Not the End of Poetry

after Ada Limón's "The End of Poetry"

Shower me with susurrus and hummingbirds,
with cherry blossoms and Steller's Jays,
with acorn and pine needle, leaves and roots,
more impasto, more of still and perhaps,
more witty librarians and awake and a moment's
grace, more of flesh and ache, desire and divine
remembering, and the heavens and ice floes,
sorrow, more of everything the pain is like and not
like, how someone's absence changes the light,
more of the pledges and denials, more studying
the sky and searching one's heart, more of the flare,
the flash, a best friend's death, and the letter she
left for you in a shoebox, more of the hunger
and craving, the self-doubt and all of suffering, more
of lost childhoods, grandmothers and grandfathers,
more considering the world, curious and passionate,
more of the difficult to look at without looking away,
more please listen, I am here, more we are in this
together, more of your voice mingling with mine, more
nights, stars, moons, gratitude and its gifts, more joy,
I am asking you to write more poems.

Lana Hechtman Ayers

Lana Hechtman Ayers, MFA, has shepherded over a hundred poetry volumes into print in her role as managing editor for three small presses. Her work appears in such places as *Escape Into Life, Rattle, The London reader, Peregrine,* and *The MacGuffin.* She lives with her husband and several fur babies on the Oregon coast in a town known for its barking sea lions. Her favorite color is the swirl of van Gogh's *The Starry Night*. Visit her online at LanaAyers.com.