

NEAL COONERTY

A Series of Short Poems

Believe

When you don't believe in me,
Bathe in the dim light of distant suns
And betray our darkness.

Your Dream Body

Swimming upstream,
Long hair drifting,
Only your dream body
Remembers my longing
And my sorrow.

June 1957

When I wake up
As a stranger
Lost
I can't recognize the day it is
Or the boy I once was.

First Night

A pool of pale moonlight
Moves across my bed
Tracing a slow arc,
Tracking a distant orbit.

Near a bright porch light,
Many moths, all the color
Of the full moon, or none,
Or few, fly from the darkness.

My breathing stops.
Startled, I listen for its return.

Neal Coonerty owned and operated Bookshop Santa Cruz for thirty-three years before turning it over to his daughter Casey. In Santa Cruz, California, he served as mayor, city council member, and county supervisor. Now in retirement he sculpts in clay, writes poems, reads, travels, and, most importantly, plays with his four grandchildren.

ROGER LOFT

The Painted Dress, 2005
Epoxy, fiberglass, pigments, 59 x 32 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST