

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Red Ripe

By William Doeski

The days ripen, red as ferns.
At the capitol, pistols wave

as women utter the threats
that will render us insane.

I want to escape to the mountains,
but their secret rock formations

remain too jagged to conquer.
You advise me to try the cities,

lose myself in art museums,
attend the live performances

of dilettantes I used to avoid.
You weed your garden despite

the deer that graze down to the roots.
You prune bushes that caterpillars

have claimed as private property.
People in outré costumes parade

up and down our dead-end road
to protest the failure of facts.

The capitol tips its marble dome
to release the evil spirits.

The red-ripe days peel away,
revealing the seeds at the core.