

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

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 nutricious 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