

Two Poems by Karla Linn Merrifield

1903: John Kunkel Small's Wedding Day

I am beholding to you
for beholding my beauty.
No man before you
has touched my bright yellow lip,
caressed my fanlike leaves.
My gentle gentleman groom,
you swoon at the sight of me.

A breeze stirs this morning,
lifting mist in the hardwood hammock
from floor to crown.
A breeze stirs. Dew drops.
I moisten, ready to be known.
A breeze stirs; I tremble.
You speak aloud my name:
Dancinglady Orchid,
my Everglades bride.

Channeling the Fierce Mojo of Celia Sanchez

Somehow JoJo the Poet avoided associations of post-symbolist poetry, never touched the whacky stuff, afraid it would interfere with her hallucinated discursive pondering, her reflection in large-canvas landscape of fertile communal aspirations when she enlisted in *la Revolución*, wore the uniform of the Cuban rebel army to obtain spontaneous revelations for all. You too can play a part in the plot! Fight! Write!

Karla Linn Merrifield, a nine-time Pushcart-Prize nominee and National Park Artist-in-Residence, has had 500+ poems appear in dozens of journals and anthologies. She has 12 books to her credit, the newest of which is *Bunchberries, More Poems of Canada*, a sequel to *Godwit: Poems of Canada* (FootHills), which received the Eiseman Award for Poetry. She is assistant editor and poetry book reviewer for *The Centrifugal Eye*, a member of the board of directors of Just Poets (Rochester, NY), and a member of the New Mexico State Poetry Society and the Florida State Poetry Society. She is currently at work on three manuscripts and seeking a home for *The Comfort of Commas*, a quirky chapbook that pays tribute to punctuation. Visit her woefully outdated blog, *Vagabond Poet*, at <http://karlalinn.blogspot.com>.