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Poems

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Poems

MICHAEL P. GRAVES

Pie in the Sky

It makes a great deal of difference
 That the pie in the sky by and by
 Is Aunt Jenny's homemade blueberry,
 With still steaming crust and innards
 That filled the house with promises,
 That always set my mouth to watering.

I'll sit right down at that table
 Across from Uncle Ned
 With my mug of fresh-brewed coffee.
 I'll bite into that ambrosia
 And let the juice roll 'round my tongue
 And down my chin and gather indelibly
 In purple tokens on my button-down shirt
 And paisley tie and puddle on my wing-tips.

I'll lean back, loosen the tie,
 And take my time,
 Savoring the heaven of those
 New Hampshah wild blueberries,
 Not the store-boughten kind.
 I'll let the crust and juices
 Explore my perfect teeth
 And wash it all down with
 A loud slurp of Java.

And I won't feel guilty
 About the second piece.

The Iconoclast Has His Day

There is a bomb in Gilead;
Ticking away, hidden.
Inevitable.
Full of destruction.
All that is not timeless
Will explode.
On the Hill of Witness
The New is seconds away
And holding.
The device waits.

Tick. Tick. Tick.