

Wendy Vidlock

And Still

I can be knee-deep in *poor me*,
on a whim, sky high
or medium,

frumpy, glumpy, full
of grandeur,
wracked

with candor, showing
all my years,
grinding

all my gears, bumbled
as a bee,
consumed

with some idea
and still you give to me
a tender

kind of sigh,
a slant kind of rhyme,
those

I
love you eyes.

Wendy Videlock

Given a Choice

Today I was given a choice:
consumption or creation.

I chose an old ball of string
and all morning long

I played with the cats.
I did not look at the clock.
I did not answer my phone.
Something began to take form.
I confess it was an awful lot
like writing a poem.