

Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-
thing Starting Something Starting Something Starting
Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-
thing Starting Something Starting Something Starting
Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-
thing Starting Something Starting Something Starting
Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-

Starting Something

S
tha
Something Starting Something Starting
Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-
thing Starting Something Starting Something Starting
Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-
thing Starting Something Starting Something Starting
Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Some-
thing Start- Something Starting Something Starting
Somethi something Something

Carol Montgomery

Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something
Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something
Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something Starting Something

STARTING SOMETHING

Carol Montgomery

Los Hombres Press

STARTING SOMETHING

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief passages quoted in reviews. For further information, write Los Hombres Press, Box 632729, San Diego, CA 92163-2729.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data
Starting Something
ISBN 1-879603-01-2 91-073630

Printed in the United States of America

Copyright © 1992 by Carol Montgomery

First Edition

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Los Hombres Press
Box 632729
San Diego, CA 92163-2729

for Carol and Al Kaelin
and all lovers of foibles

CREDITS

Individual haiku in this collection appeared in *The Alchemist*, *Cicada (Amelia)*, *Frogpond*, *Inkstone*, *Living Inland*, *Modern Haiku*, *The Red Pagoda* and *Wind Chimes*.

I have drawn things since I was six. All that I made before the age of sixty-five is not worth counting. At seventy-three I began to understand the true construction of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes and insects. At ninety I will enter into the secret of things. At a hundred and ten, everything—every dot, every dash—will live.

—Hokusai

the aging beauty
having her knee x-rayed,
points her toe

in the old man's trash
letters from his widowed sister
unopened

every Sunday
the marlin leaping
from father's necktie

brooms at the Crafts Fair
no one tests them
 but grandfather . . .

golden anniversary
each gift's
stick-on bow

funeral
the monogrammed handbag
she was saving . . .

after borrowing money,
waiting . . . for gramps
card trick to be over—

fresh apple peelings
in pap's cigar box
—her last gift

so thin
custom-made trousers
dragging on the floor

my new capped teeth—
I keep smiling
in the decoy shop

grandma, oiling
her six-portrait
locket

spring drizzle
widower receives
his first get-well pie

Rosa Villa Café
their dates never heard of
Rudy Vallee

saved the circled
temperature, Miami
thirty years ago

the old woman
her unopened
ribbon candy

years, the waitress
applies Scuff Kote
to the shape of each toes

leaving the hospital
the warm sun
on her wig box

home from the hospital
walking into the lilacs

cheval
glass
in the
attic
still
visible
the
linden
trees

in the wine cellar
all the pieces
of the azalea vase

May sunshine
an old man unwinds
his yellowed flag

grandfather's room
love letters
in one wading boot

up Smallman St.
the pizza truck
following the funeral

man on the porch
his rigid rocking
— Father's Day

our lease up
from the opera window
the cherry blossoms

a quick view
of the topless aprons
at the crafts fair . . .

summer night—
describing a grasshopper,
grandmother hops . . .

in a greenhouse box full of petunias,
the old couple's hands
meet

apron pocket
hunk of soap
grandma rubbed nails on

metallic flies glued
to our shaggy dog
—the heat

shaking the damn thimble off
the heat

a hazy moon
orange Jello shimmering
on father's sick tray

at last settled in
a lifetime
of rose of sharon

again drying
the flute champagne glass;
her thrice-wed daughter

grandfather's room:
the puzzle's lake
never completed

summer night
newly-weds cutting shelfpaper
—their bright lights

the groom's
straw hat
cracking—

lace collars soaking
in a great-sized jar
November moonlight

passing the nature center
where we all thought
we wanted to work

his "eyeball it"
for the rest of our days
a crooked wall . . .

warm drizzle
choosing a silk ficus . . .

hearing
the fog
hear me

honeymoon beach house
he breaks the key
in the lock

fall leaves
crunched by wishing . . .
lottery line—

Grand View Cemetery

twilight, young boss
practicing
his signature—

the blackjack dealer's
trusty rake—

bottom of the window-seat
wrapped in a sweater
mother's book on cancer

still no job . . .
the robin sprinkles water
over his back

we're going to treat you
like family
this offer ends in 30 days

old woman on an egg mattress
asking to see
her garden of cards

a box of tent pegs
in the widow's trash
spring morning

from one
of his pair
of Chinese
horseshoeback
armchairs,
he says he
came close
to being a
good father

first doubts:
each peony stem
the same length

old bells
never hung
surface tones . . .

. . . iris tattoo
. . . drawing out
the bee stinger

June rain over . . .
two men uncover
the peanut cart

old hands
rew-webbging lawn chairs
against a fading sunset

old woman, wrapping
her cat's gifts
—centering the bows

job applicant—
in a borrowed suit—
“Are you usually lucky?”

retirement video:
for the rest of my life
free golf—

funeral home taffeta dress soundless soundless

large-size mink
coats

his new wife:
pap trying to argue
with the old rhythms

second husband
painting the fence
the same green

making his own sausage—
grunts

explorer

belonging to the flowers
in that room of flowers
not a word about father

funeral home
lemon oil
in the kneeler

old tool box . . .
used to
one pair of eyes

the lights on the tree
before the plug goes in

a couple embrace
on a camelback bridge:
their propped canes

shared driveway
every day, my neighbor's
"hold it"

piano bar
the pianist's
thumbcane

outdoors
old, bare feet
basement apartment

late night
shine of thumbtacks
lost and found

laundromat . . .
power failure . . .
the coolness . . .

hearing us argue,
our old dog tiptoes past
her empty water bowl

reading my ad
in Situations Wanted
. . . hot oatmeal

unlocking the U-Haul . . .
a neighbor limps over
to help—

widows
in the mist—
leaving the street dance

starting something
calendar-teatowel quilt
. . . closing time

moonlight on the sea water
one bather
gather up everything

Carol Montgomery is the recipient of two fellowships in literature from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. A former college and high school instructor, she is a widely published poet and author of a previous chapbook, *Outlines*. Two of her stories won awards from the PEN Syndicated Fiction Project and were published in a number of newspapers.



Starting Something a book of haiku about growing older and about not being fooled about it. It is about knowing life fizzles out as well as grabs hold. And still one wants to start something, to respond to the May sunshine, the blackjack dealer's trusty rake, the feel of your new capped teeth, the moonlight on the water, the inevitable rose of sharon.



Los Hombres Press
P.O. Box 632729
San Diego, CA 92163-2729

ISBN 1-879603-01-2



9 781879 603011

50695>



ISBN 1-879603-01-2

\$6.95