

## On Being Asked How I Write a Poem Every Day

By Joan Mazza

Some days I wear a hat, boots, and work gloves,  
and push the wheelbarrow over logs and mud,  
ruts and roots that trip along the way. I hold my pace  
steady, breathe hard against the incline, no slowing  
my rhythm. At the northwest corner of the property,  
where the creek runs deep, I dig with my spade  
into the path worn by deer and raccoon. The soil  
is black under old oaks, detritus of shed bark,  
branches, leaves of every dying autumn.  
There, I open a vein in the earth, stand still to listen  
to crows call and respond: four caws each,  
my eyes closed while the wheelbarrow fills.

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## Sacred Lotus

By Joan Mazza



In June the first small lotus pads emerge, rise from the pond's surface, vertical and curled, opening flat, like a fist relaxing. The stems with buds are arrows piercing the water's surface. One after another they open, white with a pink blush, unfolding themselves

to mating dragonflies, until the water is covered by the pads and flowers. More leaves push up high above the dark water and turn toward sunlight like satellite dishes, bigger by the week. Shade for frogs, blue gill and catfish.

Blossoms shed petals. Bare, they look like green shower heads with a precise spacing of holes. All summer, from my window, I watch this silent display, never tire of the show, wait for the right light run out to take the same photos as last year.

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**Joan Mazza bio:** Joan Mazza has worked as a medical microbiologist, psychotherapist, seminar leader, and has been a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee. Author of six self-help psychology books, including *Dreaming Your Real Self* (Penguin/Putnam), her poetry has appeared in *Rattle*, *The MacGuffin*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *Buddhist Poetry Review*, and *The Nation*. She ran away from the hurricanes of South Florida to be surprised by the earthquakes and tornadoes of rural central Virginia, where she writes poetry and does fabric and paper art. <http://www.JoanMazza.com>