

A Poem by Jean Esteve

A Wintry Summer Song

You 'member me, I hope, name's Mole,
the one left lumps around your lawn
just after its Saturday trim. Sorry, neighbor,
but that's my system,
and research the subject deep as I may,
I find no instructions for another way
to operate.
I think it was you the other day
maybe trying to communicate with me by
dropping mothballs down my hole. I'm
as poor a listener
as looker
nor do I rise much over average as a thinker.
After all,
it takes every resource that I'm blessed with
just to get along
though I try to maintain a certain jolliness
for art's sake, you know,
for the sake of what's true and real.
Seriously, I don't mind a small whiff of mothball
now and then, and those silly traps I learned
long ago to ignore.
I am not a dumb little cub anymore.
When one's proficiencies fail,
and the world around is all a faded beige, there's

not much for it but to keep on a-trudgin'
with goodwill,
give the mouth an upward quirk,
and the walking stick a bit of a twirl.

Jean Esteve grew up on Long Island, studied art at Cornell University's School of Architecture, and now writes and paints in a small town on the Oregon coast.