

# 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*