

Two Poems

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BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

“We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *what* work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.” – Psalm 44:1 (KJV)

Better to sleep, better to pull the comforter over my face.

I've got a sword, but it's probably not trustworthy. Handsome, however, that golden gleam pretty irresistible. Any place.

I just get tired of hearing the old stories.

Media and talking heads surround me, with mikes and video cams to record *what* we want to say is happening, but it's all the same, the mores.

My father, your father, and the moms, have all said “I told you so.”

They were prudent and heroic, saved their money and their squadron.

They thanked the Deity, the gods (modern), and Lady Luck, didn't you know.

We couldn't win this election without the help of the Man Upstairs, the same source of beneficence and artifice as in old b/w movies, when FDR saved us all, in broad daylight, with or without aid from the stars.

Yet, reminded of gaiety and guilt, I still want to trust my weapon if, as in Psalm 44, a dragon arrives on the scene. O Lord, if I forget you, you will still know *what*, I need my comforter, you will tuck me in.

NOTHING TO SAY

For a long time, an eon, I've stared at this screen.
I try to think of something to say. The Muse
left town; bored, she brushed cobwebs from her hair.
Writer's block has imprisoned me for months,
I'm telling you. Believe me, there's no *there* there.
The Muse ignored me. She turned off her cell phone.
For a long time, an eternity, I've stared at a sheet
of parchment. This quill pen hid under a veil of dust.
My ink well is crusted and dried. Supine words died.
Writer's block has imprisoned me for decades,
maybe a century here by the dying candlelight.
Idly, I practice my penmanship. Night owls hoot.
For a long time, a millennium, I've stared at clay
tablets stored just for this creative occasion.
My stylus is at the ready, but no gods arrive.
Writer's block imprisons me. Floods come
and recede. These cuneiform doodles are ample
evidence that I have nothing today to offer you.
For a long time I've waited for some sign,
messages that the gods want me to communicate.
But they are sleeping, snoring, dreaming, weeping.