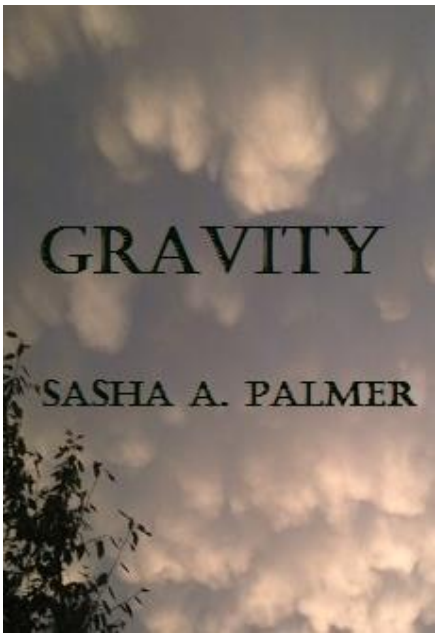


*A tiny collection from Sasha A. Palmer, which selects from her Wikipedia poems–wikems–posted on The Happy Amateur.*

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*"Poetry is everywhere; it just needs editing." – James Tate*

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**SUMMER**

*"Solstice is derived from the Latin words sol (sun) and sistere (to stand still)."*

*"When on a geographic pole, the sun reaches its greatest height, the moment of solstice, it can be noon only along that longitude...For other longitudes, it is not noon. Noon has either passed or has yet to come."*

*(Wikipedia)*

let me linger here

today, when the sun stands still

till my noon has passed

**FOG**

*"Fog is a collection of liquid water droplets or ice crystals suspended in the air at or near the Earth's surface." (Wikipedia)*

She swings, her long body
elongating even more
as, coming towards him,
she leans back, laughing,
eyes closed, neck curved,
blood rushing to her head,
her bare feet kicking the sky.

She climbs to the peak
and, reaching it, she stops
breathless, translucent
like a sunray, or wind,
or a droplet of water,
suspended in the air
near the Earth's surface.

The swings exhale,
and, lassoed by gravity,
she falls, surrendering,
letting go of the ropes,
leaning in, eyes fixed on him,
as she moves further away,
into the morning fog.

**ODYSSEY**

*"...their bed was made from an olive tree still rooted to the ground." (Wikipedia)*

He tells her of ancient Greece,

Mount Olympus with its gorges,

and peaks, and gorgeous gods,

quick-tempered, violent,

unleashing their vengeance

against mortals and each other.

He tells her of shining Ithaca,

a tanned boy out in the sun,

a man with sea water in veins,

longing for voyage and land,

a wanderer whose very name

is casting lament upon his brow.

At nightfall he sheds his stories,

heart bared, stands before her,

trembling, heeding her silence,

a boy-man, rugged, tender,

weathered skin – a map of travels,

its salty lines aching for touch.

She takes his hand, leads him

into the deep of the island,

through the familiar orchard,

to the wedding bed, the olive

still rooted to the ground,

awaiting his homecoming.

**WHITE**

*"…is…the combination of all the colors of the visible spectrum."(Wikipedia)*

The flames slip in

through the drawn blinds,

dance on the crisp sheets,

cool – hot to the touch.

Winter storms blaze,

lit their way, as they explore

each other's intricate lines,

never taking the same path.

White light is all they see–

the prism of time will

disperse it into colors–

for now they are blind.

Blind, and the snow

comes down, hard, steady,

and the wild fire rages,

and they burn clear.

**MOON**

*"The Moon is in synchronous rotation with Earth, always showing the same face."* (Wikipedia)

She lives by the ocean

off the water and land,

rich with the day's gold

and the night's silver.

She lives by herself

save for the shorebirds

and the crying seagulls

that keep her company.

No one knows her.

Not even the strong man

who does. Who shares

and mends her roof,

who sees what she shows –

always the same face.

Always the same moon

above the dark waters.

**BLACK**

*"Black is the color of…outer space."* (Wikipedia)

In the distance

An evergreen

Alive with chirping

Breathes steady

In and out

Inhales deeply

Sucking in a dozen

Or so blackbirds

Exhales slowly

Letting them go

Tiny hearts flutter

Among the branches

The shape of the tree

Always the same

Ever changing

The organized

Chaotic movement

Of the small creatures

The tree lifted off the ground

On the simple black wings

**GRAVITY**

*"…cannot be…shielded against." (Wikipedia)*

She used to be a bird once

before she found gravity

cannot be transformed

or shielded against

before she fell

and touched

the sky

**EQUINOX**

*"For an observer atop a mountain the day is longer." (Wikipedia)*

shielded from the wind

plentiful was his valley

he knew no hunger

the earth provided

all that he ever wanted

it held him gently

his woman was warm

like the earth kissed by the sun

rich like the valley

she was not angered

by the distant mountain peaks

he would leave her for

she knew him too well

she knew she never owned him

she knew he would go

“atop a mountain

the day is longer,” he said

atop a mountain

where the air is thin

where her frozen tears sparkle

all the long day through

**FLAME**

*"…it (cool flame) can initiate without any external ignition source." (Wikipedia)*

No one saw

beyond the cold façade

her manner that seemed aloof

yet cried out

lonely

No one read

the markings on her face

invisible to the heart

that knows not

burning

No one felt

the flame she stored within

ignited without a spark

pale blue as

her soul

## STORYTELLING

*"People have used the carved trunks of living trees and ephemeral media (such as sand and leaves) to record stories in pictures or with writing." (Wikipedia)*

we write our stories

on the ephemeral sand

ebony of space

we record ourselves

on the carved trunks of birch trees

ivory of clouds

we imprint our song

on the world filled with echoes

parchment of all time

**BLUE**

*"The clear sky and the deep sea appear blue because of an optical effect known as Rayleigh scattering." (Wikipedia)*

Try telling yourself

the clear sky and the deep sea

are not blue at all –

you know what you see.
Lord Rayleigh would understand,
for he saw it too,

before he rebelled
against the invisible,
took the light apart.

He used to see it,
before he scattered himself
'long the path of truth.