

## THE PK POETS

### Sunset, Christmas Eve

The evening foggy,  
will he know our house?  
No moon shines tonight,  
will he see the way?

Sleigh-bells ring early,  
geese on an iced pond?  
The back door opens, shuts;  
fire laid, cutting chill.

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### Sunlamp, Promise

Gray skies crowd the horizon  
many days more predicted.  
Seed catalogues surround me -  
tomatoes, cabbage, ripen  
on their slick, glossy pages –  
sprouts planted in the spring's heat.

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### Saturday, the Paper

a spider weaves  
above the headlines  
it flies off -  
a swipe of my hand  
ink on my palm

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at [www.poetrykit.org](http://www.poetrykit.org).

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### About Gary Blankenship

Gary is a sometime poet, editor and judge from Bremerton WA, who is much too fond of poetic series based upon whatever crosses his path. He is the author of [A River Transformed](#) poetry based on Wang Wei's River Wang poems and available at <http://www.lulu.com/content/178110>

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# THE PK POETS

## #6: Gary Blankenship



Photo: Ellen Blankenship

## **Song of Myself 7: Deacons**

*The deacons ordained with crossed hands*

sanctified by horn, tooth and claw  
consecrated by hoof, feather and fin

the bishop holds  
the baptism bowl in his paws  
the choir bleats hymns  
written on wind and tide

across field and fen  
inside forest and marsh  
the congregation squeaks and honks  
approval and prayers  
for the coming seasons

a fisherman casts a fly  
under the trout's nose

a hunter hides behind blinds  
and camouflage

an exterminator lays  
traps and poison  
along the basement walls

chickadees and nuthatches  
scatter grain and corn  
the raven's warnings  
ignored

the fox's prophecy  
near fruition

a shot rings  
throughout the cathedral

## **The War against Immigration**

An English holly slowly strangled  
by thick vines of English Ivy stands  
on an abandoned dairy surrounded  
by the noise and dirt of construction.  
Overgrown pastures home to voles,  
cats and a homeless man's fridge box.

In the fall, men and machinery  
will arrive to clear the land  
of growth, the feral, squatters.  
Broom, foxglove, thistle, evergreen  
will migrate to malls and sidewalks  
separating well manicured lawns,  
where war will wage against invaders,  
hives and song collateral damage.

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## **Sundeck, Noon**

Raccoons restless in their lair  
as squirrels play on the deck,  
young cats watch in the noon light.  
Sleepy old man hears sad news -  
another killing field found,  
another friend passed away.

## **Li Po Visits the Sick and Dying**

Winter attacks the Eastern shore,  
a flood of barbarian banners  
eager to loot our most sacred cities.

In the west, the same days arrive  
as have visited for many centuries –  
rain, gray and sun in routine rotation.

Fowl, foliage and creeping things  
travel up the river valleys in search  
of domiciles like those left abandoned.

I watch the moon astonished,  
she swims in the deep waters  
of this once cold, rustic bay;

and how many bottles of wine  
will be drunk before I join her.

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## **Another Ride on the Mower**

my journey around the yard  
disturbed by a weedeater  
chain saw  
neighbor's dog  
wasps

and a couple of push mowers  
the next block over