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The King

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The King

Allison Anderson

I miss my blue suede shoes
All I've got beneath my feet
Now is hot sand
At Graceland, I was the king
Of kings, but here I'm just
A fat old man
Thirty years and it breaks my heart
That I'm jailed
Inside this lie
This fabled tale has gone too far
I'm so lonely
I could cry

I Want to Be a Grizzly Poet

Audrey Stilling

I want to be a grizzly poet
Someday
Not with thick warm fur or teeth and claws
But wise
Wading purposely into icy waters
Unafraid
Caution left behind on river's edge
On NOW time
All attention on the secret call of salmon
Focused
Planted squarely in the center of her world,
Expectant
Mouth ready, ears erect, vibrantly alive
Vigilant
As silver twisting V's race upstream, soaring
Airborne
Words snapped up in toothy jaws, life rebalanced
The poet
Dripping excess articles, apostrophes, alliterations
I want
To stand within the stream, catch flying words
Grizzly-like