

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Ellaraine Lockie: Two Poems

Ellaraine Lockie · Wednesday, May 7th, 2014

Ellaraine Lockie is a widely published and awarded poet, nonfiction book author and essayist. Her recent collections have been awarded Best Individual Collection from *Purple Patch* magazine in England, the San Gabriel Poetry Festival Chapbook Contest and The Aureorean's Chapbook Pick. Forthcoming is her tenth chapbook, *Coffee House Confessions*, from Silver Birch Press. Ellaraine also teaches poetry workshops and serves as Poetry Editor for the lifestyles magazine, *Lilipoh*, and Associate Editor for *Mobius, the Poetry Magazine*.

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## On Becoming George Sand

A stick from a crabapple branch  
 in my seven-year-old surgeon's hand  
 The boy prone on a bed of grass  
 Pants pulled down and burnt toast eyes  
 big as the pubescent fruits on the tree

I wanted one of what my patient had  
 when what I had down there was empty  
 My father caught us and paddled me  
 with the stick

Later I'd learn the term penis envy  
 Feel the weight of that appendage  
 in my dreams, study Freud  
 Someday I'd wear baggy pants  
 Stuff a fedora with a head of brown curls  
 Ticket-pocket with a pack of Camels

Sneak out into the night  
 sans the shine of cosmetics  
 come-on of skin  
 cat-in-heat call of perfume  
 Instead, the courting of fragile hands  
 that hold pen or paintbrush  
 The smoky side of rooms

with a piano bar  
The counterpoint of a nocturne

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## Angle of Repose

The snorkel-like headgear  
Something perhaps  
out of the bar scene in Star Wars  
Always good for a laugh  
Unless you're the one with sleep apnea wearing it  
Who is more likely to cry in the struggle  
against suffocation anxiety

Unless you know that not long ago  
you would have had a hole  
drilled in your throat  
A plug during the day

This history has trained hands  
that caress the back of your mind  
Continue to knead down the neck  
the shoulders, spine, chest

Fingers flick on the switch of surrender  
Air thick with fog  
that sounds as though a cougar  
breathes down your throat  
Shape-shifts into Sandburg's little cat feet

The kitten to whom they belong  
sits on silent haunches  
by the black machine beside your bed  
before moving on  
Like the tooth fairy  
before the next house call

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