

Imagery Examples

"There is No Word for Goodbye"

Mary Tallmountain

Sokoya, I said looking through
the net of wrinkles into
wise black pools
of her eyes.
What do you say in Athabaskan
when you leave each other?
What is the word
for goodbye?

A shade of feeling rippled
the wind- tanned skin,
Ah, nothing, she said,
watching the river flash.
She looked at me close.
We just say Ttaa. That means,
See you.

We never leave each other.
When does your mouth
say goodbye to your heart?
She touched me light
as a bluebell.
You forget when you leave us;
you're so small then.
We don't use that word.

We always think you're coming back,
but if you don't
we'll see you someplace else.

You understand.

There is no word for goodbye.

Carousel

We have been here before
I cannot remember when
But the paint is still red
Perhaps not as shiny as
(When we were here)
Before

No popcorn is on the ground
Birds have stolen it all away
But I don't know why
I even noticed it missing
Anyway

A forgotten sign faded and decrepit
Leans against a rusty pole
"Pony ride - 50 cen - "
A victim of many angry storms
Perhaps

The grass is still dead and flat
Where the bandstand once stood
Yet the banners have all fallen down
Over the fancy frozen ponies that dance as
(When we were here)
Before
- Mary O. Fumento, 1988

Sunset

The fire in the sky is dying
The mountains are tall and dark
The spirit of the day is flying
Sunset leaves its mark
The colors up on high are lovely
The air is clear and cool
An ending approaches mildly
Day and night begin a duel
But the light must give way sometime
And who will win, I'll bet
Is dark, mysterious nighttime
As day gives way to sunset
- Mary O. Fumento, 1981

Night Watch

(Ode to the Gargoyle)

Frozen jaws snap at timeless air
And concrete eyes stare at passers-by
Claws deeply imbedded, sadly not in flesh
As you crouch forever ready to pounce

Fountains of water spew forth clutching nothing
And fall to the littered streets below
Your shaggy mane flows from ancient stone
And waves motionless in the wind

Your presence is an anachronistic monument
A forgotten testament to superstition and fear
Your usefulness never intended or conferred
Yet you maintain importance in simply existing

Rooftops stand empty in your absence
Decoration alone you somehow are not
Instead you are as integral as the foundation
Which weathers the years and upholds aging walls
- Mary O. Fumento, 1989

Tenebris

Angelina W. Grimke

There is a tree, by day,
That, at night, Has a shadow,
A hand huge and black,
With fingers long and black.
All through the dark,
Against the white man's house,

In the little wind,
The black hand plucks and plucks
At the bricks.
The bricks are the color of blood
and very small.
Is it a black hand,
Or is it a shadow?

Winters Wake

amysticwriter

*Waking to a white silken bed
of new fallen glistening snow
The cold wind blows harshly
causing high drifts to grow*

*Beauty is the snowflakes
of many intricate designs
Catch a few in your hands
analyze the multiple kinds*

*The wet mist is in the air
settles the snow on the ground
Leaving layers of snow to roll
into snowballs nice and round*