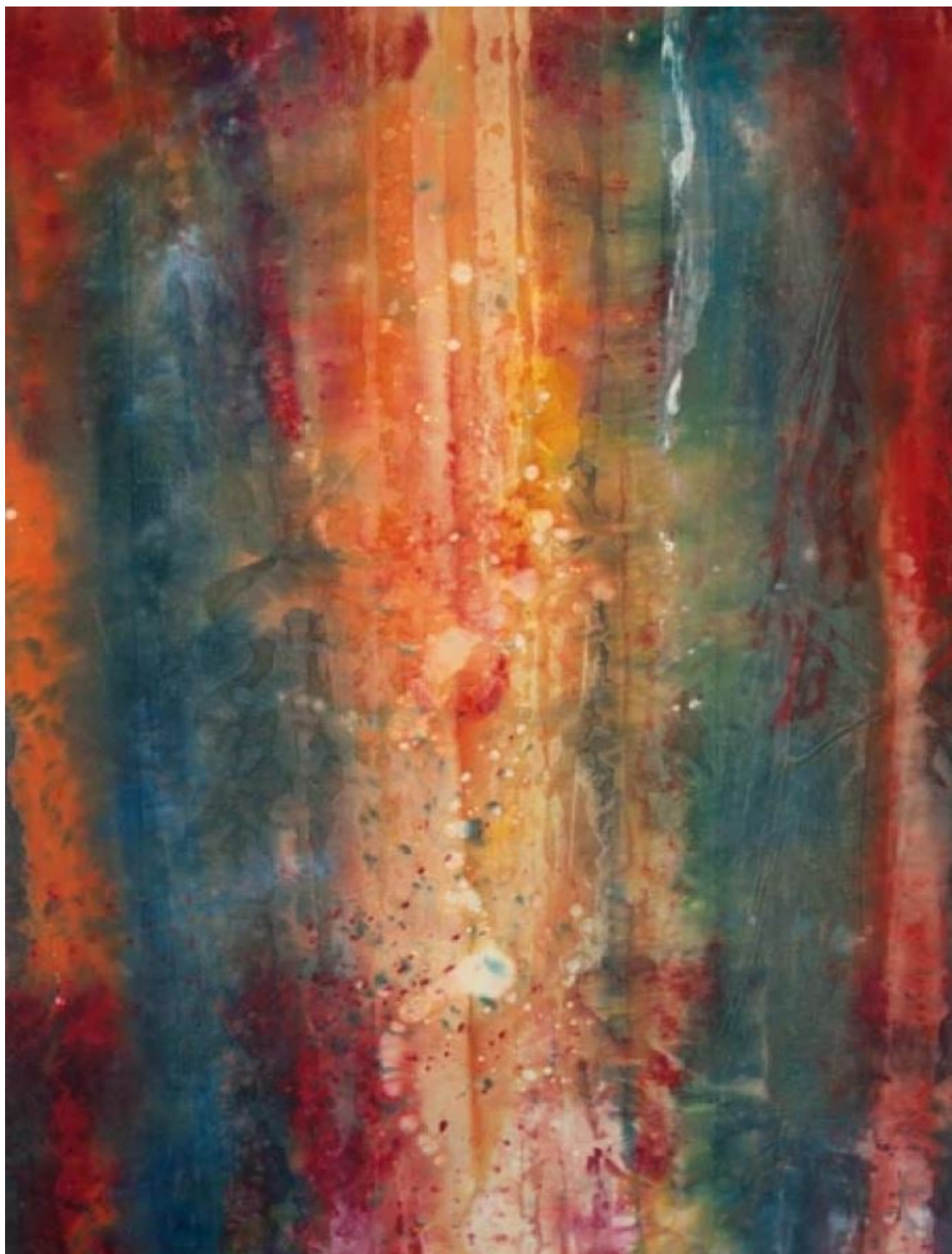


# Three Poems

by [Kirk Judd](#) (July 2022)



*Forth*, Sam Gilliam, 1967

## **Origin Story**

I was born in darkness.  
You were there.  
No, that's not true.  
It was dark.  
You were there.  
But I was not born.

You called me forth  
Out of your desire  
For a brother  
A companion  
A listener of your songs  
A lover.

And so, I was.  
I became.

                  In the wet dark,  
                  You held my name  
In your mouth,  
Blew breath into me  
Until I exhaled  
My own story.  
Your words  
Became my poems.

I opened my eyes.  
The light appeared  
And we grew.

But  
For these hundreds  
Of lifetimes

We cannot tell it this way.

So I will say  
I was born in a hospital  
In a town in West Virginia  
In 1951  
On the Saturday after Thanksgiving  
With snow on the ground  
To an unlikely couple  
Who had been trying without success

And were overjoyed.  
They loved me much  
And nurtured me  
And I didn't realize any different  
Until I found you again.  
(until you found me again?)

Now  
We live in these bodies  
Telling ourselves these lies  
(which lies?)  
And sing our words  
To others  
Who, like us,  
Sometimes see  
The crack in the sky,  
The shining raven's eye  
At the edge of the constellation,  
The oscillation  
Of the comet's ion tail,  
Just before we sleep.

Just before we wake again  
In darkness.

## **Trillium Haiku**

Through last year's leaf beds  
White Trillium blooms on the hill  
The path goes both ways

## **What Happened Before She Died**

She was so sick, that Christmas she was 5  
She needed an early present  
It didn't help much  
But it cheered her up. She smiled

She needed an early present  
She didn't always get what she wanted  
But it cheered her up when she did  
She smiled, sometimes a little too much

She didn't always get what she wanted  
It showed later when she left school  
She smiled, sometimes a little too much  
Especially when she landed on the streets

When she left school  
She understood she wasn't good on her own  
Especially when she landed on the streets  
And then the drugs

She understood she wasn't good on her own  
It didn't help much  
And then the drugs  
She was so sick

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**Kirk Judd** is a founding member of West Virginia Writers, Inc., has lived, worked, trout fished and wandered around in West Virginia all his life. Kirk was a member of the Appalachian Literary League, a former president (and JUG recipient) of West Virginia Writers, Inc., and is a founding member of and creative writing instructor for Allegheny Echoes, Inc., dedicated to the support and preservation of WV cultural heritage arts. Author of 3 collections of poetry *Field of Vision* (1986), *Tao-Billy* (1996), and *My People Was Music* (2014), and a co-editor of the widely acclaimed anthology, *Wild, Sweet Notes – 50 Years of West Virginia Poetry 1950 – 1999*. Kirk has been featured three times on American Public Radio on “*The Poet and The Poem*” with WV native Grace Cavalieri and has appeared on the acclaimed public radio show *Mountain Stage*. Kirk was honored to be one of 5 readers selected for the installation ceremony of Louise McNeill Pease as WV Poet Laureate in 1979. He is internationally known for his performance work combining poetry and old time music and has performed poetry in Ireland and across West Virginia at fairs, concerts, and festivals since the 1970s.

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