

Trente-Sei

It's the Cherries, Stellar Jays

Those blue-breasted, blue-headed birds are back
chomping on all our almost-ripe cherries.
The cat's having another snooze attack.
Someone must save our pink, pubescent berries.
The professor in his going-to-campus clothes
with tall ladder he will thwart these foes.

Chomping on all our almost ripe cherries,
Stellar Jays squawk with glee as they flee.
We approach to stake ladder with ease
against the bird-pecked, people-picked tree.
Uneven ground makes professor's step unstable,
but he grabs hard-fleshed cherries for our table.

The cat's having another snooze attack.
That lolling in the sun, sprawling lollygagging cat
hears me bird-booing and without looking back
lollops from the yard. Prof really doesn't like that
"useless, flea-bitten, barfing, bird-watching creature.
You don't have any redeeming feature."

Someone must save our pink, pubescent berries
so professor with me as his stabilizing force
conquers the ladder, reclaims his cherished cherries
while at the bottom I check our cherry resource.
My fingers nibble low-branch berries to a bowl
before bothersome birds extract their toll.

The professor in his going-to-campus clothes—
vest flapping like a robbing bird's wings—
his hands pluck and peck until he slows.
The rickety ladder sways and swings.
He curses the cat and his lack of time
to salvage his harvest, to prevent this crime.

With tall ladder he will thwart these foes.
Down he struts with bowl cherry-bellied high—
smile-puffed cheeks all cherry-bellied glows.
As he carries cherries indoors with a sigh
the professor knows as soon as he is out of sight
those blues-bringing birds will feast day and night.

Stuck in the Fast Lane

Driving south on a six-lane Interstate
cruising along in the fast lane
hoping I wouldn't be late
with a broken tooth causing pain
 after an exhausting day shopping
 my car is definitely stopping.

Cruising along in the fast lane
I'm going uphill at twenty-five.
Shifting smelly gears with no gain,
my head's a fuzzy, buzzy hive,
 as my Geo Metro, True Blue
 veers toward median. It's through.

Hoping I would not be late
for dinner date and play with friends
without a cell phone I contemplate
numerous rush hour possible ends.
 Car huddles near concrete road divider.
 I hope for a quick miracle provider.

With a broken tooth causing pain
buffeting traffic wind rocks the car.
Road roars. My shaking body can't explain
why only one man with a cell phone stops so far.
 I was frazzled, forgot to get his name.
 He helped me call insurance claim.

After an exhausting day of shopping,
I cared for a beloved grandchild.
The whirring, whizzing, glistening vehicles non-stopping,
dialing, pushing many buttons drives me wild.
 The tow truck was forty-five minutes away.
 The angel and a policeman do not stay.

My car is definitely stopping
my evening plans twenty-five miles from home, but soon
towed home, husband arrives, blood pressure dropping.
Restaurant warms meals, a definite boon.
 As for angelic intervention proof
 we saw my favorite play Fiddler on the Roof.

Trente-Sei: Created by John Ciardi. 6 six-line stanzas.

The first stanza lines take turns begins following stanzas.

Rhyme Scheme: a-b-a-b-c-c.

Syllable Count: Usually 5 stress accentual lines. Often 10 syllable lines.