

## January 2018 Celebration of Poetry – Highlighting local Poets

---

### **The Listener**

Kathy Edmeyer

Muscles quiver beneath the fur  
of the powerful tan panther.

Dark eyes are locked on her prize.

She moves with stealth  
between the dapples of sunlight,  
undetected.

With an element of surprise  
she rockets into the air toward her quarry.  
Her tracking collar sends a constant ping to  
a listener.

Her exact location exposed,  
the stalker becomes the stalked.

A cell phone in my pocket reveals my secrets  
to a listener.

Am I the quarry?

*About Kathy Edmeyer* - I was a triage nurse. I have no background in writing and I have never had an interest in poetry. I had two life changing events back to back. My husband was paralyzed and my mom had a massive stroke. I held vigil at my mom's deathbed for seven days to the hour. During that time I started writing poetry. It came right of the blue. This was two years ago. I have written hundreds of poems since. I do all my writing between the hours of 1:00am and 4:00am. The poetry fairy drags me out of bed, entices me with a cookie and milk and then we are off and running. She's so insistent!

I write for an audience of one. If others like my ramblings it's frosting on the cake!

## The Ladies of Dotage Drive

Janay Cosner

Pancake makeup hides potato skin.  
Mascara drips from our watery eyes.  
Silver earrings - a half moon,  
a star, a grinning sun - dangle  
from holes in our ears,  
jingle like wind chimes when we walk.  
Our hair is braided tight.

We wear embroidered blouses,  
show off rolls of our midsections  
and back fat bursts from our bra straps.  
Flowing skirts hide our elephant legs.  
We pick out orthopedic shoes  
with the same enthusiasm  
we used to pick out lingerie.

We listen closely to talk of yoga, estrogen,  
collagen, and whatever else will defy aging,  
hug often like crooked sticks in a tepee,  
speak in tongues of wisdom,  
*As we age, we are more so.*

We are parched for love,  
famished for touch.  
Men disguised as vultures fly  
out of tall grass when we pass.  
Penises like a picket fence surround us.  
A tiny shudder goes through us.  
Our souls have the chills.

Sad women, we cross the Rockies,  
turn our watches back two hours,  
throw ourselves into a scary future.

*About Janay Cosner-* Janay's first poetry book *Dancing with Breast Cancer* detailing her breast cancer journey was published in May 2017. Her recent poem, "The Ladies of Dotage Drive" describes her mother and her merry friends in Arizona. Well not so merry. Janay lives in Naples and in Chautauqua, where she attends and teaches at Chautauqua institution.