

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Hilda Weiss: Three Poems

Hilda Weiss · Thursday, October 27th, 2016

Hilda Weiss is the co-founder and curator for [www.Poetry.LA](http://www.Poetry.LA), a website featuring videos of poets and poetry venues in Southern California. Her chapbook, *Optimism About Trees*, was nominated for a Pushcart prize in 2011. Her poems have been published in *Askew*, *Poemeleon*, *Rattle*, *Levure Littéraire* and other journals. Her work is included in three recent anthologies: *Alternate Lanes*; *Wide Awake*; and *Coiled Serpent*. A fourth generation Californian, she lives, writes and grows her own vegetables in Santa Monica.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Men Are Flying Pleasure Planes

and the long saxophone sky-hum  
of one single-engine craft  
passes through blue air and slides  
into my bones. So I lie down  
in the backyard on the flagstone path—  
lumpy pillow and faded towel beneath me.  
But it's no use to loosen my hair in the sun  
the way a woman does for a man she wants to love her.  
The men are pruning fruit trees with a chain saw  
and rototilling dandelions from the lawn—  
the green and luscious lawn that encroaches  
on the flagstone path and me. Never mind.  
It's the buzz that matters. Everywhere  
it's spring. A bullfrog starts to croak.  
My bones ache in their marrow, where the soul is.

\*\*\*

## A Shout Doesn't Come by Itself

Voice either comes from mind or body.  
Snake on its way to the creek  
crossed the trail fast,  
a zip of brown-patterned flesh  
in cool, leafy shade.

In that moment we were the same  
 movement—away from each other.  
 Its body silent. My body  
 loud with surprise.

\*\*\*

## We'll Both Get Wet

He and I are looking at the rain,  
 pouring rain: late afternoon, 4:45,  
 outside the lunch room. No. Not likely to stop.  
 We both know. Then, thunder as we watch.  
 And he's asking to share my umbrella—  
 the small pink one, raspberry pink,  
 so bright berry it's a plus-size woman lounging—  
 August on a day bed. Or, if she's thin,  
 this umbrella goes well with stilettos,  
 a sheath dress, sequins. *This umbrella*, I say,  
*is too small. We'll both get wet.*  
 He's a big man. In a plaid shirt, black pants,  
 a quiet belt. Truly no cover. He's jacketless.  
*You go*, I say. *Get your car.*  
*Bring me back the umbrella.*  
 Jump cut now. And I see him, twelve,  
 fifteen feet away. Rushing into wetness.  
 The rose-pink umbrella, a cup over his cocoon.  
*Oooh*, he says, *look at me.*  
 He does a quick hip-tilt body sway.  
 He's a mimic. To which we shout and laugh.  
 Then it's all rain, rain,  
 splashing, translucent, silver.  
 It's all evening, and air  
 that makes me breathe. Sudden,  
 water-air. The arms of sky washing,  
 washing down. The parking lot—  
 half empty, distant, gray—speaks  
 of disappearing light.  
 From it, his black car comes, shining  
 like a limousine. Drives onto the sidewalk.  
 Makes arrival a special event.  
*It's more my style*, he says, *to pick you up.*  
 My little umbrella, bit of neon between us,  
 does a quick limp-cloth shiver. And we say,  
*Thank you*, and *Good night*.

[alert type=alert-white ]Please consider making a tax-deductible donation now so we can keep publishing strong creative voices.[/alert]

---

This entry was posted on Thursday, October 27th, 2016 at 2:04 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.