

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Three Poems

By Russell Dupont

1.

He wanted to wake  
in a room transformed  
by the distorted  
shadows of night  
into hills brilliant  
with maiden hair,  
mountain mahogany,  
and bitterbush.

There, he would  
write to her.

But the words did not come,  
and his thoughts drifted  
scattering over the paper  
before fading into  
crumpled memories.

2.

When the sky is clear  
and the wind gentle,  
seize the day.  
Invade the heavens!

Some paper, a few pieces  
of a thin wood,  
bamboo, for instance,  
and a length of string.

Then feel  
the exhilaration  
that comes when you  
reach for the sky.

3.

At the cemetery,  
where we occasionally  
take a morning walk,  
a doe and two fawns  
have found something  
to eat in the parking lot.

We stand still and quiet,  
mimicking the tombstones,  
fearing that any movement  
or sound will scatter  
them back into the woods.

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But, like the graveyard's  
many uncared-for plots,  
we are ignored.

On the path ahead,  
geese under leafy oaks  
are also reluctant to move.

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I have no fear of,  
nor do I think much  
about death.

But when it finally comes,  
scatter me in the woods,  
and the next time you walk here,  
look for me among the deer.