



English Studies in Latin America

Selected Poems

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Source: *White Rabbit: English Studies in Latin America*, No. 11 (August 2016)

ISSN: 0719-0921

Published by: Facultad de Letras, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile

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Selected Poems

Peggy Aylsworth ¹

¹ Peggy Aylsworth is a retired psychotherapist, 95, living in Santa Monica, CA. Her poetry has appeared in numerous literary journals and anthologies throughout the U.S. and around the world, currently in *The Wallace Stevens Journal*. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. The sixth book of her poetry is soon to be published by Letters At 3 A.M. Press.

A YEARNING TO TREMBLE

The pea-green boat hits the rocks.
No one has the strength of oars
to pull against the drowning current.

In the last room along the dark hall,
the day melts, as her hunger rises
further, her stomach filled

with soup, chicken on the wing. She longs
for the itch she once could scratch,
questions concocted, leading to complications,

Pushkin at the window, a minor crisis
or the smell of Obsession after-shave.
Russia had given her a *dacha* of expectation,

but the floorboards grew wet, collapsed.
More than honey or lots of money
required to best the cunning tides.

APOLOGY OF THE AMAZED

Homage to Gaudi

Night waking. Above, feet
groan the ceiling boards.
To wander, perhaps Barcelona.
Someone had shown him Casa Mila.
What world is this?
he wonders.
A stranger among these curves,
halls, windows, doors
and above all turrets.
Mosaic, multi-colored!
Elsewhere, the reach of lacy towers.
A lift to those who worship
with their eyes.
A sky, different as March from May.
Only a short walk
to the fountain, the outdoor cafe.
He would drink to no expectation
though her blue silk dress
fell in soft folds. Her gesture,
a cup carefully placed, a slow
stirring held more promise
than the random wind
or the trolley rattling
sad bones. Alone,
the great man died
on the street, unknown,
among his curved
and towering stones.

DARING BEYOND STAGNATION

Dogs, dinosaurs and danger
over morning toast and tea.

Foraging these dactyls we arrive
at the front porch of conjecture.

Large dogs, mild. Herbivorous
dinosaurs morphed into birds.

No mammoth mammals stalk
suburban streets. It wasn't

danger we escaped, but the
engulfing air. Our windows

at sea level now allow a breadth,
a welcome to unwind the restricting

niceties. Though the palm gives
little shade its long neck welcomes

ships that carry memories of tigers
crouching in the grassland's Blazing Stars

PARADISE NOT LOST

Late August morning sun
allows sliced melon and croissant
on our balcony.

We drink our tea.

We reminisce. The images of Villa d'Este
on Lake Como have

their Italian way
with us. The ease of it, the privilege!
It's Thursday, not a holy day

yet this
divinity! *Ab, bright wings!* A hummingbird
grows still to sup on nectar

overhead.

The psalms, the hymns, once needed
balm, sang their hosannas

but forgot
to praise intrinsic threads awakened
in the bird-bright morning.

In the bleakest hours,
not prayer, not bowing head to ground but all
that quickens in still moments' residue.

CONTACT WITH THE NATURAL

To lock eyes with a hawk
even if he stands only on one leg
can give you pause.

I've been there, spooked, shaken
to a crouch. Nature and
its creatures, with rare exception,

lift my spirit into luxury.
The falcon, *high in his riding*
calls my verve, a fullness roused.

I suppose an anaconda
on my pathway would most
likely summon trepidation.

But on these well-paved
city streets the beasts I meet --
the shaggy shepherds, comely collies --

stir only warmth, a hankering for touch.
The hummingbird becomes my bird
of Paradise, whirling the awakening air.