Three Poems

by Frank Freeman

After Cold Mountain 3

I remember when Grandpa died
he taught me a lesson in yearning
his eyes opening wide to see the sun
rising after pleading all night
for someone to hold him
but not feeling it when I did
choking on the water I gave him
only the sun could warm his eyes

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It is the beginning of summer
and I have already seen leaves
turning yellow and caught a whiff
of the burning of leaves in the fall
of leaves and looping away of butterflies
and hummingbirds and robins
“All things are impermanent”
Goosefare Brook dances with light

A Sign Said

A sign said if you live at the equator
you are moving at a thousand miles per hour,

which makes me wonder how fast the sky moves
and if it is along hidden musical grooves

the shape of God’s fingers like the moist ridges
on the beach my children leave as bridges

from sand to sand, the waves behind us hissing
back into themselves and frequently kissing

the stages of evolution that Adam and Eve told
the serpent would ensue for time to be sold

to the highest bidder, every second, every hour,
a sign said if you live at the equator.

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