

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Three by John Whitney Steele

### When the High Desert Sun Stands Still

The earth's skin burns.  
The moist grass, shaded by the cottonwood,  
the breeze, this sip of tea, just sitting here  
is enough, lacks nothing.

And yet, for those cruel twins, fear and craving,  
who never stop gnawing, there's always something—

But for this moment, all too fleeting  
when thinking stops—

the whispering cottonwoods are rapt.

### The Wingéd Life

Look at the magpie perching on the pine tree.  
See how his ink-black plumage sparkles sapphire?  
Watch as he spreads his wings and pivots forward,  
hellbent for heaven.

As a young boy I soared above the treetops.  
Those were the days of magic wands and wizards.  
Oh! For the technicolor dreams of childhood,  
gone in a wand-wave.

### The Doldrums

When nothing bubbles up,  
and I can't face the blank page,  
dead-ends, exhaustion,  
what I miss is the excitement  
of creating something—  
ex nihilo.