

Ann Privateer

Ode Too Soon

Too soon the young
Too soon the making
Too soon cranberries baking

Too soon the creek
Too soon the flowing
Too soon wisteria flowering

Too soon the song
Too soon the singing
Too soon operatic screaming

Too soon the stick
Too soon the splintering
Too soon, ready or not.

Little to Hold

Coin rolls roll down the street
Days spent searching for money
It's never too damp to sleep
Out in the rain, hunger wondering
Sniveling shrivel over lost garments
Clothing a bloody nose with a foe
Hanging an endless wash
On a hurricane line.

The Startled Child

Carries its existence
Over the prairie
Dreaming fire dreams
In a symphonic agony
Sleeping with monsters
Beneath the bed.