

EARLY WALNUTS

All the jetboats are docked
for the season by now, and Wilbur has hung up
his captain's hat on the burned-out beer sign
in the basement game-room/bar.

The bookshelves hold recent paperbacks
whose spines are lined with white cracks
from being so loved, so often laid face-down.

He named the boat DeeAnn to appease his wife
who was unhappy about many things. She went out
in it twice, her lips tight, her hair blowing.

She's gone, three summers after
he bought the boat which, he now understands,
they couldn't afford.

But didn't the lake
look pretty from behind
the wheel, didn't the town take on
a friendlier quality as it receded? Almost

beckoning him to return, almost
promising an easy way to be a better man.
The evening wind picks up, blows down

the early walnuts, the ones
not worth opening. They hit the roof
with sour little knocks. Wilbur hears every one.

"**Street literature**" or broadsides began in the 16th century and continued until the mid-19th century as a type of printing of large printed sheets of paper, designed to be plastered onto walls. By the mid 19th century, the advent of newspapers and inexpensive novels resulted in the demise of the street literature broadside. Today broadsides have been taken over by many small presses and publishers as a fine art offshoot of their work." Wikipedia

In celebration of **Poetry Month** and as part of a larger literary installation you can expect a new poem about the first of every month. Soon I'll have a map with other locations where you can find other street poems, like geo-caching for poetry.

For more information about the local poetry scene—

The Lane Literary Guild: www.laneliteraryguild.org
The Oregon State Poetry Association: www.oregonpoets.org
The Montana Artists Refuge: www.montanaartistsrefuge.org

This poem first appeared on the web-zine Caffeine Destiny (www.caffeinedestiny.com) and will be in Cecelia's chapbook, *Among Others*, coming out from Traprock Press this spring '10.
