



[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](#)

Three Poems by *Barbara Earle*

Sailing up the Hudson River on a Starry Night

Last night I escaped gravity.
Weightless and gasping
I shot into
space silence.
Blizzards of stars brushed me
like snowflakes.
Comets sped by
with streaming tails.
Planets moved in
unwavering orbits.
Shooting stars became flung torches
suddenly snuffed out.

For light years I traveled,
forgetful of earth
bewitched by the Milky Way's
razzle dazzle,
the moon's cold fire.

On waking I remembered only
shimmering wonder.

Writer's Workshop Critique

Like a termite
I nibble daintily at your poem
leaving telltale sawdust
on the floor.
Delighting at the sound
of my own voice
I chew more rapidly inch by inch
with ravenous good will
leaving behind
my spoor of helpful hints.

Have I made lacework of your blueprints,
bored through structural beams,
undermined the foundation
of your fragile word-house?

When you return home
will you recognize it
among all the others
after my ceaseless feeding?

The Ocean

From the air
the sea is a flirt
flicking her ruffled hem
at the beach's hot sand
with cold fingers.

The island
seems to shudder with pleasure
through the heat waves.

Don't be fooled.
She is no coquette
but a handsome whore
with a thriving trade
in wrecks and bodies.
Out for what she can get,
she'll steal you blind
quietly slipping the cash
from your wallet
while you sleep.

Don't try to bargain.
She'll never change her price.
And watch your back.
Thrill to her wildness
if you must.
But always watch your back.

Barbara Earle began writing poetry at the Thomas School in Rowayton, CT, when she was three. No one ever suggested that she couldn't. Her mother and father wrote much foolish and some serious verse for all family occasions. Her grandmother wrote children's stories. Later she attended Barnard College, Julliard, and the David Mannes School of music in New York City while pursuing a career as a professional harpist. She considers her real career one of being a wife of 56 years, mother of five, grandmother of fourteen and great grandmother of two. At 88 she is still writing in what she considers to be perhaps the most interesting time of her life. She calls poetry "word music" and says it combines two aspects of her life that she treasures, both music and language. Now she has time to indulge these passions to her heart's content.

Copyright 2012 Barbara Earle. © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.
