

Two Poems by Carol Hamilton

Pop-Up Lilies

This year's last offering
of my bulb beauties that appear
in an orderly progression,
this one a chorus line of bare stems
just the color of the black cat's eyes
as he, strolling through this
Naked Lady forest, looks at me.
The elaborate pink hairdo
of each flower gives the display
a comic aspect with this
raw-legged offering to the sun.

How decorous and decorative
they would surely appear
had I placed the bulbs
beneath a leafy bush,
a sudden explosion
of ornamentation. They nod
in the breeze now, surely
in agreement that I have been
negligent in showing their talents
to best advantage, a show-stopper
with no danger of calling forth

loud hoots and whistles to cheer
their blushing exposure to the crowd.

Insistence

All unsure things are banished
this chill spring morning
the world damp and bright
cookie-cutter edged by light
Year by year by year
the same medley
on the same branch
the same mockingbird
surely a Methuselah now
Nothing yet has damped
nor dulled his hope
Someday I trust
his persistence
his faithfulness
will be rewarded
Does any cache of songs
repeated *ad infinitum*
turn efficacious
by repetition
in the world of love?

Carol Hamilton has recent publications in *Southwestern American Literature*, *Paper Street*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Common Ground*, *Calliope*, *Louisiana Review*, *U. S. I Worksheet*, *Birmingham Literary Arts*, *Sandy River Review*, *Turtle Island Quarterly*, *Tipton Poetry* and others. She has published 17 books. She is a former Poet Laureate of Oklahoma and has been nominated seven times for a Pushcart Prize.