

Ivanka Fear -- Three Poems

Wordless and Worthless

There are no words
(funny, that coming from a master of language)
to tell you.
Ice cream melts in my bowl,
vanilla and chocolate swirl to beige
tasteless
not like that perfectly twisted cone we savoured at the park.
Sky searches for the sun as I sit on my porch,
a bleak blue canvas streaked with cloud
colourless
unlike the shades of azure in the lake where we blissfully floated.
There are no words
to tell you.
Flowers bloom oblivious to my pain,
bright and vibrant straining towards the light
scentless
unlike the jewels in the gardens where we strolled side by side.
Birds sing their cheery lament unknowingly,
light and carefree soaring to greener shelters
monotonous
not like the melody of seagulls who relished our French fries.
There are no words
to tell you.
The empty space taunts my senses,
an invisible reminder
touchless
There are no words
only tears
only me

Nothing Stays

Everything's a month behind they say when we talk about the weather.
What else is there to talk about?
corn not even knee high to a toddler as the days start to get shorter
you sitting on my knee dressed in farmer's overalls
You can't depend on the seasons.
They never stay.
It's climate change they say as though that explains everything.
warmth in the short days of February and frost in June
you snuggled warm in your blue winter pram, arms outstretched

I keep an image of you in an old album
and the pram tucked away in a box.
The water's good for the crops they say in defence of the weather.
a bit short on the sunny days, but we take what we get
you in your sunhat slapping up water in glee
You can't box the laughter.
Before you know it, they say, the fall will come.
beautiful colours just before the dead season
you colouring pictures bringing pages to life
I've kept them all preserved,
these pieces of you remain.
Summers used to be longer they say, though how can that be?
time changes our memories
I remember the time you were born
in the December of my life
and I was reborn with you.
But the Spring couldn't stay and neither would you.

My Life in Shreds

Pages of my life are laid bare
placed there waiting to be erased.
Dropped in the slot without a thought
for what is about to be lost,
the whirring serving as warning
burning the bridge to tomorrow
is an irreversible process.
Scissors sink deep into the ink,
rip my life story with their teeth,
leaving confetti in the bin.
Pieces of me to be recycled
lie idly by, unresponsive.

Its intestines contain masses
of regrets and mistakes and lies.
I open the door to expose
the contents of my sorry life
and wonder how could anyone
reconstruct something from this pulp?
A fresh start from rotten parts?
Compost or better yet garbage
the lot and start again from scratch.

Ivanka Fear is a retired teacher and a writer from Ontario, Canada. She holds a B.A. and B.Ed., majoring in English and French literature, from Western University. Her poems and short stories appear in or are forthcoming in *Spadina Literary Review*, *Montreal Writes*, *Spillwords*, *Commuterlit*, *Canadian Stories*, *Adelaide Literary*, *October Hill*, *Scarlet Leaf Review*, *Polar Borealis*, *Lighten Up*, *Bewildering Stories*, *The Sirens Call*, *Utopia Science Fiction*, *The Literary Hatchet*, *Wellington Street Review*, *Aphelion*, *Sad Girl Review*, and *Tales From the Moonlit Path*. She has recently completed her first novel.