

Bonnie Stanard

Uneasy Most of the Time

At a time when my lifestyle
comes down to carry-outs
and I eat while watching television
and accumulate tastes
staggered in Nielsen ratings

When I don't meet strangers
much less friends, and my social life
comes down to my computer
and conversations with apps

At a time when longevity wastes away,
when genetics threatens my heredity
and bionics is circling my brain

When I trust in unseen things
as if reliability is innate
when I choose a religion
with the best reality show

I negotiate with what I know
without a clue about
what is unknown.

Yellow Pears

In late January long before the thaw
and after you host a party
with passionate duty
to your husband's social responsibilities
you enter your bedroom.

Perhaps too much wine is in your blood
or a bad dream is in your head,
but the walls chase you
in cycles defying viewpoint.

What you see is the wallpaper
you chose yourself,
a livable design meant to last a long time,
a pattern of yellow pear trees
attached to trellises
secured to frames.

You crash with the mirror
hanging on the door,
the glass cracks
and he won't notice
but it's missing bits
you can't ignore.

Clouds By Degree

The rain is more often cold than warm
where I live
but it seldom turns to ice
nor does it often puff up as snow.

If there's a cloudburst you can wait in your car
and it'll blow over
but sometimes it's a downpour.

No matter how long you wait
it will soak your underwear
and leave wet tracks on your kitchen floor.

Some people speak of soft rain
or a gentle shower. And yes,
there was a time when
a tin roof told me
rain's gentle story
and I believed it.
But today things
are different.

Bonnie Stanard draws on her rural upbringing and an interest in history to write novels, short stories, and poems with credits in publications such as *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Harpur Palate*, and *The Museum of Americana*. She has published six historical

fiction novels. Due out in 2020 are two children's books from Vestra Lingua Press and a poetry chapbook published by Main Street Rag. She lives in Lexington, South Carolina with her husband Douglas Stanard.