

Laurie Rosen – Three Poems

Chasms

A narrow bridge made of wooden slats,
spaced too far
 apart,
looms aloft a swollen, stony river,

leads to a trail that saunters
its way to the mouth
of Gulkana Glacier.

I raise my feet high
above each
 gap
before planting firmly.
The air hangs sticky and still—
only my cautious footsteps
sway the bridge.

Behind my eyes I tumble
through
 the void,
splatter onto protruding boulders,
whirling water whips
me away.

Breathe in, out, in, out.

No Superman to the rescue,

I wrap clammy fingers tightly
around steel cable, chanting—
hold on, I can hold on.

My breath—the way across.

Ghost Hauntings

Full moon's glow glides
between our shade's wooden slats.
Ghostly images of squandered
time berate me—her final days
crowd my head:
propped up in a hospital bed,

eyes wild, confused,
hands flailing,
reaching out, I stand

in her bedroom doorway
paralyzed by threat
of invisible virus.

Then hospice—
hushed breathing, eyes closed,
unresponsive.

I'm planting a quick kiss
on her soft, wrinkled cheek.
No lengthy hand holding,

no tight hugs or words
of thanks and love.
Is it fear or selfishness

that keeps me from offering
no more than the coldest
good-bye?

Bathed in slipping lunar light,
you lost in dream beside me,
I consider waking you

to join me in my delirium,
but it seems wrong
to steal you from oblivion

knowing I'm obliged
to meet these ghosts,
haunting me.

Your awakened presence
might scare them away—
I'm not ready to give them up.

Slow Flow Lava

When he asked,
I didn't say yes right away,
fearing myself embedded
like a xenolith, bits

and pieces torn off,
trapped in his magma,
thwarted from traveling
my own journey.

And for years it seemed so.
Traces of me wiped away,
my core weakened—
spun off-course,
momentarily interrupted
and subdued.

But see, I am slow
flow lava,
enriched by matter
and minerals that ensconce me.
I surface a volcano
long believed dormant,
gather fragments,
choose my path.

Words, rhymes, rhythms
bubble and spew—blooms
rise from my hot liquid.

A lifelong New Englander, **Laurie Rosen**'s poetry has appeared in *Muddy River Poetry Review*; *Oddball Magazine*; *Soul-Lit*; *The New Verse News*; *Zig Zag Lit Mag*; *Gyroscope Review* and elsewhere.