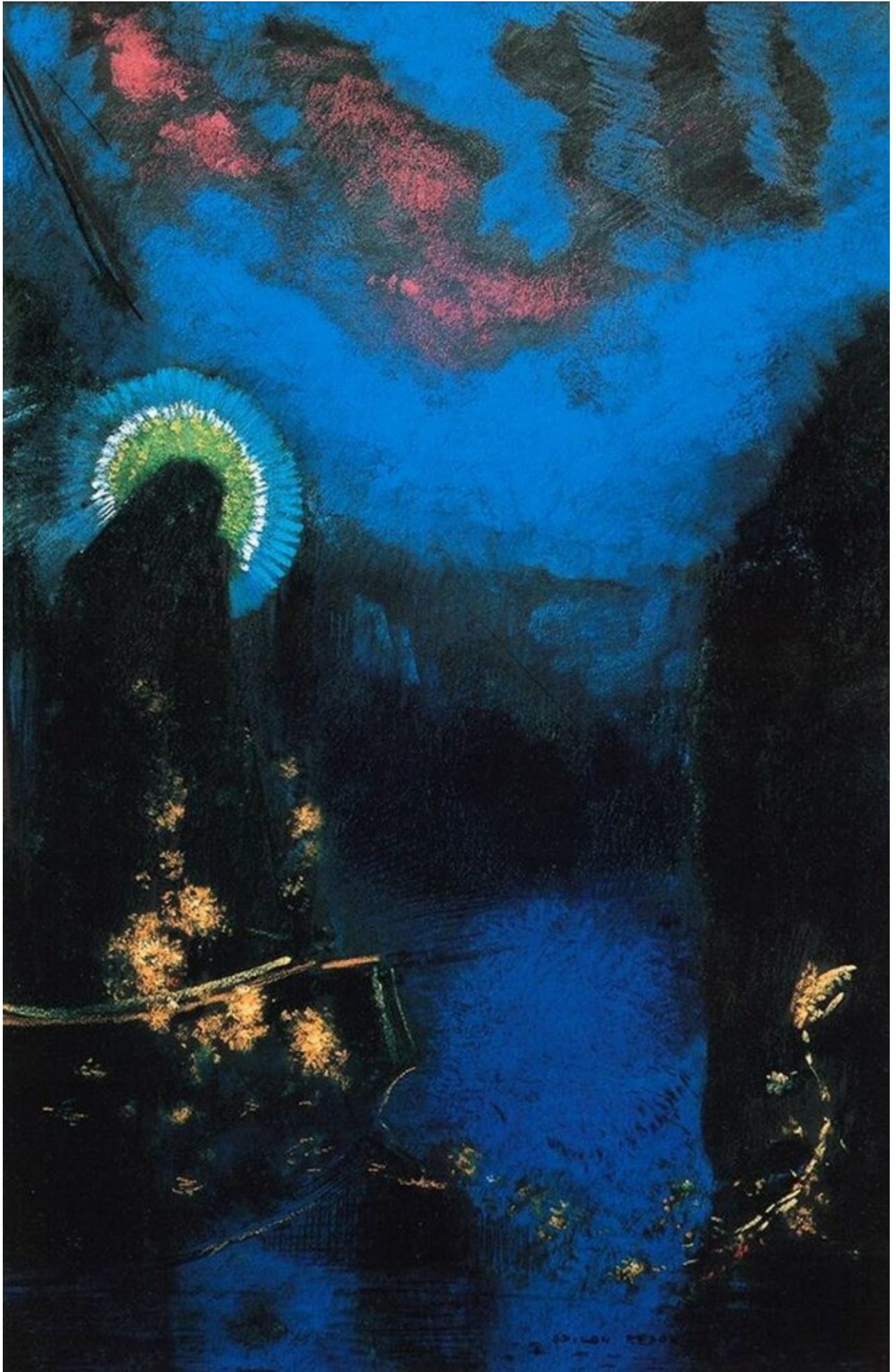


Three Poems

by [Lawrence Cottrell](#) (July 2022)



The Boat, Odelon Redon, 1897

Breezes

Recedes sorrow's tide along the buckling shore of his
confusion;

breezes switch,

earth's perfumes ride sighs asea.

From time's abyssal he retreats 'to verdant shoulders of a
June,

Where daisy tribes fleck cuffs of roads, and sorrels sup
penumbras in the gardens.

The lady having stayed her journey into naught, his soul's
anew,

magpie trifling with play-pretties;

Passion shifted on its axis, rue's ajar, through which steals
The flowering beat of summer's heart to mingle with her
own

upon his spirit's plain –

Each Old Song

... on the road from hospital, where lay (half in pieces) the
dearest dreamer of my dream,

Three girls rehearsing their routines, cheerleaders of some
school, keen in their gymnastic...

And I would have spoke to them of she, who knows the
words to each old song (it seems),

Dances for no reason in the kitchen, loves language,
family, country,

me (tuber sprouted 'neath a locust tree)...

But they would bear her like rill in flood a leaf, 'round a
bend and then forgotten,

too much decants of life's elixir.

O' I should tell them what I've seen, that in her cell
beside the sun

A lady shoos the shadows still, surprising and surprised;
I should tell them what I've seen, of nestling glee behind
her eyes...

artless grace behind her eyes...

she surprising and surprised –

Recollection

... can't recall an unalloyed day entire, when this was
satiated soul...

When I was six, perhaps, loved Carma Lee, or the first
delicious transit of the sun

when school was out,

Watched trains shift dawn to dusk in the New York
Central yard...

When nothing cloyed, how so much it filled my eyes;
Was blithe in realms of make-believe, dwelt as mist
among the sweeps and planes of grownup care.

Perchance 'twas never so. There were moments, merely,
Boutonnieres in mind's lapels that age would make a

garden...

But I would have it otherwise, that some commonplace
quotidian was sublime,
And I quaffed it like a ruby throat petunia wine, a
dionysian thirst

I slaked one flawless instance

of a summertime –

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Lawrence Cottrell has lived in West Virginia, mostly, preferring to dwell among good people, in a place where change is an unloved orphan. He has a BA from West Virginia State University and attended several graduate schools, leaving each finally to walk mist-hewn hollers and prowl wind-blasted ridges, to be where valleys can be spanned by two arms and a broom handle, and noons aren't quite sure of themselves. His poems have appeared in *The Lyric*, *Appalachian Heritage*, *Good Foot* and *Grab-a-Nickel*, among others. His work is in the celebrated anthology *Wild Sweet Notes: Fifty Years of West Virginia Poetry 1950-1999*. He blooms presently at a bend of Elk River's meander.

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