

# Memories For One Eye

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*I began to take it seriously in high school and began what turned out to be the traditional seven years apprenticeship before I created my first real poem.*

*I was stunned. My first response was disbelief, but I was unable to deny the facts. I immediately dumped seven years of practice in the garbage and began my first volume of genuine poetry. I never looked back.*

*I cannot imagine a world without poetry. If I found myself in such a world, I would leave immediately.*

*One thing my training as a linguist taught me is that each language has concepts which it expresses better than other languages do. Languages have idioms and turns of phrase which speak volumes about the speaker's culture, life, outlook and history. Yet even if we were fluent in every tongue ever spoken, there are some things that are inexpressible within the disciplines of a language.*

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*Language arose to deal with the everyday world and only clumsily handles the extraordinary. The spiritual world needs a different vocabulary and syntax.*

*That's why we have poetry. That's why it's sacred.*

Even this shall pass  
away, for it is in  
time.

Always in time for the first battle  
bullrun bottle battle butt.

But if  
tomorrow isn't

then  
how today?  
Notice we ask naught  
why.  
Why, it is easy if you know how.  
How! Paleface speak  
with forked tongue  
forked flocked fucked folked  
tongue the larder of bees  
and the sons of bees.  
Go, delicately seize the seas  
without touching the see-weed.  
Part the salt from the water  
and take your choice  
your choice your choicest  
morsels feed the dogs  
dogging our footsteps  
fall  
Lucifer-like.  
We go our separate ways.  
I bid you grace and beauty.  
You must pay  
your own  
fare  
well.

### **The Trial**

Not insane, your honor, by reason of  
guilt.

(The jury is the future, witnesses  
are Them. The trial  
an unwise laughter. Only the  
sentence  
is real.)  
There are no walls anywhere. I

hammer

slylence.

toward your voice, against my

That frantic fool was one of us  
and not quite you, I think.

Nor me, though you may not  
believe it nevertheless

(ALWAYS the less!)

it is true at least.

witless...

Your honor, I call for my first

yesterday.

The adjournment is postponed til

The judge is dry as wit.

face is blown away

A gust of wind...the powder-dry

again.

and the leering vacuum appears

surprised just the same;

You knew it would, but you are

you are just the same.

Any last words?

In the beginning....

beginning? Liar!

But you know there was no beginning.

Can you face there was no

Not Guilty!

If you could, you wouldn't be here.

court.

My client pleads the mercy of the

The court has no mercy.

My client pleads his mother.

Off with her head!

My client pleads.

condemned. He knows!

What use? You know that he was long

He knows. For my last meal: Bagels

and locks.

                  We have no locks. Will keys do?  
                  Doors! Give me doors for my keys!  
Oak doors, iron doors,  
                  screen doors, scream doors, any  
doors for my keys!

                  The victim is too keyed-up, and the  
judge chuckled at his  
                  weticism, cracking his porcelain  
beard.

                  To the scaffold! On with his head!  
                  Help!  
                  There is no help.

*... "A false world ends in real debris" -- **Elder  
Olsen***

Weep only that it must have happened,  
not that it burned the day.  
Sooner or later, best perhaps at first,  
as all your close-held anger  
singed that heart too often  
and love went up in flames,  
leaving the best we could gather;  
ashes of a beauty that was.  
There are two kinds of tears  
and both have blessed this night  
and seeded the honest day.

*... "We move this way to keep from  
going blind" -- **Weldon Kees***

                  No need to scorn us, friend,  
                  you proud.

blind. We move this way to keep from going

All that we know of mind:  
a cloud.

blind. We move this way to keep from going

It ends as all things for us end:  
with tears.

No need to scorn us, friend.

You proud,  
a cloud with tears.

No need to scorn us, friend.

blind. We move this way to keep from going

The psycho-pseudo-hallucinatory world  
lies curled at our feet  
in all its sweet dispicability.

What pass for faces pass.

That bitter note you hear

is fear. The symphony is many notes.

The incomplicity is breathing worlds  
as worlds and times go by.

These cold, castrated, trembling functioneers  
click-click about their work

until the sun invites the night

to cover shame with silence and with chill.

Playtime, boys and girls! Have no fear!

Your faces are unknown, and who's to care?

Who dares concern, that twisted shapes  
and minds more twisted yet,

beget, regret, forget and spend their nights  
in quivering denial of themselves?

The would-be watchers have no time for you.

They too are torn by private passions,  
creeping sleepy in the dust. Lust

comes and goes, leaving sharp mismemories  
to garnish the winters of their age.  
Rage is never spoken of, and love  
is talked to death.  
Goodbye, goodbye! The tide is full  
of meaning, and Meaning is hog-tied.  
We sail tonight. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!  
It's time to go  
you know.

...*"we walk, if merry were, our  
merry way."* -- **Paul Goodman**

I don't go on willfully. I just  
continue.

I am beginning to learn that  
what I knew as Hope  
was merely Expectation.  
I go like a parachutist, having  
jumped

for the animal joy, just for the  
hell of it.

It's too late to stop and consider,  
waiting to be stopped  
finally,  
meeting the Earth.

When I have finally died for real  
and all your bright medicine men  
can't pump my silverdust of blood  
down those long corridors of so much of me  
as they can measure;  
when my irony at last gets the last word;  
when my sentiment plunges gloriously into oblivion,  
singing at the top of somebody's lungs;

when I'm dead, gone, out, fini, kaput and morte;  
then do for me this final kindness:  
Bring my flesh beneath a winter moon  
and lay me on a silver bier with roses,  
the soft-pink kind  
and strike a fire to the whole damn mess  
and stand back. The moon will claim her own.  
At dawn, grin at the sun for me  
and save my ashes in an earthen urn.  
In Autumn, when the hillsides turn to gold,  
wait for a day when the wind blows toward the West,  
then scatter my ashes, all that remains of me,  
and go home laughing.

Bird out of nowhere, white bird  
flying,  
let not your flight be questioned.  
No perch upon this dark earth  
but what the Earth contrives to  
steal your secret.

*Let not your flight be questioned!*  
Turn, bird,  
a grace on the stillair  
and answer with flight,  
white bird.

Keep today your silences. The world  
screams everything a man might wish to say.  
One need not speak of snowflakes in a blizzard  
nor curse at war with Armageddon here.  
The Elements - Earth, Fire, Water, Air -  
are dying now despite your litanies,  
and Man's unconscious, precognized defeat

is agonized through trumpets made for joy.  
Nothing that needs saying needs be said.  
The meaning of a word ends with its speaker. The  
listener  
hears a meaning of his own.  
If you must speak, speak personally,  
of love.

silence  
concealed.  
revealed,  
violence

What we tell ourselves in lieu of  
is counterpoint to what we keep  
If minds were tape-recorded and  
the accusation of our gentle  
would blow our world apart.

Nachtsmertz has a machine  
that hears what people whisper  
to themselves  
at night.

Nachtsmertz listens  
all night long.  
All day long  
he writes biographies.

### **The Unspoken Word**

It festers behind tight jaws,  
turns ugly and sour.  
Forced painfully out,  
falls like a stone

hard  
dead  
belonging to another time.  
And spreads an evil smell.

haste,  
time  
thing to do.

We bury the dead in convenient  
my family.  
A legacy perhaps.  
We were pioneers  
and those who struggle have little  
for Death.  
The act is stark, a black-and-white

cleaning our weapons,  
hay one year;  
accidental? -

The Puritan knife that was our Will  
carved a narrow way of life,  
for all that life's variety.  
By a dying fire, good hunters,  
we turn, curious, in our hands  
bits of lives that met our blade  
but did not turn it:  
a summer bluejay;  
a favorite mare;  
the odd young Englishman who cut the  
the son who drowned - was it  
big snows,  
short summers  
and a full table.  
Death  
was a held breath.

I bless the touch of love that follows Love,  
mellowing sorrow and polishing regret,  
as a jeweller turns a stone, through craft and care  
to something precious.

Only the shadow of a shadow  
marked where the white bird fell.  
Only the echo of an echo  
sounded the unicorn step.  
When Dark had stifled the affairs of  
man,  
the mythical beast arose.  
Of Shadow born, to Echo wed,  
the breeding darkness woke to find  
itself  
supreme,  
alone,  
and built the Earth out of its  
loneliness.  
And, lest it be too generous to  
mankind,  
invented Memory.

A plain of silver grass and one black horse,  
one horse that ran beneath the lime-green sun.  
And out of his mouth, a dove;  
and out of his head, a rainbow;  
and the great red heart sang, sang.  
And a white mare stamped the Earth,  
dreaming of silver plains.

Gray shadows rose on the sharp air,  
yellow

air of summer.  
Riding a glance beyond horizons.  
And the earth cried out in its  
emptiness  
and ash-white graves  
clutched at the passing birds.

Out of the darkcore, into the wind  
the blackcrystal wind of night,  
a great white bird flew  
delicate as sunlight  
singing the beginnings  
of a new sun.

Three birds came to announce the  
wind,  
the soft blue wind,  
three birds flying as one  
over the hard green earth.  
The garden was quiet, very  
quiet  
as if *things*  
were buried there.  
And one red rose  
(so dark dark dark it seemed about  
to bleed)  
fell red-bursting on the silver air  
and shattered the hard green earth.

I have my heritage, and yet I seek  
for those who are exactly what they are,  
that my time be worth the time it takes to be.

than kind,  
myself.

The women I have known were more  
and yet, I brought no gift beyond  
It seemed so insufficient at the  
time.

I hold your kiss tonight inside my mind  
and touch the gift your womanhood will bring;  
for you are true to youth, and I am silent  
to tell you how you are  
more than you know.

sits  
sand,

At the edge of a desert a coyote  
watching the shadow black upon the  
the shadow of a bird that cannot be.  
The ignorant beast unveils his fangs  
and trots in sly pursuit.  
Beneath scrub cedar he waits  
and sees flat darkness hover by.  
He leaps. The gray dust rises  
dry and choking.  
Silence seeps between triumphant  
gasps.

The shadow is gone. The coyote is  
content.

When symbols finally overcome their source  
and I feel more the host and less the guest  
in Mankind's pleasant house of fantasy  
I shall return to where my heart can rest.  
I shall wander on a Western shore

and build a place of quiet to abide  
and watch the ebb and flow of endless skies  
and muse upon the ways of man and tide.  
By heather-perfumed sunlit gentle hills  
that step so lightly down to greet the sea  
beside white cliffs that guard the pebbled shore  
where sea-birds carve their silent melody,  
there will my mind be witness as it can  
unto a world never made by Man.

I make my way through hillsides  
spread with gold  
and listen to the passage of the  
deer.  
Now my city mind is brought to  
rest  
and my wilderness heart awakens to  
me here.  
No trail threads among the silver  
spruce  
but has its double running through  
my soul  
and, unconcerned, I let each trail  
lead me  
alone, but never lonely, to its  
goal.  
The hawk and eagle, beautiful and  
cruel,  
invite the peaks to join them in the  
sky  
and rise up like a challenge to the  
sun  
while down below lie Earth and Beast  
and I.  
And though I'm stabled in a city  
stall,

a part of me is still a coyote's  
call.

Dawn broke cloudy and no sun arose.  
In this bleached night no single sound was heard.  
Rain hesitated, waiting for some word.  
Not all the darkness is outside, God knows.

The Sun so lightly hid its heart  
out of pretended sophistry  
and Moon fell screaming screaming  
down

and there was a smear of blood  
across her breasts.

Moon-white her flesh,  
Moon-cold her ivory tears,  
but hot as Hell itself  
her voice, crying  
blood, blood, blood  
that must be paid with blood.

In a cloudy dawn, the rain  
hesitated  
long enough for a white  
bird  
to define the edge of Now.

Yellow yellow winds thread tree-to-  
tree  
weaving nets to catch a silver bird.  
The granite rocks have whispered a  
gruff warning.  
The silver bird hears, laughs, and

flies aaaaawwaaayyy!

There are some silences that are not dark,  
just as there are shadows made of silver.  
Only a fool could fail to believe  
but more the fool who thinks such days will last.  
For love is like an ocean, wild or calm,  
whose beauty is its changeless rule of change.  
Yet every ocean has its time-teased shores  
and every wanderer comes home at last.  
Now fast at harbor, wiser, weatherbeaten,  
an echo rages in the sailor's bones  
and he remembers to his dying day  
bright silences and shadows made of silver.

*Remembering*

*one woman*

*dark*

*birds flew  
inexplicable*

*birds*

*across*

*the sun.  
And explanation*

*a primitive*

*wariness*

*held*

*above*

*the tongue.*

Oh sweet improbable of guess, and

who was I to know

that words I spoke in faith would  
turn out true?

I looked into your eyes tonight and  
memories returned

of nights I saw your eyes and  
witnessed you.

And Memory was in the air, for when  
your hand touched mine,

it clung and, hesitating, dropped  
away

as if you sensed the love we had was  
even now not done

and in your laugh was what you dared  
not say.

Old dreams, lost dreams, mirrors and  
memory,

dark nights, dark eyes, kiss and  
leave us true.

I do not seek remembrance in your mind  
that labyrinth of immovable images  
through which your restless sparroweyes will flash,  
seeking the remnants of a singing dawn.

When I am gone and the starburned nightingale  
of your dark blood investigates the years  
let it find no trace of me in that soft night  
but as a tear that falls into surprise  
from some unguessed delight of yesterday.

For such of me as persists within your flesh  
should be unknown, or it bring you to regret.

Then hold me blindly in your Autumn hand  
and tell your children some careless phrase of mine  
but forget the origin of the words your speak,

that only my love may claim immortality  
as innocent wisdom, a heart within your heart.

Pacific ocean, calmer of my heart  
stretching your endless blue across  
the miles,  
how confidently you ease me with  
your art  
when in your breadth I see my  
lover's smiles.  
And how your breakers clatter on the  
shore  
and seem to slice the tropic night  
in half  
as waves in their self-echoing  
delight  
match the music in my lover's laugh.  
Sea of Quiet, how your boundless  
deeps  
give me but a hinting of the whole,  
as - half impassioned, more than  
half asleep -  
her sea-deep eyes reveal my lover's  
soul.  
I love you most, serene, pacific  
water  
because you are her mother ... or  
her daughter.

I have too thick a skin to fear the thorns,  
God knows. You know  
I'm defenseless with a rose.

*Preoccupied with images*

*I have been passed*

*street  
by love*

*thousand woman-feet  
whose steps were abstract*

*of love*

*upon a real*

*upon a*

*to Oblivion.*

You think  
your game of unreality is cheap  
at most, a way to kill some time  
until arrives a morefun fantasy.  
What do you have worth more than the  
time your burn?

You have your dreams  
and life has its revenge  
(for the fantasy is cheap but dearly  
bought

and the cost of maintenance is high  
acid-high, grass-high  
or just plain flip-out).  
I'm sort of a funny bird myself  
but there are some games that I will

not be

shaved ape

back.

You don't believe me? Baby,  
it's your doubt!  
If you're so smart, then where's

your magic

wand?

On the floor  
amid the Sunday papers and old magazines  
on the floor  
lies a roll of rice-paper  
once thought suitable for a scroll  
a mural perhaps of poems.  
Romantic. At the time it seemed  
a good idea,  
one of those beauties I never got around to doing.  
It lies empty blank unwrit-upon  
like an idea never bodied in an act.  
And forty feet of tissue paper that missed its  
chance  
sullenly reproaches me  
and claims kinship with other things I know.

What is it I said  
baby bothering you?  
Is the greentooth girl come  
gobbling your candy  
motherhood?  
Stares the red-eyed watcher  
on your goldenwindowblind  
nudity?  
Or maybe  
the yellow balloon  
that broke some twenty years ago  
and your heart?  
Your first love still remembers  
you and I have not forgotten  
yet. What more  
could you expect?  
Baby  
what the Hell I said

is it  
with you?

You chase perfection  
and if today isn't  
then  
goodbye tomorrow.  
Even things complete  
call up memories of when  
and then  
you die.  
And if you think  
you have troubles  
now  
just wait  
until you stumble  
onto Beauty.

Baby I could say Oh  
all sorts of things and things  
to please you and to please you  
I will  
say So.  
But you got to remember  
they're just  
things said.  
If I get real  
you got to expect it  
now  
(let's remember Beauty is a luxury)  
and then.

When your blood moves  
slower than parting lovers

and night's own beast  
grazes upon disaster  
in the loneliness of dawn you'll hear a horn  
sweeter than an angel's dreams of God.  
Then look for me from your window  
and me upon the meadows  
along of the drowsy trees  
waking the birds.  
Then look for me from your dooryard  
and myself down the street,  
turning the corner  
as if it were Ace of Trumps.

is planned  
understand.

All the sorrow of Eve is in her face  
as she perceives the way the world  
and in her hand the future of the  
race  
and on her face the plea to

The wind swings North by West  
and I hear you  
singing in your heart.  
The wind blows from Southeast  
and I feel your  
fingers on my soul.  
And the wind dies  
and leaves us  
hanging in the air.

aside  
the sheets of night and, naked,

Like the Earth that yawns and flings

meets the day,

out of darkness, out of sleep I come  
to kneel at last, who never learned  
to pray.

Like a bird that fills its silver  
throat  
with praise of all each new-dawned  
day will bring,  
full of hope and filled with simple  
awe

I lift my voice, who never learned  
to sing.

Like the tumbleweed before the wind  
which moves with grace for all it  
moves by chance,

I set myself adrift and seek the  
breeze

to leap for joy, who never learned  
to dance.

Because I love, the world is fresh  
and new.

I learn, I am, I say myself...for  
you.

The sea-slick landscape, oil-bled and gray,  
goes slapping gently at the piers each day.  
The sturdy wood must think it can withstand  
the water's formless, weak and splashing hand.  
So we may laugh at all the blows of life  
because the world is so inept at strife.  
The piers forget the water's strongest trait:  
although the wood rots slow, the sea can wait.

This innocence, this beauty yet  
unnamed,

smile,  
strength,  
truth,  
of face,  
expectations;  
lips,  
unseen,  
role,  
innocence.

this untamed, fragmentary, virgin  
this mild helplessness, concealing  
this lengthy, comic, circumvented  
this ruthless, serious, child's cast  
these pacing eyes that measure  
the explanations hiding in those  
these hips suggesting nights as yet  
the being, aloof, concentered on a  
this soul that binds me with its

The chief objection to a tear  
is that it makes one's sight unclear.

It is not wise to toy with Irony.  
It is a habit alien to the soul  
but native to the mind.  
Whereby we find  
a man can die  
laughing.

Three pregnant ladies waddle down the street  
and when they meet  
reflections in the window, peer inside  
to hide self-consciousness

I guess, or they  
are just concerned with Insides maybe.  
Baby doesn't know how  
proudly Mama hides his size.  
He lies  
within  
while mamas grin  
and talk of things like Him and Her.  
And so it were: three pregnant ladies  
waddling into Spring.

*The day was summer  
and Central Park  
turned over on its griddle.*

**Everything was settled  
until the pigeons went home  
angry.**

*In June  
the snowplows ran amok  
from boredom.*

**Dawn came on strong  
and streetlights tiptoed off.**

*All the snakes surrendered  
when the subways married.*

**One day at noon  
the buildings walked away.  
By nightfall  
the stones had learned to dance.**

Who are you  
When you're not  
Who  
You think  
You are?

Bits of time are finite,  
countable.  
Some people spend their time  
counting.

If you would leap, take care  
you do not stumble  
over the World  
's steppingstones.

For one to deal in broken imagery,  
the objects of another hand and  
will,  
restlessness,  
regrets  
memories.  
breaking,  
is breaking,

the fabricated births of  
Oh that is art more brewed with deep  
than half-a-hundred lovers'  
Art is both the molding and the  
the turning of corners when the dawn  
the re-unfragmentation of the soul,

the skill to catch the heart just  
when it's breaking.

Tatters and the naked man beneath  
and the grime of the forsaken past  
and the keepsake purity of what was future,  
more anger than a failure can maintain,  
a rigid pride where wisdom would be silent.  
This man has seen harsh seasons  
yet none so bitter as his shade.  
You who find a challenge in each sound,  
notice the scars and the shuddering reflex,  
consider how he came by his compassion  
and wonder that  
his touch burns like a brand-iron.  
There was a time he moved as an animal  
and his will sufficient for his reach.  
There was a once he did not feel his skin crawl  
at the sight of a suspended moment  
or gasp to hear his world  
crumble beneath thundering centuries  
and hush.  
The knowledge of his world as it fell,  
it cracked across his mind and who he was.  
This man remembers an instant out of time  
when he shared  
God.

The unreal pain finds ways to sting  
the thing which is not there.  
The non-existent footstep rings  
on the non-existent stair.  
Nature defeats this minor  
technicality  
by birthing minds which also lack

reality.

Where the moon stands  
look for the angry wind  
fresh from victory over the fragile sun.  
Where the moon stands  
look for the blackthorn trees  
surrounding the helpless hill.  
If traces of the pale-ash moon  
survive the wind's attack,  
if silver moonstabs penetrate  
the blackthorn wall,  
look for a hand's-breadth of rarity  
(Oh once-in-a-lifetime-vision, life, new life!)  
and on your palm read mirrored  
the world's destiny and your own.

When I realized  
my father didn't have a moustache,  
I felt sad.  
And when I realized  
I didn't have a father,  
I felt like killing the bastard,  
all because of a moustache.

Somehow, it seems to take a whole lot more  
to satisfy me than it did before.

Commitments and a strict morality  
have hurricaned the mind's most  
sweeping arc  
and left the twisted arts that might

have been,  
windy dark.  
of sin;  
eye;  
might cry.  
dark,  
cry.  
might have been?  
eye,  
commitments and a strict morality.

screaming for light in furious,  
A child's voice that asks the name  
and older voice that seeks a child's  
hintings of a pure fatality;  
these are things for which a man  
Visions habitate the close-held  
promising one last fatality,  
thrown into a heaven-searing arc,  
free of innocence and free of sin,  
blessing those still free enough to  
What stopped the passage of what  
Seeing once more as by a child's

The grass is  
earlyspringlike  
coverednotquitecovered  
with light  
snow  
patches connected  
yet interrupt  
ed and continuously  
dis con tin u ous.  
Doublesight lightnings with visions  
paradoxing grass-and-snow  
with the phenomenal uniqueness  
of grass

blade  
and snow  
flake.  
Things are, in many ways.

                                  I will remember water and silver and  
wind                                  in a pale sky. I witnessed what I  
saw;  
                                  the hand that shapes experience from  
event,  
                                  smiles, tears and silences that  
spoke,  
                                  blood that sang and things  
unwordable,  
                                  the tune that mingles with a woman's  
voice  
                                  when Love is noun and verb and  
adjective,  
                                  when you and I seem somehow quaintly  
past  
                                  in the unexpected present tense of  
We.  
                                  There is no end to this, for having  
been,  
                                  it will be, as long as memory.  
                                  After the storm and sadness of  
goodbye,  
                                  you I remember: water and silver and  
wind.

They say they care, and cynic those like me  
who doubt that they are very much concerned.  
And then they die and do not care again.  
I have seen a thing to haunt my sleep:

Eyes that mourn, in a face too proud to weep.

Though there is no peace  
outside of death  
and though death is a myth  
so there is no peace,  
I would not mind so much  
if today didn't cost me  
all my yesterdays.

Still Life with Lemon  
with sour grapes and rue,  
with sorrow and tomorrow and you,  
with choices  
unchosen,  
buds never to flower,  
an unpassed past,  
the future always in the future,  
and no Today. No  
Now.  
Living still  
life.  
Why?

I urge my roses on,  
coaxing reluctant blooms  
from bad-tempered stalks.  
They naturally resent it and impale  
me

every chance they get,  
but I'm afraid if I left them alone  
they'd never bloom again.  
What a shock to find one wild in the  
woods,

covered with a carpet of flowers.  
In their own good time...

I wake up in the middle of the night  
speaking bad French or mediocre German.  
I don't speak French at all  
except when I'm asleep  
and little German  
at any time  
except when I'm angry.  
When I'm very angry  
I speak Russian.  
When I'm absolutely enraged  
I shit in English.  
So  
there I was  
being philosophical in French  
and my philosophy  
(my French being what it is)  
sucked.  
Or rather, it remained unexpressed,  
like anger and love and other  
things I could mention.  
Sometimes I think I do that  
deliberately - philosophize in French.  
It reminds me how much is  
inexpressible  
in any tongue.

What  
if  
we  
all  
decided to                   ?



Sorting through the collection of our lives  
having decided on  
a rummage sale of the soul  
we gaze curious and disremembering  
on joys and pleasures  
pricing them by whim  
til all are sold.  
We will not sell our pain  
at any price.

Some people throw us Life Preservers,  
some people just throw stones.  
We seize what's nearest  
and wonder as we s  
i  
n  
k  
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### **CHUMLEY'S**

It is pleasant to see  
the poet/letter-writer/whatever she is  
smile  
as she looks up from the paper,  
smile as she glances at the others  
or at some private thought  
or because she feels like it.  
She has a nice  
smile.

I'm jealous because I didn't invoke  
it.

Maybe I did. Maybe  
she smiled at the sight of me.  
And maybe  
she just smiled.  
It suffices. Today  
is not a total waste.  
Thank  
you.

There are beauties I have seen  
over the years and over the years  
the beauties cling in memory  
like cockleburs, persistent, tiny  
and a little bit irritating.

God, I love beautiful women! I  
could  
spend my life in adoration.  
But more I love more usual women  
in those moments when their beauty  
leaks out.

### **Brooklyn Heights In Spring**

Amazed at the variety  
of people every  
size/shape/headstate.  
What most attracts, surprises and disgusts me  
is that each thinks  
he has  
the Secret,  
knows best how

to live  
Life.

The women are pursuing themselves  
as time permits, as times permit,  
for their lives are complicated  
by the men. The women put up with them.  
It uses most of their energy,  
putting up with the men.

What there was to take,  
I gladly took.  
What there was to give,  
I gave with joy.

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Oh long-lost love, you stand there in the rain.  
I have not yet forgot the heartache and the song.  
Today I cannot say which of the two is dearest.  
I only know that both have have left their wounds.  
But one without the other were Today without  
Tomorrow  
so I accept them both, the sorrow and the joy.

Wenn man ein Wunder sehen wuerde,  
muss man ein Wunder sein.  
Aber die Seele is nicht zu gut;  
der Kopf is viel zu klein.  
Gehst du so froelich durch die Welt,

wirst du zum Ende kommen.  
An jeder Stadt ist Tod gestellt.  
So is dein Leben genommen.