

DIANE FERRARO

A collection of poetry from the Spring of 2020 IG @urbansiren

Dear One,

I began this collection of poetry in the Spring of 2020 during the initial weeks of COVID19. Using prompts from my monthly zodiacal writing challenges for Taurus Season, I created a series of pieces reflecting my feelings during the first few weeks of the COVID19 pandemic sweeping the world.

These poems are mostly unedited free style writing pieces. I left them raw and real, and wanted to just flow through my emotions and convey and connect during that isolating time. I share them on my Instagram poetry page Qurbansiren and look for the hashtag #asolitaryspring. You are also most welcome to use any of my writing prompts which I've been sharing since 2015. Tag me Qurbansiren so I can celebrate writing with you.

Here is what I wrote in my <u>Instagram post when launching this compilation</u>:

"What a strange Spring it has been. As Nature begins to celebrate rebirth and outward engagement, we as humans are being called to tap into the **Sφ**ℓιτα**R**ψ. How can these two callings coexist? How are you experiencing this dichotomy?

"Blending the two is a powerful invitation to explore and celebrate Self while maintaining a connection to all that surrounds us and is a part of us. We are made of star stuff, and we are also made of flesh, bone and cellular structures.

"How shall we walk through this peculiar Spring, then? What are your thoughts? What would you like to see flourish and bloom? And how might we document our experiences with this historic episode in our lives? What seeds shall we plant to harvest the fruits of later?"

Though a year has gone by, many of these ruminations remain for me. I invite you to enjoy these musings and add your own if you feel called to share. <u>Send me</u> your pieces so I can read them and feel the connection, too.

With Love through All Seasons, Diane

SOLITUDE

We watched it unfold, didn't we, from some far away canopy of disbelief a wretched covering in one, two, three days or so. Solitude's barren bone, flight-knuckle white, a calendar wash away. Day 24, we find a baby seal washed up on the cotton shore, resting or suffocating. Its dead end smile makes it hard to say.

BREACH

Cells, filled with the bodies of the half-believed, thick walls shading the appeal.

Parceled out bits of light, lie downs, air.

And then a newcomer: a silent breach in all our systems, enough to give leniency and extend the superfluous. Enough to bring us to our senses.

Urban Siren Poetry

DEAL

As if we struck some kind of perverse deal: you can ask, but we'll never tell, and the mystery surrounds our skin, an arm's reach times three, our backs arching toward an answer, a sun lowering itself just enough to warm our lips, but distant still through short 3 o'clock shadows and a stretch of searching too bridge-bound to forgive.

WOOD

Wild holy free, it's been ages I don't mean to intrude but where did you go, after all. I've taken my fair share of long silences and call me co-dependent (or Capricorn) but I miss you--mind, body and soul--the twists and turns of your torso, the fired up stand-offs with patriarchy, the standoffs with convention. I long for your exposures in the deep wood, season-sad and Robert Frost-style. Rise up, when you're ready, and I'm ready. Need I say more?

SWIPE

It's been a wholly war, this process of wringing myself free. Dr. Estes (psychological not medical) reinforces single-focus teeth and claws. I've turned the right angle hard enough to swipe the hangers-on off my haunches. No more weaning the bleat-eyed overgrown underdeveloped teat-hungry. No more changing the bandages of needy gangrene. Pus slides off heavy, whereas blood gushes clean.

SPRING?

"This is Spring?"

Full of pulled-back strides and half-walks? Crevice after crevice of grief-pits? Nowhere hunts? Intersection smiles? Early dinners? Early bedtime? Early early? Muscle-tones? Music lessons? Made up songs? Sing alongs? Reverent gongs? This-be-gone? Come-alongs? After hours? Haunted towers? Buzz-kill flowers? Longer sun? Runs for fun? More than one? It's all undone? "This is Spring."

STAND IN

Without mincing words, it's a life support machine backordered worldwide. How much in this closet, that closet? As the world was waking up, we had an egg hunt for surrogate lung function: which dusty room, which bid war? I don't mourn as much for Paas nostalgia and the shortage of dye as for triple-shift medical professionals keeping watch as handholders for the last breath. Against such backdrops it's not draconian to substitute prayer for preach.

STORM

When the storm knocked the lights out and the neighbors' houses came back to life while ours stayed dark, I didn't think to send out the distress call right away. I held out for flickers in cowering corners, and waited. It wasn't until years later, after my power came back on, that I saw the symbol as hard to swallow now as it was then.

OSCILLATE

Be kind to each other as grief rolls down our cheeks like silk panties down a desperate leg unwilling but obligated to entertain, oscillate and keep smiling



CHALLENGE **APRIL 19 - MAY 20** HOST @URBANSIREN

5/2: Sympathize

5/1: Sordid

5/3: Solo

5/5: Soil

5/7: Sing

5/4: Sonnet

5/6: Scarce

4/26: Surrogate 5/8: Sow 4/27: Sycophant 5/9: Surprise 4/28: Symbol 5/10: Sloppy 4/29: Swallow 5/11: Stall 4/30: Surrender 5/12: Soak Writing prompts for each zodiacal season Instagram @urbansiren Copyright by Diane Ferraro

4/19: Solitude

4/20: Sturdy

4/21: Senses

4/22: Spring

4/23: Struck

4/24: Silence

4/25: Single

5/20: Source #urbansirenpoetry

5/13: Slink

5/14: Soul

5/15: Sync

5/16: Sell

5/17: Silk

5/18: Stand

5/19: Sinew