Cobalt Poets Series # 637 ~ October 29, 2024

People Die

If, like dogs, we had no idea death
would come one day, would we communicate
our love, paint paintings, eat our vegetables?
Or—celebrate more exuberant lives?
Kick up our heels, run full-bore into gales?
Thinking about being gone motivates.
It's now or it's not. I'm the only one
who can make the things in my mind, and you—
you are the sole proprietor of yours.
May we dare to mix the acrylics, dab
the canvases, shout the dramatic lines,
and take into our arms those who love us,
and whom we love. When our bones crack, tumors
flare, burnout chars, let's dance on in our heads.

Pamela Hobart Carter

After she earned two degrees in geology, Pamela Hobart Carter became a teacher. Her plays have been produced in Seattle (her home), Montreal (her childhood home), and Fort Worth. Her poems have been nominated for Best of the Net (2x) and the Pushcart Prize. She is a 2024 Yavanika Press winner for "Only Connect" an e-chapbook of her poems and Robert Raynard's photography, a 2023 Yavanika Press winner for her e-chapbook, "Behind the Scenes at the Eternal Everyday," and author of two other poetry chaps: "Her Imaginary Museum" and "Held Together with Tape and Glue." Her collection, "Earth at Perihelion," (2nd runner-up, The Sally Albiso Poetry Book Award) comes out in 2025 from MoonPath Press. Carter is also a visual artist. https://playwrightpam.wordpress.com/