

ISLAND POEMS

HELLMUT JURETSCHKE

A PLEA TO THE POETRY CLASS

S'not always easy for an oldish brain or ear
To understand what one's supposed to hear.
'Tween breath and tongue it's hard to read your lip;
Your sounds to me are often like a "blip"
That's funny, but can also be traumatic,
And lead to answers at best enigmatic.
A written version of your poem helps explain
For what my ear may (unheroically) strain.

TODAY'S SHOPPING TRIP

The supermarket is a labyrinth
Artfully designed to trap me in a thousand ways,
With minotaurs lurking behind every corner
To lure me into temptations and empty
My pockets – if not more; and with
Sirens confusing my senses by their seductive singsong offerings,
Overhanging shelves bulging with goods not needed,
Or even good for me,
And threatening to collapse with avalanches before I can escape;
Everywhere tired shoppers heavily leaning on overfilled carts
Block my way ahead.
Gone are the days
When a girl with a simple thread could show me the way out.

For many years a summer resident of Echo Lake, Hellmut Juretschke now lives in Pretty Marsh. Formerly a professor of physics, he has become an enthusiastic adventurer in poetry, thanks to the many opportunities offered through Acadia Senior College.