

**poets**

bring me images  
 bring me dreams  
 to eat  
 I don't live  
 without the taste of death  
 and the salt of eternity  
 feed me dreams  
 and give me life for wine  
 reality is the place where the skin breaks  
 and the bullets explode  
 the edge of time  
 and the blade of death  
 one child wanders  
 in gardens no man should see  
 routing through gross obscenities  
 and oranges  
 doing a juggling act  
 presenting a play  
 with robes of flowers  
 and blood for rouge  
 there is an ice laugh  
 a spurt of machine gun applause  
 the child/poet takes the stage  
 by storm by bare hands  
 words  
 that calm the chaos  
 or make it  
 mould  
 the beauties  
 throw them into the air  
 with the terrors  
 juggle knives fire oranges  
 and hold the balance  
 several seconds  
 it's a brief flash before your eyes

a silver game  
 the poet smiles  
 and is gone  
 again reaching  
 into the garden of your fears  
 your loves and dreams  
 groping for  
 your worst or best days  
 for his next show  
 feed me

Linda Wikene Johnson

**in winter**

in winter  
 there is a blood stained rag  
 hung in the wind  
 and the old clothesline  
 on the hill  
 groans and whistles  
 between grey posts

the hill is mud and torn grass  
 while the sky is an old woman's hair

she comes one day  
 to take in the rag  
 and then it is spring

Linda Wikene Johnson