December 2005

Poems I Found on My Way to Work: February 28–Gray with a Few Snowflakes in the Air

David Schelhaas
Dordt College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol34/iss2/22

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.
February 16—Clear and Bright

The looping swoops of tar that patch the road
I walk are a golden script with which the just-rising
sun has scrawled a cheery note.

The blackbird tree performs its same old
wheezy tune, like a circus calliope—
but today in three four time.

A soft breeze walked in this morning,
picked up an old Des Moines Register from a curbside
recycling bin and scattered good news all along Second Ave.

And half a block away, a woodpecker stutters
in Morse Code trying to send out a message.
He bangs out an S-P-R but then, distracted

by diving finches scooping up the air,
flits off to taste and see
what it was he meant to say.

February 28—Gray with a Few Snowflakes in the Air

All night long three poems
(e-mailed by students)
have been curled up asleep on a microchip.
So tiny, finer than snowflakes, smaller than embryos,
they wait for me to deliver them,
which with a push of a button,
I do.
They slide through
the narrow network cable,
and emerge kicking and screaming
on the white page.

How I love their barbaric yawp!