

Fish Cove

By Michael Keshigian

Beneath the dock
from which he casts,
the water is shallow and clear,
the sodden earth
that bears the weight of liquid
is speckled with shoots
that will eventually surface
into a stage upon which
the basso bull frog
will perform his aria.
Occasionally, a cloud of dirt
smokes the clarity
of the transparent lake
and his searching
reveals the tail fin
of a scampering bass
near the shore to spawn.
He sits and watches
amid the Spring warmth
and delicate breezes
which incite the lake
to gently slap the dock.
He no longer dangles the bait
to tease the unsuspecting,
no longer allows temptation to linger,
that same lure
which spurred him to seek
refuge and the simple poem
this silent swimmer
strokes with her fin.
To read her verse
within the enclosure of this cove
is the remedy by which
he turns from the commotion
in his own life,
a commotion he has no desire
to impart.

Thief

By Michael Keshigian

Two days ago
the sun caught me stealing light
to illuminate a poem,

demanded restitution,
then reported me to Mother Nature
who posted my likeness about the land.

Soon, the ocean, forest, birds, flowers, et. al.
filed suit for substantial abuse
and complacent philandering without permission.

I pleaded guilty;
admitted taking breath from wind
for deliverance,

marshmallows from the sky to sweeten song,
and rage from the ocean
to instill a sense of urgency.

Convicted and confined to a windowless room,
no writing, visitation
or glimpses of stolen sights,

I was sentenced to imagine beauty
without embezzlement
and the wholesale exploitation of words.

Homeless In NYC

By Michael Keshigian

He crossed 42nd to get to Fifth
towards mid-town
and just paces in front of him
an old lady pushed a shopping cart
full of identity.

Bags of cans dangled
from each elbow
and clanged as she waddled,
dressed in clothes
worse than a country scarecrow

though her straw gray hair
hung longer,
tied in a tail with brown hosiery
to match her stoic, weathered face
and it pained his heart

when suddenly she squatted
in a deep knee bend,
like she was picking
something off the sidewalk,
and there she froze

as he quickly approached
to help,
unaware of the problem
till a puddle formed
and its river flowed around his shoes

down the curb
and in the privacy of her mind,
she transformed
his sympathy
to confused helplessness.

The Corner Musician

By Michael Keshigian

With massive gasps and fluid fingers
a saxophonist improvises
the sounds of city,
capturing the rhythm of urban diaspora
as it approaches the cadence of life.
His licks and riffs reveal
the tempest of the metropolitan mentality,
his intonation shades its complexities
as he attempts to calm the pulse
of the sprawl with modal motifs
that identify the dissonance
each inhabitant exudes
as they follow a silent song.
He clears the way
with a beam of sound,
opens a passage that is human
and captures passion and sensitivity
in a web of eighth notes
that interview the mystery
between asphalt and the soul.

Recognized

By Michael Keshigian

He stood there,
staring back at me,
odd expression upon his face,
smiling after I did
from the other side
of a huge pane window
on the newly renovated office building,
appearing a bit more disheveled
than I remembered.
More wrinkles
supported his grimace
and receding hairline,
acknowledging me
when I nodded hello.
I use to know him well,
athletic, sculpted, artistic,
a well defined physique,
but his apparent paunch
negated any recent activity.
This window man
I thought I knew,
musician, writer, runner, dreamer,
now feasted off the stale menu
of advancing age,
aches, excuses, laziness,
failing eyesight and an appetite
for attained rights
decades seem to imply.
Yet I accepted him,
embraced him for who he was,
aware that he would be the lone soul
to accompany me
toward the tunnel's light
when all others have drawn the blinds.
"Walk with me," I say.
He stays close.

Writing Raw

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Michael Keshigian bio: Michael Keshigian's tenth poetry collection, *Beyond* was released in May, 2015 by Black Poppy. Other published books and chapbooks: *Dark Edges*, *Eagle's Perch*, *Wildflowers*, *Jazz Face*, *Warm Summer Memories*, *Silent Poems*, *Seeking Solace*, *Dwindling Knight*, *Translucent View*. Published in numerous national and international journals, he is a 5- time Pushcart Prize and 2-time Best Of The Net nominee. His poetry cycle, *Lunar Images*, set for Clarinet, Piano, Narrator, was premiered at Del Mar College in Texas. Subsequent performances occurred in Boston (Berklee College) and Moletto, Italy. *Winter Moon*, a poem set for Soprano and Piano, premiered in the Fall of 2013 in Boston. (www.michaelkeshigian.com)