

Currency

-for tornado-sieged Nashville, for the heaving world

Seven gyrating funnels.
Gasp of pandemic distance.
Biblical prophecy, revelations.
Flummoxed, my friend texts
Only books can save us.

Again, the Dow plummets.
What if poems were money?
The heart's currency, its billing,
its change. Poetry fills
the coffers, the gaps, churns
stupor into twists of cloud.

I am sheltering in place,
nesting, foraging an office
from a lavender bedroom
where word can mark page
can make image can form
pattern can rotate can radiate
can launch elements can spark
currency can arrest distraction
can become book can open us
can lift can salve can be
a poem can save us.



Annette Sisson is Professor of English (Victorian Lit.) at Belmont University in Nashville, TN. Recently, she is much taken with one of her earliest loves, writing poetry. Besides teaching and mentoring college students, she loves to travel, hike, bake, play piano, sing alto in choir, watch birds (but not officially “bird watch”), and hang with her family: two sons and a daughter, fully fledged, and her husband, a Communications professor at Belmont. Year 2019 was very successful poetry-wise.

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