

Michael Keshigian – Two Poems

Hidden Amid The Stars

It wasn't easy,
living with him,
his moody character
and need for privacy,
the all night creative fits
while she tried to sleep.
She interrupted him
in the middle of a thousand poems
for household information,
invaded his reverie
on the blue hill mountain pass
as the view sung an ode
in his brain,
even conquered his triumph
over an elusive phrase
when she yelled up
for dinner.
But he clung to her,
his raft on the white water swirls,
stability upon the rumbling current
of perpetual thought.
Often, he floated alone,
submerged in foam,
gagging for the tangible
and she would grab a handful of hair,
yank his heavy head up.
They stumbled through silence,
blundered through varied perspectives,
yet when the river calmed,
they studied the stars
to find out exactly
where they were going.

Wildflowers

What is love
but the dried up bulbs
the gardener insists on planting
to everyone's objections
that irrationally burst
into magnificent dahlias.
The lunacy of uncertainty,

a fascination of delight,
most often unpredictable.
Wild grow
the flowers of the heart
in the garden of our lives,
wilder still
blooms affection.

Michael Keshigian is the author of 14 poetry collections. His most recent poems have appeared in *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Studio One*, *Jerry Jazz Musician*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Young Ravens Literary Review*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*. He has been published in numerous national and international journals and has appeared as feature writer in twenty publications with 7 Pushcart Prize and 2 Best Of The Net nominations. (michaelkeshigian.com)