

2 Poems by Kate Mullikin

A Fogust Hush

By Kate Mullikin

The last day of August
Crept up the road this morning
Shrouded in fog,
Her veil, the tattered edges
Of fast forgotten
Summer home improvement plans -

“Fogust” I call her,
In this tourist-beach land -
Her gown is fashioned from
Layers of lost to-do lists
And flaps of maps
From a languid vacation
On far away sands.

She wakes me and takes me
To the porch, pointing to
The sander and the staining brush
And to the railings and the doors-
Putting a finger to her grinning lips
Motioning me to hush my griping
And finally begin my summer chores.

Professional Development Days

By Kate Mullikin

Surveying that computer screen
I tried my hardest not to scream.

So hard to see your young pupils
(My fast approaching pupil)
Amidst the onslaught of empty boxes
I've been instructed to check

In order to teach you -

How do I reach you if my hands feel tied?

I understand the new world is all on line,
Yet I find myself lost in it and today –
Confined to a rigid grid of normed expectation.

I know there is supposed to be
A logical explanation,
But making your teacher's
Brain ache and gut churn
Seems far from a healthy way
For us to learn
How to meet each other happily
Only 3 workdays from today.

I've been professionally developed so much now
That I feel like I'm on "Standards Steroids."

Inside I'm screaming, seething, shutting down,
But looking strong on the outside.
And I'll stay strong for no one but you,
My fast approaching one hundred
And forty-two
Beautiful new students.