

Ed Makowski

Flutter

Rather
take my
fashion cues

from the vibrant chicanery
of a migratory songbird
than the drone drab
of a bomber plane.

Sure, both fly.
One sings.

Rear View Mirror

While driving
I notice the car in front of me
has sunglasses dangling
from the rear view mirror.

Reminds me
of high school dances,
where it was expected
that I'd leave the evening
with my date's garter
tightened across my
suit-coated biceps.

Haven't thought about that
for decades. Now,

waiting in traffic as an adult,
I grimace, recalling
that the whole town
banded together

to ensure the boys
would triumphantly
reach their hands
up inside their daughter's legs

and retrieve
an underwear trophy

to dangle in traffic
for everyone to see.

Poetry Rehab

~or~

Standing for Something; Else

Of the potential options
I never anticipated developing
a long term injury
from sitting.

As a writer, a poet
I'd expected alcoholism
as a potential career hazard,

Or visits to asylums and rehab,
endemic depression,
maybe worse,

Otherwise the wilderness venturing:
Mauled by a bear in the forest, or
broken after crashing and
tumbling down a ravine.

But
the passive dullness
of a lower back malady
requiring elaborate calisthenics
to offset the stationary "arts,"
and remediate my making of poetry,
or that sitting would cultivate
a self-fulfilling constitution
that, untreated, allows only
for more sitting -

That plot twist,
the embodied self-enemy
in the “hero’s journey”
was unexpected.

Nice work,
Fate. Good on ya.

Safeguarding the Echoes of the Wind

Last person to leave the office.
Discovered I was trapped
inside the parking garage
astride a motorcycle
too light to trip the floor sensor.
Loud pipes saving no lives.

After troubleshooting, I sighed, succumbed
to pressing the EMERGENCY button,
and explained to Emily the operator
my not-exactly-an-emergency.

Then spent two hours
reading, making photographs, wandering
the dimly-lit cement sarcophagus for a secret
Emergency Motorcycle Escape Hatch
until the on-call maintenance guy arrived
with ketchup dappled across his chest.
I apologized for interrupting dinner.

The fascinating epiphany
while hostage to a parking garage

is realizing that the entire day, as we work
vehicles await unchaperoned, vulnerable
to scoundrel thieves and vandals while
the parking lot garage door is open.

And all night long
only after the building, the parking lot

are absent of people and automobiles
the gates are locked, steadfast:
The outside from the inside
The inside from the outside
safeguarding only
the echoes of the wind