

One-Sentence Poem

James in the Garden

In the hard, cracked dirt
of the droopy, desiccated garden,
James with his Oshkosh overalls
and Pooh shirt
carried his encrusted shovel to dig
with a swish and a flourish
until distracted by butterflies
he decides to try
to blow bubbles which
glow hollow, rainbowed spheres
over the withered ground
just waiting for moisture
in the hot sun, where
the peaked grass
mowed in uniform blandness
bluntly watches as James
joyously stomps bubbles
into their monotonous midst
triumphantly tosses burping bubbles
over the fence into dry air.

Whenever I See The Moon

Whenever I see the moon
in any of its phases,
beaming light on the Earth School,
I think of James
when he was held or looked up
with awe at the white
silhouette on the dark sky,
as he crooned “moon” over and over
and I remember, as I look
through window slats
in the Moon Room
named in James’ honor,
at this bit of changing light
in an immeasurable universe
filled with love, mystery, kindness—
I think of James.

One-Sentence Poem: Write a
poem which is one sentence long.