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After Tomorrow

04 November 2022

I remember from time to time
how those moments when humans
are worse than isolation resolve
into moments when all one can do
is sit quitly, staring off into
tomorrow, as if it won't also
be much like today, and I wonder
what happens the day after tomorrow
when all of us wake up anew.

It is not for me

04 November 2022

Here they are, as ever, making the weaker argument appear stronger, uneven in thinking, so tipsy in mind. What great folly, if even the end of historic progressions or else the result of some King's stiff command. We are tired by now and its restlessness, drawn to all corners of the imagination by a call no less real than a fairy-tale and no more real than the earth. It has drained us of every ambition, but this is no reason to scream, no, the screaming is part of the problem. I ask you for once to be ruled, if you will, if you can, but it is not for me that I'm asking.

No Reason

25 October 2022

Many things happen for no reason.
We dare to admit it now.
The future, hazy, approaches.
We hold a wet finger in the wind.
It answers thus: mankind unfettered,
the child a universe at play.

Risible Time

25 October 2022

Born against odds in a risible time,
thou shall rise, as thy parents
before thee did rise, and shall fall
up and back to that risible sky,
with it's empieest center, near time.

All Silence

14 October 2022

This moment I'm writing to you
as a man who has lived to see death
not in morbid obsession but only
in rapturous reality. Yes, it is true,
there are things and not just me and you.
Answer softly, my sweet, when I ask you
to be near me now as things fade.
We are dying as sure as we're living.
But listen for me past the hearth flare, in chill air.
I wait for you there in all silence.

As Ever

14 October 2022

We no more renew the song
of time wherein by masquerade
the "mortal dross" transforms into
eternity. No more! We live, as ever,
in the flowing, thingly river, day
by day dissolving in new ways
of speaking thought, and so we ought,
if time has brought us here, if time itself
would like to bring us near.

Time

14 October 2022

Walk here on this beach with me,
where time is, in the evening of
its missionary gaze, the goal to save
all who will hear. Walk here with me,
where gods can die, and often do.
Walk here, but slowly. Know those waves,
the ones you've learned how not to hear.
You'll hear them now, so gently falling down
upon all things. So time falls, so it goes,
and so we go, into the crypt of time,
where all days are reborn, are born, and die.

Afterthought on the Romantics

21 September 2022

They strove to bring the dark into the light.
What evident folly, yet an understandable urge
to *see* the dark, there, always. It *is* there,
but it cannot be seen. It is the absence of sight,
a lack of presence. To make *this* present
is to hollow what remains. Instead, we now learn
how to build, with subtle lighting, some cool nave
of stone, where light and shadow interplay.
This way we can keep both, and keep them well.

Gettysburg

September 21 2022

Before the dawn one evening, I went down
to Jackson city, to remember why we here
do not live there. It was a cool miseducation
in the ways of segregation, but it was not
what those elsewhere like to say. I saw a people,
many hungry, some devoted, some misguided, one or two
with hope to spare – in other words, they were a people
like the rest. True, they owned slaves, or those
before them did, but this fact cannot be washed away
with any amount of blood. We ought to know by now
that history is fickle, and remains despite our sternest glare.
There is no way to make it vanish. Nonetheless,
we can move forward, and have done it, though
with golden thread to bring us home. Have you observed
how every poem stacked in order waits in reserve?
They are like people under the lash of cold machines.
Our words have suffered. They have lied to you,
although they had no choice. The words are not
the problem, though they are a symptom, and I hope by now
you know the disease. I am at ease to write,
it's true, but we are not at ease while living,
and eternal life makes us less easy still. Before the dawn,
consider what can still be spoken, and,
more troublingly, think what can speak no more.
It is the silence calling us this time of night.
Beware the apathy of drowning in the noise.
I hear the call of many chain-gangs in the wind.
I hear their rattle, and they will not be ignored
but seek no vengeance. They would like to sleep again
and be released at last from pain. Could we oblige them?
I think so, though it would take a serious effort
and one not like what we've dared to try before.

--

I do not believe in Lincoln. I cannot.
He was a feckless Hegelian, couched in Biblical tones.
He did not govern well. I've said it and will
say it again, he cowed to violence, could not admit
that states wished to secede. Oh, what a sneaky devil,
blind in the face of the obvious. There is no forthcoming millenium
where all peoples of all colors live as one. De Tocqueville
said so. Yet we try and try and try. I do not know
what else we could try, but we at least could notice the obvious,
that humans are still human despite the violence.
We are here, as we have always been, as prone to hate as love.

It will not change. What wars are necessary to teach this once and for all?
I fear the answer as I fear the blight of winter.

--

Why am I here, able neither to remember
nor forget? To absorb solemnity left
by dying men? Or to be thoughtful
about how little we know? These men,
brave men no doubt, died hard, but why?
Should we dare also to die? Again? But why?

--

Had Freedom died? Or was it just then mortally struck?
Why was the new birth *necessary*, and could it be needed again?
And needed by whom? I may digress, but you would not forgive
serenity at a time like this, when lady liberty labors
to bring life into the world. Would we, then, also
be reborn? Some time ago was one, and yet
another, who spoke hauntingly of birth. Where have they gone?
Where have *we* gone? I think old freedom lives
and could not be reborn, for it was never born.
It merely *is*, beyond the pale of all that ever
comes to womb. It merely is, on its own terms,
in its own time. Say Lincoln knew this.
Likely he'd forgotten, like most others
of his day, but say he knew it. Could we have
a greater leader? Could mankind then rise past folly
after all? Just say he knew it. Say he knew it
for the scores of years of bloodshed we've endured.
War is not pretty, no, but neither is our peace.
The fools immortalize his words, against the wishes
of those very words. I'd have this plaque removed,
along with all the noisy monuments, and rather
listen closely as the ghosts here tell their tale.

Old Flames

12 September 2022

As I sit, I remember the point of the story,
the struggle to keep out the cold.
It was always getting colder, no matter the weather,
and we, like frontiersmen, built houses and fires
to keep ourselves warm. But the houses grow old,
fires dim, and the embers are hardly remembered.
I say, as I sit, I remember those embers,
how long-dwindled fires once burned in our hearts,
or if not in ours, then in our grandfathers' hearts.
But we are the ones who are here (they are not, or may be
but are not as they were), yet their embers remain
unremembered. I think that is sad, but not new.
As I sit, I remember a time, and another,
when history was not remembered. I will not give names,
but you likely know that this is true.
There's a cold wind breathing at the door.
It's for us, and against us. I think we do well
to remember it. Even the best insulation
will never make heat. We will need a new flame.
We must ask where the old flames have gone.

One of Us

12 September 2022

The veiled criticism always says
how dare you not be one of us.
Yes, be yourself, but first be
one of us, of us, of us...

I cannot do it, not with thirty legions,
not for all the world.

12 September 2022

How many voices drown in that wind,
unable to make it across?

Sandcastles

12 September 2022

I am watching the children build sandcastles.
I know they won't mind, though I think they will wonder
what keeps me away. I am not one to join
where I know that the wind and the waves will destroy.
But I do not mind watching. Sometimes their achievement
is marvelous, but I cannot silence
the sound of the crashing waves. It's like time,
you know, after a long day, when the quitting bell rings.
That bell rings for me always, and over such noise
little castles of sand have no hold. I don't mind, though,
watching, and sometimes I wish I could join them.
It would be like hope, you know, after a long doubt.
But I cannot shake loose of the grip of the sea.
I will watch these new sandcastles fall, like the last,
and leave only some footprints behind.

Aletheian

31 August 2022

Some do not wish to join the project of empire,
even after all these years. I shall call them
Aletheian, to distinguish them from Roman soldiers
eager for command. They rather seek what's hidden
in the inner world of things, a world forgotten
in the mad rush for imperium. But be things as they may,
these few are hidden, too, unnoticed in the roaring crowd,
the crowd as blind as ever, and no less so for their service.
Oh, the Aletheians have endeavors too, like maybe breaking through
the cycle of hereditary bullying, which, for Caesar,
would make servants of us all. But serving whom?
But more than this, these simply watch for signs,
believing that a god, or something, speaks
and can be heard. I like this last pursuit
a little, and much more than I like empire.
I think I am just half an Aletheian, and part Roman,
but would like to be much more. I dare say you,
dear reader, many years from now, shall be much more.

Hitler's Bunker

31 August 2022

Americans closing in, after ravaging
much of Italy, I wonder, did any
ask, "What have we done?
What rubble becomes our heritage?"
If any living would know themselves,
I counsel reflection upon these years
when fascists strove to make Rome stick for all.
But now the rubble (no more storied columns,
monuments of power believed), becomes a doom.
Destruction has a new allure, the fasces
christen every room, and man no longer
wills to be alone. It is the total will
that governs even "freedom-loving" people. Where is safe?
There are still mountains, true, but mankind
cannot thrive outside the law, and in our time
the law abuses some for fun.
This must be known if we still
wish to be made human. Both hard sides
of contradiction must be grasped and known.
We need the law. The law abuses.
If there be an easy answer, I don't know it.
This I know: some govern well, but others
move within the doom of Hitler's bunker,
where all hope is lost, the only option death.
Be not like them, consumed by hate,
nor hating them, for then hate wins,
but neither drown in naive love, for man
loves dominance most, for reasons unknown,
and this will never change. Carve out
a home away from man's cold quest
and rule it well. This is called happiness.
One wonders that the Hitlers could not find it
seeking total domination from the bunkers of the world.

Lady in the Rain

31 August 2022

Evening mistful after rain,
I saw a woman's perfect form,
no halo, but a song fell from her lips.
She said to hope again,
and all was like the rain.

No, it was not a dream,
no journey through Lothlorien
could pass this way,
though she draws from that well,

And who's to say just which
of us inhabited the other?

Mingled Being

31 August 2022

What is it that calls for children?
Why do women weep to see their offspring
leap through flowers? I suspect it is
like that which summons poetry,
what one has called "the unreserve of mingled being."
Hear now how the many voices speak
of loved commeraderie,
as though this be essential to their frame.
I do not know what calls if not
enticement to the game of mixture,
turning one and one to something more.
The dance is waiting ere we learn it,
blending what presents with what we are.
So travel cautiously. Beware the swamps
that pull things down. Avoid the soggy
groundless ground. Instead recall
the energy of youth, and how your mother wept.
They were not tears of pity, no, of joy,
to see herself in you, of you, with you.
And mingled with you, Being, in its full array of flowers,
alive to tell.

Such Surprises Must Be

31 August 2022

The way scientists mishandle surprises,
you'd think they were born in a lab
with all variables controlled, where the mother
deduced from first principles that a good time had come.
They go on to the end of surprises,
but there is no end to it, no world
of babies by babies for babies.
Can anyone handle the unrest of history?
Nature has laws! they will say,
thus forgetting that emperors need not obey.
So who then shall be emperor?
I'd vote for one who rules justly,
loves mercy, and cares for his country as his own,
one who knows with compassion
the suffering drawn from surprises,
and that such surprises must be.

The Ground is Lava

31 August 2022

Late one morning, I ventured
to know myself, like the thinkers demand,
but before I had gone through the threshold,
I saw that the ground had returned to primordial soup.
As I gazed at that chaos, I thought of how children
pretend that the ground becomes lava.
How wise they are, unlike ourselves,
who pretend that foundations are solid
in order that we might erect some grand edifice.
Children know well that foundations are fluid,
and that we just do what we can.
Ask the children how much they believe,
or, importantly, *why* they believe.
I suspect they have far purer reasons.

Thinking Deeply

31 August 2022

I have been to the place
where truths are born, I have heard
the sirens call me there,
but I rarely return. It is dark there,
and cold, and no homes endure
the hard swirling of winds.
But I'm still thinking deeply,
traditions in mind, because
this is the only way to think.
All else is chaos breeding chaos.
But stiffened traditions expire,
a new generation arises,
and all that is left to the thinkers
are keen ears for cold winds of change.

Too Playful

31 August 2022

The poem grows from the same place
as child's play, the soil of human possibility.
What *can* we be? Maybe doctors or lawyers
or dragon-slayers, or maybe plants
or gemstones or rye. But children
grow older, and most forget play,
though its lessons stay with us, for
we are our playthings, we are what we play,
and at one time you knew that.

I write to remind you, though it is no use,
because patients are sick, because clients are angry,
and dragons are burning down villages, but you
are too busy to play with me. If only you knew
that your play is play too, we'd grow wiser together,
and maybe you'd learn about truth
and its too playful hold over you.

Craftsman

20 August 2022

The craftsman in this body
(not the one above the stars)
devised this poem. Would you know him?

20 August 2022

On this rock,
I have placed my insignia,
placed it where all can see,
as a warning against what has been
and an omen of what must still be.

On this rock,
I explain my old purpose
in words not yet known to most people,
to teach and explain what we're doing here,
lost as we are on Promethean shores.

The New Frontier

02 August 2022

"It is and it is not, and, therefore, is"

- Wallace Stevens, *A Primitive Like an Orb*

What have we learned in seventy years?
What are the lessons of that war
which lately ripped both Europe and Asia
to pieces, that broke our faith, but left us here?
If God is dead, what takes his place?
Or must the place itself change, into
something open, free for exploration, undefined?
It is, is not, and therefore is,
just like ourselves, our lives, and our surrounding aura.
Who would dare to pin things down again?
Yet how could beasts like us survive
without restraint and limitation?
We have known the pain of man and his machines
on heaven's throne, have suffered Cromwell's vengeful reign
for nigh four centuries. This war (the one succeeding,
recall, the one to end all wars) is but the climax
of the heavenly interregnum. But what *person*
dares to sit on such a throne again?
Are we so human? Human still, despite our deepest cravings,
loyal subjects to an absent king. Why can't we let God rest in peace?
We hear the wind disturb the leaves, those covering his grave.
It's us, the ones you chose to save,
and then abandoned to the formless blur,
which is, is not, and therefore is.
Let's on with it, then, to the new frontier,
where our longings are answered more plainly
and with less fear.

21 July 2022

A Platonist declares that all is Soul,
but now we doubt it. Rather, we believe
in clocks that wind themselves, and Nature too.
But what makes Nature go? We'd love to know,
but still we don't. Though answers sometimes
run their course, some questions last forever.
But has no one noticed Plato's chosen mode?
In discourse questions outrank answers
two to one. So when a Platonist declares
on any subject, greet him with a question,
see how well he knows his master's teaching.
Yet let's not discard a theory for a worse one.
Ask, who makes the clock? Not I. And then ask: Why?

Beatific Visions

16 July 2022

I doubt those people on television
realize they're dressed like angels,
calling us back to a realm we reject,
and I think it's a bit out of place
to put these hopes in masters of commerce,
when such hopes are sky-born or nothing.
What see we in movie stars anyway?
Billboards, book covers, and internet ads
still elicit our peasant repentance.
What for? For not being divine enough,
same as before, and yet let me explain:
none are holy. You're made it this far,
you must know that by now.

It's amazing, isn't it, just how much
thought there has been about everything.

Thereby I wander, but what does it mean
to be *lost* in a *place* that is lost?
It means everything. Stand here with me
and observe that at last
all the cracks in the firmament
outline a God-shaped void.

We are ready for solid food,
culled from earth,
even that which comes only through violence.

Socrates and Confucius

16 July 2022

In Persia, some say the great thinkers
once met on a precursor to the Silk Road.
They discussed how things change and how some
stay the same, legend has it, but most they discussed
how beginnings occur, both well-versed in this,
one saying History, the other Rationality.
Neither equipped to dissemble his equal,
they talked after dark, in the desert
where lately Zarathustra laid waste to the mind.
Who can say now what echoes remain there,
or which will endure?

Theodicy

16 July 2022

The Nazis proved that God's law
can be violated with impunity
for a time. It was, after all, America
who stopped them. God was mute.
And if there still be any who would claim
that Auschwitz fits some higher plan,
I say I do not wish to serve such Planning
or a God who makes such plans.
With this, I often wonder
if Herr Hitler has his final laugh,
for though, of course, we beat them,
one long draught of their Nepenthe
has us losing our identity.
They *proved* that God is silent
in the midst of desperate anguish.
Who believes now that he listens?
Do the screams not matter much
to his big mind? But let us alter here,
and ask God what he is. We may be wrong
without discarding years of questions. We may ask
without demanding certain answers. We may think
without deciding in advance. Must God use reason? Why?

Belly of the Whale

11 July 2022

Consumed by the fool's errand of making life painless,
we could never be bothered to think
along lines that were not predetermined,
defined by the will of the faceless consumers
like us, who ran everything. Speechless,
we floundered through chaos and form,
but from time to time one had to wonder
what all of it meant, else succumb
to the roar of consumption
enduring through slogans and signs
and most firmly in minds made of mud
baked like stone. I was never a part of this,
never aligned with the spineless
who bear no weight, who will crack under any demand,
for demanding betrays their life's purpose.

Again, these are errands for fools, but of course
fools speak louder than thinkers and rule all
but auspicious places, those private lands
governed by men who will tolerate no more,
who instead choose to stretch themselves out before knowing
and learn what the gods have in store.

The beatings continue, morale doesn't care,
and one wonders how punishment ever was thought
to cure suffering, or how anyone stands it.
But stand it they do, if they must.
Deeper silence where agony once named a people.
How now to take heart and oppose this new ocean of troubles,
or else turn to brooding for future's sake?

I sing from the belly of the whale,
which pursues its perfection for all,
which leaves open no quarter for others,
which swallows each culture in all,
which cares nothing for time past or future,
whose whiteness is barely a memory,
whose grayness is given by all.

With the hour both hidden and late,
I cry out for the sea-foam to hear me.

Emerge

11 July 2022

In America, we know God
changes his mind. We oblige him
with all of our talk about time
and Democracy. Where, after all,
does one find something permanent.
Surely not here, where we bind
ourselves freely to change, and await
the next Mind, with its talk
about how all is fine.
But ennui is outdated, and we
feel confined by ourselves
and our origins, soaking with brine,
emerge fresh from the foam to remind us
how we know God changes his mind.

Liberty and Justice

11 July 2022

Someone should tell New England
that God has not made up his mind
about how to best organize life,
nor should we, being free.

But why freedom? What do we achieve
in that ecstasy known by frontiersman,
and by them alone? The achievement
is justice, though fleeting it be,
and it is not your grandfather's justice.

Then liberty, justice, and us here and now,
in the swirling of time, decide once and for all
(not for long) how life *is*, what it *is*,
and shall be. But how *free* shall we be?

Free enough to revisit these questions
posed back at the start, and all answers so far,
with an eye to revision, but not revolution,
assuming no violence is warranted, knowing
that violence can never be totally barred,
for it comes from a failure to question in depth
and in time. So let's question. Thoreau
may have been on to something, and so we may be,
if we ask ever deeper what meaning dwells here,
where we are. What is Liberty? Why it *and* Justice?
Could either *be* without the other?

Near Mountains

11 July 2022

When I consider the electrical wires,
the works of our hands, and when I consider
the cars, and the buildings made of steel,
I ask, what is God that we are mindful of him?

You will think I am being facetious,
but surely these things are our gods.

How have we gone astray? Is it maybe
that no one is driving the ship, that our voyage,
once rudderless, now must be captained?
Or is it that someone *is* driving, and driving badly,
and therefore the crew must resist?
Or is it that both have been tried and retried,
such that now we no longer know which to try?

I suggest thinking harder, and longer,
in some place more tranquil, near mountains.

Who are they?

11 July 2022

They have built all our highways.
They change how we think.
They've invented vaccines.
But who are they?

They've improved understanding.
They've conquered the moon.
They're enlisting our help.
But who are they?

They speak in equations.
They think like machines, and
They dream of control.
But who are they?

Lyceum

28 June 2022

Aristotle and friends walking amiably
over a concourse of trees
discuss beings, assert that no thing
can both be and not be.
In the next room the Christians,
grown weary of faith, re-learn logic
but treat it like faith. Thus the Schoolmen
indogmify plausible maxims,
sit firm and erect in the shade of Lyceum.
Aquinas the only true thinker mourns moanfully.
Science emerges, a novum organon,
a new quest to find what things are,
but old faith, an old cast of mind.
The old school now an archeological find,
remains buried, its questions once answered for all.
But the Germans are not quite convinced,
keep on asking why we are not free
to defy and to blur. After all,
we are protean beings, and know the old stories well.
But what course still remains for those
bred by the ruins of Lyceum?
One looking over the shoulder
to Greek or Medieval or Modern models?
Or one looking forward, which has travelled back,
with a prayer of thanksgiving, a new apprehension
for what every thought must lack?

--

In the East Room, Dionysians revel
agnostically, thrilled to find God
scarcely knowable, free from the Categories at last,
but what darkness stirs, waiting to pounce
on those not yet prepared for the mysteries?

Virgin Queens

28 June 2022

Nobody can hurt a man more than his wife,
except maybe his mother. They simply
have more opportunity, knowing
where all of the pain points are, because they,
on good days, massage there. That is
one kind of love, but another is
taking in stride all the pain dealt
by mother and wife, so that all can belong.
After all, only suffering brings us together,
as all women know. They require it.
I've come to remind you of this, so that you,
unlike many, avoid the allure of false dreams,
which would make virgin queens out of maidens.

Myth at Twilight

23 June 2022

Will we ever
be free of the myth
of some craftsman in the sky
wreaking form over all that must shudder?

I shudder to think it,
but over with the rising sun,
I see others who do not think it.

Mulch by the Scoop

21 June 2022

I am living in the country again,
back after a long sleep,
and I wonder (at times like this)
what that highway is doing here,
near to the place that sells mulch by the scoop.
It is part of the landscape now
(we forget but have signs to remind us)
though we don't embrace it
where we are all cow, horse, and buggy.
But do we, too, not love machines and their progress?
We use them to market our mulch by the scoop
and to haul it and bring it home,
and to heat those homes and to light them
and to plug in to our wider world.
Yet mulch by the scoop *enchants* us
with the call of the earth and convenience,
the call of abundance and freedom from pain.
I have known of no earth like this,
unless broadcast by LED lights on a neon sign,
yet my heart knows these things must remain.
We are proffering mulch by the scoop.
Will you come over highways and see?

Fading Feeling

18 June 2022

In our peculiar way,
we were always ones
striving for form, and by form
we meant something enduring,
unchanging, but how much upheaval
and violence it took to learn
how now this striving must change.

For Helen's sake, let us remember
the ways of our fathers,
sea-tossed as they always were,
reaching from darkness
like tentacles on Ocean's floor.

We are like them now, and must be,
having seen once for all
the formation of cracks
in the old Greek edifice,

And thus we must not always be,
knowing full well that not every Greek
bearing gifts can be trusted, but also that
we are not trustworthy either, so long as
we think with stiff minds, and that after all
this is what Plato meant. But in our peculiar
Greek way we are stiff like ones trained for a phalanx,
though soft and bourgeois enough,
not fitting in with ourselves, and not really
belonging here either, no better than anywhere--

Thus we must not always be,
we must fade, like a breeze on a soft summer night,
or the call of an eagle near mountains,
and make some new way for the feeling to come.

Science and Technology

14 June 2022

I would like to see
science and technology,
like religion, kept separate
from government
and the lives of regular people,
who cannot understand
the implications, the power,
the ideas embedded therein,
and are harmed,
who cannot make themselves
from steel, let alone make their world,
and who must let things be.
This means letting them fade.
It's true, science has parts to play,
small ones, since stems
without roots surely wither,
but the point is to till the new soil
'til the new crop comes in.

Let Go

06 June 2022

Wandering, questioning,
as before Dawn,
I am *sure* of this much:
that we hold our beliefs
far too tightly.

--

I think back,
I think back,
I think back,
but hear only more riveting.

Rosie, poor Rosie,
no place for a woman here.

--

What is the *other* beginning,
the one without steel-plated Mind,
where things grow as we all know they do?

In the mountains,
I hear baby truths being born.

--

Begin *here*. Nowhere else.
This is where you were born and will die.

--

A rowdy patron observes: "You had to be there!"
I think this is rather apt, and tell him so,
but what more could I tell him?
He knows what it is to know.

What calls for poetry?

31 May 2022

She does,
the one
whose voice you know.

Streets I Never Knew

04 May 2022

I walk,
and keep on walking.

When I am old,
will any of what I have seen
be left standing? Or will it
be rubble or, worse still, vapor?
But is that not always
the fate of life, to vanish?
I doubt we could make it permanent,
given that all things are not,
and yet where does it end?
In the place it began,

So I walk,
and I keep on walking.

Electricity

02 May 2022

The wires, I think,
house an evil god.

I hear him questioning *physis*,
doubting that all life lives
of its own volition,

and claiming, instead, for himself,
the sole governorship
of all things.

He who can read the signs
has now not even
the comfort of solitude,

given this god's omnipresence.

I wonder how long it will be
before happens some shocking conclusion.

Unauthorized thinking

30 April 2022

"You'd make me laugh if it wasn't forbidden."

- *Waiting for Godot*

So I've discovered Plotinus.
Have you never heard?
He has shaped your own words.

He is waiting to meet us,
but don't be absurd.
He would never disturb

Your most serious dogmas,
for me put them there.
What a curious bird.

--
All I want
is mystical union
with the Absolute --

is that too much to ask?

--
Augustine doles out freely
fruits of Temple and Academy
with no thought
for the plants on which they grow.

Far Away

21 April 2022

There's someone powerful far away,
our voices and our stories claim.
I can't hear what they have to say.

This power haunts us, still in sway,
and in submitting we grow lame.
There's someone powerful far away,

And he insists, so we obey,
with voices tuned, though not the same.
I can't hear what they have to say.

And why obey? All power fades,
as every dying day explains.
There *must* be powers far away,

And yet, away they stay,
As if we *here* must give things names.
Alas, if there be powers far away,
what do they have to say?

Technology

12 April 2022

The Word
became machines
and dwelt among us.

The Winds of Change

12 April 2022

I listen for the winds of change,
but hear so many sirens blare.
They tell me it's under control.

Control is such a forceful word,
so I just stand here unaware.
I listen for the winds of change,

Which bring me scents of other places
and, I hope, will take me where
they tell me it's under control.

But now as children age,
so too a people ages and grows bare.
I listen for the winds of change

And see my people, scared.
I wonder what could make them whole.
So I just listen to the winds of change,
and let *them* have control.

After Reagan

03 April 2022

We have been pre-sliced
individually, wrapped in money.

But oh, he was funny, well-spoken, and phony.
A pity so few will remember
the lens of that time,
or look through it to see
what might be.

Are we free?

I have heard so much talk about liberty,
so little wondering,
"what does that mean?"
that I wonder,
is Freedom for me?

And does Freedom need me?

Things Themselves

03 April 2022

Until I met a woman,
and her presence strengthened me,
I did not know that God lives
not in books, as Calvin claims,
but in the world of things themselves.

What mystery lies here
remains to nourish those who care
to take the secret that is there
into a home, and let it steer
the very lives of things themselves.

But can we dwell among
the secret song, the hidden call
of Earth's long fall for the abyss?
We have our churches.
Are they tombs for things themselves?

I think we have to think this through,
for God has been a long time dying,
though he rises from the dead,
and he is not the only one.
We know this too of things themselves.

Saving Earth

23 March 2022

We have taken lightning captive,
we have made the sky our slave
on our relentless quest for vengeance
on an Earth we cannot save.

If all is lost, then songs
cannot be sung, and yet
this song goes on, so all
must still be found somehow.

If we cannot save Earth,
can Earth save us?
Or is it not a matter
of saving, but of trust?

Who is in charge here

08 March 2022

I think I shall spend
the rest of my life
searching
for who is in charge here,

so that I may ask them
where they have been.

Phalanx of Mind

07 March 2022

Those Reformers,
in order to flee from imperium,
fell for an earlier vice:

That phalanx of mind
wherein each must stay sturdy or die.

But our world is better
equipped for peace.

Though the devil in man
never sleeps.

Oi! must I now know my neighbor?
And how can I, knowing him, sleep?

But were he restrained
by imperium, phalanx, or rights,
love could be,
but alas, he is free.

Therefore,
what will he make of me?

Words

24 January 2022

The words tumble
down, jumbled,
stumble over
bumps and rumble
into town, past
rows of corn that
wonder at the world.

I wonder what the world means.

Someone asks me why I choose these words.
I think these words chose me.

And when they ask directions,
well, I think if words are lost,
then I must find them.

I must guide them.

Phenomenology of Science

25 December 2021

From Hegel's brain
thou, spluttering,
spreadst thy wings.

Thou art one more
mythology,
nothing more.

Thou cannot transcend
culture, or fly
as Zeitgeist.

No, thy thinking is
primitive, alas,
just like thy body.

So give up the geist.
Make way for some new
mode of knowing,

Or rather, some old,
deep-rooted thought, the kind
you were made to destroy.

Beyond Power

10 November 2021

If Nietzsche were asked,
"Why power?"

He might reply
"We grow helpless."

But humans
have always been helpless,
are helpless
for decades at least,
and even then will need food.

What purpose has power,
if not to supply
our infirmities?

Oh, but how free we would be,
to be free, very free!

To not be born of woman,
no more of a people
in time and place.

I beg you, dear reader,
be cautious, and do not embark
on a journey that ends in death.

Shattered Image, Fallen Breast

01 November 2021

At midnight in the basement
of a museum, some forgotten grotto
deep in Mediterranean soil,

I walked slow and silent,
deep in thought,

When lo! the image of a woman,
be it Aphrodite, Juno,
or some other, rose before me.

I came to her side
and noticed lying at her feet
a fallen breast of stone,
hers surely, lying prone,
as though some vandal strove
to make her pure.

I put it back where it belongs,
and held it there,
until her firmness made me sure,

But sure of what,
I do not know.

I thought I could discern
the faintest sigh,
but only she would know
who fills the mind with wonder,

so I wondered
if the earth could be her home,
or if she comes from some far-whispered plane
that only makers know.

Lost Forest

28 October 2021

The bulldozers are out today,
are blazing in what once was forest.

I was in this forest
as a child.

Do the workers know
the sound of crickets here
within leaves, the sound
of song that matches oversong?

I am not sentimental,
for I know it to be earth
becoming earth,
and yet I wonder what earth is,

Because the poets ask, and keep on asking,
though they cannot answer,
for we find the question worthy.

Something in the wind
this time of year
must stir uncertainty.

What shall we ask the bulldozer?
What does it know?

Making Sausage

13 September 2021

The bird has a story.
It sounds like a song.
But I wouldn't worry.
He wouldn't sing long.

The people are coming.
They haven't a care.
The people are stunning.
The bird wouldn't dare.

The people make sausage.
What else could they do?
Their story is ugly,
But this much is true:

The bird has to learn how to live with clipped wings.
Indeed, this may be why he sings.

Wandering Sheep

09 September 2021

Up upon a hill,
the sheep go wandering.

Nearby cars zoom thoroughly
over the highway.

Not a few sheep find themselves
in drivers' seats
at eighty miles-an-hour.

Would they not prefer to graze
on some unfettered hillside,
near the setting sun?

They are still sheep,
though silly ones.

I think that they should think again.
The hillside is still there.
It has not changed.

It grows less full,
but some say
this is part of its purpose.

The cars make terrible noise
where wandering sheep once spoke
of pleasing vistas, unknown springs.

Old House

09 July 2021

I walk down old avenues,
aware again of impermanence,
perennial friend of the weary,
and stop before the family house.

What otherworldly dominion is this,
where manflesh met with womanflesh
to make *me*?

Yet other worlds must be,
or else our high anxiety
is treason of another kind.

It asks us, whence these beams,
this wood, this angled frame
with memories of forest?

What cold river brought us here?
If not the Thames, the Mississippi?
Say the Susquehanna, rolling slow.

And yet, don't answer.
Let me linger here, and grieve,
until our waters are surpassed.

Old house made new,
another world's anxieties
are haunting you.

What we find by singing

07 May 2021

Power brings its many blessings,
Though it comes by other names.
This is what we find by singing.

Days were young and love did sting us.
All young people feel the same.
They mix themselves with power's blessings.

Some find laurels, others cling
To lovely children's games.
Thus they lose themselves in singing,

Thus they fall before the morning,
Thus they are to blame.
But power brings them such mixed blessings,

Power puts off dark of dying,
Power's light must wane.
Therefore, find thyself in singing,

Make thine own some other name,
And know I feel the same,
Because this power mixes life with blessings.
This is what we find by singing.

The wind in the leaves

13 April 2021

Thunders crash,
The wind moves through the leaves,

The paths grow walls,
curve into cages,

Thunder asks,
A certain volume of man,
suffices?

No, it never suffices,

Always more
past overflowing

Thunder crashes,
Floods tear down the trees,

The wind moves through the leaves,
A certain volume of man,
so certain

Thunder, why
O thunder

move through wind and leaves.

Planting Time

14 February 2021

In the spring time of the year,
as dawn rises, dusty, over the fields,
I wait, anxious, with my plow.

It has come again, the time for planting,
but this crop is strange to me.
The soil is like all soil, firm but supple,
and I am like all planters,
firm but supple.

Tomorrow rains will come,
and old seed wash away
as new seed takes its root,

And who will then be standing here
in planters' shoes
to cast a growing shadow?

I hope one who knows a little,
treads with greater care.

For people in the village,
I plant days and years

And see strange fruit come harvest time.
I wait for what will grow.

The Enduring and Unchanging Dao

14 September 2020

People die, new people are born.
The timbre of civilization changes,
like always, and we, those merely progenitors,
progenerate, again, at the horn.

What beast,
what rough or otherwise, comes forth
to taste the light of day?

This surely is no newer way
than all the old ways,
dying, dead, or buried.

So what special hurry?

Those come forth go under,
this is so, and temple shrouds,
once rent asunder, can be made,
remade, again, again.

If vanity, then vanity.
The proposition's chord
strikes hard, and oh,
we grow so bored.

What light from yonder room?

'Tis Juliet? Nay, knave,
just one once loved
in some forgotten tongue.

I say be such
that every longing touch
remembers love,

But do step cautiously
through darkened rooms,
and listen for that horn.

Homecoming

22 April 2020

*Awaking comes in turns,
the day is bright before it burns.*

I walk down streets I never knew.
They are familiar, but I, the knower, have changed.
I did not know what little I knew.
Maybe this is what poets mean by recurrence,
why they return so often to the same things.
I did not know the familiar streets
because I, the knower, had not yet been changed.
But what can bring such a change?
An encounter, a question, another knower?
To know is to be known and vice versa.
This means the streets must know me,
and where the streets have no names
there is nothing to know.
But this is all begging the question,
why knowledge?
Because I, the knower, have not yet been changed.
Maybe this is why poets recur and recur.
If change comes it comes only for now, not forever,
and so I walk down streets I never knew,
the same streets, but I, the knower, have changed,
and so have they.

Tradition

25 September 2019

I think the future
does not belong to the past,
and things are passing,
present and future.

I think things will not last;
though nothing does,
those less than most
which grow from baseless ground,

things passing all around,
and we do well to grasp
for any which are present,
future or past,

those most the old things
which are known to last.

After Lincoln

24 September 2019

Alas, there came more wars,
at least as brutal,
oddly spirited,

And Lincoln, growing old,
was placed on coins,
enshrined in brooding stone
for all to see and know.

And speakers came
and went, the tanks
went on parade,
and progress dreams
were sung, and listen, listen,
you there, listen,
but don't listen for too long,

because too many have got stuck there
and we may have got it wrong.

--

Wrong and wrong and wrong.
Must we go back to 1619?

Cease your wailing, History!
That brutal, trifling song!

--

If back we go, then back,
but all the way,
past slaves and ships
to Milton, Christ, and Socrates,
as Lincoln surely knew.

And History, sweet Dame,
it's true, we cannot quarrel long,

But oh, your song, your song!
it will need rearranging before long.

Lincoln's Memory

29 August 2019

So favored forms of power
shall not perish from the earth,
would you please sing for us, O History,
about the urgent birth
of these great, terrible, united States,
which, though conceived in Liberty,
did break, some say, that vow?

This nation under God, twice founded,
ever failing, yet immortal,
did embark toward the dream of Freedom
led by that one stout Kentuckian
who hated much as loved
and took a promise unfulfilled
and made it law to bind on all.

This promise, called Equality,
our hope in days to come,
arose, O History! through violence,
and herein lies its song.

--

Twas eighteen-fifty-eight, whereon a Senate seat contended
led the folks of Illinois to dream they saw a President.
One Lincoln-not-yet-Deity, preparing for debate,
stood by a portrait of old Jefferson, to whom he could relate,
and said,

“Old predecessor tongue with wings, remind me,
whence came our brave truth,
that all men are created equal.
Knew you this in youth?”

To which the painting said,
“It was a growth of many years,
first born on England’s hills
in faithful regicide.”

And Lincoln asked,
“But had you heard of man’s first disobedience
and the fruit?”

Came quick reply:
“Our Massachusetts friends knew of such things,
but I did hope to purge all superstition,
and robe God in Nature.”

"Ah, in nature," Lincoln said.

"That's right. For all can become noble if they're only left alone."

Great Lincoln, growing pond'rous,
stroked his chin
and paced before the painting,
murmuring, "If left alone..."

He did not dare to broach the question,
burned on his and other minds,
of Slavery, but rather urged this thought:
"Suppose we find all men not equal. Who's at fault?"

But there was no reply.

The painting would not speak,
and Lincoln found his affirmation.

As the sureness grew,
he pondered long
and nursed a budding song.

--

This Lincoln after many years
appeared before the dead
and spoke the words
we will not long remember,

for we must not hallow,
must not consecrate that ground
where many died and killed.

Thus Lincoln willed,
and thus we must obey.

--

But Oh, how Declaration
had sent shocks across the sea
as Mr. Jefferson endeavored
to give ground to that new plea
which was come forth just then,
at last!

And when 'twas time for tea in Boston,
there was Paine in every head,
and 'twas ideas, sir, ideas!
which would leave so many dead.

--

Lord, such war and terror
bled from North down through the South
until the only ones remaining
banished God and punished doubt.

To devastation wrought,
and to the horror not quite heeded,

To man's ultimate obedience,
friend History, give song.

Lady in the Temple

10 August 2019

She looked around
like one bound
to be free,

excited truly,
and so rapt
that she saw none
of the holes in the roof.

Lady in the Dark

03 August 2019

Beneath the moon
I saw her too,

alone,
where null is true.

I did not dare come near,
but felt that here, of all
damned places,
least deserves her.

White Shade

07 July 2019

A shade of white,
not quite opaque,
disturbs my sight.

It has no form,
but haunts the night
like one unsteadily born.

The ashes of a pyre
lay where
She was burned bright.

I do not see the Lady,
and her absence
haunts my sight.

Crickets

28 June 2019

Up upon a hill I heard
the crickets chirping words:
O boy, come here, come near,
and stay and talk awhile.

My answer was to smile,
and I did no more favors then,
but crossed the valley of denial
and arrived within their ken.

O boy, I heard more echoing,
and sat, and stayed, and then
felt all around a queer commotion
stir the leaves, and break, and end.

And oh, 'twas cool November,
and the birds did softly sing,
and if there's one thing I'll remember,
it's my softly taking wing

Upon the backs of those cold crickets,
on the hill, who chirped with words,
for as they chirped about salvation,
they made sure that I had heard.

The Lady

06 May 2019

I dreamed I saw a Lady
perched atop a milk-white stair,
overlooking starry oceans
and defining what was there.

Beneath her golden tresses
opened up a gnawing void,
which catapulted us to freedom.
Soon all motion was destroyed!

The Lady did not stir, but crooned,
and smiled a softer smile
than wisest men have dared to dream.
Then she turned her back awhile.

The void kept belching fire,
and the only thing we knew
was its bedevilment and whirl.
It proved that all things are see-through!

The Lady meanwhile, laughing,
stayed atop of how things are,
and by the time we knew what hit us,
saw we hadn't gotten far.

The morning came as always,
and we, naked on her shore,
cried out, "Dear Lady, let us near!
Your sweet forgiveness, we implore!"

She looked at all our nakedness,
saw through our praise and plight,
and said, "Fools, get yourselves together,
or else get out of my sight!"

Rosie

31 March 2019

Rosie works
so hard
to please the factory man.

It is a matter of time.

She has been on hands and knees
since seventeen,

And does not know
what moves her so,

To longing, maybe, for something.

Meanwhile
somewhere blossoms,

but she cannot go,
for it is a matter of time,

though she does know
the way things grow.

27 March 2019

I have withdrawn from the world
for the world's own good,
I have bound my own hands.

But not with the usual cords
and knots,
not well-fashioned marriage bands.

I come for the darkness,
and whisper it slow:
that this is where all the young tulips go

Which have failed to grow
in dead soil.

—
Whence comes new song,
and will it be long?

The embers are dwindling,
the hearth has grown cold,
and the vagabonds grow old.

I say only this,
that is this not sure bliss,
to belong, to behold, and to bless?

Nixon at the Threshold of the Lincoln Memorial

13 January 2019

Something that is completely clean can also be completely sterile
- Richard Nixon, Dictabelt 75, May 1970

What language could there have been
between that tiger, battle-scarred,
and these young cubs, German-tongued
and fearful offspring of Philosophy in ruins?

Ah, one tries to merge with Being as the sky collapses.
Those with thorny crowns spy deep oppression.

Nixon mutters, "What is there to save?"
allows no motion, grins a grin that says
"All shall be well, stop feeling."

This has happened before.

I stood there as a child
repeating "up steps!" in innocence,
for I had not yet learned what there is said
of History or Freedom,
or the other vague ideas men have died for.

I was born too late for that,
and though things have not changed
some hope, yes, even now,
though with less force,
for some renewal,
this time unendorsed.

It will not come on wings
or save us, probably,
but it could make things better,
keep them moving.

And as for the children, well,
they've never mattered much to us,
and who could build a home from such raw material?

“Romance Revisited,” revisited

14 November 2018

I saw you there
atop the stair,
it's true,

And you were me
and I was you,

And ocean blue
bore love away.

It chastened him right through.

Alas! they say
it is no use to sing,

But I'll take wing, for lo!
Minerva's owl has perched
upon a husk, a lifeless stump,

and there will be no going on
without new songs from flesh and blood.

09 November 2018

When Philosophy's just one more Cave, take heart,
for there is still room to start,
and an almost but not yet lost art.

Mysteries

01 August 2018

O stolen time,

wandering there by the sea,

what will you do with me?

Unfurl your grasp of life,

make plain the age again!

No sooner does one cope

than some new younger hope

steps in and whisks fidelity away.

O vanity of vanities,

great necromancing age!

Tear down thy veils with rage

if that will set you free,

but I will not be free.

For there is still truth in old books,

and the walls will not fall for sly looks.

Indeed, there is room at all tables.

Aftermath

21 April 2018

I have heard the wild
ramblings,
felt betrayed by man
and steel,
and I cannot
keep on
good clothes —

but madly naked
run through city streets,
cry “Kung Fu Tze!
where are you?”

The Secrets of Country Living

21 April 2018

For Robert Penn Warren

I do not know
what

you will find up there
in the brambles
among inhibiting growths,

but I have once
heard an eagle call out its name.

It was a sound like Truth.

01 April 2018

A walk
through a graveyard
reveals a peculiar slumber —

the men of tomorrow.

The sign reads “Help,
we’ve been civilized,
there’s no going back.”

But there never has been any going back.

And the life urge resigns itself
to smallness,
and this too is good,

For too much growth makes weeds,
and we cannot tolerate weeds.

Tomorrow, then, comes anyway.
This is a walk through a graveyard.

16 October 2017

Out came a cry
from beneath the great Nothing,
but no one was there to believe it.

An oomph went woomph,
and the meaning went missing,
and no one was there to retrieve it.

And day was like sand,
and the moon went away,
and nobody was there to be free with.

The New World

25 April 2017

Raised among wolves,
we've learned both bite and howl,
but there is a new kind of life coming now.

An old life more truly,
one ought to be sure.
Allow me to answer, I've no sinecure.

Upon an old hill
there stood men young and old.
They bore a fierce wind and were bold.

As one with one purpose
they built there together
foundations to outlast all weather.

That edifice fell,
but the ruins remain.
Do any dare build there again?

Countrified

06 April 2017

I have heard the wail of cities,
I have felt their steely cry,
And I have prowled upon the pavement
And been burned from eye to eye.

I cannot hate the people
Who have known no other way,
But I don't think their crippling
must darken my own day.

The Bird in the Glue Trap

06 April 2017

It wasn't meant for you,
that much is clear. But how
those little wings beat such
a fearsome rhythm
just to pull you
those two-hundred bird-lengths,
sticky trap in tow,
I'll never know,

Or how you ripped your body free
to soar on lighter wing.

Ah, those feathers left behind
were not worth dying over.

I am only glad, my friend,
that I did not extinguish you
to put an end to pain.

The New Science

06 April 2017

Under the stars a hundred bards
drop still, dead silent,
to look for a law in the cards.

They know the stomach is violent,
a flame that retards,

And also that men have bodies,
are bodies, whirling
in an endless whirl of leaves.

Therefore they crucify Reason,
that cold Inspector
who murders the seasons,

And go on unvarnished
but do not think
that makes them tarnished.

Can we place blame
for this treason?

Might it be just
that in spite of stars
Man hasn't come that far?

A poem

28 October 2016

begins like this:
a note, a phrase,

But then goes deeper,
seeps just under,
slakes upon a thirst,

and ends in growth.

Longing

17 October 2016

I long for things I've never known.
The shadows curse my eyes.
The scars run deep. They run at least to bone.

And though thunder grants atonement,
Always questions come from other skies.
I long for things I've never known,

And candles burn and scholars moan
And ashes creep beneath the tightest mind.
The scars are deep like bone,

And all the ancient empty tomes
Provide no lasting prize,
But only point to things we cannot know.

The ache for bluer skies,
The ache for home,
The scars that run through bone,
The longing is the only thing we know.

Another ending

22 September 2016

I guess this is the end.
I'm not sure what of.
They say time is no friend.
Things slip away.

I guess it must be so.
But how should we know?
Something moves about,
and I can hear it rumble now.

So I write this down.
Embark with me I pray.
Other thoughts have flown,
or gone some other way,

But within is the promised stay of woe,
and that is where the old roads go.

22 September 2016

Child you are the water -- have you heard?
It trickles softer words.
Don't be tricked by desert people.
Fear the curse of birds.

Only Begin

22 September 2016

For J. Alfred Prufrock and his admirers

If I could only begin,
I would end alright.
But time is riddled with sin.

Lovers never win
with all their might.
If I could only begin

To tell you all of thick and thin
I might get things right.
But time is riddled with sin.

So let me come in,
up out of this night.
Then I could begin

To speak in both sound and sight
of ample groves and measured flight.
But time is riddled with sin,
so I could only begin.

Valediction to Images

06 August 2016

Image of forgotten beauty,
Face of fire, flesh of music,
Laughter-loving Aphrodite,
Be not high or mighty
 By the altar of my heart.

Rosy cheeks on satin faces,
Eyes that call the heart to race,
O, sculpture of amazing graces,
Shatter. There are empty places
 Deep within my heart.

Come instead, you hidden song,
You dying fall withholding all,
And I will hear you long,
For I can hear you call
 From deep within the altar of my heart.

The Choir

18 January 2016

By silent seas we sit and sing
Of life's unwrought enamelling
As each day gathers into storm
And reasons with our untold ire.

Rise fair song and banish woe
For we must fear the foreman's blow
For though our fathers built with stone
We build the world again each morn,

And tremble in the shade of steel,
And ache for poison salesmen sell,
And whirl in this ungrateful gyre
To placate pioneering fire.

--

What is this? What is my own?
What good is a peopled home
When urge and urge and urge inspire
Epitomes forlorn?

Hope, where are your lovely feathers?
All your crumbs are swept -- this weathered
Leaf deceives -- these grasses wither.
There are only bog and mire.

Who would dare to ope
Pandora's vessel once again? What's left?
All can see that Zeus has scorned
Those Foresight has adorned.

--

But summon those old voices hither.
Sing a song against the dither.
Won't a mythic world reborn
Reclassify revealed desire?

Make again that age-old beat.
Forget the words that spell defeat.
Abandon prod and thrust.
Embrace the courage of the calling horn.

For we have feared the shades of steel,
But harbor dreams of living well,
And dream of lifting off the pyre,
And lift this chorus as a choir.



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Scents of the Divine

14 January 2016

Wonder is the pollen of belief,
and faith, the leaf;

We know only wafts
of distant breezes.

Fragments Shored Against Ruin

24 October 2015

1

You are the last fighting chance
for yourself,

A chamber, a kingdom
-- *Cordelia!*

Where is the throne?
What is flesh?

A clock in the hall
A clock and no walls

And spinning
Rome is burning

Tick Tick Tick --

There are things that move the will
that even the atom cannot kill --

There are things there are things

-- If you do not control yourself,
who will?

2

The executive has surrendered
all -- anarchy ensues.

The state in which one cannot say no,
when one cannot stop,
is called chaos today is chaos
and we are revolving in kaleidoscope
houses that looked fun

who am the last fighting chance
for myself, the only opportunity
to be free of that doggerel wretch
who sits on the mind-throne

while, usurped, the executive wastes
in heaps of sentiment and flesh
that wash over all
and bathe with the lime of body.

soma. soma soma soma
take and live.

3

My body waffling through space
and undigested time conceives
Idea -- floats, as it were, above itself
into ethereal otherlands

and waits.

Up, from where is only down,
I fly, and divide this self
into slivers, abandoning each
at the foot of age-old Mind

Who takes them, warping tomorrow
with hands of iron, cold.

I am left unanswered.

4

I fear the smallness of my mind
surrounded by mysteries,

The abstract cave,
philosopher's chains
unbroken,

Bound,
and sinking down.

And are there here no sunbeams,
no exalted forms that dance
on more than cavewall?

5

There are no tunes or strings to play
unbloodied by the rage, unbridled
by fearful faces, names
turned dusty with shame.

How far the sky has fallen,
how far! deep within our bowels

We cannot digest
or swallow.

There is only us -- only the rage
and the cold, swollen cage.

The bruised age.

6

Listen. We will begin
to repeal soporifics
only in the light of more pure
harmonies and form.

There can be no freedom in extravagance.

Love is the beginning but not the fruition,
which comes only through discipline
and a kind of violence.

Once we have established ourselves
at the end of ourselves, and only then,
can we draw from the ashes
some kind of beginning.

7

Is there still a Song,
and can I sing along?

This man, boy, heart beating hard and strong,
'tis mine? And may I be wrong?

I have wallowed verily, wallowed long
in the avenues and twisting ways
of ecstasy and sorrow,

But there is forthcoming joy,
awakened noise which learns to balance
and to hope with poise

The truth of which
is There is There is There.

26 July 2015

There are no words --
no words, but only sounds
with no meaning.

Is there a balm?
What is a balm?

Nowhere are we to find solace.
Nowhere are we to find others
without lawlessness,

And I know why the free bird sings,
for lack of a cage,
for lack of any air on which to glide.

20 July 2015

I have wandered streets,
Each entrance blocked by blood of lamb,
And I have seen no faces.

These are empty places.

15 July 2015

There is too much noise
inside, between walls,
reverberating through skulls

Which grow empty.

Is there not solace, rest
from Self?

Is there a balm?

I have heard of places,
heard tunes of theogony,
but is there any calm?

What remains are ashes,
What remains are gems?

And must we know the difference?

I've yet to stumble through Eden
but I've heard her song,
I've seen blossoms rise.

If there is a balm, it lies
behind still-naked eyes.

Inner Harbor

04 July 2015

I spend my days inside,
my nights beside the water
watching young things draw and quarter
lives not yet their own.

This they call maturity,
this ever lack-of-surety,
to be out on my own, be big
but still not fill the throne.

Romance Revisited

07 May 2015

Unsurprised when she appeared
atop the stair,
unsought and yet on cue,
I smiled.

There we were again.

More than sounds were heard,
more said than words
as we relieved the burn
that itched for all those years.

Something in that breeze
put love at ease,
and all those memories
in Sunday Best conceived
some reparation,
some demand.

But lives diverge,
conform to their courses,
drive towards their ends.

This, then, too must end.

--

But if we flee from time,
abandon all but dreams,

Elide the pulls of Jupiter
and Venus,

Would we weary of the world we'd made?

Must immortal Love's embrace
ignore all time and place?

--

Rage for futility,
Rage for bleared horizons,

For rage itself,
which vanquishes sages,
and for the mortal dream.

But though to many moons I've sighed,
and though those eyes when met with mine

still come to life to think of all that was
and what could be, it is not time.

Though it is right.

For time flows suddenly to exit youth.

--

Let us go then, you and I,
to die, and not trace ways
across that sky
where the Immortals lie.

We belong implanted
where the bloom that Spring provides
by Autumn flees, and we get by
on hardened leaves.

Song of Sophia

24 July 2014

I. Akrasia

When there were no depths, I was brought forth,
When there were no springs abounding with water.

Time slipped, fell
through black holes
to where I dwelt,

Stillborn in a rotting womb,
with histories untold.

I cut my own cord.

Day by day I played
between Olympian plains
and Horeb,

Learning nothing,

For the ground had been well-tread
by tanks and wise men
teaching shadows

HEY

THIS JUST IN

HEY

ERECTILE

DYSFUNCTION

HEY

LOOK

KITTENS

HEY

BIKINIS

HEY

HAVE YOU SEEN

HEY

YOU THERE ??

HEY

I LOVE YOU.

HEY

LOVE ME <3

HEY

II. Nostoi

Does not wisdom cry out,

And understanding lift up her voice?



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Thunder roars,
and as a man who pants for water
sees the rock break,

And sees the streams long dried by drought
begin to flow,
and drinks,

So too I flee the wasteland.

III. Paideia

To you, O men, I call,
and my voice is to the sons of men.

I gaze upon a field grown ripe with wheat
and feel the warmth of rosy-fingered Dawn
who has not failed to rise. I grip the scythe,

And take upon myself beginnings
and their ends, and find this meaning
sicut erat in principio.

Perspicuity (For Example)

14 April 2014

Note the indiscriminate vortices
which haphazardly coax the vector
into misalignment,

Or the malignantly languorous
koala supping on divinities.

Birth

05 March 2014

Birth is a slow and painful thing,
a tumult,
longing toward an end,
but staggering,
a shallow wake
of nascence,

For which death doth rend.

15 May 2011

The man who knows
knows he doesn't know
and loves to sing to sing,

because as water flows and flows
he can't control a thing.