



**CLEAN Environmental Education  
Virtual Creative Writing Workshop  
with Tina Mozelle Braziel**

**Ode and Anti-Ode Examples**

**To the Coosa River at Clear Springs Marina and Trailer Court**

**By Tina Mozelle Braziel**

**Published in [Known by Salt](#)**

Come evening, all tilts towards you,  
light sifts down until your waters hold  
more sheen than the sky.

Herons lift their backward knees  
along your banks as egrets flock  
to festoon the pines.

Like an outboard whining its way  
across your slough, then settling  
into an idle hum beside its pier, I linger,

wanting to hear your whisper hushing  
the trailers and me. I long to stay  
and feel the boat's wake kiss the fall-away shore.

Today I swam to the island, scratched  
between the horns of the goat who baas  
his lonesomeness and again

I was young and at home. I walked  
beneath pines once whitened  
by so many birds, their weight bent

the boughs beyond buoyancy.  
Tomorrow I drive cross county,  
making my way to settle beside another river.

I hear its waters run north and cold, too cold  
for swimming. Don't hold on to me  
like a mother, don't lay out this silken shine.

Let me go, but come with me,  
set my body atilt with your sway  
each night. Can't you shift like the egrets

who rearrange themselves from one branch  
to another, each nearness shining  
as perfect as the last and the next?



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**The Crawfather**

by Max Coryell

published in [The Writers Block 2019](#)

Crusty old crayfish,  
Sipping shot glasses  
Of river port poured  
From the cellar  
Of bottles under a stone.

Riffled current curtains  
Over the skylight  
Of your flooded crawlspace.  
Old eyes stare out at wisps  
Of flying fire in the twilight.

Gnarled, arthritic claws  
Scratch the tally mark  
Of another eon.

No family photographs remain  
Gone to the slow fade  
Of paper in your musty attic.  
Water on a tin roof  
Plays a half-forgotten melody  
With a southern night.

**Anti ode to a Spider**

By Bluejay

Published in [Hello Poetry](#)

Anti ode to a spider  
Oh, little spider,  
how can you be so tiny  
yet ever so scary?  
Why are you always around  
when nobody wants to see you?  
On all my best days,  
you show up and my heart races.  
Oh, little spider,  
how can you be seemingly  
harmless yet ever so deadly?  
Why is it I know fear  
will do no good though I scream?  
On the ground is where you belong,  
not crawling up my leg.  
Oh, little spider,  
I will never be your friend.  
And that's my anti ode to a spider.