

**BEST POEMS  
OF THE '90S**

*The National Library*

## Rabbit Creek

Named for the old Cherokee Chief Rabbit.

The spirits of my ancestors call to me,  
Draw me irresistibly to Rabbit Creek.

Where my great great grandfather  
Owned a thousand acres of lush timber and farm land

Married an Indian woman  
And started married life in a dogtrot cabin.

Where my great grandfather  
Endured the terrible years of the Civil War

Lost three sons to that war  
And two more to an epidemic.

Where my grandfather, as a youth,  
And one of the slave boys hid the horses from the Yankees

Raised large families of the same name  
And remained friends throughout the years.

Where my father lived  
Until he was called to fight in France.

Now they all lie buried in the graveyard  
Of a little country church on Rabbit Creek.

*Lois Deal Bressler*

## A Mother Speaks To Her Poet Son

Your infantile face opened up  
with the blossoming of peach trees . . .  
Whom you resembled. But I wanted you  
more handsome still.

Within my eyes I hid you  
so your evolution from blossom to fruit  
might be ever so brief.

You growth left no footprints on my apron.  
Even as a toddler you yearned to catch the rainbow  
with your hand;  
but each time the rainbow drifted away  
with the hoary locks of the sky.

You came back crying.

Now you neither cry nor run after it.  
Because you have your own rainbow — of words.  
Is this nota rare thing of beauty?

Once I measured your growth by the palms of my hands.  
While now others measure it  
by the lines of poetry you write.

You are a poet  
and the poet's reach extends beyond the boundaries of space.

*Gjeke Marinaj*