

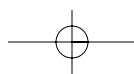
Poetry Floats

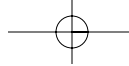
New and selected

Philosophy-lite

By Jim Wilson

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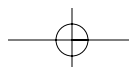
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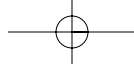


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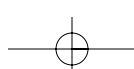
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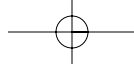
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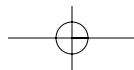
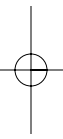
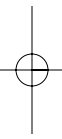


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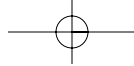
Introduction

Poetry has a bad reputation in the general population. It is seen as a literature of insignificant value. Murky writings that are difficult if not impossible to understand with little or no value in daily life.

Hopefully, the poetry of our generation is changing that evaluation. Many poets today write clear, concise, plain, understandable, and useful poems. I was struggling with how to say this, and on a December morning I turned a page in Walt McDonald's *Faith is a Radical Master* and in the afterward read:

Robert Frost claimed poetry at its best can be "a momentary stay against confusion." I like that — and I think maybe he's right. Even the everyday has splendors that we strain to capture and save, or at least express for seconds in phone calls and letters — in form or on canvas, in melodies, or in scribblings we call poems.

This is what I hope for you'll find in the scribblings of *Poetry Floats*.



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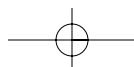
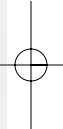
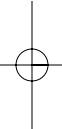
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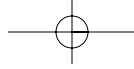
Dedication

To Susan whose companionship, love, attention, and care
has given me a new perspective about everything

and

to Mom and Dad who against their better judgment allowed
me to grow up the way I wanted to and then chose to be proud
of me anyway.

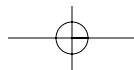
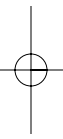
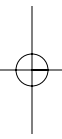




New and selected Philosophy-Lite

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*Leaning Litely
(myself)*



Poetry Floats

I am practicing write and release.
Lifting lines on the rising heat
of winter's curling chimney smoke.
Laying words out an upstairs window
On a springtime zephyr.

Lofting themes tacked as summer kite tails
flying to high cotton cloud pillows while
the slick string slips through my fingers.
Linking fall writings to milkweed seeds,
Lint puffs, and down feathers.

I will float them to you all,
whomever, whenever, wherever,
and you open them in your time
to read and recite
till their season is done.

Never knowing me.
Never knowing that I am watching you
from the crack in the closet door universal.
Feeling pleased and planning to float
verse after verse to you — as our seasons change.
