

Plenty
A Morning Poem at 75

Emma Lou Thayne

You do not have to do it again
any of it. Only if you care to.

You do not have to hold onto being anyone, anywhere.
Enough is more than plenty.

Soft winds and harsh
have ripened you, sent your breath echoing

ecstasy and despair. You have only
to let your fingers

tell you what you love;

Tracing an idea across a page,
putting a ball in flight.

spanning the back of a new born,
touching a beloved cheek,

finding a fit,
eschewing an alarm,

knowing when to let go
as the pages tear away.

Ireland, young mothering, a first of much
will not come again.

Sun of morning visible or not,

your intimate acquaintance with the Night
says only this, this private arrival

bears forever repeating
until there is no repeating at all.



The Rose Jar

Emma Lou Thayne

Musky as the cedar drawer
in Grandma's standing metal trunk,

a genie scent, improbable and
distant as the sound of hooves on sand

in some Arabian tale read by Father
in the hall between bedrooms to say goodnight.

Rose petals, five generations of fragile crinkles
once supple, fresh, pressed on at a precious time

into the four-inch cloisonné on pointed golden legs
fat as a Buddha tummy, bottled in