Carol Dorf: Two Poems [1]

April 1, 2015 Digital Poets and Nature [2]

Why Are You Always Writing Elegies?

At first light, you want to recall the dawn chorus of your childhood and compare it to sound's relative scarcity, though not all sounds are scarce around here: sirens, trains, people talking as they rush to the station, music blasting out of souped-up cars.

Be honest, though. If any place still has much of a dawn chorus outside an official park, it could well be here, what with organic mamas growing sunflowers and beans in mulched backyards, and flowers in patterns approaching a meadow for the butterflies, and other yards, where people say, "I just don't have the time, let's see what volunteers."

The other day, on your way into the DMV, a hummingbird swooped past you, though this doesn't say much about the dawn chorus, truth be told, consumed by feral cats and the little bit of Roundup someone can't resist when it's time to sell a house, and so what is your share of the blame?

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.googlege 1 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');



Prismatic

For ten miles, rainbows illuminate the freeway. Liminal state between wet and dry, between the road and "Are we there yet?" At the University Avenue exit, as we round the curve, more rainbows light the sky past scaffolding, past Chevron, past Canned Foods, past Indian Buffet, framing the dry autumn hills. Now, we are almost home.

Art information

• "Flower Wall" © Carol Dorf; used with permission.

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.googlage 2 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');



Carol Dorf is poetry editor at *Talking Writing*. Her poems have appeared in *Canary*,

About Place, Sin Fronteras, Scientific American, The Mom Egg, Spillway, Maintenant, OVS, Best of Indie Lit New England, and elsewhere. She lives in Berkeley, California.

Carol read the two poems here and others at TW's <u>"Digital Poets and Nature"</u> [3] panel for the AWP 2015 conference in Minneapolis.

Source URL: <u>https://www.talkingwriting.com/carol-dorf-two-poems</u>

Links:

- [1] https://www.talkingwriting.com/carol-dorf-two-poems
- [2] https://www.talkingwriting.com/tw-channels-and-categories/digital-poets-and-nature
- [3] https://www.awpwriter.org/awp_conference/event_detail/2934

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.googlege 3 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');