

Claire Scott – Two Poems

The Heraclitus Effect

the phone rang
the poem I had started no longer possible
the planet shifted slightly eastward
the sun lower by ten degrees
winds picking up, grey clouds spreading
the temperature plummets
not a poem about spring crocuses, not now
not purple pushing through the last scraps of snow
or the first robin tussling a worm
not now
my mother's cyst malignant
the poem sinks to its knees

Ready To Be Old

I was ready to be old when I was six and wondered why my Father wasn't punished for knocking over his scotch, when I was sent to my room for spilling milk. I was ready to be old when the teacher told the class I was the only one in the entire first grade who forgot my homework and everyone laughed. They didn't know my old brother drew all over it with orange magic marker. I was ready to be old when I had to swallow four teaspoons of cod liver oil and my eagle-eyed mother watched to be sure I didn't spit it out. And now here I am. Old. The IRS threatening penalties because I forgot to mail my taxes by the fifteenth, or is it the twentieth. But my dog was upset and my toaster didn't work. I think my daughter unplugged it. She unplugs everything. And steals my milk. Says its gone bad. My bank charged me for an overdraft because they didn't credit the deposit I made last week. My hands shake, spilling morning tea over the style page. Couldn't finish the article about Meghan and Harry or Harold or Henry. You know, the ones who didn't like the Queen. Of Ireland or England. A pill box with seven compartments to keep the days straight. Today is Wednesday I think. If it's Tuesday, I have taken a double dose. My daughter counts. In trouble again. Bitter tasting pills to keep my heart pumping, my cholesterol lying low, my stomach acid-free who cares and to keep the few remaining neurons firing. They say dementia. I say old be damned. I am ready to be young again. Bring on the cod liver oil.

Claire Scott is an award winning poet who has received multiple Pushcart Prize nominations. Her work has been accepted by the *Atlanta Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *New Ohio Review*, *Enizagam* and *Healing Muse* among others. Claire is the author of *Waiting to be Called* and *Until I Couldn't*. She is the co-author of *Unfolding in Light: A Sisters' Journey in Photography and Poetry*