

Jean Biegun – Two Poems

85 Candles at Shady Pines

Most days he will wake with his
marbles scattered—swirling balls
of worry and flummoxed puzzlement.

He will shuffle through a maze
of toddling walkers and canes
with handles carved like sleek horses.

Beeping scooters, then fumes of Pine-Sol
will lead him along beige halls to the tan
casseroles and Sinatra songs mapping
the dining room.

But on his magical clear-eye marble
days, he will grip that lucky shooter
with sure knuckles and knock all haze
out of play.

Those times he is hepcat ready for a
slick game, one more high-stepping day.

Showdown

Smelly at the beach now
green algae scumming the shore
and everywhere dead alewives
eyeing me on my walk

No pretty stone to pocket today
just this dulled plastic two-inch cowboy
pistol drawn ready
grit in the fringe of his chaps

Riding the water surface
migrating pelicans float serenely
try to symbolize all will be well
as a passing couple chat on their phones

The cowboy does not smile in the scene
only braces for his coming showdown

Jean Biegun, retired in California after a lifetime in the Midwest, began writing poetry twenty years ago to counter big-city job stress, and it worked. Poems have appeared in *Mobius: The Poetry Magazine*, *After Hours: A Journal of Chicago Writing and Art*, *World Haiku Review* and a number of other journals. Work is forthcoming in *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *The Pangolin Review*, *Eastern Iowa Review* and other places.