



Pens et Manus

SPRING SEMESTER WORKSHOP

FINAL PORTFOLIO 2015

Existence and Uniqueness

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Introduction: Allison Hallock

Allison is a modern poet. She creates through innovative spacing, rhyme, and thematic variety. Her work appeals directly to the young adults of the twenty-first century, and indirectly to us all. She is not “too weak to ask” for inspiration from William Carlos Williams or Dickinson, responding to universal questions and existential conundrums in a uniquely sassy and relevant voice. Her writings place daily walks to work, text messages, vacations under a scanning tunneling electron microscope, reducing these ubiquitous events to their essence, separating technological triviality and human meaning to tell all the truth without any circuitous embellishment. Ladies and gentleman, I give you Ms Allison Hallock!

we talked
and we talked
but I didn't listen
because your hair
framed what a face
you have

and when we talked
you talked
and I listened
words of worlds
because your smile
carried in me

but time stretched
my smile regretful
recounting the seconds
buried in words
refuse
among sandy shells
empty
oblivious

Can we again?

glances meant nothing
before eggs benedict on avocado
there in the sun
with melting joy all around
beam smile in my heart

you left

a bond you don't yet feel
each day
though the spider's web be not so thin
I am hopeful for the morrow

Evening of Symphony

walk. exhale.
dusky rain
coaxes off clinging daily grit
unzips troubles
it knows
patient love was never wrong

the city childishy splashes
shuddering gasp ordeal
dusky companion envelops

tune of royal fingers

approach. goodbye.
enthroned uncles
grandmothers
cast tapestry upon city
knit with lucid sinewy streams
gravity's vibe strings
bones pulled resonant
warm

streets and alleys and sidewalks
heavily blanketed for night
dreams of breathing helium

Another Day

one morn ascending oiled marble stairs
i peered through sky and city blocks
past windows washed with too much care
and streetlights dim 'gainst rising sun

their filtered light brought back hushed waves
eroding cliff and smoothing beach
the gulls and oysters battling brave
dive-bombing pearl white sand sun bleached

i sank ten toes three inches deep
like razor clams vibrating home
the grains, warm butter 'neath my washed feet
the sea creatures, my kin alone

for only I could stand and stare
and love the turtles mating here
and dodge the seagulls' deadly dance
and wince in pain with mussels' crash

the rest were clawing, fighting back
straight through the riptide hungry sea
they ate their snacks, the bell had rung
inspection done, oil rig in need

Soldier Lake

Heel to toe I beat the path
imprinting bygone treads
thinking muscle-killer thoughts
and plowing straight ahead.

Lift the chin and stack the spine!
Let jar and lunge quake bone!
I saw no ant feet under mine
yet marching they did go.

It took a lifetime poorly run
by false hypotheses
to wear out privileged cartilage:
I tripped and fell, could see...

the swirling green turn crimson blood
my knee a fiery hell
rock ground fly toward this sweat-stained face
thought bubbles choked and quelled
by mossy vines encircling rays
of sad day's dying sun
a hidden anthill, orchid glade
all graced the path I'd run
and 'hind the mound I'd never seen
lived heather-knots and cherry spurts
a small frog koi and turtle sea
sweet lotus white on gleaming surf—

my heart gave out mid-fall just then
eyebrows forever creased
I hit the ground still
 wond'ring what
oblivious ants are we