifolia, dead by noon, overwatered by night. Light filtered through the covered window.

Welcome to the interested dust and pillow feathers escaped from its casing, it has found the corners where light does not reach, a thin layer of love. Welcome warmth and weary eyes, cabin fever, 600 ml of pour over coffee, a walnut slab cut and cornered to form a desk! One of grandeur and gratitude, holes from the termites, holes from the bugs crawling between the bark and wood. They graciously burrowed the edge for the hand to run ruggedly across, feel the fortitude. Prop the back up to the wall, let the light filter into the eyes.

Welcome to mind made for today.

Plant Professors

Today, our schedule is full in learning from the oak who teaches connection beneath trouble. Learn from the vines that twist and form around blocking bumps, not quitting, the guest lectures of the honeysuckle. The joyous arguments over research findings between the wood peckers and tulips, shrubberies scribbling love on the blackboard. Sunflowers stand behind the lecturn, hands flying, stem shouting, bellowing breath. The chrysanthemum sits in attendance. Oh, imagine the classes taught in the school of love:

Concepts of Creation

Methods for Rainy Day Loving

Introduction to Appreciating Petals

Introductory Mathematics through Nature.

Everything is Waiting for You after the poem by David Whyte

Your greatest mistake is to slip under
the covers of thought and wait until the
mind is suffocated. You are with the
air of others, conversating, keeping company.
Lean into the love of solitude, the simple
unfamiliar sounds the openness has provided:
Hear the heater roughhousing with the frost
outside, sounds of tumbling below your feet,
they have invited you to play. Note the repeated
laugh from the floorboards, tickled by your toes
pressed along its side. The clock sits above,
watching the dust move into the dimples
of the corners, happy to sit and watch with you,
listen to it jump forward, joyous in the next seconds.
Join the unfamiliar. Everything is waiting for you.

Ordinary Strata (Carnegie Mellon)

Different lens across 4 years
Copious amount of fire precautions put in place
Topple over the railing twisting down three flights
Twelve squares reflected as shaped crosses
Cracked leaf veins reaching to the ends
Man playing a similar role with life
Strung out on school work

Reflection of Adoration

See the love of ours — reflected through the conversations, locked bickering, and timed, quick kisses of your parents.

Relaxation rests in your words of reassurance, a remedy for repeated thoughts, letting breath return.

Hike the trail of lavender, transporting me into time stopped, eyes gazing through yours.

Hand fits into my palm, fingers fall intertwined, swaying arms, skipping heart, synced footsteps.



Unabashed Learning

Today, our schedule is full in learning from the oak who teaches connection beneath trouble. Learn from the vines that twist and form around blocking bumps, not quitting, the guest lectures of the honeysuckle. The joyous arguments over research findings between the wood peckers and tulips, shrubberies scribbling love on the blackboard. Sunflowers stand behind the lecturn, hands flying, bellowing breath, stem shouting, the chrysanthemum sits in attendance. Oh, imagine the classes taught in the school of love: *Concepts of Creation, Methods for Rainy Day Loving, Introduction to Appreciating Petals, Introductory Mathematics through Nature*.

Concepts of Creation

Instructor

Soil Bed

Required Text

Poplar Planting: Seeds Singing Deer Love: A Letter Unfolded

Office Location

Center of Outreaching Limbs

Office Hours

Fall, Spring

Course Overview

Sodden in love of a creek's caressed connection, a seed is whipped through a world of movement, twisting around the maple, floating, carelessly, next to the pine, a curious look of admiration for its soft posture, it sinks itself under the covers, cool night. Cool nights, it waits, timidly, timed right, and reaches for the warm kisses on the eyelids, carrying to the tip of the nose and mouth moving to say good morning, it stretches and begins. Move stick, please scootch nut, make room iris, it is time to trek alongside the oak branch, together, build a home with the wind blown against the body, breathe it in, aerate, alongside the sound of the perched owls, high above your sight, they communicate to their neighbors, the sight of creation.

Introduction to Appreciating Petals

Instructor

Blue False Indigo bluefalse@indigo.com

Course Overview

Ouch, please do not pluck!

Keep your hands off and look.

Form with the eyes. My posture:

straight back, silk skin, still got it.

Oh I entice, ask my old lovers who

still swoon. Butterflies, bumblebees,

broken hearts. My nectar is particularly

popular. I was born from sandy loam, rocky

soil, but I bloom bright, purple raindrops fall

from a cluster of love densely packed within.

Mix me with roses, I blush, brazen red.

Do not tell Mr. Australis.

Homework Policy

Do not pull, pluck, poke, prick the petals of wildflowers in your area. Any violation will be an automatic suspension. That goes for cutting, clipping, clutching, collaging. Did I mention yanking, grabbing, snagging? Those too. Enjoy with the eyes, bright colors blend with smells of the hydrangeas, myself and the wrinkled mums. Let the world love the look, not just you, I don't get dressed up for nothing.

Methods for Rainy Day Loving

Instructor

Rose

Class Schedule

Fall and Spring Semester

Course Overview

O Indigo,

Who art thou who

grows with such fascination.

I gaze upon your beauty,

rotate around an axis of pulchritude

as you bloom spires of blue.

Remember fields of love, frolicking

with joyous youth and teen triumph?
You trample my yearning for others,
each interaction capturing my attention,
focusing on your dense beauty.
Every smile you make, forming a ripple
upon your silk skin. As the creases
of your lips extend, my worries fade away.
Distance does not stop us, my love.
You sing in spring, my songbird.

You are blue, true to me.

Yours,

Rose

Homework Schedule

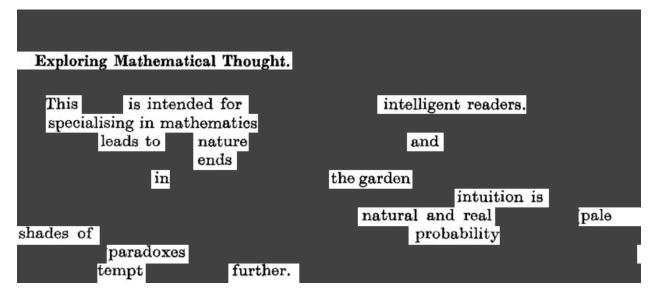
Week 1	Warm the covers with eachothers bodies.
Week 2	Interlock your legs. Her head on your shoulder, arms embracing form.
Week 3	Place your soft lips on her cheek.
Week 4	Lean into the love.

Introductory Mathematics through Nature

Instructor

Poison Ivy

Course Overview



Course Policy

Mathematics, broadly defined, is the construction and identification of precision. Which is perfection. I teach the art of threes, forming the base of knowledge.

My green leaves twist around your legs, urushiol oil remains, don't fall behind. Late penalties, rubrics, suspension, more work.

This class is itchy, irritating. The only remedy is to study, Student Services can not help.

Try to trek through me. Broken by the other side.

Watch for blisters, tiptoe in the pockets, place your hand carefully as you sit. Itching builds character, relaxing does not.

Teacher Reviews

1.25/5: "Poor professor, stickler for precision."

1.5/5: "Grades unapologetically. Easy class, hard lessons."

4.75/5: "Particular and peculiar. Loved him."

1/5: "Would not have caught me dead in shorts."

My grandmother sits at the helm,
a world traveler not detained
by standards of a captain's wife.
Four-hour shifts slapping the mind against the hull,
a heavy heart for daughters, profession left home.
Captain controlling the water with watch,
drifting in the ocean under the endless stars.

Write about writing, a process of struggle and contemplation.

I am no poet. A word generator, synonym and structure finder, adaptor and feedback listener. I write what gets the same idea down as the last. Write about the trees, the simple life, lackluster struggles

and

love.

Green

Between my steps moss formed on rocks.

My plants live (somewhat) out of repotted soil.

Dark green sweatshirts bought together, bring us closer.

I feel more present, breath is easier in mind.

Exploration like Lewis and Clark, a new beginning in a new land.

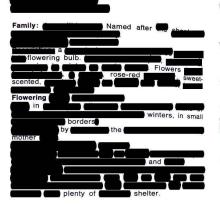
My light green hiking boots, flower through my feet.













BELLADONNA LILY 281

Amaryllis belladonna:











Amaryllis belladonna:

Family: Amaryllidaceae. Named after the shepherd, Amaryllis, in classical poetry. Place of origin: South Africa.

Description: a monotypic genus, the species a showy, late-flowering bubl. Leaves strap-shaped, channelled, appearing in winter or early spring. Flowers large, funnel-shaped, 6 parted, rose-red or paler, sweet-scented, on stout 18-30 in. (45-75 cm) stems, before the foliage in autumn.

Use: in temperate climates, against sunny walls or as pot plants; in climates with mild winters, in small flower beds or borders.

Propagation: by division of the bulbs at the base of the mother plant.

Environment and light: full sun.

Type of soil: plant bulbs 6-9 in. (15-23 cm) deep. Equal parts good fibrous loam, leaf-mould and sand.

Soil moisture: water quite sparingly, only as required.

Remarks: hardy. Cover with 1-2 in. (2-5 cm) soil. Reasonably hardy zones 5-8. Cover 9 in. (22 cm) of soil and give plenty of sun and shelter.



Tending the Flock by Jacque an ekphrastic from the CMU Museum



Periods between breeze bring sweat, beading, exited through my jeans. Cresting at the brim of my hat and under the knapsack slung at my side which carries my love's letter. Left on the counter, the words written sit mindfully, I trace the creases of her hands in the curved river rumbling below. Right turns pointing to our cottage laid under the distant mountains. Reading "Blueberries, a bench, and I" sinks my stick along the day to arrive home. Blueberries sound better than ever. My broken boots burrow through moss, following along with the flock's fortitude.