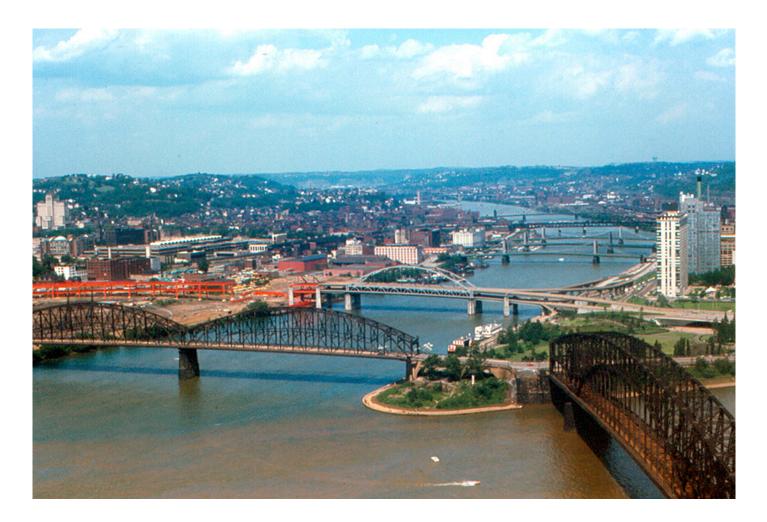
Western PA Air and Water Ballet [1]

November 25, 2019 <u>Writing and Faith</u> [2] <u>Featured Poetry</u> [3] <u>Transitions</u> [4]

Poems by Terry Dawson



Western PA Air and Water Ballet, Circa 1970

(1) cold steel

coke fumes settle in the seams of red brick homes stacked thick on countless hillsides

the wide Ohio swallows hard beneath shelves of gray ice and dozens of bridges, pale blue and canary

slate sky leaning in: it is

(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 5 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); the way of this burg(h), choking for decades

come nightfall blast furnaces gorging on soft bitumen ignite the confluence of rivers

snow hardening to stalactites, longer and blacker as chill reduces pollution to *pirouettes* of fog—

the city rounds its shoulders like everyone else, making a *bourrée* beeline to places inside

words to each other as we pass rise steaming — what's to say that's not been said? the men,

crowding downtown bars in a.m. half-light, down amber boilermakers and utter next to

nothing as they cross rivers to forge pig iron into ingots of steel the dead

of winter itself has yet to speak, as towering flues raise fists of industry from castles

of soot defiance holding its silence, resignation its mischief Pennsylvania

its choreography and the cold, its riveted self-assurance

(2) wet ritual

the Kumbh Mela never comes to Pittsburgh: no one mistakes the Allegheny for the Ganges

or Monongahela for Yamuna and wades in fully dressed till garments rise as sodden tutus

no one expects a dip in the Ohio to cleanse them like Triveni Sangam

even with its Mississippi-bound *adagio*, feeding the Gulf, where brown women wash clothes against its shores

still we await a grand jeté into the invisible Sarasvati from rivers—

the dead floating in all, and all in time entering death cleansing them

of all desire to flow over those routinely filling them with their sins—in time

all folding neck, arms and legs to align with the very bottom of water

(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 2 of 5 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');



Island Living

the island of America, floating free from and sunk into everything with its footprint in the shape of greatness heavy edges calving ice, remains for now in the singular sea of our planetary mind

most free to reside here, having arrived here, carried by those determined to procreate nowhere else, they assume the mantle of abandonment of thought regarding anything save island living: "we are here" remains enough

our warming weather, our receding demarcations, our short-breathy occasions and rare heavy-metal libations deter not an ounce of resolve to insist without evidence we the best, keeping science more silent and the press less evident

first residents here conceived us a turtle,

(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 5 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); its carapace spread with dirt retrieved from beneath the fingernails of a gopher diving six years deep to the floor of the abyss before the creature breathed its last

when we citizens do the same, consider what will remain of the island of America floating free from and sunk into everything

Art Information

 "Pittsburgh - Three Rivers from Duquesne Heights (1968) [5]" and "Washington - Southeast from Washington Monument (1988) [6]" © Roger W; Creative Commons license.



Terry Dawson is an ordained Presbyterian minister living in Austin, Texas. He

produces and performs with the multicultural poetry, jazz, and live painting collaborative Five Voizz Brush. His poetry, essays, and creative nonfiction have appeared in *Red Fox Review*, *Horizons*, *di-verse-city anthology*, *Pigeonholes*, *Courtship of the Winds*, *Dash*, the 2019 Texas Poetry Calendar of Kallisto Gaia Press, and the *Ocotillo Review*. He was a finalist in the Chase Going Woodhouse Poetry Competition and was twice long-listed for Ireland's Fish Anthology Poetry Prize.

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(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.goofgage 4 of 5 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');

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