



Two Poems

by Cheryl A. Van Beek

[Home](#)

[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](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

Old Picket Fence

Its crooked grin
shudders in the wind
Laughter
of the kids I used to play with
whistles through its upside down teeth

When I was little it marked boundaries
Today it bows to the snow piled against it
where we built our igloos

I imagine that first crack
that snap of wind when it slanted
Light squeezes through the slats that are still tight
The same light caught in the water
that tumbled out of the hose into the little plastic pool

I am derailed by that taste of green
wild onions we used to chomp off the stem
I think I hear my Uncle
but it's only the conductor on a train curving into the tunnel a mile away

The old picket fence strikes against time
But loses
Me
In the gaps between its splintering teeth

Green to Gray

Lime frog,
you come nightly to my kitchen window,
a thin white line highlights your upturned mouth, returning my smile.
Your skin illuminates the darkness.
Your feet, small suction cups, cling to the pane,
to your memory of this world.
Did you breathe your essence into the body of the Tree Frog;
is it you that flickers in his eyes?

Through the lens of a child, you were evergreen.
I didn't notice you slowly fading.
My eyes wandered.
When I looked back, sage shadows had cast their silvery glances over you.
I roamed again.
Then suddenly, a fog had eclipsed you .
My pleading gaze couldn't lift the shroud.

You peer in,
never tiring of watching me prepare dinner, eat and clean up.
Your convex eyes glisten
like ebony marbles that see in every direction.

You needn't look back to see behind you;
pressed against the glass,
in your cream colored belly, your spirit knows the past.

Eventually, days turned over like calendar pages flipped by the wind
I spent less time at the window.
Now when I open the blinds
there is only darkness.
You are gone
and between us
lies a gray twilight.

Cheryl A. Van Beek

Copyright 2014, © Cheryl A. Van Beek. 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.
