

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jim Hart: Five Poems

Jim Hart · Wednesday, July 29th, 2015

Jim Hart is a one-eyed garbage man. He was raised in Brooklyn where he still resides with his wife. He began his working life as a drummer in rock and blues bands before beginning a thirty-year career in the New York City Sanitation Department, during which time he worked his way through the ranks to serve in such positions as the Deputy Director of Public Affairs and Director of Correspondence for the Sanitation Police. Proving inspiration can come from the strangest places. He retired from the Department to pursue his love for writing. Besides Jim's own collection, *Ramblings Of A One-Eyed Garbage Man*, he's been published in over 50 journals and reviews throughout the world.

Stirred

Someone mentions your name

Well

not meaning you

but another Judy

And I am transported back

to 58th Street, Brooklyn

and a still small love

burning for you

My thoughts interrupted

by the

"...and she still looks good..."

words about some Judy

I don't know

but am grateful to

just the same

Non Receiver

The silent phone

refusing to ring

even though I am sure
 you are trying to reach me
 with your apology

A Feast

The waitress laughs
 scribbling her pad
 with my hunger

It's a good laugh
 worthy
 of my appetite

So wide and filling
 it leaves no room
 for dessert

One Point – Three

In the pewter light of dawn
 he weaves his way
 side to side
 front yard fence
 then car hood
 steadying his journey

Staring through blurry bloodshot red
 slits of barely opened
 trying to focus on anything
 even vaguely familiar

Until at last
 the button on his keychain
 reveals flashing lights
 and that definitive unlocking door sound
 a mother with two children
 on the way to school
 wishes he'd never found

Lazarus Feelings

She levitates through my dreams
the beautiful magician's assistant
in tight skimpy costume

Conjuring up desires
I thought long buried
in the pain of her gone

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