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E. P. Fisher

Two Poems

Pegasus

A world built of words
Signifying wind-speed, honor, symmetry, luck, perseverance!
Syllables like hollow bones & fabulous imaginary anatomies!
Miniature stallions breaking like waves, taking flight,
Curveting with painted rainbow-manes into neighing traces of air
Fleeter than intuition, more fluent than the sea!
Hammering hooves over dancing Arabian dunes
Beginning in chthonic notes, occult with chimera,
And ending on cloud-bound Olympus!
The cosmic chronology of hero-kings
Taming the swift wings of chaos at a trot!
The indolent, arrogant mime of the sun
Kissing the sky at a holy crossroads!
Lyrical lines like barbarous arrows
Arrayed in a dexterous archer's sheath!
Clues to the eloquent tongues of omen!
New names for silence, instinct, mania,

Escaping, never touching the ground!
The seashell keys to the Gorgon's godless eye—
Her bubbles & snakes & nightmare countenance
Denying my contentment.
The source of all wellspring riddles printed on the magic bow of song
In utero in the moon-house!
This afterbirth in sea-foam awakening the mind
Stamping out the letters of a lost zodiac in star-like asterisks,
Imitating the chambered heart & its dark unearthly cooing!
Buried cords of embryo unknowing & forgotten sighs
Studied like an almanac of broken stone . . .
And the quiet reply:
The sorrow and woe of a blind, ancient time
Seemed always on my lips!

Traveling with Chagall

Chagall has been following me around
Riding bareback on a blue-green pony
Or sailing by on a sight-seeing tour bus
Looking aloof like the Man-in-the-Moon.
In the pidgin-language of sleep, when necking lovers
Wander the flying streets of Paris,
He plays a violin with a fish in his pocket . . .

The windows in a thousand houses where he sits
Have all been painted black.
Fooling around with a metaphor for a scythe,
His smiles transform all the colors of my similes
Into rooftops & chimneys, weathervanes and clocks.
Kicking up pigeons on the playground,
He sighs among the samovars & cupolas of Petrograd!

Like an acrobatic angel with prophesy in his belly
Keeping defeat in stitches all winter long,
The tumbling apogee of his stain-glass heart
Declares victory over aeons of twinkling ice!
In the title fight between midnight & zero,
Shadow-boxing with a snowman,
Love is saved by the bell from all the holy folderol . . .

Disguised as a peasant villager with his goat,
He rides piggyback at light-speed
Where a milkmaid, barefoot under a honeycomb,
Steals the crown of a tatterdemalion king!

Speaking in idylls, tongue-in-cheek,
The wounded wings of his wanderlust
And the hush-hush of his eyebrows, all grow wild!

E. P. Fisher taught school in Africa as a Peace Corps volunteer and worked as a psychologist with special needs children. His credits include two books and publications in numerous small presses. He has won several awards and competitions, and is a Pushcart nominee.