

Kitólover

*Who will buy this (wonderful morning?) -- Oliver Twist*¹

—brand new machine
easy to assemble—

specially designed
to dismantle
war in a flash—

decorticate
atrocities, denial

burst bubbles of myths
of burnt offerings².

Kitólover, accent on the second syllable
so it sounds like abscond³ or inhabitable
not Wolaver,
(family name) meaning *wulf army in woods*
not Bolivar, now the currency of Venezuela.⁴

Kitólover, the lover of fair play,
a kit for all to use to love.

--Kitty Jospé

About this poem: The poem prompt: invent a "machine"... and name it after yourself.
My old nickname, up until I was 10, was "Kit"... so I invented a "Kitólover". It sounds best if you put the accent on the second syllable. I suppose it could be pronounced Kit 'o' lover, but that had less subtle sophistication and I wanted this love machine to be taken seriously. The night before writing it, we had gone to see an unusual version of "Great Expectations", so I was thinking of the musical Oliver...

¹

² At first I did not foot note that "burnt offering" is the literal translation of Holocaust. But forgetting seems to be part of our human condition.

³ reminder of the definition: leave hurriedly and secretly, typically to avoid detection of or arrest for an unlawful action such as theft:

⁴ named after the hero Simon Bolivar: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Simón_Bolívar

The Mother of All

is the mother of
the mother
pressing her lips into an M and humming
miracle
of miracles
we call life without
knowing who is
the mother of
the mother—
of all—

sons and daughters perhaps only
a mother could love
or those everyone loves.

The mother of all
as the sea, murmuring
melodious, pulled by the moon,
to brush sand against oysters
and now comes

the mother
embracing an irritating grain
wrapping it, to protect the vulnerable body
in its oystered shell

Outside, swish of the sea—

Inside, polishing sand to pearl—

-- *Kitty Jospé*

Wordling Back Hearts

for my son far away who created a heart made of 31 of his completed wordle⁵ grids for me knowing each day we start this 5 letter guessing game with h-e-a-r-t

Why heart? We take *heart*, tell others
what to take to heart, speak
from it, learn something
that matters by heart—
feel its flame
faithfully

a line, on this *anvil* in this
4-chambered room
receiving, re-
distributing
blood

we share explorations
up to 6 guesses
from *heart*
to *zebra*

patiently drawn with
chalk, paint, decoy
sometimes with
connected
sense.

Sharing hearts—
mine skips
a beat
holds him
tight.

-- *Kitty Jospé*

about this poem: I invented the term "wordling" for exploring possibilities of poems that start with *heart* as the first guess for the game *Wordle*. You'd be surprised at how even with 3 disparate words, an entire story can be made beginning with "heart". In the poem, all the words in italics in each "heart" stanza are related to the guess of that day. My son decided to do the same and sent me a large collage in the shape of a heart with his guesses. My poem above is my answer back to him.

⁵ <https://www.nytimes.com/games/wordle/index.html>



collage my son made of his wordles starting with *heart*

Love's Secret, whispered at dawn

the soft thud of *d*, the tongue deft
declaring *dawn* as delicate delivery
of a new day, the air padded rosy
with ribbons lacing the sky, a bleeding
without blood, like the heartache
whose desire yearns to desire
not content to be content losing
itself, like kindling in a fire.

Embrace the blaze! We are bereft
without it, search for its livery
as it shuffles out of sight, a rosary
of hopes receding -- and yet seeding
anew, like planting to harvest, make
again. Such paradox, is love's fire!

-- Kitty Jospé

About this poem: Inspired by Luis de Camões (1524-1580)

Amor é um fogo que arde sem se ver

I worked with the French translation of the Portuguese in a small bilingual book of 5 poets. *Amor é um fogo* is the first poem of the book, and first of 5 of Camões' sonnets.

I love how he explains the contradiction of love. It is the one universal that binds us, and yet, the poet points out love is like the paradox of fire --to paraphrase his sonnet: its embers are ever present even as they die; a wound, but you see no blood; a desire, but it is never satisfied; a painful ache which drives us crazy, without piercing the skin; we lose ourselves in love, and think to find ourselves; willingly become the prisoners of love, but by conquering find it conquers us. How can love spread friendship, filled as it is with contradiction?

My sonnet attempts to capture the spirit of the sonnet, with the gentle sound of *d*'s in the octet progressing to a fuller sibilance in the sestet.

And it

could be the start, your
pick of a tense, your
flit of script like a Sanskrit
of sparrows thrown in the sky

and it

simmers, offers
a way to pepper a little *so*—
uttered by the lover
as he listens, gently insisting on

and

it after some space,
a chance to be *it* and desire to connect to

and

-- *Kitty Jospé*

alone together

might
require some separation
so *alone*
has some space for itself to

profit from
observation—
say, the underside

of an alpine bluebell:
how the green morphs
into violet; how
silence rings; how
a lone flower
is still connected
to similar flowers—

how *alone*
really can't stand
by itself.

What relief to confirm
together is
feather-light—
a butterfly landing
on a bloom,
pausing for a kiss.
-- *Kitty Jospé*