Finding a Poem

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Finding a Poem

Listless sky, my walk, its
Impatient proclamation, is the
Stride of a searcher who
Has not yet found it--
A poem,

The poem,
Any poem

Today.

Poems--they hide, I hear, in
Plain sight, hang out

Around the block,
Near the laundromat,
The shoe shop,
Near the place where engines
Are repaired, where wires

Thin as eyelashes
Become Everyday Heroes
Everyday...

Poems lurk in the space beneath
The door jamb of every entrance
I have closed, go on to
Linger where what I cannot
Do without is kept until I know I must
Give what it was away.

Poems. They alight in trees in winter,
Leaves gone. Long moments of
Cold quiet, uncompromised stillness,
Their limbs nothing but emboldened lines
Dark as a Kabuki mask.

Like anything
Alive, poems may bloom
Because they defy, are heard because
They are the tapping footsteps
In the silent journey of our hearts.
Poems stroll on through imagination’s wall,
And then they wander hallways in a

Mall of Mistaken Meanings.
Poems thrive when overlooked,
Left alone
But a poem is always inside us,
Watching, like a drone.

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-Sheila Elliot