

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 a
re 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

This entry was posted on Wednesday, July 29th, 2015 at 7:06 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)
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