

Poetry Series

Melanie Simms
- poems -

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Melanie Simms(March 29,1966)

Melanie Simms is a new poet, tutored under the mentorships of acclaimed poets David Swanger, lyric poet, Gary Young, and John Taggart. In 6 years she has seen over 130 publications of poetry in various e-zines, magazines and newspapers nationally and internationally including: The Pittsburgh Post Gazette, Penn Review, Zuzu's Petals,3 Cup Morning (Canada) , among many others. She has been anthologized and is a member of the World Poets Society.

Her awards include; Poet Laureate of Perry County (2005-2006) , A Vermont Writers Studio Scholarship, an Honorarium from Shippensburg University, an Evvy Award nomination, among others. For more information, visit her website at

Little God

My son doesn't know
His own strength;
Shadows flicker across the room,
Ducks, rabbits
And wolves.

He has made them
With his hands
And watches them dance
Across the moonlit wall.

He laughs as he creates
Creature after creature
My little god.

Melanie Simms

Moon Ode (For Congressman Sam Farr)

Shall I trust the moon?
She flirts behind purple clouds
Veiling her luminous face
Like a naughty trickster
In a bad moon-mood.

I want to tell her to
'take a leap, '
And she does
Over the next cloudy fence
Until finally,
Reminded of her manners
Floats across my view
With a graceful smile
And offers her
Apology.

Melanie Simms

Night Poem (For Jimmy Santiago Baca)

I wait outside your adobe
For the light to come on in your window.
I wait alone in the darkness
Looking for you in the moonlight.

I know that any moment now
I'll hear a whisper in the wind, 'He's coming, '
And you will return, weary but glad
After a dark night's journey
Where you have braved demons and madness,
And you will invite me inside and
We will drink and make love
Until we can no longer breathe
And you will tell me again,
'I will never leave you.'

Melanie Simms

One More Hero (For Admiral Craig Quigley, Ret.)

Distracted by the silence
I turn on the radio;
Enrique croons,
'Let me be your hero, '
And if I could
I would gladly accept his offer
But I am driving these roads
Towards another destination,
A home filled with hectic children
A yapping dog, a refrigerator
In desperate need
Of corndogs and Kool-Aid.

I arrive and turn off the radio,
Enrique fades in the distance.

I could pack up my things,
Catch a bus and join the band,
But I decide that there
Is enough music here at home,
The chatter of little muses
In the corners of my life
Birdsong, a kiss on the cheek,
The mending of a little skinned knee.

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