

Three Poems



Connie Jordan Green

lives on a farm in Loudon County where, when she isn't gardening, she writes in a small attic study. She is the author of two novels for young people (**The War at Home** and **Emmy**), both recently reissued in soft cover by Tellico Books, an imprint of Iris Publishing, and a book of poetry, **Slow Children Playing**, from Finishing Line Press. Her poetry has appeared in numerous journals and publications. Since 1978 she has written a newspaper column for **The Loudon County News Herald**. She teaches creative writing and other subjects related to literature for Oak Ridge Institute of Continued Learning. She and her husband have three grown children and seven grandchildren.

Everyday Poem

Every day
I sit beneath
the sky's
blue tent

and I think
how light
is a gift—
the one true gift

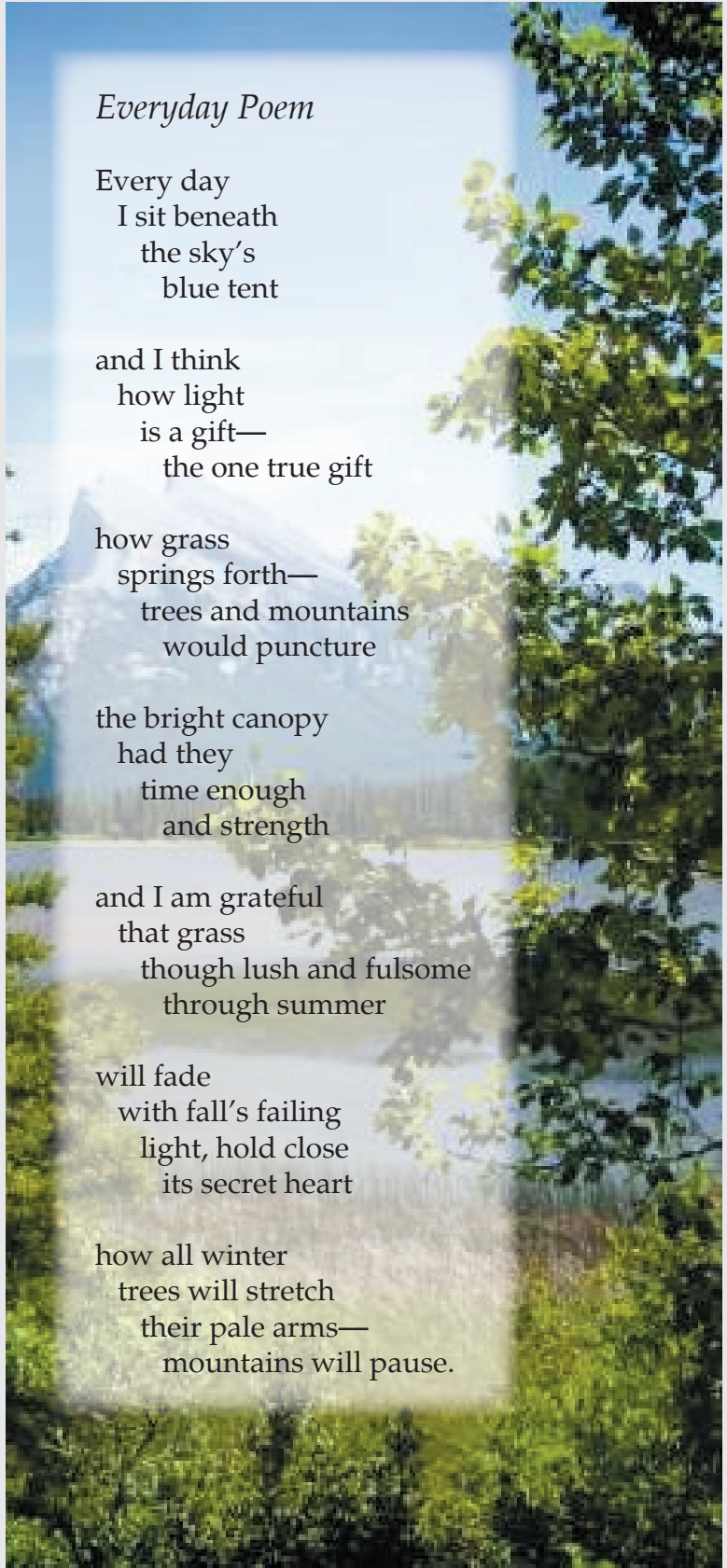
how grass
springs forth—
trees and mountains
would puncture

the bright canopy
had they
time enough
and strength

and I am grateful
that grass
though lush and fulsome
through summer

will fade
with fall's failing
light, hold close
its secret heart

how all winter
trees will stretch
their pale arms—
mountains will pause.



How to Spend a February Day

Never mind windowsill's dirt, corner's dust.
Go to the yellow chair by the window,
pick up the book you laid aside last night
when the baby cried. Brew a cup of tea,
dark leaves giving up moisture to ease
winter's dry crackle. Feel the heft of mug,
how clay, water, heat meld into vessel.
Test liquid on your tongue. Pay obeisance
to generations who withstood wind, weather
without furnace, insulation, thermo-pane.
Think earthworms, ladybugs, soil's dark regions,
how dormancy seeps through each cell. And your
life, how joyous sunlight on a face that
knew winter wind, icy chill of January.



Sledging the Poem
for Jane Sasser

She nails
nouns and verbs
straight as floor joists,
planes simile
to metaphor,
hammers words
on the page
the way a carpenter
makes fast
a rafter
while he dreams
steeped roofs.

