

a little book of odes

by martha j. cinader

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Listen & Be Heard

1221 Monterey Street, Suite 4

Vallejo, CA, 94590

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Manufactured in the United States of America

ode to blue angels

if you
asked me “describe
blue angels”
i would say
blue angels
watch over us
cry for
sins we will
soon commit
feel pain
when children suffer
whisper words
inspiring us to
be better
love all people
would never

imagine in my
wildest dreams
that blue
angels could be
air planes
screaming obscenities at
blue skies

ode to the dark morning

newborn
babes
wake
before
sunrise
and

mothers

teachers
radio
personalities
old
people
far

east

anticipation
pulls
us
from
our
sleep

we

witness
light
diffuse
night
mystery
into

day

we
dread
or
hope
or
pray

for

ode to cutting onions

every day
i hear bad news

what i hear
i feel

sometimes i feel angry
sometimes i feel sorrowful

sometimes i feel powerless
sometimes i feel

i am not doing enough

every day
i cut onions

i cry every time

the tears stream
the anger flows

the sorrow
is plentiful

knowing that my blessings

are someone else's pain

then i give thanks
for my dinner

and i eat
to live

ode to tomato soup

the sun was shining
on the tomatoes
in my backyard
over by the fountain
i built on top of
my compost heap
i picked them
and put them
in a clay bowl

Crystal made it
last semester

with
the last of the onions
from the pots
stems of
thyme
and that plant
smells just like curry
brought them into

my kitchen

simmer the onions and garlic
saeda told me
that's the secret

then add

the tomatoes

and salt

some spinach from

the farmers market

a spoonfull of rice

oops forgot the ginger

but it tastes good anyway

better than good

like

the last summer sun

shining in my belly

ode to authority

most everyone

has the authority

to do

whatever they can get away with

there's a whole lot of people

getting away with a whole lot of shit

and a few people

getting away with

a whole lot more shit

and a couple people

getting away with

ten thousand

more times shit than that

like our
President
and Vice President

of the World
Gas House Corporation

one of them always
gets to keep their finger
on the thermostat

they both must be cold blooded

cuz they keep it hot

all the time

i
think

when they each wake up

in the morning

and look

in the mirror

they see

authority

written in the lines
in their foreheads

by their founding fathers
brothers
cousins

the authority to contradict

themselves

the authority to arrest anyone

who is contradictory

i'd like to know
how they get away with it

seems to me

authority

always winds up

being decided

by the most powerful punch

no matter what anyone

says

ode to authority

i
always
rebelled
against
authority
figures
even
if
i
knew
a
person
who
had
the
authority
over
me
might
be
right
about
something
or
anything
it
did
not
matter
what

mattered

was
that
they
had
the
authority
to
say
what
mattered
but
some
people
are
authorities
on
a
particular
subject
like
how
to
fix
my
computer
when
i
can
not
a
time
when

am
happy
to
be
friends
with
an
authority
but
things
that
can
not
break
do
not
need
fixing
like
poetry
so
who
is
the
poetry
authority
the
one
who
knows
the
most
poems

the
one
who
wrote
the
best
poems
the
one
who
publishes
poetry
the
one
with
the
most
money
the
one
who
yells
the
loudest
or
gives
the
best
introduction
i
never
wanted
to

be
an
authority
but
i
guess
every
time
i
make
a
choice
i
am
one
and
sometimes
i
just
decide
shit
when
i'm
tired
or
feeling
bitchy
my
children
force
me
to
be

an
authority
when
i
would
rather
just
read
poetry
it
is
lucky
for
me
that
every
person
is
an
authority
figure
and
i
am
not
the
only
one
who
has
to
go

around

being
an
authority
every
day

Ode to Touch

words fail

creation is a loud
unintelligible sound
accompanied by pain
only the Touch of little lips to
nipple
slipping on
a sweaty belly
tiny hands grasping
a finger
can make the journey
complete

words fail to speak

the love transferred
by a mother's hug
the brush of
her lips
sending away
the dark shadows of
a windy night
the Touch of
her warm hand on
the bare skin of
your brow

words create a need

to be engaged

imply there is
an outside
that needs to
be taken in
and felt from
the inside
to make it real
cuz if the words don't
Touch you
then they were
never spoken

words are always reaching out

they push
your buttons
stroke the keyboard
arrange themselves
on the page so
that you almost
believe
they are real
and you even
say them aloud to
reassure yourself that
they are
real

you could talk until sunrise

and not learn
the volumes

about a man that

you learn from
his handshake
the first time
he kisses you
your tongues
Touch together
a new
soundless language
they could never speak
each
alone

words use our emotions

to try to get to us
make an angry fuss
for attention
make declarations
to create drama
make promises to
be broken
try to be final
but all that is erased
by a grasping
of hands
Touch of a
bear hug
that says
everything is
OK
now

Ode to Touch

Touch is
blind
to color
it has
it's own
prejudice
preferring
a caress
to a cold hard
slap
reveals
trembling
belies words
that deny
vulnerability

Touch
reminds us
we are always
in the here
and now
can't be
anywhere
else
but
if
we
close
our
eyes

we

can
get
lost
in an embrace
that erases
borders
between
what we are
and what we are not

even stops the clock.

I could touch
You
without moving
no sweat or
heave or
sigh
and know
the river in
your arteries
know
the fire
in your gut
no
need to ask
if i'm coming
or going
because i remember
when
i was yellow
and you were red

i was a man

and you were a woman

maybe I could even

learn

to

Touch

You

with

only

my

eyes

but i don't want to.

ode to an ode

an ode
is
wonder
full

a song
of praise
to raise

a voice

for
any
one
or
any

thing

to
make

an eternally

ripe

tomato

with words

in a world

where
tomatoes
get eaten

or rot
on the vine

to remember

a smile
a handshake

regenerate
a fleeting moment
forever

to affirm

the existence of
the netherworld of

the heart

let it speak
words of love

to whatever it wishes

to celebrate

at the people's

banquet

the feast of

life

in

every

detail.