

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Imagination

By Tim Suermondt

A blue cow once got into
one of my poems
and never made a repeat
appearance in any others,

outside of its mentioning here.

I don't know why it got in
in the first place—was I trying
to show that a sliver
of my heart loved being strange?

It's odd to say, but I wish
I had been more generous,
the way we all want to be generous,
and had the blue cow

back for more, the two of us

in a landscape only I invented—
a landscape that escaped the newscasts
to recall apple trees, a river
and a city, an apron of sky so blue

we fell asleep in a field of golden wheat.