

Price Strobridge

Pikes Peak Poet Laureate 2012-2014

SELECTED POEMS

Flight Patterns

*I leave no trace of wings in the air,
but I am glad I had my flight--R. Tagore*

I. Words In Flight .

Once,
upon an early morning pond,
some angled blazing rays of dawn
reflected a rising sun lifted into day.
— I was stunned to stillness!

One
heaving wave of wonder
rose from heart to throat
like a shining flock of geese
that slept last night, bobbing,
silent on gray water, until
filled with grassy exuberance,
ascended into brightening light
—a strange and straining syntax!

Oh!
how heavy and clumsy
they struggled to fly-
an odd perturbation of total flutter,
gaggle of cacophonous wings and beaks
flapping, squawking, until...

Winged
into air, then fanned into form,
Became
winsome feathered skeins of soaring V's
— across a sun-fired
Sky.

-p.d.strobridge



II. Boomerang

The
love
that
soars
out
from
you,
returns
on the
arms
of the
singing
wind.

-p.d.strobridge

BLACK WHOLE

(an odyssey of oxymora)

In our seeking and our finding
is a losing and a leaving
and our growing but a shrinking
into shadows shedding light,
where denser darkness
sparks a glimmer
brighter than all the suns we know,
and still farther than poets pipe us
is a constant growing glow...

of black,
into which is drawn
all things brightly darkening;
becoming finally fully expanded
into ultimate collapse,
the density of which
is equal to one
totally fragmented
whole.

- p.d.strobridge

TRANSCENDENT ROAD KILL

Neither for hope,
nor from fear, but
perhaps feeling only
the total joy
of being toad,
is why he hopped
that night

up the steep slope,
above the green pond,
onto the long black road,

in the general direction toward sky,

and in his own toady way,

transcended
quotidian
immediacy

under the glittering stars...

just moments
before the long speeding truck
(wearing the weight of commerce)
printed him
on asphalt!

Later that august-hot week,
under the high glaring sun
he lay, a parchment unread,

until one slow driver
as he passed over
felt
an un-write-able poem
leap
into his heart!

- p.d.strobridge

CATHARSIS

*Poetry heals the wounds
inflicted by reason -Novalis*

Beauty's voice cries out
in the wilderness

summoning art
to clear away

the scattered stones
that block our way,

purging frustrations
turbid emotions,

taming to art
tumultuous oceans;

blood to ink
essence to art,

clearing the stones
that clutter the heart.

- p.d.srtobridge