

Four Poems by Carolyn Kleefeld

A Different Kind of Food

The bloat of discontent
wraps itself around the tiny waist
of yesterday's photo.

Suddenly, without expectation,
a different kind of food appears –
invisible and consummate.

The tiny waist of yesterday
fulfills itself with
what it *really* needs –
that exotic food
the world has yet to offer...

A sustenance only to be found
on the palettes of the artist,
clown and fool –
transmitters of the ineffable,
where the jewels of
symbolic language emerge –
a different kind of food.

-Carolyn Kleefeld

The Garden of Love

I chew on you
like a hungry dog
with a bone.
I drink the nectar
of your marrow.
Poets are starved
for that special food
called “love.”

When you leave,
I eat the sun –
letting the warmth
kiss my face.

I can taste you
in the golden beams;
your fragrance lingers
in the white alyssum.
The spring has been
born in winter
with this longing for you.

Yes, I chew on you
like a hungry dog
with a bone
while my ears feast
on the trail of music
you leave behind.

I’ve endured your tyranny
and now I suck the milk –
just another parasite
in the garden of love.

-Carolyn Kleefeld

Exotic Nourishment

Within your arms,
I rock with bliss,
then rest in a comfort
unknown to my soul.

I faint to a history
that never was –
to that moment when
the void is suddenly full.

And as the blaze of you
thaws out my ice age,
I wonder what exotic nourishment
could follow such embrace.

I wander on, a stranger
returning to the sterile world
where others stride.

Now that we are apart,
my heart is haunted
and I stutter
amidst polite conversation.

-Carolyn Kleefeld

A Silkworm of an Artist

I think about the irony of a “starving” artist who unknowingly plummets the unconscious only to rise to the surface again for reorientation and replenishment. How peculiar that this type of artist is inhabited by both a kind of anorexia and the bulimia of spewing out their process in artwork after eating their own entrails, like a silkworm that is transforming itself into a white butterfly. So seldom has the world any leaves to offer as nourishment that such an artist can only consume his own creations. Only among his artistic kin can he perhaps feed and find camaraderie for his strange and solitary mission.

-Carolyn Kleefeld