



European Graduate School EGS
Arts, Health & Society Division

When asked what I do as Poet Laureate EGS

by Elizabeth McKim



I'm out here
Waiting for you
You'll find me
After lunch
At the Allalin
Out in the garden
Under the glacier
At the long table
The red one
Near the pine trees
Or if not here
I'll be up on
The grassy bank
Near the near side
of the Crystale
You'll find me
Waiting for you

When asked what I do as Poet Laureate EGS

Listening near and faraway
For you
As you enter in
On the poetry bus
Chanting
"Dig in the dirt now
It won't hurt now"
As we generate themes
Or a question or a red thread
As we speak our dreams
from the heat to the hear
To the heart to the hearth
To the middle of mud to the first circle
the creation cycle
WE listen we hold on
Tomorrow we will do the same
We do not disappoint
We eat our words
They are nutritious and satisfying
Here in the sunlight under the glacier
And we am grateful
So we bow to the mountains
We bow to the sky
We bow to the great momma
As she's happening by
We praise the poems
that make us cry
Or laugh or sigh or wander
Or wander off
When we've had enough
We praise he one that takes too long
The ones that come into us
Like a song
The ones you never wrote
The one that catches in your throat
The one that makes you yawn
The one you suddenly own
The ones you dare
The ones you try for the first time
The one that arrives
As surprise or this morning at sunrise
The understanding
The one that gives you rant for the rope
The one that got away
The one that catches in your throat
The one stuck in the craw
The one for the crow the one for the crew
The laconic one the ironic one the one that says nope
I'm your poet laureate
I have my lasso
So don't worry
You cant go wrong
I'm here
At the garden's edge
Like an egg on the horizon
And if it rains
We'll make a contingency plan

Maybe inside near the bar
Or upstairs in my room
We'll find a place
So don't go away
I'll be there
Will you be there?
Ok then
Ok