

Poems for Sixfold (7-24-2016)

Varieties of Snow

These words are snow
in wind as are the white
petals fallen A drift
from trees in spring

Awakenings for all to see
of summer's green days
The flutterings
of snow-winged butterflies
against the edge of shadows
under which I walk

As I look up and see
in the fall sun's glare
White as light made soft
a sift of down floating down
of cottonwood seeds aloft
And these are also snow

As dropped
like flakes of ice
on singing wings
The waking up
of dour winter calls
The crystal snow
of time home
to all.

Blue Vacancies of Sky

Rain on roofs
or shrapnel pelting
through the trees
or pages from
the clicking keys
that seize upon our
wings of pain
in waves of sound
that rise among us
fall to ground

The imaginations
of children learning
all around us
awakened here
and growing strong
or weakening
beneath the weight
of instantiations
drilled into them by

Unholy choirs
singing songs
the histories
of bitter ends
blown back
through them into
blue vacancies of sky

Aquarian Days

Day's dusk.
Obsessed with wealth,
debt--what's left
of winter's wetness drained
from sidewalks dried
by sun drilling in.
We wake
to a singular sense
of doom descending,
crows ascending
into what was once
ahead of us,
fallen now behind,
the smog that's come
to surround
this house of cards
we've built
from possibilities lost
and losing us,
what we've come to
what has come to pass
the loss of lust
for all those things
we left 'til later--
roads, schools, music, art--
now passed beyond us
what we've tossed
with little thought
the sunlit synergy
that we don't trust
those possibilities
of youth, of hope
that dawned sundrenched
in a new-borne day
in us become
days gone to rust
lost.

Reading Charles, I Think of Gary

In Memory of G. D.

Dead at Christmas time,
of the bullet you put in your head
in Sunnymeade,
you left your poems,
dozens of unset poems,
the undone like the rest,
to Bob, who is a successful poet now,
though not, perhaps,
an important one like Charles--
who's famous in France
like Edgar Allen Poe.

For their place in the sun at last,
each has a *Selected Poems* in which
they've pulled from culls the "best."
And so, Bob tells me,
he's going to do for you—
select from among your thin remains
the best—a Charon's craft,
to carry us past your death.

Will these then be,
Like rosemary or thyme plucked fresh
the last reprise
of that life through which,
you took your craft;
or will they be
but a sunlit static place in which,
after you've passed on the rest,
cold epitaphs collect?

I can't give it up!
I'm angry at your death,
and I miss your grace,
the crazed unfettered daringness
with which you filled your work.
You made no peace,
and now you've left us
all bereft, able only
to imagine the crack of that 44
with which you took your life,
in the silence that it left.

Driving through the West

Somewhere,
It may be many minutes off
in time, or miles in space,
there falls a veil between
the vision and the place
between the speaking and
the speech. Driving,
down satin asphalt
highway thoughts
it finds me now
and then alone, at high noon in
the memory of doing sixty,
of turning to, twenty miles outside
the wildest of the wooly west,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.
It leaves me snafued there,
empty on the verdant plains,
beneath the Rockies'
black and somber,
towering.

I cannot see it, though.
The thought around the curve,
is out of sight and mind
past billboards and automobiles,
Beyond the flickering edges of
that darkness on the horizon,
Beyond what seeming
so silent and still is
a giant warfare cracking
earthquakes in the sky.
The thunderheads boil up,
hail down in veils
an afternoon away. And as I drive,
and listen to that country whine,
the guitar pickin' wails
are dwarfed by 40,000 feet
of clouds above the Rockies
are shrunken back to mutterings
where I'm tucked
into a whimper, and I'm driving
and I'm driving
and I'm driving
into it again.