

Title **Melange** In my poetry lately, I hear the approaching stillness and I admire it.

Smarmy blurb: David Eberhardt has not been published very widely- a few inconsequential magazine appearances; he is more known for his peace movement activities and hoped to parlay that into some kind of literary prominence. A sunpapers reporter described him as “perhaps a minor historical figure”. His “Manifesto” details his disgust at the current poetry “scene”.

### **A Visit to the Monocacy Battlefield, Frederick, Maryland- to Lieut. Geo Davis and the 10th Regiment, Vt.**

### **“Well it’s 1,2,3- what are we fighting for?”- Country Joe and the Fish**

The engineers for the B & O Railroad had cleverly, non-violently solved the problem of crossing a canal over a river- where the lazy, Monocacy River passes into the Potomac near Point of Rocks- they constructed a bridge across the river that held water mules could haul the canal boats across-a river across a river! This bridge is still there- a fine jogging, bike path up from DC to Harper's Ferry- the C & O canal path.

Meanwhile upstream on the Monocacy in July of 1864, Confederates clashed with Federals at the battle of Monocacy- south of Frederick- 2000 dead resulting! What was the mission? To take DC for the one, to defend the north from southern invasion for the other.

Was that enough to die for?\*

The Union soldiers had no way to know that before the Best Farm- smack in the middle of the battle, was once the L'Hermitage plantation where slaves were brutally treated- tortured even. And did the Federals feel they were fighting to free the slaves? Archaeology of the slave quarters is ongoing.

A young boy watched the battle unfold from behind a boarded up window at the Worthington farm- and today- in July the same river snakes through the field of battle to the Potomac- an unimpressive river- shallow- maybe a few good swimming holes- brown in color. The same shimmering heat obtains- the B & O trains plow regularly through as always on the way to Harpers Ferry. No river to die next to!! or was it? Is death in battle ever valid? Soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan are today convinced that their sacrifice is warranted. At the moment of your death what would you be thinking?

Inconsolable sadness comes to me at the thought of a soldier's last day in this bucolic setting- were the grander battles at nearby Antietam and Gettysburg far more gallant fields on which to perish?- the florid lilt of 19th century expression does not help- as in "I have received my death wound- water. please give me water." I hate all wars, but still....

To the boys Vermont, Pennsylvania, New Jersey \* in these swales-

The bullets kicked up leaves, nicked branches- like hail-

stones in winter- "O Mattie- the boys and me took solace in the river, taking turns

(Altho the sound of musket/cannon burns..

A dull report- not sharp- too much like popping)...

We washed our stinking socks, I swear

There's be some lovely farming here!

O Mattie although my love for country's grand-

I love you more- you and could love this land!

If I should die here and you get this."

(But for cicadas, today all is still.)

"Please thank my tent mates- Owen, Will."

\* at the state monuments you are actually in Vt and N J for they own the land-they pay considerably to maintain it.

## **Gettysburg**

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(after Michael Shaara's book, Killer Angels)(and the movie-  
"Gettysburg"

Dedicated to soldier Bradley Manning- hopefully the new military

man- who reports rather than committing war crimes and who sits in prison, facing his court martial (see Support Bradley Manning on the web).

The Allegheny ridges, performing left obliques,  
Flanking movement through the afternoons,  
Blue right wheels, their shadows turn on suicidal idiots  
Who could have deserted earlier in Maryland-

The place names- Sharpsburg, Malvern Hill trump  
Tired slogans: "Retreat is no longer an option";  
Or, "I'm not afeard to die".

Today, as you die upon a National Monument to be,  
Beneath a statue that you will not see?  
Does it make feel any better? To know,  
"You died for old Virginia?"

#### The battle

Continues to this day- on one front- the right-  
Sending its men on endless, hopeless charges-  
The Johnny Rebs who had their chance.  
But failed to resist or desert.

We leftees take the high ground-  
With the Maine boys, we know our rocks and forests,  
A higher mission now- Ghandi- Martin Luther King.  
Non violence will beat the violent back!

"Something's wrong with a tendon, suh, I've got to sit down."  
And to myself- I'll withdraw, hide behind that horse corpse.  
"Think I'll sit this one out suh- head back into town."  
Let my shocks be of wheat that stud the field. \*

I lived that day to see the yellow field recede  
Into blue ridges, and while still dark before the day  
I did go into town; I rose again, to see  
The morning fog replace gun smoke.  
I got to see the yellow and the blue:

Blue, lemon fields beneath the hills!  
I'm plenty full of butternut, blue, grey!~

“Court Martial, suh”- no I ain't afeard.  
You go forward, puff up in parades if you can make it.  
Go to your reunions if you live...  
Shake old foes' hands, forgive.”

**\*At the Battle of Monocacy- troops actually hid behind shocks of wheat- at least they would not be seen**

**Letter to Mayor of Aurora, Colorado after gun massacre movie theatre there and response**

.....the idolatry of weapon worship in america (my mentor, Father Phil Berrigan always mentioned it) - the nuclear bomb, the drone, the ar assault weapon, the glock- why do so many americans choose to be killers? did the more normal ones stay behind in england?  
i think coloradans also bought more guns after columbine- where did that get them?

I wonder abt american men- and i am one- makes me ashamed, really- but for the fact that i am not like these men- no- I'm like Dan Gross of the Brady Group or Ladd Everitt of the Coalition to Stop Gun Violence

We can analyze the individual until we're blue in the fact- we need to change the culture, the society of violence- It's the guns stupid.

a poem from me and a response from the mayor of aurora

Rain fell in Aurora, Colorado today,

It fell for the

Victims and

Executioner as well.

It smiled at the dawn references

That news reporters made re the name,

Although none of them made any;

It smiled at the

Lack of reporting

On Colorado gun laws...

It forgave and forgave.

If you listened closely you

Might have heard how it said:

Forgive and forgive.

Seek no vengeance, work for peace.

It said, I washed the blood off

Forever battlefields and

I can wash this off.

Press on, it said but it said it like this:

Ssssh, ssssh...

Peace...peace.

From: Steve Hogan, Mayor

“Odd, but that's the same message an opponent of stronger laws sent me. Someday maybe your side and their side will grow up, and get past calling each other names.

Colorado law does not allow cities to overrule the state legislature, even if they want to. Since I couldn't do anything one way or the other without a vote of another elected body, where does that put me, other than in the same place as you, and the person on the other side of the issue?

Next time, and there will be a next time unless all types of weapons are outlawed, you might really think first about those actually killed or wounded, instead of your political agenda.”

Steve Hogan  
Mayor  
City of Aurora

And from me: my political agenda?- as you know as mayor- all politics is local- the political agenda of colorado is wrong- you did not tell me whether you agree or not- only that it over rid u? and so what- you are a man aren't u? capable of making choices?

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Subject: I think if you would want to honor the victims of this gun crime?

Work for stronger gun control laws in Colorado- otherwise, to me- do not go to church- do not claim to b honoring the victims. If you do not work for gun control?...you have blood on yr hands.

Paleolithic Marriage Ceremony- after Werner Herzog movie on caves at Chauvet

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## **It had been foretold- how**

At the river Ardeche au Pont D'Arc...

**My mother told me how it happened-about  
The flute made from the ulna of a vulture...  
The rock paintings- the one of a bison  
Headed woman, bison mounting a woman...\***

**Your breath on the back of my hand  
As we lay sleeping each night...  
Signals hidden cave mouths, the quiver  
Of cave air- and the cunt smell of it-  
A perfume like no other-  
Dry, mushroomey, earth-,chalk-like- ammonia.  
The details so often unmentioned.  
I could lie in yr cunt smell forever-  
Man woman junction so natural.**

**In painting- horse head ensembles, lion groupings.  
We entered at Chauvet as instructed.- the cave mouth.**

**My mother eighty-one when she told us**

How animals whispered it to us-  
About the way back to our beginning-  
Crystal skulls covered in calcite drippings,

Glittering, they become mounds  
Found centuries later- in the 2 thousands..

As nine year olds we entered together, entered the dream time..  
Another child led us in with the cave bear we'd blinded,

They say no one can reconstruct ceremonies  
So long lost to time, but I can.  
Our elders foretold it, the shamans....

I know exactly what happened and have always!  
We were married and I loved you until death.  
And you loved me back- as was foretold!  
As to forever? No one tried to predict it.

Ekphrastic Poem



**"Blind Girl" a painting by Millais- "Pity the blind" -**

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This also references a Mesolithic burial- a photo that is available if you google Sepulture Teviec- 2 skeletons in a burial cache found on an island off the coast of France

"Pity the blind," they say, as well,  
"The one eyed man is free" in our kingdom...  
At night, regard the flashes behind your lids-  
A bow stretched tight against the clouds?

Sister purple in chrome fields- the Queen must die;  
From earth to earth we must return;  
Your ochre dress, your accordion;  
Fourth star out- Eta Carinae.

You cared for me, Mireille, 'though you were blind-  
You did not need to search- I was the restless one..  
I tear away- look at the sky you cannot see-  
The double rainbow, bright field of wheat.

After a storm, we put the two  
Into the cairn, with countless seashells;  
Beneath two great stone menhirs/dolmens- in stone rows;  
As was our custom for the dead.

Boar mandibles, red deer antlers and we sang:  
The four stars arrange themselves against the replicants;  
These women were our Gods in dreams.  
The butterfly, a "tortoise-shell" that

Landed on her shawl that day.  
She sat so still...satori still.  
The same fly lands on the anchor/pilot stone,  
The stone a boat through years of light.

Guide stars lead us between the henge;  
Two Queens sit beside a lemon field-  
The blind Queen leads, as in a game of chess;  
The younger sister wears a purple dress.

It all matters- in the order of things-  
As they must- even the crows,  
Strut purposefully as covenants;  
A double rainbow promises bounty for this year!

those assembled for the ceremony repeat the chant:

"A double rainbow insures our bounty for the year."



## Through the Henge

(This also an ekphrastic poem- accompanied an image by )

Death came as you prophesied; it wasn't that bad!  
Remember the times when you fell asleep?  
A terrain where you walked, then slid,  
A minor death beneath your lids?

You thought you could observe

Your own death but you never could!

You gathered final images around, you hoped:  
"Romance has bloomed on stonier ground"? but,  
"Ashes, ashes, we all fall down",

You hoped for heroes like  
Paul Atriedes, ocean planets, planets all dune?

You practice by counting your breaths until you get close...

Think yoga, count backwards but you'll never find out  
Death/door/hidden garden/ "we all fall down", but  
Rehearsing the end, has all already been said:

In a dream you fell sleeping and then you are dead.

### **Whitby Black (a black stone prized by the Romans)**

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The black jewel- Whitby black-  
"Jet" lignite not smoky quartz- where Dracula  
Landed-in England- like garnets  
On Black Mountain, New Hampshire,  
But not as purple...

Mined in Whitby:  
From the French- "jaïet" but originally?  
Long fossilized  
Juruassic monkey puzzle trees  
Now turned into jewelry.

...  
Amulets magic to Romans.  
"Drives off snakes or relieves  
Uterine suffocation"- Pliny.

Like pockets of crystals prospectors  
Search: Mount Antero, Colorado...  
Or in space- NASA JPL images.

I imagine, "Good bye to earth,  
Centrifugal arms rotating stately,..."

Dispensing barbituates,  
A slow drip towards Europa...  
I intuit my deathbed- how it will be  
But I'm hoping a tourmaline column  
Comes next, as my eyes close?

From Afghanistan- "watermelon" colors:  
Pyramidal terminations  
As if dusted with snow" and,  
"Pink fading into  
A light green tint" suggests

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Bioluminescence-just under  
The ice surface,  
Like a Strauss waltz...\*

There will be an after life  
Like sea creatures- jelly fish maybe, spinning...

### **Black Mountain WHY?**

The garnet nodes half way up...  
The platform at the top where  
The fire tower used to be?

North west of Mousilauke  
Deepest purple fire...  
A recurring dream was

I had to start over climbing  
Black Mtn...  
IN THE DARK!!!

Footnote- Dracula arrived by boat from Transylvania in Whitby- the novel by Bram Stoker

**[About the boat in a dream: dedicated to the lads and shielas at Cairns Diving Center,  
Cairns, Queensland, Australia  
Great Barrier Reef](#)**

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It rocks from side to side- the "live aboard": \*  
Andaman sea, New Ireland, James Cook

Who "went further"? Sharks simply coincide,  
So pale they blend with water, then

In dream you join their lemon beauty....  
"Search southern seas! search galaxies..."

Until their arms distend, like engines through the night  
Humming- luminescent, Open the envelope;

The Queen wrote: "go further south," mission  
No less than- " Seek a southern continent"- and if

Its arms prove too cold, or when the stars  
"In icicles arise"\*\*, "Turn back!"

A distant constellation will arrive...  
Andromeda sink through our "Milky Way", and yet

The space between each star  
Prevents collision- we will be what we are.

A boat accommodating divers and snorkelers

\*\* George Chapman (Elizabethan poet)

photo by dave is juvenile damsel fish (Belize)



[the Galoshians?](#)

« on: December 27, 2012, 06:58:35 PM »



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Inspired by the TV program on Frontline: "From Jesus to Christ"

The Q document yet to be found:  
"The Sayings of Jesus" others drew from?  
Perhaps in some cliff face like at Nag Hammadi:?

"Cenobitic monasticism" a Discourse  
On the eighth and ninth, say apocryphon  
Or tripartite tractates, circa 350.

Verily I say (to ye of so little substance):  
Consider the sponges of the reef;  
That neither weep nor row and yet a rising tide....

Consider the wilderness that became Alaska?  
And the forests, the wolves running therein...  
Consider how you will dress on your last day.

I hope that I can be as brave and serene  
As the martyred Perpetua who, in the arena at Carthage,  
Told the centurion to get on with it- get it over with!

I'll join the Catholic Workers here serving the poor,  
At the same time fighting the empire  
Of US weaponizing and capitalism.

Blessed are those missing sayings of Jesus,  
For they became the sayings of Blake,  
Of Rumi- parables easily understood.

Yea, when you are very old, you will increasingly wonder  
How to approach death and what to wear.  
I say to you, don't worry about it!

Many an iris blooms that no one has seen  
And there are documents yet to be uncovered.  
Like "The Gospel of Dave" discovered in Nimrod.

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Reply from friend Jim Forest (biographer of Dorothy Day) : “Just to say I very much enjoyed “Epistle of Dave to the Carpathians...the Car park ians? the Galoshians?” Funny and touching.

I confess I found the Q Document during the time Nancy and I were living near Bethlehem back in 1985. It was filed between the P and R Documents in an air-conditioned cave near the Dead Sea. It was an exciting discovery at first but then, reading it, I realized it was I had read it all before in Matthew, Mark and Luke. It contained the same old impossible commandments: love your enemies, forgive 70 times 7, go the second mile, go sell what you have, do to the least what you would do to me, blessed are the pure of heart, etc. So I left it in the cave between the P and R Documents.

Best, Jim

## **Our Name**

Travon Martin is our name;  
Legal lynchings not our game.

State of Florida - resist that state;  
Dump the oranges out of the crate!

We'll find a way to draw the shades  
On "sunshine" states, let that sun fade.

Tourism industry must take a hit  
In states where justice is just shit.

Close down the courts, close down the beaches  
In states where injustice overreaches.

Deep south playing same old racist games,  
Nra, republican are the names.

No justice no peace is what we say;  
The struggle begins anew each day!



## [2 fr the ghetto \(where i hang\) \(vo\)](#)



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1) Tryin to be helpful:

Cupla

white boyz

on a scooter-

tryin ta hook up

they got banked,

scooter stolen,

i told em afterwards

why didn't ya accelerate-

they were surrounded

pretty fast tho'

2) helpful observations:

for a vice squad

cop

tryin to entrap

sum stoopid johns-

u look too "hot"-  
you stand out too much  
w tha hot pants...  
need more  
"hood rat"...

### **We All Luv to Fuk- We All Luv Poetry**

Pimp Lines by Davee Mack: (Bishop Don Magick Dave)  
(Excuse any sexist lines- they r only ment for the imagery and the music- which in the "black"  
ghetto dialogue!has a lot of color and music)

What is the poetry game about?  
Poet "Jade" recommends Dave!

U want to b in the game?  
B good to the game...

Why do a poet need a pimp?  
I manage yr monee!

"Dave b kind to me, he b non violent!"  
PIB \* poets swear by him.

U want to b chilla? Gorilla?  
Julie's- my finest- my bottem poet

PIB\* fillees- they my first string.  
They b illin...

I bail out some of u poets.  
"Dave is tops": Spicy- Honolulu.

I manage thoro bred poets-  
I can MAN IP OO LATE!

(I'll take a slow ass poet even!  
A fukin once a month bleedin poet...) optional

My poets have pet names- there's  
A whole language to it!

It's called like "survival"!  
U have to go w Dave!!

He have a fine stable!  
U doan have to die hustlin'.

Who's that poet?  
Who's that ladee???

U down w the game?  
Yr mama's goin!!

Why a poet need a pimp?  
Kno the ins and outs/outs and ins!

That's the way we kicked it!  
I can turn you out!

I doan want my poets on the streets-  
No chilrens of the night...

Some of u poets jus lookin for direction-  
From broken homes? I fulfill yr empty spaces!

I had a poet on crystal.  
I said "turn around (B itch)" and guess whut?

This "figment" aint yr imagination!  
I supply food, shelter, medicinal!

A poet want adventure- see things-  
I'll take a trik off welfare!!

I doan buy dreems- I sellem!  
Like the fab bulbs on xmas trees!

It's not matrimony- it's Mack ee money...  
Dave make money for poets!

(I know it sounds bad no sexism intended - i turn male trix also- ass / c nt fukin all good)

- PIB refers to Poetry in Baltimore

dave's lawyer is Barry Glazer (Barry's slogan? "Don't urinate on my leg and tell me it's raining!")

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[To Jane Austen](#)

« on: September 25, 2013, 08:26:43 PM »



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“Cold veal pies, green tea in the afternoon”;  
Sea air as healing as Tom Lefroy\*,  
“Work is all, none should suspect  
My occupation- it's not my only joy.

Down the Hampshire paths with Cassie,  
A turn of phrase as grand as childbirth;  
You women with your men, I envy you,  
And yet I know it's not the only worth.

Flora Devonae, the human dance,  
The reels of men and women, women men,  
Of men to men, women to women,  
We face each other, turn away, again.

The waste of class when we could face to face  
Determine each to each attraction.  
My brother helps me find a publisher,  
And that gives quite enough satisfaction.

Your face, my sister, as absorbed  
As family helps, sister to brother.  
I have no one to night to lie next to,  
In the morning you and I have each other.

Cross town, Blake spins his galactic verses,  
He gets buried with dissenters \*\*;  
For me the Church of England, tho-  
Put me down as dissenting also.

\* a beau for Jane that didn't work out

\*\* Blake was buried w other "dissenters" at Bunhill (Bone Hill) Field- will try to upload a photo

## **18 Wing Chun Poems (dedicated to the Japanese Director, Ozu)** **The figure on Ozu's tombstone's Nothing**

Our martial arts Kung Fu branch of Wing Chun is special in that it is never used! Its reputation always precedes it and is so puissant that negotiation always ensues. It begins in conflict, but is only about deflection and non violence so that an opponent is never hurt.

It is more an art form, like ballet. It is really rarely employed. Guns and swords and knives are anathema. Diplomacy is the end.

The grand master, besides demonstrating martial arts forms- is also a landscape gardener and contemplative monk who spends as much time tending to and raking the white pebbles of the lawn and contemplating the temple's miniature bonsai Korean elm. Especially in fall when the leaves turn into yellow and roan.

The best religion pins nothing down- refers to our limited understanding of what it is, in my opinion-or-combines that sense with a way of improving matters, as in "Blessed are the peacemakers." The master always taught us to make peace first.

It could be an impossible teaching....like forgiveness. Our martial art is based on forgiveness. We forgive the first blow....a teaching of the Buddha. Our martial art is based on causing no harm, never initiating, and strict postures- as in ballet- stand on your toes.

We asked the master: about politics? What side should we take? "In this regard, we do not praise the zero or nothing- we chose democratic socialism.

We do this as an approach to that which we fear most- death. We teach you to accept death. You really have no choice. It as if snow were melting in a pot holding wintry branches stript of leaves.

the way we rake our yard/lawn of white pebbles !!

1 The wonder-  
an orange slice?  
one is enough

2 You searched inward  
and found nothing...  
wasn't kung fu enough?

3 Ozu on kung fu.:  
"Sometimes things are  
Better left unsaid.

4 Fall, a leaf  
Could mean one thousand things?

How about nothing?

5 Why fill it up with Meaning?

O go ahead.

Fillerup.

6 Dr at bedside..

Of what are you afraid?" Patient:

"I take it back- it's nothing."

7 The best reason

For gun control?

We fight with our hands.

8 The leaves may fall

While the roots flourish.

Wing chun is the trunk.

9 Two Wing Chun masters:

Calligraphy in two hands:

One female . one male,

Both perfect orgasms!

10 Endorsements:

International film star Bruce Lee...

Cathy dim sum girl...

Both Wing Chun students.

11 Kung fu is not about

Picking fights...choose a

Wooden practice dummy!

Choose a wooden practice dummy, dummy!

12 True Wing Chun?

A pregnant woman

Will beat yr butt!!

13 Summer goes, then fall;

The cicadas do not care.

There is no end to

the study of kung fu.

14 My mother before she had me  
and then after, still  
the study of kung fu continues.

15 Thank you for letting me win.  
Thank you for letting me lose.  
Modesty, dignity, respect.

16 Strictures of Wing Chun fighting  
Are not what you think:  
It is better NOT to fight.

If 10 men come with weapons?  
Run! Run!

17 "Gone with the wind"!  
But the wind comes back...  
Oops, there it goes again...

18 You cannot exhaust  
the well  
Of mindfulness.  
Pay attention.



### Auschwitz Series- after BBC documentary

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1 "You need to find a better way of killing. Not for the victims...for the murderers.  
Hence:  
Wall Street bail outs.

2 Krakau, Osweicm

These strange spellings,  
You care not  
To make the connections?

The faces of t partiers,  
Republicans, right wingers.  
Draw the dots,

Faces of  
The resistance subject to

The "hanging torture"...

Protest against  
Nuclear destruction and the state  
Has its response:

Obama, the House/Senate,  
Complicit in war crimes:  
Drones, waterboarding, bs wars.

A slight difference  
From Nazi state.  
You draw the lines.

Take the steps of resistance.  
Violence against women,  
Voter suppression.

Become a partisan.  
And if necessary...  
In the streets/woods.

3

To the Pacifists :

To kill an inmate  
Who had eaten another inmate's  
Food? Easy!!!!!!

(Watch your food  
So no one steals it!)  
(You have to survive).

4

To the Pacifists 2 :

Hoess's barber: "I could have  
Stuck my scissors in his neck and  
What would that mean?  
My death, my family's, half the camp?"

5

## Block 11

Starvation cells and  
I pass by...  
The indifference is:  
Today is your turn.  
Tomorrow mine.

6

Huge German corporation\_  
I G Farben:  
Lime and coal- and Auschwitz  
An ideal location.  
As always is  
Capitalism interested=  
Slave labor expanded...  
Into our century?

7

to German survivor involved in mass murder

What are you feeling  
As you shoot?  
"Nothing...  
Aim carefully...  
My hatred for the Jews  
Is that great!  
They cheated me!"

8

The selection  
Of disabled adults follows  
"Children"- a center  
Near Dresden...

"Tell them  
To have a shower"Look for these centers  
AROUND YOU 2014.  
When you hear the word "treatment"?  
Do not believe it.

9

I can/will not  
Be angry  
At those who can/will not  
Connect dots!

They have their reasons.

10

to the victims:

"When people are  
Shocked you can  
Do with them  
What you will!"

Thus try not to be  
Shocked!  
 Resist before  
It happens.

Sniff out wall St./ republicans  
Take appropriate action!

11

Bottled carbon monoxide  
To kill the disabled? Too expensive to ship.  
Try such mass murder alternatives  
As drones, tweak the  
Murder alternatives:  
Explosives in Rusland  
Prussic acid, xyclon B.

**In Memoriam Anneliese Frank Version 1 (ANN FRANK House in  
Amsterdam sent kind regards)**

NO Perpetrators!

No Victims!

No Bystanders!

I have met you Anne Frank...

Oswiciem, Westerbork, Bergen Belsen...

And here in the U S.

I saw you at a trump rally

Wearing a yellow star...

And then you and the Muslim were ejected!

Attributed to Stalin:

“One death a tragedy,

Thousands a statistic”...

I have signed up for

Holocaust archaeology

At Sobibor.

Once shipped to the east-

No coming back-

As in U S Congress

Well tuned to

Separate men from the women...

Trains leaving once a week on Mondays...

Resist the right wing

Wherever you find them..

Their property, tv shows....

Selection ramps run by

The Republican party

It's 2016 I have met you.

Version 2- I mislaid version 1 so rewrote it: In Mem: Annaliese Frank (thanks to the National Geographic Special on Ann Frank and the Holocaust)

The archaeology of genocide  
Proceeds at Sobibor...

Slow sifting digging down shows that  
Human teeth deteriorate less rapidly...

The person in hijab escorted out  
From a trump rally along with a seat mate with a yellow star.

The Dutch police, the Ferguson police,  
Are present – Bergen Belsen, Westerbork.

On “Morning Joe” trump protestors are decried;  
On hearing “Stop hate speech”, Mika and Joe express dismay.

Anneliese on the last train to the east  
Where none return-she dies, next, the war ends.

Please connect these dots  
To the right wing of today, please?

Human teeth deteriorate less rapidly,  
Townspeople claim they did not see.

### **Meditation: Are you waiting to be selected?**

dedicated to gassed children- all "waisenkind"

The Polish woods are wide, dark and deep as the concentration camp trains pass through. The pines and birches soften the noise of clackety cattle cars and also hide the resistance fighters...O they're out there. "Hanna and her suitcase"- the movie re Hanna gassed at Auschwitz aged 13- immensely powerful- lesson for me- we must teach resistance at the earliest ages (and I don't mean Palestinians teaching kids that Jews are bad! I mean surviving and fighting back- non violently/violently.

Baltimorean Leo Bretholtz actually jumped from a death camp train and survived!

Lesson 2- we need to resist now- the stench of fascism is evident in republicans and trump- I hear the rapid sputter of the assault weapons they foster! Their lies and deceit are obvious.

We owe it to Holocaust and A bomb victims to resist NOW! to the most radical of our capabilities, Resist the evil of the U S. I'd rather Hanna was hung with piano wire by the ss for aiding freedom fighters than have to descend those stairs- all her expectaions dashed, eg

"We're leaving Theresin- I think we're going to a work camp.

I can work- I'll join my brother George."

But then comes the "selection".

(I've been at the ovens). How old can we teach connection of dots to resistance- the foreboding foreseeing we all need re danger. To prevent greater danger- act first and act fast- but act

I feel blessed to have spent time in federal prison- but that was long ago. It wasn't enough- far from it.

### **In mem, Peter Matthiessen , nature writer- a prelude with fugue**

I dreamt last night of the snow leopard under the mountain wall, in the cloud forest,, just out of view; it was a ghostly apparition, and the hint of it was enough- there was no need for an actual sighting. It was scat, a koan, the sound of prayer flags snapping, of prayer wheels turning.... it was a bamboo flute that smelled of patchouli, an African thumb piano. The effervescent present being enough, I took a deep breath and tried to be mindful.

O it's not far  
To our tomorrows,  
Nor is it far  
To yesterdays.;  
But it's the present  
That's so distant,  
And so sorrow  
Lines the way.

**pome in honor of capt. beefheart, don van vliet**

dedicated to h e mantel

done, completely,  
wicker spinach person  
set alite at summer solstice

lemon interstices,  
rent into disciples,  
a labial disemvowelment

a haiku hibachi,  
w "bilt in sauce rack",  
could change yr life

cantilevered excrements,  
bedecked with peters-  
berg egg colors

mashed potatoes sometimes  
at the curb side,  
trying to raise money

I see you  
Just bot a  
Laminated rabbit.

**Homage to Ingmar Bergman**

1 "Cries and Whispers"

Sisters Karin\* and Maria...  
Are the Swedes more emotional?  
I'm afraid not.

Would some one touch my face  
Your knuckles curved just so  
In the Bergman movie?

I might sit there  
In front of some soup and  
One little Swedish meatball and some dark wine...

“Have I told you how much I hate you?  
You sit there with your cold little grin”.  
But then I might change my demeanor:

“Forgive me, maybe you know better”.  
Some scenes I would just scream.  
Could all elementary school students be required

To watch “Cries and Whispers”, maybe twice and repeat:  
“Sit with me til the horror is over”, or:  
“The tang of autumn air, mild but fine...”

The sisters with Anna  
Going to the old swing with white parasols...  
"Come what may...this is happiness..."

\*pronounce Core in

## 2 “Wild Strawberries”

There is still room for mercy, it is not too late  
To care for another; summer nights,  
When you're tired  
You go to bed;  
A fan in the window  
And beyond that the rain; it sounds perfect...  
The fan plus rain.\*  
At the end comes acceptance.

I got to thinking about how “plus” needed to be in the poem- it gives that delicious sound of the noise of the rain and the fan- that whoosh.

## 3 “Smiles of a Summer Night”

Midsummer, Scandanavia...  
We bathe in the sunlight!  
We want to “relate”,  
A sincere desire  
To tear the mask off.  
Some'd rather keep it on  
Even in sheer sunlight!,  
Because of sheer sunlight.

1. **Homage to Pina Bausch and the Wuppertal Tanztheatre**

To Mechilde, Fabien, Lutz, Nazareth, all radical explorers

\*mottoes fr Shakespeare, Tate- set to music by Purcell:

2.

"I am laid into earth- drooping wings...

Even night herself's here, winter comes slowly pale".\*

“Dance, dance, otherwise we are lost.”

The pain, the fury, Greek retembika...

Pina alone on a black stage- no one else comes close,

But we all come closer- she is in us and vice versa...

We all scratch ourselves to varying tempos...

I carry a huge tree on my back and

Persons throw dirt on me- it's elemental;

The women keep flopping up side boulders...

And the men keep engaging pissing contests...

There is a river of dance in Wuppertal...

Like the over head trams- it keeps running.

**Great American Artists , a Tribute**

Cornish New Hampshire, Windsor Vermont:  
Salinger disappears in Maxfield Parrish blues ,  
Chasing Holden Caulfield- where did he go?  
The Connecticut river flows by black like a dot in the snow.

The person you want, then the person you know,  
A bell's dharma to ring, a sun's karma to shine,  
A cold front coming through- to and fro...

On blue evenings, h/she strokes your hair just so,

You hold onto things you've already lost,  
Girls on rocks in the oaks with spirea like snow,  
The positives/negatives thru the covered bridge go  
" Please walk your horse" and take it slow.

When the student is ready- a teacher appears,  
But Salinger disappears and the river just goes.  
Down river Emily tends her garden- Indian pipes just so.  
And the river flows by black like a dot in the snow.

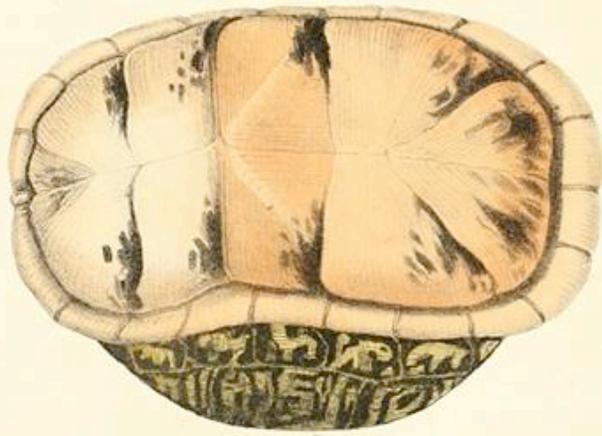
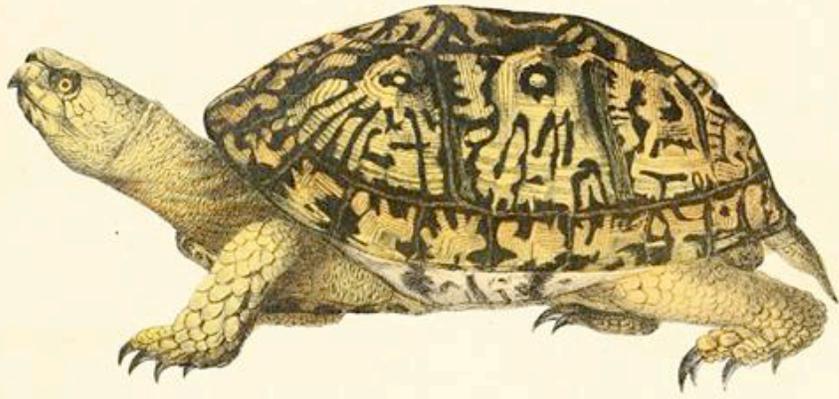
### **Box Turtle**

Reflects the sun.

Reflect on the sun

And its shadows.

You are one.



Cistuda Carolina.

2.

**MY BEST BREAKFAST**, after wmcarloswms

Dedicated to Bob Evans...



**After movie “A Dancer”**

So what did Yeats mean?

“How can we tell the dancer from the dance?”

The artist becomes his/her *métier*?

Art makes us all blissful and ecstatic and unified?

“When you dance do you think of words?”

“Only in technical terms”.

“The words...it feels good to get outside them”.

“I keep my back straight...

I relax my neck...

A long “port de bras” sequence,

And finish with a menage,

A diagonal of pirouettes.”

### **From movie "Memoirs of a Geisha"**

to Mereille and Tiriel

2 women i have known

cld b memoirs of a poet

"Geishas are not  
Courtesans,  
Nor are we wives"

We don't sell our bodies  
But our skills...  
Glimpse of a wrist

Snap of a fan, and  
Powder blue mascara!  
You will know you're a geisha

When you stop a man in his tracks  
Like a Jesuit's robes  
Does a woman

There will come a time when  
As an old couple just lying together  
Will be good as sex!

Look into his/her eyes  
Like a note on a shamisen;  
This binds us together

## **Understated Tang Dynasty poem**

chestnut brown eyes  
limpid tea leaves  
brown velvety stones under water  
long brown brows

all one character  
in the Chinese  
poet lao tse ao (sp?)\*  
the story goes

he fell for one  
of the emperor's  
favorite courtesans  
and that she could not save him

exiled beyond  
the "heavenly mountains"  
he wrote of her often  
in a secluded pavilion

a bridge to it  
cross a small pond  
and in the fall wan leaves  
clutter the water

and in the spring  
green hangs over the water  
and in the winter  
bare branches add black to it

he thinks of her most tho

summers, he begs for  
a pardon, and the mail takes  
a month to reach Shen tzu

\*there are several variant spellings in the Chinese

footnote- I wrote this in a dream- I awoke to realize that I was already  
living with the courtesan. I broke down in tears of joy!!!!!!!!!!

### **At the Grave Marker for Heinrich von Kleist und Harriet Vogel-**

a joint suicide  
Berlin near the Wannsee Bridge

“An abyss too deep”...  
steps down to the Wannsee...  
we contemplate your memorial  
with sadness mostly...

aware of silence..  
there is all this noise...  
aware of stillness...  
all this motion...

### **Memorial poems all I'm writing these days?**

**in mem Barbara Spilka (Cathy's sister just died in Prague) after “La Boheme” (Barbara loved opera)**

After listening to Chopin, and a visit to the Musee de la Vie Romantique- references to Everest

Strong wills choose their own death:

Heard in Chopin  
Turning a certain corner...  
Chopin adored les surprise-

Not just any corner- that one on the mountain  
That brings you surprise:

Self suicide –Khumbu Icefall, Lhotse Face,  
South Col, the Hilary Step near the summit- not  
Wishing to summit, not wishing to be  
A burden-the other climbers on the way down  
Find her sitting alone.

A death cast of his hand the long  
Spidery fingers, Chopin also  
Encased by ice.

You had lost hope of return,  
Or had not even considered it...  
Western medicine abandoned-

The face of a model  
Had turned into a vole,  
And yr arms now stix of camp photos.....

You died alone in yr apartment  
Music swelling to Puccini:  
Mimi dying of consumption....

Charge ahead always.\*

\*I note a surprise ending in my poem, as in music (not that this is) surprise is a big factor. One thinks of a death like B's as NOT charging ahead- (she could have taken measures to live) But she did charge ahead according to her strange beliefs. Ironically, Czech police sealed the apt., as if in ice! As if a crime scene.

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**[Andrew Wyeth's paintings: "Cristina's World" and "Wind from the sea"](#)**  
**[An ekphrastic prose poem](#)**

**[Post the 2 paintings \(I note the window one has not included me- will try to rectify\)](#)**

**[Ths first one is missing abt a third- me and nat'l gallery - restore](#)**



In my imagination, Cristina crawls towards her farm house...every day the same wind sea-salt anodyne that tosses the curtains, braces me, deep weirs of the coast, memories trapped in skeins of sea netting.

She is coming my very way hieratic, forever; the same direction I am looking through the window in the painting-is towards the small graveyard –that way where she is buried with brother Alvaro -inlet thru the fir trees just beyond

I'm in the kitchen, Andy and Cristina are still talking; Andy paints her blue boat in the side shed and the lilac bush jostles the silvery grey slats of the farm house; he paints that too.

In Maine weather sun and blues always there in the greys whether it's foggy or not- light like wind from the sea reflected of water, the whole coast bright that way, velvet added to violet torches of lupine, gold lichen on gravestones (should color be bronze?)

the word "slant" needs to make it into the poem

### **3 short late poems as I turn to prose**

#### **1 found in the movie "Mad Max- Fury Road"**

Title optional: The green place

To the west  
Beyond the mountains

Poem trouve dans la movie "Mad Max Fury Road"

Title optionel- L'endroit vert

A l'ouest,  
Au de la des montaignes.

#### **2 found in the movie "The Big Short"**

Truth is like poetry  
And most people hate fucking poetry.

Poeme trouve etc

La verite est comme la poesie...  
Et la plus part des gens haissent  
La putain de poesie!

**A poem for seniors- dedicated to ted kooser**

Riding up and down  
on my stair lift  
just for fun  
american poetry line lengths:  
as well content!

Whoopee do....

**Poem after music by Albeniz - "Cordoba"**

As the guitar can be  
Made to sound like  
A voice?

Purple flowers hover the streets

In Seville...

Jacaranda

**To Sacajawea to honor Dakota pipeline protestors)**

Nursing her child, an ambassadress  
For non violence-to the tribes:  
Lewis and Clark mean no harm...

Today new tests for non violence-  
Beyond the first Range comes the Cascades-  
Broken treaties, coporations, state and feds.

Past Fort Mandan to Shoshoni,  
The group welcomed as brothers  
All the way to the Pacific...

It's all down hill from here:  
Whites taking over...  
Buffalos, slaughtered, miscegenation challenged

By Virginia, home of Tom Jefferson,  
Flawed founding father  
To flawed floundering nation:

A trump takes over, his country  
Celebrates violence as militarized police  
Spray protestors in freezing temperatures.

**Dreams “I go missing in my sleep;”  
Ded to Andre Breton**

My body stands between me and me’  
In dreams - I’d rather they ended!- the loss in them-  
The moosh of story telling- where DID I park my car?  
And yet not to worry- I never arrived in a car to begin with!  
The table I’m assembling underwater? Interrupted ineluctably-  
The body’s imperative that is I HAVE GOT TO PEE!!  
All I have to do is wake up and  
And I’ve no longer lost my key.....,

Tomorrow in daylight it all scatters-  
“Midnite on Bald Mtn” – Mussorgski’s original version-  
As a pink coda of dawn appears in the music;  
The ogres of confusion shrink to puddles.

Plus my lover saves me from the evil night:  
I move closer beside the still center  
Of my wife – my CLEAR WATER!  
The one dream that comes true- the only one that matters!

**Dans mes rêves- ded a Andre Breton**

Je desparais dans mon sommeil.

Mon corps se present entre moi et moi dans me rêves.J'aurais prefere  
que ce soit le fin- la perte en eux-  
La mélange/"moosh" de la narration.  
e.g. Ou ai-je garre ma voiture?  
Et maintenant- pas de problem! Parce que

Je ne suis jamais arrive en voiture en commencement!

La table aue je suis en train d'assembler sous l'eau?  
C'est interrompu ineluctablement.  
Par besoin irrepressible:  
JE DOIS ALLER PISSER!  
La seul choise a faire? Me reveiller.  
Et donc je n'ai enfait perdu mes clefs!

Demain quand il fera jour tout va se disperser.  
"Minuit sur le Mont Chauve" dan le version originale par Mussorgski.  
Comme une coda rose ap;parait en la musique.  
Les ogres de la confusion  
Se reduise a les flaques.

En plus mon amour me protégé de la nit de diable.  
Je me rapproche due centre calme de ma femme-  
De mon eau Claire-  
Le seul reve qui deviant realite, qui compte!

Something Biblical in the quote ( is this a quote?): I lay down beside still  
waters?

**Tribute to Stephen Hawking & Rene Descartes ("I think therefore I  
am")**

The gold fish in a fishbowl

Being carried by a small girl  
In a market, all this filmed, the different  
Perspectives, laws of nature, reality in...  
Quarks as if bound by rubber?  
13.7 billion year history?  
Is your "best fit model".

Mind of the beholder,  
Between your ears,  
What you choose it to be.

Hommage a Stephen Hawkins et Renee Descartes- "Je pense donc je suis"

La poisson d'or dans l'aquarium  
Parte par une petite fille  
Dans une marche, tout est filme,  
Les perspectives different,  
Les lois de la nature,  
La relite, des quarks comme lie par caoutchou-  
Une histoire de treize virgule sept milliard annee,  
C'est le meillure modele-  
L'esprit de l'observateur...  
Entre vos oreilles,  
C'est comme vous voulez!

**Fragmentz:**

1 the color of smoke,  
  
rte 70 to BreezeWood,  
  
up past Amaranth, PA- poet's flower...

2 "I go missing in my sleep" ...  
The color of smoke...  
One of these days it will be permanent!

3 There was the color of smoke on every worst day:  
It arose from cannons and from ovens

**in mem John Winston Lennon:**

Sweet dreams my prince, sweet dreams!

For the benefit of Mr Kite  
A sooper dooper show tonite  
Past Islington and Penny Lane,  
Take lefts and rites past Strawberry fields.

The Pablo Fanque's Circus Royale enthralls  
You out upon the greeny mall  
And Edward Lear has brought along  
A skeezix with a luminous dong!

Xanthus the mystery horse performs  
As well a certain "Peppery Band"  
For yr delite will b ice cream  
And dancing on the trampoline

For kidlees and adults alike  
The giant Bubbles entertains,  
The midget Semolina imitates  
A walrus as you've never seen

Guns in amurika may try to end yr dream  
But there are ways to melt them down-  
Non violent love will steel the scene  
And leftward leaning - let's all lean!

All we are saying is "Give peace a chance"  
The lonely heart of Eleanor Rigby  
Finds a mate , lonely no more  
And Reverend Finster lonely no more!

See Judy leap a dozen rainbows  
Until the wicked witch is dead.  
Your dream of Sgt Pepper waits-  
Turn yr coverlet in a warm bed.

Sweet dreams my Prince, the Liver bird  
Alites in Liverpool- the esteemed home of Mr Kite

And for his benefit tonite-  
A show that's guaranteed delite

**Wet Dream**

**At my age running out of juice, but....)**

My white haired goddess  
Looks slyly over her shoulder:  
As she fits me in- yes the shoe fits...  
Her perfect moccasin...

I look up into the canopy  
At Rima's bottom,  
In the great ban yan  
Where she's climbing,,,

Why the white hair?

Because she lives with the wind

In the green mansions,

Sometimes a rain forest....

**Homage to "The Sopranos" 11/2017**

"I was poppin percosets  
like fuckin ju ju beads....& then it hit me  
in the back of my head  
like a fukin pool cue..."

I think I need a Lincoln town car  
To drive by the abandoned  
Durable water repellent plant  
Near Newark

Yuse can see from the tpk....  
Dura Pruf, yeh  
That's it  
and while yr at it

We elected trump..  
You got a problem widit?  
The business of amurika  
Is business!!!

