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Something new: Poetry

(Editor's note: Local poet Trina Porte suggested that the Jewish World begin publishing poetry. And she sent us a selection of her poems to kick off this occasional feature. We invite local Jewish poets to submit their poems for publication. Please send your poems, along with a brief bio, to: poetry@ajwnews.com.)

By TRINA PORTE

Shalom, AJW readers!

One beautiful way that we can uplift each other in these tough times is through poetry: sharing it, writing it, reading it aloud, reading it in silence. Whatever we long for and hope for and work for exists in

poetic form. Psalms, songs, prayers, rhymes—all kinds of verses woven throughout our lives provide us with strength, with solace, with humor, with the rituals that frame our faith, our grief, our love of learning, our joyous moments.

Poetry clarifies. Poetry codifies. Poetry celebrates. Poetry questions.

Poetry gives voice to everything we yearn for and everything that tears us apart. Poetry is all that we know and everything we cannot understand. Poetry saves lives and poetry memorializes those who don't survive. Poetry is magic: It is a gift from the past that is placed in the hands of the future. Read on...

Elegy Between Middle Age and Death

Say aloud all the names of those who've ever loved me—even if we haven't spoken in years or they are long dead themselves or I am dead to them, lodged in their vault of anger like forgotten bones bleached white from so many lost touches no longer adorning this once precious flesh.

Put my dead body—or what's left after the good parts, if any remain, have been donated to help someone keep living as long as they vow not to hurt anyone (as if that were possible for a human being or any breathing creature not to do)—

Put what is left of me into the earth or the ocean—I love the ocean because it is continually raging, massively beautiful, stronger than all mankind, and touches everywhere. Or put me into the compost heap if that is where my beloved ex-wife will lay down her remains with the last of her garden's sustenance and her silent love and her raucous laughter, and there we will remain remains ever after.

There, let the rain raft us to the roots of a flower or the body of a worm digesting chocolate-rich dirt who becomes lunch in the belly of a reptile or amphibian because I dearly love the snakes, the turtles, miniscule red efts, and especially the frogs—their amazing internal antifreezing winter hibernations, and unending shrill singing that defines each spring's arrival. Yes, put me there in eternal lovely muddy singing spring.

an ex-wife's midlife crisis in verse

love was the tightrope love was the net love was the owner

love was the beehive love was the honey love was the vault love was the money

love was the pet

love was the kite love was the sky love was the sight love was the eye

love was the recipe love was the cook love was the earthquake love was what shook

a poem is

dessert for the brain a truffle of words dense and delicious

an idea's egg complete and yearning cracking open the fragile

a weed of wisdom colorful irritant airborne and unpredictable



2 a.m.

in darkness a cat sleeps startled slightly by the little sounds a dreamer's twitch the silent call of things imagined

a dry plant leaf falls started off its unwanted stem by rising invisible heat or simply lack of attachment

loud car lights jump onto the ceiling and for an instant its radio rattles everything

proportions change when measured only by touch i feel my way to bed where sleep waits but i push it away

i drag myself into that nightly whirlpool of emotions soaking little pieces of the day until swollen and misshapen

from this exhausted soup a poem spits out its tiny self i chaperone it onto paper grinning and finally fall asleep

Trina Porte writes: When I was seven years old, my best friend's mom gave me my first journal and I've been writing ever since. My most exciting entry for that year consisted of an attempt at drawing a ring around the full moon I saw when taking out the garbage. I was afraid of the dark, but that moon was so bright it made my shadow into a big strong me.I'm still trying to put that feeling into words, and I write poems because I wouldn't know what to say without them. My work has been featured in the Textile Center of Minnesota, Bet Gavriel Arts Center, Minnesota Center for Book Arts, Moon Palace Books, Bluestockings, Brecht Forum, Cornelia Street Café, public libraries, Vulva Riot, Queer Voices, A Slant of Light, Nickel Empire, lifeblood, Just Like A Girl, gatherings, twice in a blue moon and many other forms and places.