



[Home](#)

[Summer 2014](#)

[Fall-Winter 2013-14](#)

[Summer-Fall 2013](#)

[Spring-Summer 2013](#)

[Winter-Spring 2013](#)

[Fall-Winter 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Winter-Spring 2012](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

Three Poems

by Kenneth Pobo

Sometimes Dad

grew angry and silent.
Mom and I didn't know why.
He'd sit alone on our steps
and stew. When he came
out of it, he'd never say
what was wrong.

He was like the elm
on the parkway
in a sudden wind, branches
tossing far to the left,
then to the right. When
stillness returned, the tree
stood upright again,
songbirds among leaves,
my friends coming over
to play Whiffle ball.

Shy

At a party, I'm the one
listening, secretly glancing
at my watch, nodding,
maybe nodding off.

At a meeting when animated
points clash with animated points,
I silently hum The Guess Who
singing "Dancin' Fool."

But in the garden
I'm loud, gregarious,
ribald among Peruvian lilies,
flirty with sunflowers.

When I read a book,
I tell the characters off
or hold them tight
if they need holding.

The word "me"
isn't very truthful.
Me is a current--
it slips away.

Spring 2009

Autumn 2008

Summer 2008

Spring/Summer 2008

Winter/Spring 2008

Editor's Note

Guidelines

Contact

Aunt Silkie

told us that when she worked
for the carnival
she had many boyfriends. Skip
ran the ferris wheel--
"He was my favorite lover,"
Uncle Bob in shorts eating pistachios.
She added that Skip
was very good in bed.

What did that mean? At eight,
stuffed animals ruled my sheets.
Mom warned me that my Aunt
"has her ways" so I shouldn't
pay her any mind.
Mom too had her ways,
like locking me in my room
if I got caught in a lie.
I lie easily, make up lovers,
having never had one as good as Skip
or even a bland Bob. Aunt Silkie

died 15 years ago, a stroke.
Machines monitored her departure.
At her funeral I didn't cry.
She wanted to escape the machines.
Why cry now that she had?

The family thought I was cold.

With us, the truth runs for the door

which closes before it can get out.

Kenneth Pobo has a new book forthcoming from Blue Light Press called *Bend Of Quiet* and a new book forthcoming from Urban Farmhouse Press called *Booking Rooms In The Kuiper Belt*. His Twitter is: @KenPobo.

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