

Two Poems by Cleo Griffith

Caffeinated

I could walk into
a thousand places of my history,
find abandoned sentences
hanging on lampshades
like tiny spider-webs,
inevitable canned music,
cell phone melodies--
abbreviations of the real--
people caffeinated with
espresso and conversations.

This morning voices behind me
bend toward argument,
the teacher is at her regular table,
with laptop, stacks of papers--
we nod--
poets read to each other,
add color and sound
like perfume within
the walled comfort, and
here I am, the concentrate
of my thousand histories,
at one thousand and one.

Listening to the Sun Again

Was I once so hardened not to hear
the glass-key tinkling of early sun rays?
Shine wonderful sun,
this world still clings to you, or
does it come closer, or is it drifting
oh so slightly
toward the other edge of oblivion?
Wish that I could look into that future
from this wobbly chair at the kitchen table.
Morning coffee tastes better today--
news says the plane did not crash
despite the two the day before,
old sun rises, crimson and silver,
through brown branches, green leaves,
I listen.

Cleo Griffith was Chair of the Editorial Board of *Song of the San Joaquin* for twelve years, and remains on the Board. She has been published in *Cider Press Review*, *Homestead Review*, *Iodine*, *Main Street Rag*, *Miller's Pond*, *More Than Soil*, *More Than Sky: The Modesto Poets*, *POEM*, *the Aureorean*, *The Furnace Review*, *The Lyric*, *Tiger's Eye*, *Time of Singing* and others. A member of the Modesto CA Branch of National League of American Pen Women, she lives in Salida, CA with her husband Tom and their aptly-named cat, Tank.