

Two Poems by Susan Delaney Spear

Susan Delaney Spear

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String Theory

The cry from meadowlark to meadowlark,
The sigh and creak of time-worn hardwood stairs,
All play on strings much smaller than a quark.

Strings produce pollution in the air,
Give rise to windstorms, hail, and thunder-snow,
And serve September's savory golden fare.

Minute strings lend fireflies their glow,
Make up the composition of our genes,
And modulate your affable hello.

Strings zip shut the sides of green wax beans,
Dangle shiny carrots, tether kites,
And stitch together seams of denim jeans.

Strings turn on and off electric lights,
Close and open windows, screens, and doors,
And warm up living rooms on winter nights.

If subatomic strings pull tides to shores,
Does unseen matter draw my heart to yours?

Susan Delaney Spear is an English department affiliate at Colorado Christian University, Lakewood, CO 80226; susandelaney spear@msn.com. She graduates in July 2012 with an MFA in Poetry with an Emphasis in Formal Verse from Western State College of Colorado.

Royal Revenge

The crux of it? I would love to hate you:
For purposefully spoiling English class,
For making teaching so damn hard to do,
For your false veneer of charm, your comments—crass,
Surreptitious like a poison gas,
For your capacity to spin the truth,
And for your spend-thrift attitude toward youth.

I would love to hate you, Andrew Stone,
For mocking poems, books, and a Shakespeare play,
For your sense of self-importance—overblown—
For ripping up your graded essay
And shouting, “What the fuck!” at me today.
I should hate you, but my heart simply can’t.
My payback is this rhythmic, royal rant.