



UNIVERSITY OF
SAN FRANCISCO

Gleeson Library |
Geschke Center

December 2014

Two Poems

John Delaney

Follow this and additional works at: <http://repository.usfca.edu/ontarioreview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Delaney, John (2014) "Two Poems," *Ontario Review*: Vol. 12, Article 15.

Available at: <http://repository.usfca.edu/ontarioreview/vol12/iss1/15>

For more information, please contact southerr@usfca.edu.

Two Poems

JOHN DELANEY

E

i.

Latin for 'out of,' 'from,'
E, as prefix, serves words
An eviction notice:
It throws the tenant meaning out
Of its environment, uproots
Sense from its common ground.

ii.

E makes a man of H,
Gives M a sense of self,
Teaches R to sing;
With B, it forms a state,
With W, a society.

iii.

Like a Dale Carnegie speaker
Whose topics include "Longevity,"
"The Cure for Impotence,"
And "A Way to Heal Old Wounds,"
This vitamin builds confidence
In the body's industry.

iv.

Vision's Zeus,
Enthroned on a pyramid.
Eyes must honor him first
If they hope to be blessed
With greater powers of sight.
Those who refuse are blind.

v.

The eccentric vowel of split personality:
In public, at the heart of things,
A politician who silences
His opposition with his influence;
In private, at his dead end,
A deafmute in whose presence
Visitors raise their voices.

vi.

Enigmatic,
E = mc².

Spider Plant

Years' patronage from your watering can
Created a green foliage fountain
Cascading the whole length of our window.
One sensed the irony, but couldn't show
How frustration of the plant's groping roots,
Constricted into rounds by porcelain,
Was the spring for the babbling overflow
Of its sharp-tongued leaves and flagging offshoots.
The baby plants, suspended parachutes,
Slowly approached, but never hit, the ground.

At last, of course, the plant began to die.
Breaking the flowerpot open, we found
A spiralling spaghetti of roots wound
As tight as the noose of a rope.
And yet, we knew already why
The mind's cramped network spurs outgrowths of hope,
Though they may never get a chance
To sprout on land.

Wife,

We grow potbound
In this limited life:
But death transplants.