

Poems from Arsenic and Humor: A Book of Verses [manuscript]

By Tecola W. Hagos [Phineaus] (three poems)

I Once Scratched the Void

I once scratched the void with toddler fingers,
To hold in my palms the Moon and the Stars.
I dare not reach for Sole the fiery One,
I mind too well Daedalus and Icarus his son.
How vanished all these youthful years?
For I still scratch, yes, with callused hands,
Not for the Moon, nor for the Stars, but for you!

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Childhood Rhythm

“Quand trois poules vont au champ,”
Where else, but only as children do,
With marching hens, would innocence go?
And drum rolling this charming romp,
In single file, wobble and cackle along!

Only a child would a Jedai dare,
Growing castles out of sand pebbles,
And a forest from shrubs.
For what comes after indeed follows.
“La première va devant.
La deuxième suit la première
La troisième est la derrière.”

And here we go: one, two, and three,
The rhythmic heart beat of the Creator,
One more time—a One, a Two, a Three!

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I Serve a Cosmic-Dish

I want to know. Is the Moon made of cheese?
Did Armstrong sink in Brie to his knees?
And the stars—sprinkles of confectionary sugar.
Who would have imagined a cataclysmic anger,
Be a glazed donut oozing plum Jelly?

Awesome Whirlpool M51, swirling whipped cream,
Magellan's strident kissed by fiery Dorodus-S,
Topped dark-matter chocolate with red cherry giant Antaras,
Orion with his belt tight, and his club held high.
At his heels invisible Sirius-B, home of the Dogan of Mali.

Draco's Milky-Way coconut shavings stringed to eternity,
Shy Andromeda, Cassiopeia and *padre* Cepheus,
Who do they think they are those Ethiopians among Greeks?
Mighty Memnon—yes, but neither Feta nor Muscat Ouzo!
“Beware of Greeks bearing gifts.” Alas! Ask it of Troy.

I would Cygnus in casserole, never ingested a swan before,
In saving the best to the last; and yet more
How did I miss Humanity the Spies?
In deep blue sapphire, a single tear drop sparkles,
The binder and the throb in the depth of space.

Even if the Cosmos is far delicious on its own,
None delectable here on Terra Firma, as freshly baked baguette.

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