

Virginia Dall

Amusement Park

I said, "No. Oh no!" But my blind
date grabbed my arms, shoved me
onto the seat of the roller-coaster
leaned over and leered at me.

Teeth clenched, eyes closed tightly,
knuckles white, I tried to block my fear.
I felt the dips, heard raucous screams,
and somehow lasted it out.

When finally it stopped - abruptly -
I looked around, shakily stepped down.
His slimy grin said, "Fun. Right?"
I walked away from him forever.

The Giant is Amused

Holidays: when nothing is the same as usual
no golf, no mail, no bank, no work noises
just an empty bucket of Time slowly filling up.

Regular Days: with ordinary events - morning news,
coffee, bagel, bird flitting by the window -
everyday time spilling over the edge.

Exhausting Days: with the list untouched.
Traumatic Days: when shock stops the clock.
Dreamy Days: where do the hours go?

Time, a Giant, stands over us,
sides shaking with laughter.

From Order to Chaos

I know about clutter
I live with it daily
It is a privilege
I bestow upon myself
now that I am old

In my younger households
where I was in charge of Order
A stack of discarded papers?
I took care of them.
Something spilled? I mopped up

Besides my day job, I was a maker of a home.
I decided which chair to put where
What today's menu for six would be
when we should replace the TV
unless my husband made known his choices.

When the population in my house shrank to two
I still felt I had to keep cleaning
cooking, straightening pillows
answering the phone
clearing my project off the table

now I am one and I know about clutter
I live with it daily
in contentment mostly
except when I can't find
what I am looking for.

Virginia Dall moved to the Central Valley in 2006. Retired for many years from teaching English for the San Diego Community Colleges, she has enjoyed the trees in Modesto, the fresh produce, and the active poetry community. She recently celebrated her 90th birthday.