

Carol L. Deering – Two Poems

La Jolla Weekend

In this photo, you're standing
by the craggy tracks of tidepools
etched in rock, the sea aloof

practicing its acrobatic rolls.
A pool rich with dark anemones,
shadowy reflection, captures your eyes.

*You moved unsteadily
with a walking stick, around
but not between the holes.*

A loop of footlong rock, bristling
with blue mussels, seaweed
by its side, whets our appetite!

*We spotted delicate clouds,
sea fossils in the sky.*

Some rocks are caked with prickly lichen.
Others sport cavities or tiny nodes.

*I took the photos. You'd spout
biology, stirred from memory.
No way to write that down.*

Moment to moment, wave after wave.

No way to ask you now.

Glory Days

Your eyes pursued the curves,
your body careening, presiding
over the road. The breeze
so alive, the mist from a field
surprising. Horsepower at the flip
of a wrist. You and your motorcycle
on a quest. Unquenchable desire.

You skipped classes, probing
shortcuts to wilderness, inhaling
the scent of shredding sycamore,
rattling their spiky seedballs
tossing their winged pips
like accidents to the ground. Roaming
farther, free as fire.

You were a surfer scaling Mt. Lemmon,
reading the spiral waves, leaning wide
into the rush of day. I clasped your waist,
then tugged your shirt, so I wouldn't face
the gusts alone. Back in town

108 degrees

another cycle shot in front, a bag of frozen
cubes bungeed to its rack. The thrill
of icy splash!

Time passed. Your knees and muscles
kept releasing you, to the floor, the steps,
the road. The Yamaha rested in our shed
for years. Mice built a nest in the tailpipe.
You never rode again. The twist of events.
The silk indifferent sky.

One bright day, you drove our truck,
wheelchair in back, on a widespread
interstate, when a triumvirate
of Harleys vroomed behind us, beside us,
past us, over the hill be damned!

In that churned-up throbbing wake,
you grabbed my hand.

Carol L. Deering was born and grew up in New England, but moved to Wyoming half a lifetime ago. She has twice received the Wyoming Arts Council Poetry Fellowship (2016, judge Rebecca Foust; 1999, judge Agha Shahid Ali). Her poems can be found in traditional and online journals, and in her first book, published in fall 2018: *Havoc & Solace: Poems from the Inland West* (Sastrugi Press). <https://www.caroldeering.com>