

POEMS BY ELLEN KORT

Over and Over Again

When I go to the grocery store and stand
in front of the shelf filled with jars of honey
every brand spells the word *Mama*
early morning toast sliced from a loaf
of homemade bread spread with honey
dipped from the little wax rooms of bees
Honey was a luxury at our house and every
time we had it Mama told us how bees
need strength to fly from one plant to another
how their little bodies grow fat from the dust
of pollen when they enter the open house
of flowers how they have to regurgitate
a sip of nectar 200 times in order to turn it
into honey Mama naming what cannot
be named the pure grace of hard labor
the soft hum of gratitude Mama
I'm beginning to understand how the long
Years unwind how stories come back
On the wings of memory simple things
Locked together an offering of recurring
Echoes Even now your voice sweet as honey

November 4th 2008

That night millions
of people leaned
for hours into
the bright screen
of news flipping
channels firing up
their radios computers
hanging onto every
headline that night
millions and millions
of people gathered
from city to city
dancing in the streets
changing *change* and *hope*
and *unity* and *peace*
dazzling words flying
all around the world
And when the numbers
were counted people
began to weep
to wrap their arms
around one another
Oh that night
And oh the wet birth
of new beginnings
the after-light
of second changes
And oh the strength
the sustenance
the sweetness
of love made visible