

Local Poetry: Part 2

Written by Editor
Wednesday, 15 April 2020 05:16

April is National Poetry Month, and this year, the timing couldn't be better. In this month's issue's of Lowcountry Weekly, we're featuring the work of local poets...

The sweatiest most miserable hottest day

We woke up one summer day and

Momma did not shout

Make your beds, go play, get out!

Somehow momma had forgotten every habit

She shook her head and looked outside

the thermometers needle pointed to the sky.

She said to us, come sit in the nook and she

Began to cook – eggs bacon pancakes shaped like rabbits.

Come now eat up and we'll soon see what fun

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You might find on TV.

Surprised and speechless we didn't think to fight

Over the finest chair to watch TV in right.

Momma said from the kitchen, its quiet,

I can't hear a sound, turn it up, turn the dial round.

We haven't lived long, we are seven years old

And not once has momma told us to get the remote control

Our eyes were huge like marbles, the pictures were marvels

Our friend commander sizzle and the forces of good

Were beating the heat in the neighborhood.

Starcruisers, go bots super squirrels and hero girls

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Brought us to squeals and we jumped to our feet

Playing outside seemed like a dark evil to beat

Hours passed while we watched and momma never got mad

We loved momma, today TV was not bad.

Then the words we feared drifted in from her room

Children please don't get used to TV too soon

Today has been special it been for your safety

The heat is high and the sun is hot, I love you so much

And you should not be outside on this

Sweatiest, most miserable hottest day.

– *Deb Duer*

Deb Duer is not-a-poet and is a member of Spirit Writers, a group for people who write. Deb

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writes short stories about things that go right, wrong or indifferent, sometimes about real people.

MEMORY □ □

Yes, it's you
who eyes the cherry
only the red-fleshed
fruit isn't tart
or juicy

if your tongue
won't slip under one,
and you can't bite
into it or spit out
the pit

when the cherry
on its' stem
only hangs in
your memory
and yet,

such a sweetness!

– *Warren Slesinger*

Warren Slesinger

After he graduated from the Iowa Writers Workshop with an M.F.A., Warren Slesinger taught English part time while working full time in the publishing business as an editor, marketing manager or sales manager at the following university presses: Chicago, Oregon, Pennsylvania

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and South Carolina. His poetry has been published in *The American Poetry Review*, *The Antioch Review*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Georgia Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *New Letters*, *The North American Review*, *Northwest Review*, *Poetry Daily*, *The Sewanee Review*, and *The South Carolina Review*.

At present, he teaches part time at the University of South Carolina-Beaufort.

[Read poetry published in the April 1, 2020 issue of Lowcountry Weekly here.](#)