

English Studies in Latin America

Selected Poems

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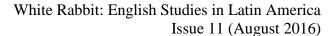
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Selected Poems

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numerous literary journals and anthologies throughout the U.S. and around the world, currently in The Wallace Stevens Journal. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. The sixth book of her poetry is soon to be published by Letters At 3 A.M. Press.

A YEARNING TO TREMBLE

The pea-green boat hits the rocks. No one has the strength of oars to pull against the drowning current.

In the last room along the dark hall, the day melts, as her hunger rises further, her stomach filled

with soup, chicken on the wing. She longs for the itch she once could scratch, questions concocted, leading to complications,

Pushkin at the window, a minor crisis or the smell of Obsession after-shave. Russia had given her a *dacha* of expectation,

but the floorboards grew wet, collapsed. More than honey or lots of money required to best the cunning tides.

APOLOGY OF THE AMAZED

Homage to Gaudi

Night waking. Above, feet groan the ceiling boards. To wander, perhaps Barcelona. Someone had shown him Casa Mila. What world is this? he wonders. A stranger among these curves, halls, windows, doors and above all turrets. Mosaic, multi-colored! Elsewhere, the reach of lacy towers. A lift to those who worship with their eyes. A sky, different as March from May. Only a short walk to the fountain, the outdoor cafe. He would drink to no expectation though her blue silk dress fell in soft folds. Her gesture, a cup carefully placed, a slow stirring held more promise than the random wind or the trolley rattling sad bones. Alone, the great man died on the street, unknown, among his curved and towering stones.

DARING BEYOND STAGNATION

Dogs, dinosaurs and danger over morning toast and tea.

Foraging these dactyls we arrive at the front porch of conjecture.

Large dogs, mild. Herbivorous dinosaurs morphed into birds.

No mammoth mammals stalk suburban streets. It wasn't

danger we escaped, but the engulfing air. Our windows

at sea level now allow a breadth, a welcome to unwind the restricting

niceties. Though the palm gives little shade its long neck welcomes

ships that carry memories of tigers crouching in the grassland's Blazing Stars

PARADISE NOT LOST

Late August morning sun allows sliced melon and croissant on our balcony.

We drink our tea. We reminisce. The images of Villa d'Este on Lake Como have

their Italian way with us. The ease of it, the privilege! It's Thursday, not a holy day

divinity! *Ah, bright wings!* A hummingbird grows still to sup on nectar

overhead. The psalms, the hymns, once needed balm, sang their hosannas

but forgot to praise intrinsic threads awakened in the bird-bright morning.

In the bleakest hours, not prayer, not bowing head to ground but all that quickens in still moments' residue.

CONTACT WITH THE NATURAL

To lock eyes with a hawk even if he stands only on one leg can give you pause.

I've been there, spooked, shaken to a crouch. Nature and its creatures, with rare exception,

lift my spirit into luxury. The falcon, *high in his riding* calls my verve, a fullness roused.

I suppose an anaconda on my pathway would most likely summon trepidation.

But on these well-paved city streets the beasts I meet -the shaggy shepherds, comely collies --

stir only warmth, a hankering for touch. The hummingbird becomes my bird of Paradise, whirling the awakening air.