

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

---

## **Red Roar**

By William Doeski

Heavy chords strung through the clouds  
sing to the Luxembourg lion.

Affixed in stone, he considers  
whether to roar that great red fiction

or maintain his lonely poise.  
You want him to roar all the way

from Paris to Hartford where bones  
will break through the soil and sing

those same elaborate chords  
but in the higher key of Key West,

for which no one is listening.  
The gardens simmer with idlers

even in November, the fountain  
bordered with potted flowers

the color of the lion's roar,  
the flow almost choked with leaves.

You browse with slim distraction,  
the failure of the flesh tingling.

We knew it would come to this,  
although not necessarily Paris  
  
with its stilted gray vocabulary.  
The swans in the string of pools  
  
in Forest Park, a minor  
Frederick Olmstead masterpiece,  
  
spoke as clearly as those of Yeats.  
The stone lions of the New York  
  
Public Library roared loudly  
in our youth when all discords  
  
assumed the same shade of red.  
Let's hope the Luxembourg lion  
  
someday roars for us, the sound  
merging with the skyborne chords  
  
to tighten our laces and save us  
from the discords we fear most.