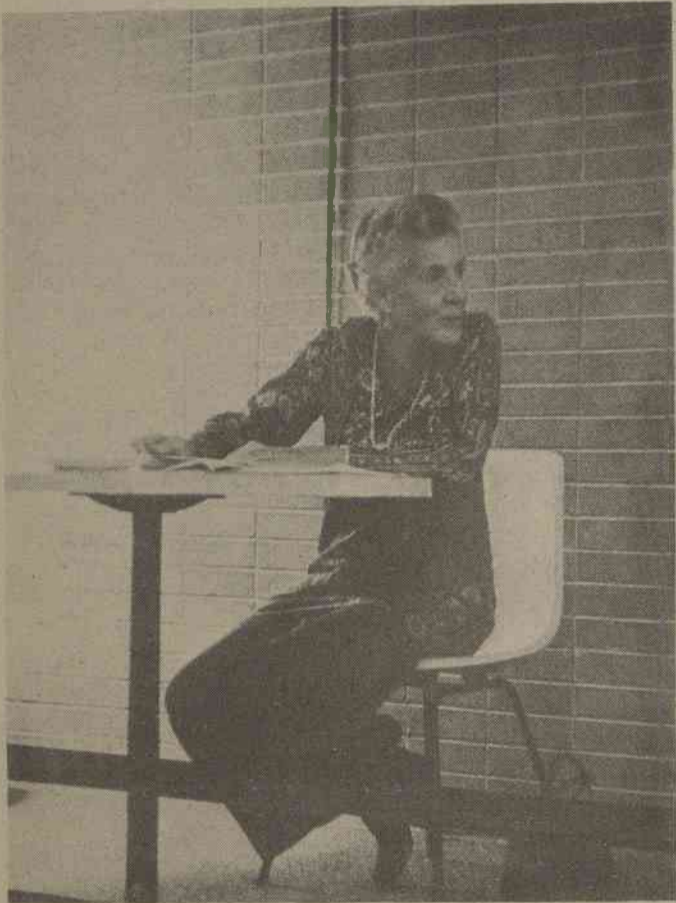


Marion Cannon:

Poet In Residence F
With Her Poetry An



One needs so little to create
If bridges, planes and towers
Are not the goal:
A scrap of linen, strands of wool, a needle;
A pot of dirt, a seed, a bulb
Or just a pencil and a piece of paper.



ON GRANDCHILDREN

I really like grandchildren. You can enjoy them
without being responsible for them. You don't
have to worry about whether or not they say
"please" or "may I" or if they washed their hands
before dinner or if they go to bed at the right hour.
And when you're tired of them you can call their
parents and say, "Take them away now."

When they started the Church in Chartres
Everyone worked. If you could carve, you carved,
Or you carried Stones.
The Church should grow out of that plain,
Visible across fields of grain,
Lifting its towers to the sky.
It still stands high.
And round about the town now grow
The worker's houses, row on row,
Pre-fabs of concrete, all alike.
And in the live the ones who work
On swift, assembly lines,
Hands turning out a product uniform and cheap.

I lit a candle for them.

ON RHYMING

All my life I thought poetry had to rhyme. Then I
took a creative writing course at Queens College in
Charlotte taught by Charleen Whisnant. I strug-
gled along for a while, and then I got back a paper
on which Charleen had written, "Marion, you
don't have to rhyme." I thought to myself "Per-
haps not," and I've enjoyed writing much more
since.

When I was younger I loved all growing things,
Trees, flowers in the cycle of each year.
But now I look upon them with dislike . . . they'll last.
The little maple will grow on and on and give its shade
To people I will never see.
The roots I've nourished in my flower bed
Will go on living when I lie dead
And I begrudge them life.
Next year I think I'll only plant
The fragile annuals.

ON HER POETRY

When my book came out (Another Light) I was
immediately labelled 'The Poet of Old Age and
Death.' One reviewer in Chapel Hill even used
that as his headline: all the way across the top -
THE POET OF OLD AGE AND DEATH.



I think I have grown up.
And others think so, too.
They see me walk along the street
A little stooped, my grey hair blowing in the wind,
And steps uncertain.
And yet I know that if a yellow leaf
Comes skittering in my path and acorns fall
I still will step on acorns to hear them crack
And chase that leaf to catch and hold
A little of the year's end gold . . .
I am not old!