

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 lectern, 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.

The Digital Hub (2010)

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 lectern, 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

Exploring Mathematical Thought.

This is intended for intelligent readers.
specialising in mathematics
leads to nature and
ends
in the garden
intuition is
natural and real
pale
shades of probability
paradoxes
tempt further.

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.

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⑨

Family: [redacted] Named after [redacted]
[redacted] a [redacted]
[redacted] flowering bulb. [redacted]
[redacted] rose-red. Flowers
scented, [redacted] sweet.
Flowering [redacted]
in [redacted] winters, in small
[redacted] borders [redacted]
by [redacted] the [redacted]
mother [redacted]
[redacted] and [redacted]
[redacted] plenty of [redacted] shelter.



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BELLADONNA LILY *Amaryllis belladonna*:



⑨

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 bulb. 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.
Flowering time: early 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.