



[Home](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Autumn-Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

Two Poems by Lois Greene Stone

Sound Barrier

I heard Robert Frost recite
his own poetry. College
convocation; auditorium
filled. He should not have
spoken. He sounded as if
he'd had too many miles
without a course in oral
interpretation. Those
snapshots he offered in
verse were delivered as
bad sounds. Now, decades
later, his allotted miles
traveled before quiet
of death are completed
and mine are fewer ahead
than what's been. Yet
his poetic picture is
still distorted from his
presence, long ago,
at a college convocation.

Invisible

Though pavement pulsates
from heavy heat,
and empty cups, once confining
Italian ices, appear curbside,
I enjoy sunshine glinting off
buildings' frameworks,
Open umbrellas poke through
circular tables in area
skaters' blades glide in winter.
In confines of a cool
store's dressing room, I stare
at formal gardens above
Rockefeller Center's complex;
from the street this
refuge is invisible. Pigeons
loiter on air conditioning
cylinders greenish with age.
Like me, now... no longer
resident; only my youth is native.
The ache to return is
camouflaged with feelings:
invisible.

Lois Greene Stone, writer and poet, has been syndicated worldwide. Poetry and personal essays have been included in hard & softcover book anthologies. Collections of her personal items/ photos/ memorabilia are in major museums including twelve different divisions of The Smithsonian.

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