

## Darrell Petska 2 poems

### Seasons of Darkness and Light

Deepest night and brightest day hold vigil at the window—  
Within, a large teddy beside the chest of drawers  
lies in hibernation, but Corduroy Bear, propped  
on the changing table, stares blankly across the room.  
Dust like baby powder films his overalls, as it does  
Baby's First Year lying on a shelf and Winnie the Pooh,  
Tigger and Piglet immobile overhead.

Silence weighs upon the bassinet, the rocker  
near the window, the floor's on-the-go play mat.  
The room's closed door, the cheerily painted walls,  
contain the stillness. Sounds from without—muffled words,  
treading feet, the dialog of dishes—lack substance,  
fading like a swallowed sigh. Here, all remains inviolate  
before seasons of darkness and light, sorrow and hope.

Epicenter of the house, the room sits, a stifled heartbeat,  
an open question. No key rests in its lock,  
anguish the sole prohibition to entrance.  
How long can slumbering space withstand sun's play,  
moon's lullabies, the finely honed points of stars?  
On the closet door wakens Little Boy Blue.  
Fishermen three on the wall's wide sea  
wait to rock in an old wooden shoe.

## From the World Desk

Grandpop's laptop teeters at desk's verge,  
displaced by Grandson's Legosphere

a boy's fleet fingers conjure tiny bricks  
into wonders of the world

an old man's hands twist and tuck  
sound into lifelines of meaning

24" x 44"  
empires of words and Lego bricks  
crowding the world's flat edge

Grandson builds, tears down, reimagines,  
Grandpop spins stanzas, stews, retries:

like inverted mirrors,  
an old man assessing where he's been,  
a boy big-eyed for tomorrow

astride their wind's strong current  
through far-flung, waking dreams

lords of creation  
all the world around and about them  
nascent, tractable, expansive

24" x 44"  
a boy yearns for more space,  
an old man, more for time.