



## Page Half-Full Poems:

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Life Eaten with a Spoon



because it is OK to have fun

*by Pearl Pirie*

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Ambition (by the window)

candleglow's too sallow?!  
who you callin' sallow, shallow!  
the flame lunges, snapping  
at the end of its wick  
a mangy yellow curr, barking:  
this night's not big enough  
for two moons!

### A Tinder's Match: I'm Fast

My mad dash shows  
 I'm not all lost fat:  
 Cause I've still got  
 think = sprint on tap  
 Easy as paper to catch  
 with a flame. I'm burning  
 up the terrain. The grass  
 path is now ash and I'm  
 still in loping dash. It's easy --  
 as easy and fast as thinking  
 the worst; I've got inside  
 a sort of kinetic burst  
 of potential that can go  
 from floppy to fab faster  
 than any ab, or other bit  
 that might come to mind.  
 Who knew what power  
 lies in the behind? You  
 Gotta! try it sometime.

### Eaten With a Spoon: because it is OK to have fun

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### Pepé le Pigeon

Cooing suitor  
Chest inflated like a new daddy in presumption  
Soot-dipped feathered-feet beating, he hops like Icarus  
After his dappled grey appaloosa mère to be;  
He hopes eternally.

### My Precise Mind

My precise mind for perfection  
Always comes to the fore  
When it comes to straightening cake edges  
If it means I get a wedge or smidgen more.

## Herman

Hello. My name is Herman.  
No it isn't. I know, you see.  
Hello, my name's not Herman  
At least that is what it seems  
Ever since you said to me:  
Your name's not Herman.  
So hello my name is Milo  
I'm as cute as cute can be.  
Yes, he said, but you're not Milo.  
Hello I'm not Milo, nor Herman so it seems.  
My names not either.  
Hello this is Anastasia.  
She's my sister; she looks like me.  
Or is she? Cause I'm not Herman.

## Ode to Valerie

whistling away to yourself  
you snore like a teakettle.

cr-mewing to play ball, it dropped at my feet,  
you look up at me, pupils round, but when I  
reach down towards you, you hunch  
and swing your shoulders away,  
feet pulled into your chest like a bird in flight.

you pounce on air and tails of day  
flatulent, perched in houseplants.

that underscore between the G and the d

is placed deferentially  
like a string bikini  
bottom cover just in case  
- not to be too  
bold, to withhold  
one rounded bit, so  
no one can tell  
anyone  
that they saw IT  
that can't even be  
whispered  
holy sh\_t!  
such prudence.

Molecules

That impure daub of 70% water  
with protein, carbohydrate, fat, miscellaneous enzymes  
a net neutral electrical charge  
with bio-synthesis and basal metabolism  
sneezed.

### Whirlwind Romance

Ten degrees below and the north wind squats low  
 in the swirling maze trying to make my feet like snow.  
 At minus five below the wind tugs at my toque  
 trying to tickle my ears with icy fingers.  
 At zero degrees the wind tumbles through my hair  
 and is another hand over the grocery bag.  
 At five above it slides into my coat that is undone.  
 After a while, walking I zipper it up, stymieing fun.  
 At plus ten degrees the wind is pleased to share  
 the nicotine and tar air, inhaled in turn.  
 At fifteen degrees above the wind had found new loves  
 with bare legs and chests that he can caress  
 And we each move indifferent to each other.

### Leaving a Friend's Apartment's Hall a Boy Nudges, and He and His Mother React to Smoker and a Posted Notice

Mum --

Spat, eh?  
 Gag.

(Peek) Ew god,  
 "Was it a rat I saw?"

Live!! Step on a cigar  
 -- toss it in a can.  
 It is so tragic, a -- "

No pets?!? Evil!  
 Was it a rat I saw? dog?

We keep gag.  
 He taps: mum.

## Hey, Hazelnut Loaf

Hazelnuts, hazelnuts,  
 Do I like those?  
 Are those the ones with that other name?  
 The British name, it  
 starts with a p...Pillibeater?  
 Filibuster?  
 Something duster?

Do they taste dry or bitter? I think  
 It's walnuts that're bitter, almonds and  
 newsprint memories that are hard to chew and dry.

Sometimes  
 the right word will flood in  
 washing in with it all matter of  
 flot and Sam. Flot and Stem?

No matter, the store is long past.  
 But then, my path is not tethered...

So I return, buy.  
 Filberts taste like pecans.  
 Filberts!

Ah,  
 And sometimes the word  
 Evokes only relief at remembering  
 And memories of forgetting it before,

of mnemonics of Dilbert,  
 a filbert for a head,  
 a can being filled with burn...  
 Sometimes I am too obscure,  
 even for myself.

You know, a hazelnut loaf is a little like  
 one of those circular sticky things  
 with caramelized sugar and cinnamon and yeast...  
 What's that called?

Will the wondering never cease?  
 Which way was that store?