

CLASSROOM ULTRA SOUND

These infant poets (for a moment mine),
magenta-haired sirens, bare-footed waifs,
baggy-britches-old souls with locks of unruly
thoughts hung momentarily behind an ear,
pens poised against marble-veined brows,
eyelids lowered evoking Neruda and Ginsberg
Sappho and Dickinson and Oliver (Mary not Holmes)
Whitman and Dylan (Thomas or Bob)
young umbilical cords of metaphor
not to be cut ever,
needing to suck the milk of words,
taking each breath by osmosis,
floating in dim amniotic silence,
surviving and thriving,
hanging back, waiting behind
to birth again and again

ars poetica in utero.

-Trecia R. Greene

1983