



Songs from the Sparrow

Carla Martin-Wood

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For Sarah, Caeli Grace and Erika

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Hummer

With all the forest in his wings
he chose to visit me
he brought a ruby from Siam
with sapphires lavished me
and from my feeder sipped all day
to fuel his endless flight
in beauty's coin I took my pay
as any gardener might.

Sparrow

Dapple-feathered
brown and gray
no singing voice
not much to say
no soaring flight
against the blue
yet God can't take
His eyes off you.

Snow Dreams

Autumn is falling
in carnival rain
The North Wind
makes frosting
on my windowpane
Logs on the fireplace
crackle and glow
While clouds on the mountain
are dreaming of snow.

Autumn Garden

I saw the autumn trees at dawn
Like redhaired ladies on my lawn
Up the garden path and down
Like fancy ladies come to town.

Viewpoints

on watching my granddaughter's discovery of a grasshopper

I

grandmommy:

he is grass moving
like laughter
free of itself
he is wind made flesh
dancing his joy
in the green world
in the dapple down sunlit
summer of the young
and it is early morning
in her life
as she dances
squealing in the sun
deasil about the box
on which this grasshopper perches
and he begins to circle
counter to her
around and around
they dance
together
in mutual
discovery.

II

sarah:

green thing
o he is green itself
he jumps high as my joy
he makes my heart leap
leap squealing to the sun
to the light
o, morning!
o, dancing!
dancing with the green thing
and not afraid
not afraid of anything
it is happy everywhere
and i dance
with the bright green joy of the world!

III

grasshopper:

goddess she is
gold and green forever she is
she turns
she turns
o, i must turn to see
must not miss
must turn
i live

i die
by her pleasure
with only a small touch
she could kill me
but she dances!
she is all
she is shining
she is goddess
i dance
watch me goddess
i dance with you
persephone!

Christmas Wallflower

The party was over long ago
I was left beneath the tree
red and green and crowned with a bow
but no one ever noticed me

I was quiet and hidden well
no one ever looked inside
to find the story I had to tell
within my wrappings brightly tied

I was smaller than the rest
and decorated carefully
within I held the very best
but no one ever opened me.

About the Poet

Twice nominated for The Pushcart Prize, Carla Martin-Wood is the author of Flight Risk, a full-length collection of her poetry (Fortunate Childe Publications, 2009). She has authored five other chapbooks: Garden of Regret, Redheaded Stepchild, and The Last Magick, (all Pudding House Chapbook Series, 2009); Feed Sack Majesty (Fortunate Childe Publications, 2009); and HerStory (Fortunate Childe Publications, 2010). Her work also appears in three anthologies: Love Poems & Other Messages for Bruce Springsteen (Pudding House, 2009), Casting the Nines (Pudding House, 2009), and Lilith: a collection of women's writes (Fortunate Childe Publications, 2009). Carla's poems have been widely published in the US, UK, and Ireland, including Rosebud, Flutter, tinfolddresses, Elk River Review, The Lyric, The Foliate Oak, The Linnet's Wings, and many other journals.

