



From eBay

Marvin R. Hiemstra

Remember the Garden

Moon, a white radish, mourns his tail.
Our earth is Roquefort. We are crumbling. Plan
to toss a salad? Hurry! Time can be a stinker.

All we have is each day. Yesterday: a wipeout.
Tomorrow? Hummingbird weeps. Earth, fracked,
moans. Earth cannot believe it happened.

Sun smiles: still firm on track. Birds, an eager charm
of finches and two slap-happy blue jays, drink
my cool water like there is no tomorrow.

Daily I fill a natural rock basin and a carved stone
Buddha pedestal: both overflowing. Countless birds
drop in all day. Jays are now molting: splash

pedestal half empty, always a shrug of thanks. I am
a constant water supply pouring in fresh as each day
struggles on. Clear water is the reason for my being.

Hot Bear Claws — Just Out of the Oven

Time is a bear.

Time/Bear will send you screaming
“Bye-bye, Berries, bye-bye!”
out of the blackberry patch, alas,
when berries are at their juicy best.

Shameless Time/Bear leads you on
to beehives with bees meaner than
that killer ladybug sitting on a white lily:
ease dropping on the Annunciation.
Close call! A goldfinch is just in time.

Time/Bear says, “I’M SLEEPING
IN TODAY.”

But when you turn the corner, surprise!
Time/Bear says, “BOO! BOO! BABY,
GOTCHA NOW! IT’S THE FINAL
CURTAIN: YOUR CHOICE
OF VELVET OR GOSSAMER.”

Cuddly Time/Bear can look so sweet
and fuzzy,

but if you ignore Time/Bear, or, Hell forbid!,
leave Time/Bear off your prayer list,
your glow in the dark hibernation alarm
clock will have a defective snooze button,
and those spaced-out bear fleas will eat you alive.

Don’t forget

Time/Bear knows

how to play dead.

Fleeting Parisian Moment

When I'm in Paris, I want to walk and walk forever.
First of May I drifted from neighborhood to neighborhood.

All of Paris on holiday had wisely decided to stroll:
just in case that Eden afternoon might never happen again.

Deep in the Left Bank tangle I joined a smiling crowd
in the sun-dappled pocket square outside Delacroix's studio.

That crowd was silent, not the usual in Paris, certainly
not that day when everywhere: traffic jam of chatter.

Crowd circled an old catalpa tree: fresh trumpet blossoms,
heart-shaped leaves pinned to a gigantic robin's egg sky.

Beneath that tree a chartreuse punk au pair in a daydream
and a happy tail polished cinnamon silk Irish setter

stood by their little Jacques, an eager two year old
determined to catch each pink catalpa trumpet as it fell.

Marvin R. Hiemstra is the founding editor-in-chief of the *Bay Area Poets Seasonal Review* and author of the book *Poet Wrangler: droll poems*. He has performed his work at such international venues as the Edinburgh Festival and performs regularly in the San Francisco Bay Area.