

# POEMS (2015/16)

by Chris Villars

## Little Bird

*Little bird,  
hop into my branches.  
My leaves will protect you.  
Your song will remind me I have a soul.  
Let's shelter together  
all winter long!*

## Now

*Now's a funny thing!  
It seems like all there is.  
Yet it's always harking back  
or reaching forward.  
To what?  
There are no other Nows!*

## Daisies

*All the daisies in the lawn outside the museum  
came out arranged in astral constellations!  
I'm no expert, but I could see Orion  
with his famous belt and sword,  
and Cygnus the Swan with its long neck,  
and Cassiopeia, the double-u.  
It was wonderful!  
But when I told my friends  
they didn't believe me.  
And when I took them to see, guess what?  
More daisies had come out in between,  
and there were no constellations any more.*

## Bee

*I guess it thought my ear was a flower!  
I didn't feel it crawl in,  
but I felt a sudden Pop! and out it fell,  
attached to a piece of wax.  
I don't know what kind of honey earwax makes,  
but my hearing is much better now!*

## My Pompeii

*Pompeii of the heart!  
Pompeii of the soul!*

*He ran away from the emotion,  
curled up and hid.  
And there we find him still,  
a charred remain,  
buried in the ruins of his dream.*

## The Dabbler

*He was not a poet,  
though he wrote a few poems.  
He was not an artist,  
though he painted some pictures.  
He was not a physicist  
or a philosopher.  
Not an art critic  
or a musicologist.  
He was a dabbler,  
toying with now this,  
now that.  
You see,  
that jumble of what he was not  
was what he was!*

## Obscure Poem

*Gentle reader,  
obscurity has its compensations!  
This is a poem you alone in all the world  
are reading right now.  
Think of all those others reading along with you  
that poem by Rilke, Apollinaire, or Lorca.  
It's a wonder you can hear yourself read!  
This is a poem you alone  
are reading right now.*

## Old Age

*Tree clothed in autumn colours,  
one by one your leaves drop away.  
Soon you're alone in a winter landscape,  
yearning for spring.*