Poetry Series

Stan Petrovich

- poems -

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Stan Petrovich (10/27/1950)

Appearing in a mirage, I wandered the Arizona desert for forty years, always alone, always lost. The heat takes its toll on verbs, not adjectives. There are not two ways to approach dehydration; only one, the one with symbols. Petroglyphs in rock show the way to live without presumptuous glory. Then, tired of the blistering sands, turning to my later years I longed for the sea. The green currents called. So leaving the Gila mirage-maker behind wound my way to Massachusetts, to watch the sea examine what it created, and to die.

20th Century Doings, Part 2

...He explicated a hatred for his fellow man:
That he would wreak a vengeance so great against all
Who who had slighted him,
He would attain great fame and notoriety.

Only one of us walked, or actually stumbled out of those woods that day.

Stan Petrovich

20th Century Doings, Part I

My name is Dmitri Shostakovich-
Maybe you have heard a symphony of mine-
Anyway, a soviet railway designer and I,
Whe were on good terms,
Went into a great wood together
To get drunk on vodka.
The variegated sounds of nature babbled in my ears,
When to my great surprise he said:

Stan Petrovich

A Bad Day

Driving a nail through a finger, Then not able to extract the nail;
Dropping an anvil onto a reinforced-toe boot,
Then hobbling off,
All are bothersome.
Now I have been off liquor, pot, street drugs,
Lots of junk since '72.
But I retain the hubris of tobacco,
And I tried to sneak a cigar
At 3 AM, but I got busted.
There are mistakes lurking at every turn,
And at every turn
I must eat them.
My face is as cratered as the moon
With errors run into squarely.
The only light of day flowing if I do no thing.

Stan Petrovich

A Brief History of Pain

One cell cringing
in commotion;
Sauropods succumbing
to gravity,
protecting doomed offspring;
The King of all Writers,
fishing in guts for plays,
dying unknown;
Then you, hobnobbing,
howling in torture
for things I cannot
or will not
do.

My shell is cracked;
I am here alone in a world
of grief. But I ply,
for though the pain is overwhelming,
in the end it is brief.
Breaking a plastic pen in two
is too difficult
to separate from the field of pain.
And too neat.

Stan Petrovich

A Nightmare

The rapid barometric stuttering
of a sudden downpour
vacating the streets
hurling rainbows
overhead:
I fear not.

the amble of a six-gun toting
troublemaker, intoxicated as all get out,
Shouting, 'I smash you head in! '
Him I fear.
The strength of arms
Against such a predator
Shall turn his head inside out;
This I command:
(At least in my mind's eye) ,
And the brunt of my hand
Can shatter his nose
So it goes into his brain.
Then I will dispose of his guns.

Stan Petrovich

A Question

Do your tiny hands
Reveal freeflying thoughts,
Or better, are you intrigued
By the stumbling block dividing naughts?

It s not possible to conceal
An admiration impossibly,
Mathematically, real:
That lore is catlike in ferocity.

Doe-eyed, implacable, studious,
Said being is beautiful of mind;
Milton's honesty, old, then dutiful,
No brokenness can be so kind.

Quaked, then towered, forsaking
Friendship's throne for tears,
A humble dosser is partaking
Of an institution asymbolic of the years.

Stan Petrovich

A Quote

Tristan Tzara, dada's papa,
Wrote that, if one can understand a piece
Of art, it is nothing but the product
Of journalism. I agree in ways piling up,
Wanting art to look good, sound good,
Or fly well; not necessairily be understandable.
I fell into a wishing-well when I was twelve,
And never got rescued.
So I did not marry and become a philosopher
Like Socrates - I am not enamored by young boys, either.
But to become a poet is not
A challenge, but a deep pit of cold mud.

Stan Petrovich

A Sad Bridge In Eastern Europe

In a Slavic city,
Unpronouncable, on a concrete bridge,
Spanning churning gray water,
Smokestacks on the shrore belching yellow fumes.
Peering over an English paper
I saw her and we locked eyes.

She joined me on the bench:
'All alone? ' she asked.
Then we exchanged pleasantries
That soon, so soon, became profound.

Of course it began to rain.
We held hands and trotted off the bridge.
Here she told
me she had to return to work,
Home or boarding-house.
It was predestined, my loneliness, for why else was I here.

Walking the drizzling streets,
Crowded with gray brick buildings,
impossible Complex corners,
I wandered for hours,
Just needing a hand to hold.

Stan Petrovich

Agreement

Someday there will be all-fire,
Fire enveloping everything;
And also someday there
Will be a consuming chill,
A chill way beyond a sting.

You and I cannot experience
This polarity of fire and ice,
Having reached the Fourth Universe,
Having lived more than twice.

Will we become gods or goldfish, Peering out of the curved bowl, Unable to fathom what we see?
Even gods can lose their reality.

In any case: a gentleman's agreement.
We shall both turn off the TV,
Cease arguing politics and theology,
Waiting for the fire in our life to vent.

'Peace on Earth' is no acrimony;
Just as Stonehenge is constantly a mystery,
Yet all the time in stature stonily.

Stan Petrovich

Ah! Shoreline

Clownfish, just a wiggle in water...
The plankton is its stamina.
What is the point?
I see the seacumbers hardly alive
And black bacteria wishing to evolve...
The lens of the tank makes me their Escher..
But what of that is understood here?
They are flooded with light that they do not even need:
It is for us to entertain.

Men, sitting in the seashore,
Wonder worried if the theories of evolulution
Will bear viable fruit;
And suspect that their wives are being unfaithful.

Stan Petrovich

Ah, Trivial Compensation

Sit in the summer's rare breeze-
Should be a pleasure for a suffering man,
But spies alight from every corner,
From electronic device,
To make an innocent reprise
Into a naughty behavior:
My pants remain,
I do not engage in smalltalk with beatiful strangers:
I fashion lines like these,
To force back the gloomy insolence that lurks
And festers within.

Stan Petrovich

an eternity passes

(written in 1965)
i still wait as a tree
waiting for you to pass
under me
i would walk but what
would they do-
they'd cut me in two-
i'd wave at buses and trains
create havoc and fusses
but i'm a wooden being
i don't know how i can see
but i see
and i scream in storms
with these limp roots in the past
-that is where you fit in-
all chagrin
when to told me to GET OUT
is when i came to this place
when i began to sprout

Stan Petrovich

Another Dusty Trail

He had walked the desert
For a lifetime; he had pursued trails
Leading nowhere but to buried dreams.
He was at last on the trail of the dead.
The winding last trail he could take.
Every other way was misleading, confusing.
He accepted that he had to suffer,
And suffer greatly,
Because he had worn-out feet.
Without feet he had no trails left.
Except one.

Stan Petrovich

Astonishing

Thinkers are posed with the question, is there a soul? Maybe
They approach an answer through neuroscience:
The synapses are passed on in death
To some universal warehouse;
There, accumulated, they bubble and squeak for many
Worlds to employ,
Recreating different or perhaps identical souls,
Spanning the white light awaiting,
The feeling of Love everywhere,
The joyous occasion when all hearts are one,
And the perfect balance of nature and brain coalesce.

Stan Petrovich

Astounding

Rusted metal in moonlight, orange. Monkeys can't hold it,
So they even are not worth good graces.
But who, friend, is? Motorcycle men towing old ladies,
flipping off those they pass in hatred and self-satisfaction,
Scream to be mocked, for the pomp,
Their absurdity as Camus' absurdity. And today, Whitsunday, meaninglessly, the tarantulas at the pulpit, experts in raking in dough,
Grab our soulless hearts, tug the strings of their pulpits.
Bankers are select money-grubbers, Who get off when they overfee the poor, so they can float in heated pools.
Oil concens drain your pockets as you refuel:
You are playing their fool.
And the journey you prolong unto death
Is to make the rich richer;
But bless their bloated suicide rates,
As they sit transfixed by Fox News,
Empty-headed, lily-livered, drunk with deep pockets.
Out for the honor of no one,
Not themselves either,
Because there is direct pay
Dearly in coming
Birth, stillborn,
Conjoined at the pockets with empty holes.

Stan Petrovich

Blue Desert

hillocks molded ancient streams
(we stay on the trail)
at night blue is black
scorpions under the moon are not
i pick up one that curls
and stings me with old words
yelp and holler
the petrified woods ablaze
frozen in the flood of time
down some of those ancient streams
(they are dimly red)
holding clues to new life
and forgotten words

writing was always there
squeezed between flower and rock
and the men who came before us
saw the same hillocks
sharper in their time
touched the same poisons
hollered words forgotten
and dimly wondered about the past

Stan Petrovich

Blue Motel

This is the night I feared most:
Coming at me straight and dirty,
Cringing, smoking next to filmy windows,
Worried if I'm the saddest man, coast-to-coast,
A clown in a cheap brown suit.
No wonder I'm beating a retreat:
She slandered my earnestness with him;
I caught them to the brim
Going at it, so I split.
And my cheap brown suit
Reflects neon blue
On this sordid bed I slouch upon.
Close by but on the far side of town,
Taunted by the moon,
Whose company I will keep, forever,
Soon, so soon.

Stan Petrovich

Boy Amid a Scattering of Stones

How could you?
I was waving goodbye in that photo
You were snapping it
A sapling I was
And cried my eyes out when I saw it
Somehow we were actually parting

Then you really left me
And I bent over crushed at coffinside
Really feeling the world firsthand
What the shattered rocks shattered for

Then the stones reached out
Hands to me
Teaching me how to dwell
Safely even in some tumble of rubbish
Like and like can attract
-No matter what the science teacher says-
Everything that can accrete will accrete
My wife and I suffered the rest together
Now we are dying of loneliness

Stan Petrovich

Bronze Sea Statue

We resided in the Colossus of Rhodes.
Like for an eternity,
Smelling the iron rust;
Worrying on a daily basis
If the apes of the SunGod would come and
Run us through.
We made plans as we made love
In the sweltering
Labyrinth of the gigantic body.

Finally one day the ground shook,
And even Ptolemy could not affect our future:
Those dread men of the sword spied
Our nakedness on the shore,
And although their life would now be brief,
They attacked us with vigor and vengeance,
Because they thought we were the fallen ones,
Which we were.
Slain contemporaries of the wonder of the world,
Who had no words to speak
Of the subject.

Stan Petrovich

Celeste

celeste left me hanging
she hung up the phone
we were at odds
changing
she was
a certain woman
certainly a woman
i was a diving man
diving into the vortex
a whirling hole
i was an ugly man
all i did with that silent phone
was cough & sneeze

she wasn't there any more
she might as well be in montana
i just put on music
and cried my best

i'd go up to montana to find her
& stand alone at some railroad spur
the sun burning still in the sky
as my tears again come
hopelessly
pitifully
burning

Stan Petrovich

Change

my hair goes from green
to red and yellow
bristling
my fingernails lose their summer sheen
become dull to scrape the cooling
waters
and then again
everything happens in october
i am not man
i am not tree
mineral i am not
i am the ethereal haze
growing sundry around
the straight down sun

Stan Petrovich

Chopsticks for Eating Peyote

Ah! Chopsticks: sign of civilization.
Peyote, psychelicious not.
The scupulously vile-tasting cactus,
Mushy and light green,
Queen of the desert, holding the treasure,
Of incandescent reality,
Of astral projection on earth,
Of extra-sensory projection
That really, like, freaks me out.

Out-of-touch with what is,
One is free to roam the 2
Dimensions of the tracing hand,
The tiger burning bright,
The lunar madness of a single step into the dark.
The crossroads lead nowhere
But to the heart of matter,
An hallucinated suspension bridge,
All-enduring,
Reassembling the brain,
Rendering it whole again.

Stan Petrovich

Clouds By Number

Cloud Nine lived a life of fantasy,
Barely conceding the existence of Cloud Eight,
Who felt jealousy for Cloud Seven's
Silver lining,
Although it was saturnine.
Cloud Six lived a life in a daze,
Dozing in the sun's rays;
While Cloud Five held a bellyful of rain
That it wept onto
The arid plain.
Cloud Four came out of nowhere,
Hugging Cloud Three,
Making way, hurriedly, for Cloud Two,
Who shot lightning and thunder,
And like a magic trick
Became Cloud One.
The Great Funnel Cloud,
Who left nothing after its short reign
But a painful memory and a swollen path to be filled with regrets.

Stan Petrovich

Clownfish

Boneless beasts
Whose life is no more
Than a wabble in the succulence of plankton,
Far below light,
Were mutations struck in a bad moon,
And being prey
Is the purpose of living.
In another sea
Bereft of eyes today
Some early pupfish gather
In glee,
Living for the rain to fall,
Bumping heads with eating teeth;
Wearing a grin to fill the entrails of a killer.

Now we picture the clownfish,
Fashion plate,
Courtesan appendages plentiful
Chasing its shadow under the spray,
While unthinking rocks
Make memorable mists,
Waterspouts over men's heads,
Who silently think on the shore:
Deriving theories of natural selection,
But doubting that their wives are faithful
Or if their brilliant insights can bear viable fruit.

Stan Petrovich

Cochise Stronghold

All things add up to zero.
It matters not if you reside high above the lawless boulders,
Or how happily your days are spent
For now,
Soon they must come:
Officers, Indians, fangs and fungus,
That which tears between the bones.
Little does it mean if you sit cross-legged and naked,
Or use an iron drying pan,
A day spent happily in play
Will at given times turn to venom, and stay.
Then autumn breezes will flow
Right through the thin skin,
A blue breeze, a breeze that says farewell.
The null set is then:
And it is not unpleasant
For a life well-lived;
But a terror-torrent for those who only take
And do not give.

Stan Petrovich

Criminal Justice

My brother and I were falsely
Convicted for the rape and slaughter
Of a 13-year-old girl; but we weren't
There: we were shooting pool.
Because the police knew we held
No patriotic glee, they assumed too much,
And us they prosecuted.
Years of justice blind, dead-brained
Words striving to become lofty and eternal,
And eyewitnesses without wit,
Put us in the penitentiary.

Then, after twenty-two years,
The DNA surfacing like a submarine,
Cleared our names. They let us go
With a heartfelt apology.

But one learns a thing or two in prison:
Now, on foggy mornings, during school days,
Look yonder into the haze-
And feel the disturbed gut
Hovering at the very end
Of the playground breached.

Stan Petrovich

Deep Canyon Tree

He had to climb out from
The blue canyon, a boulder
Chained to one leg,
As a communion or penance,
Into the ponderosas above.
But a thunderstorm evolved,
And screeching charges surrounded him.
And the empty spaces glowed.
He found his way out, now bleeding profusely
From the strangling chain,
And fell under old man juniper,
(South of the hiway) , who was very wise,
And spoke to him comfortingly:
'Do not fear death, young man,
For anything that lives faces its ending.'
'I fear the storm, ' he answered.
'Then shelter under my gray-green foliage,
And my somber berries shall protect you. Rub them into your wounds.'
The young man huddled,
Later finished his labor,
Took to the hiway,
And revisited the old man
Every summer for the rest of his brief life.
When he died he became a baby of the tree's.

Stan Petrovich

Dismal Days

All I know is this:
I am the front guard of the glorious country of my birth,
And over mossy berms grow riots in gourds;
I have forgotten the pleasures of mirth,
Having been on my steed,
Going back and forth along the Ill-defined border, many years;
And I have no inkling of freedom,
Only a gatherer of firewood,
Animal skin hoarder.

The fen freezes from December to April,
Then stinks all the summer long.
One day I came across some trackers,
Who hailed me at a distince,
Asking what border I guarded,
My lance pointed at them.
'Pray you, good sirs, heed my warning! '
But they informed me that my Kingdom was now defunct,
An old dream, an empty path.
Lowering my weapon then, weeping,
Pouring tears through my meaningless laugh.

Stan Petrovich

Dog Days

August the Teenth, and hot;
Runs the riot of the rot.
In these septic days of summer
Sounds begin to simmer
And the tidal pools pour over.

Those curs, those mocking frogs,
Leap from beach to logs.
They scare away the sheep
& take away my sleep.
The sand begins to catch fire.

Fire is a hunter.
It is bound and out for Winter,
But going nowhere.
Canis Major stops amd stares
Into the sticky sun's glare.

Stan Petrovich

Dzit Bizhi Adini, I

[In the Navajo Language the
title is 'Mountain with no name.']
Part 1

Let us go, you and I,
To the Henry Mountains,
Way up high, tracking bison
At 10,000 feet; purebred bison,
That can hear our bare feet, and scatter.
No one to alarm us,
Since love has been breeding
Like the bison over the continent.
But I have to ask whether I love you:
If you are a calyx I do;
If you are but a shankshaft I don't know; if you are a morel who's to say.
And what if we happen to intertwine,
High on sunlit limestone porches, in those
Nameless Mountains.
Would the bison be
Aware?

Stan Petrovich

Eating Rattlesnake at Tortilla Flat

''It will taste just like chicken, ' the waitress said.
I poked at it a bit,
I did not finger-lick it,
I did not think of Cather or Steinbeck,
I thought of The Colonel instead,
Coughing out a laugh.
They gave me the rattle I no longer needed.
My father asked what
The matter was.

Stan Petrovich

Enough - Or Too Much -Wm Blake

Will it be uncouth
To be the wind,
Drinking from a fountain of youth-
Or is the sere service
Attire of old age
Respectable in more
Than one way-

With an eternity of
Clanging, cloying, noisy life,
There envelops no reduction
In strife, when the two
Entwine.

To life forever, then,
Is to be drudgery's
Forebearer:
The riling summer's heat,
Breathless winter's dearth,
Must be one with death
Or always the twain unsweet.

Stan Petrovich

Equinoctial Chant

A.
Even, neve
Neverending summer calms
At costs. The beads of sweat
Dripping off my nose, and the mulberry
Leaves riot in primary
Colors, along with their brothers-
The cottonwoods of the West,
Our maples flapping in the breeze,
Vinegar elms, poison oak,
And my friend the hophornbeam.
Burning bright.

But the Tyger never drops
Her ornamentation, never gives
Counsel to her shadow
Steeped directly to the east or west
At twilight time. We do.
We do.

We are the ones
Who walked into the night
And paid heed to the alignment
Of stars and the grandeur
Of the mountainous steeps, boulders
Flowing, in autumn,
In a riot of color.

B.

The evergreen
Stands too proud
To change.
Is pride wisdom?
Hardly.
Is wisdom
Constancy?
Yes; to them those
Neighbors are partying animals,
Drunks of the woods.
Adverse to noise
Are the wise;
But distended in color
For though is prismatic in nature:
There can be no black of night,
Only the hammering home
Of raw color.

Stan Petrovich

Everything Hurts

My compendium of complaints
Offers no compliance
To modern medicine. These
Doctors are merely puppets for
Big Brother.
None other - I listen medical lies
Like I listen to radio ads,
Suffering, hearing them muttering
Words they're supposed to say.
And they also conspire
With the insurance industry,
To do more tests than necessary.
Strindberg wrote that necessity
Knows no rules;
But when it boils down to fools,
I give no nod to that.
I just put on my hat,
Drive off in my Jeep,
And withstand the pain
Without salve,
As I always have.

Stan Petrovich

Exiled

They wouldn't tell me the island's name,
Just a shame I had to go.
No people were there, normally, only a boatload of hardy tourists,
Who may or may not have heard of me,
When for lack of anything better to do,
I inhabited a tree,
Making a gnarly disgruntled visage out of a broken branch,
And then blowing loud farting sounds their way,
As I watched them playfully look at one another and laugh.
But that got old fast:
I am never going to be a tree,
Not going to feel the air as they claim they do,
Or revel in the peal of thunderstorms,
As I watch envious and wait.
Soon the Emperor will call me back,
Probably to make an assasin out of me,
Like the time before;
It would be far better to get exiled
Than to see the final draw of the sword.

Stan Petrovich

Fable

A mad scientist made a time machine. He put his hague of a wife into it.
A young, quite beautiful girl
Approached him at a restaurant in a few days:
It was she.
They no longer shared the memory of what they had become:
Battlers, brawlers, beaters,
Drunks and felons.
He also included in the machine some love-letters.
They returned as poised and perfect as Shakesperian sonnets;
And she was so charmed by them
When he showed them to her,
That she blushed and, kissing him passionately, never stopped.
The entire course of their future was then fixed.

Stan Petrovich

Family Feuds

Wilson, Wickford and Dunne
Were gunslingers and lawmen
With a remarkable thing in common:
They all had half-brothers they needed to kill.

They rode the Jornada del Muerto
In New Mexico, shooting rattlers
And drinking bad coffee,
And smoking black Mexican cigars,
And looking up at the shooting stars.

Hugh Wilson found Jeb in Santa Fe,
And shot him in the back of the head.
Nick Wickford crossed paths with Samuel
At some godforsaken trading post,
And blew out his heart.
Ryan Dunne caught Slocum Bickford watering his horse,
And shot him from a distance (of sorts) .

Now the three were wanted dead or alive,
And it seemed for a time that they thrived.
But squabbles perked up their rides,
One would complain to the other,
And all three would hide.
Then in El Paso it came to a head:
In a fury of dust they shot each other dead.

In an inquiry into the gang,
A newspaper man gathered evidence
As to why the gang went on the spree.
Each, he discovered, had had his ego punctured
By their dastardly half-brothers,
For simply having the same harlot of a mother.

Stan Petrovich

Faraway and So Near

Don't know how you're receiving this;
I not writing it down.
You see, I'm dead.
Killed slung as a tree stamped me out,40 miles per hour;

Solids are aglow,
And my haze is a timeless rhyme.

Usually I walk through walls, and even appear to a few sensitive folks;
Some days are foggier than the rest,
And I cannot concentrate:
For some reason I'm still in full ski gear (cumbersome) ,
But no longer is the snow cold, at all.

I stumble into an unfamiliar room; it is you I feel;
You don't have the means to turn and look at me:
It's the back of your neck I see...
And lightly begin to touch it.

Stan Petrovich

Fear of Goldilocks

Say we are food, like porridge;
Say our lands cuddle buns like chairs;
And hold a body or more as comfortably as a well-made bed.

Then if Goldilocks comes here
From a doomed planet afar,
To secure a new home,
We might be the fit-in-a-trillion,
And here she (they) might sit
And decide to stay.
Fear her today.

Stan Petrovich

Fog

All is still-
The trees across the park
Hang silent in the fog;
My mind is also quiet
And lurks in my back pocket, as I sit
Covemplative on a white slower chair.
The stars are up there, but
Cannot, of course, be seen.
It is the finest night
There has ever been.

Across the street now
A lonely couple walks by,
Hand-in-hand,
In the humid drip
Of the eaves of common condensation.
I hear no conversation,
Only their whisperings,
Of which I used to be familiar.
And even my own verbal thoughts
Remain silent as a leaf.

Stan Petrovich

For One

Would good graces allow
My stiff head to bend, and
Windward, though blowing less hard,
Among the crags and sharpened stones,
I would turn about from this:
Feckless course, and gainsay
Something far less tedious than
Adultery.

I would bear tumult,
And some strife in seeking current,
Making it so.

You are not apt to know.
But you might intuit my harsh stormcloud
Approaching in the dead of thought:
I will have to fill you with words,
Rather than the brownian energy of avatars
In the smiling sun's disk.

Stan Petrovich

Free No More

It has descended;
the madness has become that
parasol on a hit of white ants
I have forever dreaded.
In grandiosity I am pleased
to ride out the night,
now a wizard in white,
now a placated being
with nowhere else to roam,
since I have been everywhere;
and everywhere having gone,
I am chained to a sofa that cries,
its belly distended.
I cannot sing to you, having
sung to the crickets their songs.

Stan Petrovich

Freefall

the bouncing
of garbage
in a too-warm wind
slave of the street
i collect it
it is ugly either way
boxes bottles plastic bags

Stan Petrovich

Freemasonry

All this trash
Like Dan B. spews,
And engulfs so many wasted hours, is best described by a simple entry in Webster:
'The act or habit of arrogating, or making undue claims in an overbearing manner; that species of pride which consists in exorbitant claims of rank, dignity, estimation, or power, or which exalts the worth or importance of the person to an undue degree; proud contempt of others; lordliness; haughtiness; self-assumption; presumption. Closely related to the act of arrogating.'
It is on the dollar bill.

Stan Petrovich

Fright of Birds - Independence Day

Because I love my country for its deep breadth,
First for the freedom of religion
(Or irreligion) and, in my case, the freedom of expression
And speech, I am harmed by those who in the majority
Take advantage,
Doing more harm than good.

The fireworks come at dusk,
For winged creatures, unexpectedly,
For a captive populace, ceremoniously;
Then come the tunes of glory,
Praising Land that is really only drawn borders,
As if somehow inevitable,
In both stature and in worship,
Primal falsehoods enduring.

The climax comes around ten-
Thousands of birds in terror,
Moving from trees to other trees,
Trembling on the watch of the parade of our feet,
Only for a now-meaningless English defeat.

Stan Petrovich

Galaxies

Averting my vision
I can see the smudge
Of a billion or more suns,
Many light years away.

They have telescopes as well, I think,
And I might blush in this torpid state;
For I am an ant-
They have fortresses of clarity.

The night moves on,
So I swing to another galaxy.
This one is in collision-
What suffering there must be.

If I stare into the blank regions
Of space, calmly in tune,
The chirping of earth-life all around,
I will only see the back of my head.

Stan Petrovich

Girl

In constant fear
For your snaking thought
Rounding my selfish and prone position
Fishes of contact
Undisturbed by the cloudy waters
I am stuck
Wishing against farewells
Because for that I am a most tired advocate
Der Abschied
The farewell
After which there is no other.

Stan Petrovich

Great Pyramid at Giza

First, I can only think
Of the work, the strain, the backs, the bricks;
But the Egyptians had good medicine,
And it kept the workers going.

Khufu's memory was completely
Looted. Strabo himself called
Attention to it,
Prior to the Arab caliph's arrival.

Where is that gold now?
On your finger,
In your teeth?
And is gold always defiled, like it seems?
The curse of the mummies
Follows us as shadows,
For nations are also built with gold;
And the dust of gold with nations.

Stan Petrovich

Greed, the Common Factor

All that you clutch
You will lose:
You have to.
All that you think you own
Is not yours:
It must be lost
For it is a mere vision.
And then your hurt
-Yours-
Is real, is it not?
No decision.

Stan Petrovich

Guilty but Beyond Evil

In the foregoing month
I have commited atrocities (some might think)
With mere words.
Hellenists would have me exiled,
Which I might even like;
And I would be proven to be in league with the devil,
At Salem, where that would be ridiculous.
I said that God had no hands,
Therefore could make not a thing;
That's the way it is for me,
And an author can only say what he or she thinks is true,
Or they lie too.

Stan Petrovich

Gunnery Range Camping

It was illegal, but I and a buddy
Made camp on a gunnery range in Yuma County, in May
Of a certain year, when it was Already 115 degrees F., and,
At sunset, over the backdropp of some unnamed butte,
I watched a vulture carrying a snake in its talons,
High in flight.
That day, hiking alone to the south,
I stopped to take a drink from my canteen,
And looking up, locked eyes with a mountain lion.
She was watching me from atop a rocky ridge,
Only about twenty-five feet above,
And was indifferent.
The night was indifferent as well,
As we drank strong drink
And listened to an AM radio broadcast of a basketball game
From Phoenix far away. The Suns lost.
Insects divebombed into our cups and Stevie Wonder music played.
I had aligned the truck-bed with candles,
As I had previously aligned a cleft
In the scorpion-infested badlands of Anza-Borrega.
The Suns lost that one, too.

Stan Petrovich

Harbor

Where dawn drains the sucking clouds
In agony for the russet rocks
Colliding on the beach below,
The undersea's ironic calm
Teems with the energy of heat,
primitive teeth aiming straight and true,
Unlike the wildly random lightning flashing above,
The tortoise not in love
With the seasnake;
The electric eel discharging on barnacles,
Particles of wind-driven rain
In the face of yellow-suited sailors,
Who shout and steer as if they were born there,
High-tide creatures of the sunken wave.

Stan Petrovich

Haunting Thoreau

He was burly, thick of thigh,
And could construct
Meeeting costcutting demands.
More, he could write like the devil,
Accounting the country.
And he had a Pond.

But I have a shack
And a rivulet fresh,
Only lemongrass extract
-(I smell like a grove) -
Deer are out there, and one bear
At least.
I have my music playing on Mp3.
Ravel: how did he come up with that?

Still Thoreau haunts the woods to the south.
Maybe all the woods of the world.
He can write evenly and quickly.

Stan Petrovich

Heavy Pup

They sang it was so
Even witout words,
That Malakui, the Brightest One,
Had a pup conjoined.
We celebrated for many years.

We worshiped the oscillating stars
And their constant cousins,
Granfather Moon,
The Blood Star and the
Roving Lion Pair.

I, Himantiab, was the man
In the jungle moving,
Who first the little ones observed.
In my loinclout they laid hands upon my shoulders,
Brought me down to my knees,
And when feeling my face and lips
I first heard their song without words,
Their song of lights in the newborn gaseous sky.

Some came from far North,
A group of Whites,
And they wanted to know
How we knew of the Heavy Pup.
We kept the secret of those
Who sang witout words.
So they gave us the wrong name,
The Unnaming Tribe, or some such,
Not Dogon,
And we laughed around
The fires of eternity.

Stan Petrovich

Hit by Lightning

Needless to say
It came in a flash.
My feet took the brunt;
My hair caught fire;
My heart came up my throat.
I gained the wisdom of Socrates
And the rest.
So, on hands and knees,
In respiratory distress,
I shook it off.
And went to a variety store
And bought a set
Of little plastic
Dinosaurs.

Stan Petrovich

How To Make a Man

You need four things-
Silicon. quartz, titanium and wit.
Maybe a bit of the old drawing board, for foiled days.

He will be rusty at first,
Until you grant him speech,
To rise above the animals;
And then his desire to know what he is
Will be all-consuming.
It is only natural.

I like the idea of giving him a scowl;
For a robot shouldn't laugh at his maker.
Then a suit of blue clothes,
Nicely tailored for the world of wannabees.

He will make a living, all right.
But to raise a family is like being
A flock of birds in orderly flight.
If he does that, I'll make another:
Every man should have a brother.

Stan Petrovich

Hurricane heart

My heart is the eye
Of the hurricane:
A calm central wall
Divided from the stroms
Of my body.
The suspriration of violent
Heaving, passion.
Flows out in funnels,
Breaking what it meets,
Good or bad,
Sandy beach or saddened brows,
Undeclared lovers of the sudden
Sun, under which I hide,
And the unleashed currents
Beckoned by the tide
And the continuity of time itself.

Stan Petrovich

I Give You This

There as searing beauty in the air
You breath. The is viscous tartar
In the teeth I leave.
No one can be wiser than the
Man who has worn it all,
Close to his chest.
I have worn nothing but diffident
Bequests.
So, you are better than all the rest.

Stan Petrovich

If Lost

the vermillion cliffs rise
at an impossible angle
at an implacable distance
home to the hierarchy
of golden eagle and turkey vulture alike

from the top there are no new
trails down - being the pariah plateau
where only the selfinflicted go
& tangle through the brush
of the edgy forest
and nonindigenous manzanita
reminding them they don't belong there
either

if you find yourself lost in trees
do nothing halfheartedly
if paths are to find
they are the age of mankind
they may lead to lower ground
where you will be found by
yourself or some other cliffdweller

why not try

Stan Petrovich

I'm Not Crusoe

Could not have survived Crusoe's labors;
Am not that fit.
Without speech for years
The rescuers would push me aside:
'He'll never be back,
'Although we'll bring him in.'
An island west of South America,
A plantain in my ear;
Bed are like The Rack-
I want to sleep standing,
Preferably in a hole;
Drinking water, not bathing, because
It doesn't work like that.
Washing spreads sores, I discovered.
Later, when the buboes spread
In London,
Tormented so many people,
People true to the Empire;
Loving silent speech and wailing
Through the night.

Stan Petrovich

In Arizona

Take the rounding road west
Of Old Tucson, after the mock gunfight at high noon,
And stop at the Point where the
Grand Sonoran Desert is at its best-
I have scoured that desert
And found things stranger than arrowheads and old cans of A-1 Beer: seashells.
What is that?
Testimony to a forgotten time quite differing. Now the dark desert pavement,
Hardened by the harshest of heat there is,
Is underfoot, and Bigelow's Accursed chollas,
Looking like teddy bears,
Are poised to get you.
Rattlesnakes abound. There is something in the air, the smell of misfortune and ghastly death,
Around the corners of abandoned shacks, hanging black widows,
Broken window panes,
Ghost towns,
Where even the glass
Seems to melt
In your hands.

Stan Petrovich

In the Mountains of Madness

In the Mountains of Madness
There is one, and only one, large outdoor cafeteria.
It lies between frozen lava lakes and soft sandy peaks.
From the patio
One may glimpse the desert far below,
And the distant sea.
The desert is wrought with black outlines of giant monkeys, runways and cosmonauts.
It never rains there,
So the patterns remain distinct,
As they were for viewing from the aeroplanes of the Second Century.

If one sits at the cafe in the Mountains of Madness,
Sipping espresso after espresso,
The wild fury of H.P. Lovecraft invades the mind,
As it begins to snow.
The snow gathers in the small cups,
Being only the dandruff of the fallen gods.

Stan Petrovich

Inconsistencies

I loathe inconsistenties-
In food, in plans that change on a sudden,
Of people who morph their minds regarding itineraries.
I must be grounded in foregone conclusions
Or anxiety is disquieting: OCD.
I think like a game of Chinese Checkers,
Round and round moving solidly,
A direction premeasured.

So when you give me instructions,
And then they change,
My hair needs pulling.
Thus life is torture, throwing
Curveballs at which I swing and miss.
Another good reason to repudiate rhyme,
The disease of rhyme.
I must write this stuff freely,
Even disregarding iambic pentameter,
Which is inconsistent.
But I emulate Will Shakespeare,
For his tragedy alone
By which I set my watch.

Stan Petrovich

Inferior Man

He grovels at shooting ranges,
the peicemeal remnants of
luck that he cannot make
for himself. Greed,
laughing at the portent,
he is wholly fraught in his
present goodness. The wizards
and gods present his presentiment.
What call does he make to the
blue mountain ridge? His anguish.
What makes him laugh the most
is the suffering of animals.He
kills animals with high-powered weapons made
in Connecticut. They discharge back
back into his gloomy face, a
face to be reckoned with, red
and drunken with self-destruction.
His sex is violent and unworthy,
pocketed in $100-dollar jeans
he never paid for, his wives paying
him to master gravvity and graveness.
They are well-dressed, and they never think well enough,
or see the storm ahead.

Stan Petrovich

Is Austerity Possible

Liquids: are alcohol and gasoline
The friends of man, food for thought?
I have bumbled through many thorny nights,
Heavily drinking ethanol,
And many a stormy day with beer in hand;
And I pumped gallons of gas
Into strangers' tanks as well as my own,
To travel to far-off deserts,
Where drinking alcohol like am idiot,
I tore up off-road tracks in the land that I love. It was foolhardy.
They call it democracy.
But, rather, I would fain substitute
Powders-psych meds I need to take,
Combined with recreational pharmaceuticals,
In which powder,
Condensed into pills,
Or encapsulated into capsules,
Tear up the brain I love,
Are not a friend of mine,
But open up a spacious nature
Superior to liquids and gases.

Stan Petrovich

Issue

'For Her I'd Even Try and Turn the Tide.'-Johnny Cash

To the feathered decks
To the breadfruit isles
I suffered, we suffered,
And I alighted after much
Ruffling and unease
At a land unknown,
A vault of the sea.

My woman held me comfortably, Balanced perfectly,
And we were rewarded
With an issue,
A vegetable-child,
Who cried not,
Who teethed not,
But who grew handsome and sturdy,
Promising in his wild-eyed youth
To become artistically profound,
And feed millions his tuneful song
Of patchwork rind and seed,
And give hope
Against the greed
Of rulers, of strongmen, of former presidents,
Far and wide,
To turn the tide,
And grant them the freedom to eat,
His own progeny intertwining all the continents
And the seven seas.

Stan Petrovich

Isthmus

By the time my back was covered
With the black and stringy hair
I got rid of the last of my clothes;
Then I began to howl at night
Looking out over the green shallows,
Toward the Isthmus,
Where somehow I knew there dwelt others like me.
Also this is when I began to eat centipedes.
How to cross the short straight,
Get to the Isthmus?
I could swim it;
Or actually wade across.
And when I find them,
It will be time to eliminate them,
Letting my fur-covered hands crush them down.
Then, only then,
I shall be King of my world.

Stan Petrovich

It Comes From Beneath the Sea

Mars, on the other hand,
Is dessicated. It comes from
Beneath the soil there. Transluscence
Is its armour,
And thoughts & images pouring like rain
Another form of defense.
On gas giants, plentiful in nature,
It wafts in poison atmospheres
Unscathed. Among the floating
Predators. Untouched,
It will find us, soon,
And quickly lurk in the storms of dreams
It seeks. We, the dreaming
Denizens on the minor marbled planet,
On its foretold way to the grand alignment
of a tortured little
Galaxy.

Stan Petrovich

Jack-In-The-Box

Hi, I'm God. It's dark, lonely and quiet in here, now,
On this dusty shelf.
No more children to come and twist me to life;
I used to thrive at that,
Popping out and making them laugh!
Now, nothing.

But yesterday, something-
A mouse came by and straddled my handle:
If only it he had pulled down...
I could have given it a terrible fright.
But now the silent night;
And my red and white striped shirt keeps me not a bit warm.
I long for the sun to flow on the shelf;
I wish I could play with myself,
But I am without hands;
Only the hope to be seen by a passing boy,
Who will be curious,
Who will think I'm only a toy.

Stan Petrovich

Jagged Edges

Imagine, yourself-no, be there! -in a canyon,
Crisscrossed with sharp steel edges,
Rim to rim,
The Grand Canyon of canyons;
You're at the bottom-
There is no way out
Unslicing yourself.
That's the blues, not the greens,
(Like the colored wedges) ,
You feel wedged in every day
In the canyon of imperfection.

Stan Petrovich

Jason and the Stony Argonauts

Jason was one with the Ram,
Who took his Argonauts to sea,
From Colchis,
To seek the Golden Fleece,
The perfection of sunlight
Streaming off the waves.
Funny, today I can find it easily:
We have come a long way.

Stan Petrovich

Kowtow Land

For what remains (precious little) ,
America is nurturing a generation
Of unemployed criminals; parents
Are to blame. Lack of education is the core. The love of
Gasoline propels us to doomsday.
I cry as the icecaps melt. Those dread dinosaurs and failed plants that provide fossil fuels are our failure. The
Country moves fundamentally to the right,
Two psychotic women at the fore,
And except for constitutionally exempt tyranny,
We will remain only partially stable. But America is ready to crouch. I have never gripped an agenda, but with this overweening motherhood
Of madness permeating society,
Blaming it all on a President who is only a part blamable,
The road is set.
The other side of the earth must lead,
But leading is too late.
There comes only the summer of our discontent.

Stan Petrovich

Largely, it is a case of misidentification

Never meant to hurt the guy;
Even through we had brawled
a time or two;
He had a weak time expressing displeasure,
Short of fisticuffs,
Exercising in the mud;
I was the sort to make an equation of it,
Hammer home the blatant stupidity of war.

Yet I find that when adversarials are opposite in their attitude toward what is real and what is a grand delusion,
Blows will be exchanged as frequently as the wind shifts.

Stan Petrovich

lavender walls

days days trudging alone
rock sand sand rock
sand
and i found blue canyon
at last
but burrowing in its narrow walls
i was missing you
noticed that the walls were really lavender
not blue
like our crying eyes
always were

Stan Petrovich

Long Lost Love

She wakens;
It has been a decade's sleep.
She hearkens;
It's I to her depths, not cheap.
A lovely brown curl is twisted
By her crooked finger;
If I had only listened,
I could have heard the murmur of her shapely heart;
The murmur of her lips apart;
But in enticement I grow stupid,
And, lanced by some succubus cupid,
Only did tell her I loved her profoundly.
And she shakes that off like a fly, roundly.
And flees off into the night.

Stan Petrovich

Love & Latitude

To love from afar
-Little tip-
Then to scurry and call
Your name to the sky
Through wires & machines
Across the continental
Drift,
Is like breathing
With a beaker for a helmet
-Suffocation-
And starves all the string orchestras
Playing in all the nations;
Love songs glowing in the dark
-Old-time radios gathered-

When I love what is
Not mine to love
It becomes the leak of love,
The foiled radiation
From a humming radio
Not tuned to love songs,
But to speeches of hatred.

I do much better with longitude,
Where one hat works for the same rain.

Stan Petrovich

Machinery For Raising Water

Great passage of water
Through pipes, branching from the Euphrates:
That was Nebuchadnezzar's gift to his twerking wife Amytis,
Who longed for trees,
Who longed for Medea,
And its heady fragrance.
Strabo's map of the world,
Going all the way to India,
In 17 volumes it is said,
Was a product of his squinty eyes,
So closely set he could watch Babylon from Athens.
He could also see the back of his thining hair,
Like a hare,
And divined the sizes of the sun and the moon,
With which he discussed with Augustus,
Over black wine,
That as well as the mysterious perfection of Imperialism,
While Augustus drooled
And the Empire slopped up his spit,
Just like the pipes
Driving high
The gangly waters of the Euphrates.

Stan Petrovich

Mauseleum

Dedicated to Aries,
Vile god of war,
And duplicated by such fools
As the Masons and even some governments,
Who on earth should bother with the dead:
There are no ghosts as all, you see;
And they even if they existed
Would not care about you and me.
But the site of Hellicarnassus
Is ruins,
Like the ruined castles of the Anasazis in Arizona,
Playthings for tourists and photographers,
Not worth a dime
For any other activity,
Maybe music the single exception,
Like Ravel's 'The Tomb of Couperon',
A great affirmation of life over its own dire subject.

Stan Petrovich

Meet The Cowboy

Handing me the pint of 4 Roses whiskey
He whispered (or rather) rattled,
'They say the hills have eyes.'
'Yeah, it's a movie, ' I noted.
'No, ' he replied, 'the hills ARE eyes.
'Look there: those two granite slabs are the iris.
'Two pine ledges perfect brows.
'And I can see a nose, even if you can't.
'In that old busted-down cattle tank, there.
'The mouth you gotta see from the damn-blasted highway.
'I've been to them caves.'
i gazed at the caves that were indeed impressive,
Hollow emptiness to swallow men and horse alike,
Hollow entrances into the real gut of the earth.
This I proposed to him.
'They ain't goin nowhere but down to a bunch of bones, ' he said.

Stan Petrovich

Mental Therapy

The following statement is true:
The previous statement is false.

I am torn and I am tossed,
Because I loved my mother
And hated my father
(One or the other) .
Every day I dread
Lie awake in bed):
Every night is a vigil,
For sleep is impossible.

He turns in the chair and says,
'We have to dig deeply into this.'
Psychology is to me vistigial,
Dream of reality, not physical,
Product of soothsayers who say no sooth.
Long in the tooth, they tell me
What I should examine;
But there is a famine:
A lack of truth, a paucity of wisdom.
I don't belong in their kingdom.
I think I'll go out for a smoke.

Stan Petrovich

Michelle, the Next President of the US

A growing network of total insanity
Pervades the South and the North.
I would take some quotes of Bachmann,
Put them forth,
But they could and should sicken
The strongest of men;
So grab a pen,
Look them up,
You won't need notes,
Even if you don't throw up!
She is ahead in a few states;
Misguided idiots they have to be:
She doesn't know the fig from the tree.
There are the rednecks who,
Like her,
Advocate a return to slavery,
Advocate unemployment so they can get their worthless asses elected,
And feed off the misery of the masses.
They cannot be allowed to succeed,
Even if we had to banish her to Crete.

Stan Petrovich

Moodswings

With the Gorgon's head
Flush to my cheek,
Her ungodly breath
In my nose,
Whispering to me:
'Take the extreme I give you
And plunge it into your fellow man;
For they deserve no less.'
Like an arrow I shot out eyes with my eyes,
A spear, I controlled little lives.
Having changed now,
From a simpering fool
To the devil's tool,
My core is apple-rotten,
Misbegotten,
And all I require is forgiveness
For my tiredness,
Which is the Gorgon of moods.

Stan Petrovich

Moon Menagerie

If you take a dead stuffed dog
And aim it at the moon in a false howl,
And set the scene in stone,
Then ship it to England:
Lord Y says to Lord X.
'Nothing, mate, ever changes.'

A crack opens in the glass:
Everything changes.

Stan Petrovich

My Last Day

It was a day like any other:
I shaved, I ran the shower.
The bus was right on time.
My necktie was green, like lime.
I stepped lively off my stop;
On the regular corner the regular cop.
My office bristled with business;
I felt a little dizziness.
The only difference from that day-
All the best, all the rest-
Was that it turned out to be my last.

Stan Petrovich

Night Falling

Now it is dark at last
Twilight time for the forsaken wanderer;
The junipers are a backdropp for some evening smells;
That take on a meaning of their own,
One of wisdom, one of experience-
For they have held sway in all weather and time;
They are not graven idols,
Or burnt offerings-
They live as my life goes on,
Tirelessly showing me that
Not-going at times gets one farther than the quickness of light itself.
In time at night they act like the old humps they are,
Talking about seeding the clouds,
And they are most familiar with all the cloud-types,
The Romulus and the Remus
Of watersheds.
They speak of weather like men speak of food,
Natural goodness abounding,
Hungering for more weather to brave,
Like eating hot peppers,
The brazen fruit of the desert,
The quickening pulse of the thunder.
I will always seek latitude with the trees,
Even protection from the storming men
Who have always sought my hide
At night,
With guns and binoculars
That cannot ever penetrate these trees.

Stan Petrovich

Nightmares Fall

The sky is crowding!
Far off in the
Milky Way a civilization far more advanced is crushed,
Their domed city but a squeezed- out blemish on a dead planet;
If they have come, we start awake with fearful dreams;
If they have seen,
We cannot see them;
If they begin to conquer,
All that we fear the most
Comes true.

Stan Petrovich

No Peace in Suicide (1979)

Grandiose, spread-eagled, he is lofted from the window
Only for his head to bond in a pool of blood
-Never ming the five kids in the blowing snow-
This man's last act was a thud.

Women, they say, prefer pills,
While men a pearl-handled pistol.
Either effectively kills;
You become a self-defeating missile.

Once I drove high into the rainy mountains
On the Navajo Resevation
To compose a final note of my intentions,
And end it all, final anti-insurrection.

But that old ball point pen kept skipping
And the note was illegible.
I threw it nto the pine cones dripping
And tried to think of things more tangible.

Like driving to Gallup on a Saturday night,
Drinking with the Indians, a guttersnipe,
And, barring accident, wandering home,
To marry my problems to the bone.

Is it best to live as long as possible
In a painful body and senseless drift?
To blast forth a day at a time
And make the best of this shameful shrift?

Stan Petrovich

Not Johnny Reb

I am not decadent;
And I am not your servant
-Cofederate traitor-
Or savant to use
Like a cutlery set,
Unleashing the taste
Of love by wiles.

I am not wanton,
And leave evryone I can alone,
If that's what they want,
Because it is a built-in right,
Not an invitation forever
For an excuse to fight
And become so flightly
By nuture or nature:

Get thee to a nursery.

Stan Petrovich

Ode to Conformity

Do as I do, not as I say;
Find an effing way;
Go beyond the stupid teacher;
Be your own inner creature.

Run the glue onto the blue paper,
Then stick it firmly together;
On it draw a perfect face
In exactly the right place
So if you hold it up to a mirror
You'll see your own interior,
Your intelligence
That is your diligence,
And astounds the professor
Who now has become your confessor.

Get one job for effing life.
Get out of bed
And head for the rifeness,
Turning your back on the ol' blue paper,
Still the same
Still the same
Still the same,
Playing a newfangled game.

When you go out for something to do,
All you do is forget the glue,
And drink yourself into a stew.
Nothing is ever new.
Ever.

Stan Petrovich

of joy

it is the young, creaking and tangled woods
in a rising morning mist,
an eye alighted by the flash of amethyst;
and a galloping of a carriage conveying goods
to the town where I am welcome.

and my lover's quarelling mind alone
in her self-suffering thoughts
(that I also make my own) ,
to be with her there, together distraught
in the little town where we are celebrated..

death's doom sounds, above all the foliage
a greening penumbra of flagrant sound,
a rush of scattering birds,
where run wolves chased by inchoate hounds,
never, never to be carriaged
near the village where we prepare to die.

still our final stance is vivid
and we enter joy forever; it has been meant,
in the streets that undulate nowhere
nowhere near a perpendicular settlement.

Stan Petrovich

Off to Maine to Live in the Land

No stopping now:
Interdiction pricks.
One more poem for all,
Read about chopsticks.

Stan Petrovich

On An Island Beach, New England

Swards of pockmarked ocean floor, heaved up,
Bifurcated beach with the 'bathtub rock, '
The sands preferred by feathered crits.
After a day's muddy walk we arrived,
Gasping at the suddenness of the expanse,
Of the blue and tidal shore.

Stan Petrovich

Outbound

Not having pulled away from the Station, But still I am outbound-
I am at all times outbound-
When I grovel under my overhang,
The rocks above are black then white,
Very unstable,
So I have to leave my home again, forever;
And never do I know where to roam,
To find stability
In the world.
It doesn't exist,
For one thing.
Because something ominous will Hang forever its head,
And from there I must be outbound again

Stan Petrovich

Painted Desert Allegory

I gaze far off
-Wearing a jump suit-
To the Home of the Kachina
Atop the great extinct volcanos
The flats now streaked
With blue-blood
And blood-red
Sands. Heaven,
White, is the 'eternal snow' up top,
But in August it is a byproduct of mere chance.

Stan Petrovich

Pan

A lilting melody accompanies me
Down the white-rock earthen path-
Played by Pan, half man,
And the air is an arc of rainbow drops,
With the forest smell pervasive,
The tug of gravity pushing my thighs;
The brunch underfoot of my creature company;
He scares me more than a little,
The cleft feet and all;
The rank putrid smell,
But at the town gate he blows a piercing f sharp;
Turns and disappears into the foliage;
Leaving me lonely again.

Stan Petrovich

Parallels

Scene 1:
I sit on the south end of the table
Across from you;
You say: 'I think I'm leaving George, Ezra.'
I say, 'You can stay with me, Hilda.'

Scene 2:
I sit on the north end of the table
Across from you;
You say, 'I think I'm leaving Wanda, Hilda.'
You say, 'You can stay with me, Ezra.'

Scene 3:
George, Wanda, Hilda and Ezra
Hold hands in a circle,
Round a grave marked 'Karen';
They all weep copiously.

Stan Petrovich

Passion (Counterfeit Suicide Note Written Once Only)

In the integers of dark
Morning, I live & pine
For your return,
My bloodstained tongue
A cheek away from insanity.
Mobster movies are on.
Their guns do nothing but
Make the victims slowly slump;
That isn't right. When I shoot people
In the dead of night,
They fly backwards,
Scraping pavement, then halt all of the sudden.
I have not come alone:
I have this; I have that.
You have to be mine again
Or you will be forced to.
'Antisocial Behavior Disorder'
Is what he said I represent,
So I shoved the table onto his shins,
Hearing them crack
To my delight.

But like Cagney lit ablaze in White Heat
I will now shoot myself between the teeth-

Stan Petrovich

petite

the tiniest of watercolors
by a man called Ernst
transformed me into a caterpillar
dreaming of erstwhile flight.

my wings are powder-blue
like the cloudless sky:
I crisscross continents
ever on the fly.

I don't know what I eat
-perhaps nutrition is born and bred-
(not the cowdung that would make me retch) ,
maybe it's nutrients from the air I fetch.

I alight in a predetermined tree
and chew bloated leaves-
one summer passes,
and then I leave for good.

some super-being, or the earth herself
understands.

Stan Petrovich

Petrified Mouth

petrified mouth
Posted on March 11,2011 by pseudoprometheus
words formed before flowers–
the grumblings of thunder
the screeching lightning
eons of rain pouring
made the sonorous poetry of the earth;
bleakness of the plains defined the
sadness inherent in our thought;
all that was uttered was eventually gained:
pressed between rock and flower,
testament of the light syllables
as boulders dropped the bombs of novels
as men were dying of thirst.
until they knew the word for water
and could point it out
with the slaking of tremendous thirst
they whetted their appetite to name things;
between forefinger and thumb
the writhing scorpion that will be eaten;
they heard the bumblebees
and composed the origins of verse.
copycat men:
reiterating the beat of nature
the meter of the beetle’s
scurrying feet.

Stan Petrovich

Phantom Tiger

There, quietly stalking into night
Silent as a shooting star,
Her name spelling panic and phobic
Fright, her stripes as good as fingerprints,
The back of her ears showing white eyes,
Her enemy to hypnotize.

Tiger was hunted to near extinction
Under the hands of the Brits;
Towering on the elephant phalanx,
Guns frightening Many a beast;
Those men took aim and put down the bloody, mighty corpses of the magic animal.
Now tiger is beneath
No elephant and rifle,
But a new wave of compassion and cheer,
Compensated with protected territory.

But if the same old story holds sway
Men will blossom first,
And if they bludgeon again the tiger
Completely, they shall have to die
Of thirst.

Stan Petrovich

Poem Attack

Poem, having grown teeth,
Somehow got out of a notebook
That lay on a dusty shelf,
And jumped me.
Its assault lasted an infinity.
It honed in on my hand,
Ripping to the root a
Penile finger, which action,
I think, gave it the idea
Of hitting me below the belt.

The doctor in hospital
Moving my bandages away,
Mechanically asked,
'Do you smoke? '
'That ain't the half of it, '
I answered.

Stan Petrovich

Polaris In The Eye

Our ship broke apart
Like so many paddle-boards,
Crushed between bergs
And attendant ice floes.
All hands were lost,
Into the frigid waters tossed,
Except me and my cur, Mutton,
Who, gravely injured, would die too soon.
I used him as warmth for awhile,
Then he transfigured into merely a useful bunch of frozen fur.
I had a partial tent
That, torn by the searing blow,
Became a mere sieve in the howl ahead.

To some Eskimo fires I had spied
In the distance
I prepared to go; my beard milky white,
The only way to live, to vie,
I trundled on, chewing warmth, Polaris in the eye.

Stan Petrovich

Pretending Trees

The trees take pretend trips
When we are not there
To cut them down or burn them up.
They imagine rising into the air
On moonlit romps without gravity's grip,
And mate like snakes, entwined,
Going as high as stars,
Looking down upon cities
And their captive kind,
Crying out for us to let them go,
To let them entwine without the cars,
The noise or the neon glow.

But their desire is doomed
Because what they get is pruned.

Stan Petrovich

Pretty in Placerville

Hands are made for grasping
Gold, dust in brown canvass bags, nuggets
For teeth impressions.
Dust trails lead in and out
Of toil and thirst. The thirst for
Gold, soul of the merciless mine.
The gold is mine.
My fingers are worn short
From rolling in the abrasives;
My lips made thin by kissing
The sun come down to earth.

Stan Petrovich

Radio Waves

In SETI
Radio waves are the beacon
Of hope This is
Anthropocentrism Because
Eusociality (the hive mind) as with
Bees, ants and wasps
That trail & discover
Is a totally different matter
So might they
They may be undiscoverable
This way via the top hits
Of the galactic jive

Go then
There are animals right here
First to find

Stan Petrovich

Red-Hook Talisman

'Either you are on our side,
Or you are our enemy.'
Fire can fall from the sky,
And death shall be plentiful.
There are machines.
There are machines with magic eyes;
They curl and coil
And whip up a striking angle,
A desperate death to you all;
Summery death before the Fall.

This joker thought the Marines
Should not defend the right for our kids
To puncture themselves,
With studs and metal clips (or whatever they do) ,
You would rather they wear fatigues? I asked.
What's wrong with that, the fool questioned.
He is military might,
Blind of sight,
Parading as a poet;
Look him up and soundly ignore him.

Stan Petrovich

Saturday In The Town Square

The women gather are dressed to the nines;
Floral designs of cornpetal blue and lace
Adorning their cool blouses.

A black pit holding fire
Smoulders and is left to burn, on the side,
Offering smoke to the pellucid air.

A newly made gallows stands,
And a very tall man in a tall hat,
With an axe and a black mask,
Takes his place-
He is in charge.

A large crowd gathers, talkative
And unashamed, in a hurry though.
They lead out shackled red-faced Rudy who
Looks like he has a belly full of gin,
But he really has a gut full of regret.

Exactly at eleven the tall man
In the black mask chops the rope around Rudy's neck.
Dropping hard and snapping his neck.
He uncleans his pants quietly.

What a fine thing for a town to do
On a bright crystal Saturday morn;
They split into two groups,
Some laughing loudly,
Some shouting and hollering for more.

At last the fire is out
And no more smoke sullens the square;
The next day being Sunday,
The day of peace, forgiveness, prayer.

Stan Petrovich

Schrodenger's Cat

Fifty-fifty is the probability
That the cat or even we exist,
After the atom splits;
Whether the cyanide gas turns us blue or sets up a clue
Not to open the box
And observe a cat
That is not there.

There is always the chance
(However small)
That we repeat the experiment,
Once, twice or infinitely,
Ourselves throwing the dice;
And live on forever after,
Opening an empty box,
And patting lively kitty on her head.

Stan Petrovich

Seascape Dream

It is not the moon I know;
So it is a false lunar bridge
Above my nose;
Dreams are the sad loafings of time
And entity, identity.

Stan Petrovich

Seat

Wet ancient beards saw
The seat of being
As a muscular davenport
Encircled by a dome of ribs.
Their thunder was the entrails
Looping below. Love was sated
In the loins, it made perfect sense,
And the earth being flat
Chained all the stars to the ground.
Grumbling gods determined
Fate, had walking-sticks for sex parts,
Having made all the things.

But in spurts revolutions came,
Meeting steely resistance,
Falling heads, a tumult of wrath,
That given time
Became self-evident.

Stan Petrovich

Sensory Deprivation

See not the crocus crack its bloom;
The evening is still as an endless dream;
No screaming child, no tortured men;
There is no hiss from a snaking sun,
And no report from an unloaded gun.
Silence has reigned for a kingdom come.
The air plays in the waves no more.

No water splashing on the seashore,
No sound in conches held to an ear;
Mounds of golden sand stretch without end,
And if the moons must revolve
They will not react again.

To the observer, who now sits in two
Unparalleled dimensions, there are the
Awkward points of light, burning above,
And the obsessive fear of unwanted flight,
Never from below, but above the wastrel breadth.

Stan Petrovich

Sharing Samadhi

Raising a glass of water,
Holding, hold tightly and watching,
I get an idea:
Can I think non-verbally,
Merge together with an object
I meditate upon?

Starting, there are sounds,
-A distant truck
-A lad's moan somewhere
-The touch of your cat.
Now you are in this as well.
New level.
-Grrrind
-Whrrrr
-Pop!
Pop is a palindrome,
And I'm thinking verbally again.

Was it a failure?
Not all the way-
Four some unknown number of
Seconds, the ego slept.
We gained refreshment
And tranquility way beyond wine.
A joy better where dreams
Dream too.

Stan Petrovich

Shoals

On shore I like to sit
Entranced by the evergreen algae
That someday became erect
And gained self-awareness;
The time it took stretched to the bottom of the sea.
The time on the order of billions,
When even the sun will give out.
Alas.
But I must,
Because of the hour today,
Hurry within,
For I hunger for shrimp,
Smelling it's nearly done,
Smelling it's my turn.

Stan Petrovich

Sink Your Sorrows

Look into a mirror
For there are your sorrows.
Align another one
And yes your Sorrows are compounded-
But it is artificial
As the pulse of your heart on your breath.

Sink your Sorrows through that mirror of the sea's surface,
Aligning in wave after wave
Of the moon's captivity,
And let the tides become your heart,
And the seabreeze your breath.
Sink your sorrows into the sea.

Stan Petrovich

Soma

Is is a bitter pill to swallow
But what is life but a bitter pill?
Then a feeling follows
That stuffs the Vedic gods to their gills.
Did it come from India or Persia,
Or only a lab in New Jersey?
Depending on your version
And what reaction it brings:
Skeleto-muscular relaxation
Lack of pain and spasms,
Flat-out beating an orgasm.
And the myth of soma is a truth-
No secret herb or root,
Just this bitter pill after all,
Indeed only a pharmaceutical.

Stan Petrovich

Something Nicer

In the Salt River Canyon
Right on the white bridge,
Photogenic,
You stood, both knees exposed-
I clicked and clicked.
The off-white salt pillars
Could be photographed all day;
And a myriad of stars all night.
One can see the richness in the lore exposed there: rock and tree.
I envy those who first came here,
Centuries ago with no cameras
To capture the glory,
Only tongues to tell the tales.

Stan Petrovich

Somewhere, it's dawn

Somewhere first light opens the eyes of the downtrodden;
And mirrored mountains paint the morning bright;
Somewhere the warm winds relax,
And the songs of the sea and field
Sing a heady yield;
Somewhere two lovers meet again;
And a dying poet puts down his final pen;
Somewhere a man of unending torture
Rests his forgiven head,
And free blankets and thick pillows billow
On a fearless bed.

Stan Petrovich

Starstuff I

We are starstuff,
That supernova deriving my being, my feeling,
Will remain long enough
For me to wander wood and shore;
Then I will die,
And be no more.

Stan Petrovich

Starstuff II

Will all of me go?
Will the 'collective consciousness'
Gather at a shiny place,
Somewhere in space,
And give newborns a hint of my grief or intelligence?
So when they too wander wood and shoreline,
Or ponder the stars, (cont.)

Stan Petrovich

Starstuff III

Will my admiration of E. E. Barnard's incredible eyesight, the Many Worlds insight of Dr. Everett,
Robinson Jeffers explaining our life,
Trace a mark?
Doubtful.
There shall be others to grip the truth.
I can't wait.

Stan Petrovich

Statue of Zeus

My Lord High-Thunderer,
You are in a deep well now,
Are you not?
The mad Caligula, a man of shallow waters,
Nevertheless had your head removed,
Not replaced.
You are the same as the whole messy string of gods there have reined
In the minds of madmen and greedmongers:
For the lot of You, I do not feel;
For the respect of You,
I will not kneel.

Stan Petrovich

Sylvan Scene

Crunching through snow,
High Arizona plateau;
Mt. Humphreys as backdrop,
Aspen forest,
I see a cabin church,
Crude thing,
A cross in perspective set
On the highest peaks behind.
So inside I went,
To the warmth,
To the candle glow:
It almost made a Christian out of me,
(Like 2 Mahler) :
Fond memory.

Stan Petrovich

Temple of Artemus

Callimachus wrote:
'Let none disparage Artemis. For Oeneus
dishonoured her altar and no pleasant struggles came upon his city. Nor let any content with her in shooting of stags or in archery. For the son of Atreus vaunted him not that he suffered small requital. Neither let any woo the Maiden; for not Otus, nor Orion wooed her to their own good. Nor let any shun the yearly dance; for not tearless to Hippo
was her refusal to dance around the altar. Hail, great queen, and graciously greet my song.'
So the Great Temple was for the Amazons, who mated with their neighbors
Every 26 years.
The Temple outlasted that,
But not by much:
It was both wooed and raped
By the Earth Herself,
The first Amazon of all.

Stan Petrovich

The Abyss

To test the 'Stare into the Abyss' bit,
Toroweap Point is a perfect place-
Hang your legs over a volcanic 3,000-foot drop,
And stare anywhere you like.
If you are firm in your commitments,
The Abyss will free you;
If you have low imagination,
The Abyss will drive you away;
If you are a great philosopher, poet, scientist, or musician,
The Abyss will nestle in your heart;
If you have drunk far too much wine,
You will become one with the Abyss.

Stan Petrovich

The Beat

Everything changes,
Except for me:
This paradox burns my boots,
And into life I pass;
Beating the well-meaning devil phrase,
Long night's doctrine,
pharasaism of time;
A jolt to the groin, pinhole of supergas-
I remain upright,
old lion in trance.

Stan Petrovich

The Brief Lives of Lighthouses

Having entered many,
In New England-
Maine, Massachusetts,
(West Island) ,
I am aware of the importance of guiding sailors,
And though sturdy,
They often fall due to Tectonics,
Like the Pharos of Alexandria,
Dying for all its sturdy steps,
Falling into the sea
That it scrutinized,
Swallowed whole.

The Lighthouse of Alexandria,
As has been brilliantly documented,
Lies dormant under the waves,
Guiding nothing but cameramen, who are
Caught in the dim.

Stan Petrovich

The Bushwacked Notebook

Well, I was trying to stay
Tidy, keeping the 'font' small,
But rain kept falling
And the ceiling leaked
Red - brown.

So now I'm proud possessor
Of a hundred and one poems,
Completely discolored, charmless,
Dumb as a coffee stain
And wearing a frown.

Stan Petrovich

The Cold Spot

We may be, as we speak,
In the process of being
Impinged upon by another universe. That is far more important than the behavior of my clouds!
It means that many a universe may stand beyond ours:
We cannot visit them, as such,
But in Poetry we can find perhaps, a touch.
So Deities and Philosophies are no more;
But look at the
Stanchion of Poetry,
Stronger than Blake and the rest of the classics and us combined.
If anything vies for eternity,
This is where to look first,
And look last.

Stan Petrovich

The End

After he swollowed his defeat
And fell into the dread silence,
If no longer had the need to cheat,
No tower of strength and balance;
And toppled into bed
A moan tearing his belly;
There he stayed for
A bunch of blue moons,
Not looking out soon
From steamed-up windows
Of yellow and brown
-fear-
Till death was near.

Then he arose and went out,
Only to fuss and fight,
Drink a mighty bunch of beer
That he expelled,
The color of blood.
As his lingering body
Began finally to flood,
He passed on and returned from whence he came: the mud.

Stan Petrovich

'THE END IS NEAR'

A bum walked the sidewalk
With a sign proclaiming THE END IS NEAR.
Passersby occasionally remarked,
'What is it the end of, fishing in the bay due to mercury contamination? '
-Or-
'Is it the intrusion of the sea due to the polar ice caps melting? '
But he never answered stupid questions;
He just kept walking with the sign.
A man asked him one day,
'Does that mean the end of all things is coming? '
The dosser handed him the sign, saying,
'It's now your turn.'

Stan Petrovich

The Exchange

With nothing left to lose
I went high and far into nameless
Mountains, climbing a high hill,
And, exhausted, fell asleep in a lush park.
I awoke enveloped in a kind of mist
That somehow spoke in my head:
'I want what you have: bones,
Manly muscles, blood and pliant gravity.
'You want what I have: flight, freedom and eternal life.
'Say the word and we can switch.'
Barely considering an answer, I spoke into the fog, agreeing 'yes' to it.

Now for sixty years and more I have
Swirled among spires in canyons,
Overlapped evergreen forests, hugged
Lush parks, at times frightening campers.
Then you came along,
Strumming a guitar that caught my fancy.
I saw your beaded hair and your fashion glasses and
Your shapely female form;
I enveloped you:
I whispered into your ear:
'I have a proposition to make.'

Stan Petrovich

The Future Affects the Past

The universe has no single history. Light from some quasar
At a distance unholy
Can now be interrupted,
Thus making its origin different,
Shifting time and space itself.

If my own life were to intervene
With all my past mistakes,
The thousands of them,
And those boats I sank
Could be righted,
I would leap at the chance.
My first real love,
A sweet and brilliant girl,
Would be here with me right now;
Then there being no single reason to write this,
As we, in that reality,
Are quite engaged
In each other's hair.

Stan Petrovich

The Gods Do Not Intervene

The battle between Athens and Sparta lasted a lifetime and more.
Men who ate lentils
Were not interfeared with by any gods,
Said Thucydides,
who is the father of scientific history.
He did not outlive his own battle,
Dying suddenly by an iron sword.
His blood spurted on his pages,
But most were saved. If one reads Greek,
One can smell,
On the pages
Blood and lentils and pointed iron. And read the first truth about the horrors of war.

Stan Petrovich

The Kiss

What began in stone-marble perfection,
Eyelids a-touch,
Mouths wide open,
Clambered for much,
Remembrance unspoken,
His hand on her knee,
Excellent panoply,
Frozen in time and memory;
For they felt an inordinate thrill
Lasting an Age,
Carved with living hands.
On the rickety scaffold that bent,
And when it finally went,
The lovers remained
Broadcasting no shame.

Look at the various angles,
And their lips remain entangled
In a light and airy eroticism,
Beyond any critic's criticism.

Now those models are long gone,
Their feign is evermore;
So by the ticking of the clock
It is the norm That their lips stay locked.

Stan Petrovich

The Screamers

The men who screamed the most had amputated legs;
The men who screamed the least had only bad haircuts;
In between
The eyeless socket-men roared instead of wept.
The earless bloody-necked men shouted dully;
The armless twitching men sniffed the air;
The castrated men lay in total silence, peering off into space.

The official men in their prefabricated buildings
Toasted their savior with much vodka, straightening their uniforms,
Singing merrily into the delightful night.

Stan Petrovich

The units of Euripedes

Still figures of headless Greeks
wholesome forms of dominion to them
while talking all along

without heads but with heady words
leaning into the still of discovery
ages unto ages
their faces only masks

their courtyards the kingdom
of painstaking boredom
but reaping the nature of our
tortured time to come

Stan Petrovich

Tidbit

The nights were afire
In my salad days-
I found what I was after,
Counting the ways.

The pale green flesh
I consumed made me One
With a glorified Nature;
The Native Americans & I
Fought no more forever.
The Little Big Horn
Is a dried-up gulch
Nowadays.

Let us not divide
Our rights & plights.
Let us not eat at McDonalds.
Let us not
Fall into diabetes' lot,
But sweat our bodies
Into submission.

Born into every body is
Death; it is not behavior.
I & they must respect
The dying, even as they waver.
Go to a Hopi plateau
And look out from there
And into forever.

Stan Petrovich

Time/Sand

The sundial spells remorse;
The sands in the hourglass,
Half empty, half full,
Prepare defeat,
Dividing the northern and
Southern hemispheres-
Extinct, non-extant time-
Travels of my feet.

Dispels relief.
Dry, dry is the desert
Of the triumphant return of the
Hero, even anything sweet:
Death, dearth, love,
Instant jaw burial,
Scientific discovery,
You & I lying awake,
And fearing nothing
But the future
Anew.

Stan Petrovich

Travelogue

Keeping a fit timetable
Is an improbable countenance
For a guy, like me, who has
Been lost, and given up for lost,
In unforgiving desert mountains.

I once lived in an abandoned
Tungsten mine in the Hualapais,
My legs outstretched on the boss'
Desk. The difference was the
Dessicated peccary underneath:
A death-doll grin, gray-matted fur.

There was fresh water in the
Mineshaft, and one other man-
Or perhaps a Minotasur-
Dwelling within.
Either way, his breath stank,
Hanging on to the still, lightless air.

Stan Petrovich

True Story

A bar; a dive.
Ethanol springs, thrives.
The clown arrives;
The selfsame clown who,
To impress girls, speaks of the expanding universe,
then quickly misidentifies the speed increasIng,
At a distance,
As a 'paradox, '
When it the obvious function of the balloon expansion between galaxies.
'What is paradoxical, ' I offered, is what happens to tire very small.'
The clown: 'I just want to know what keeps a plane flying.' A hubbub of agreement.
So off I drove, lonely as usual, but with the satisfaction of being correct.
That is small, however,
As one drops into am empty bed.

Stan Petrovich

Unbeknown

In my cavernous dwelling,
(A lookout tower or a cliffside cave) ,
I glare over the sea the wrong way,
Not the left way, as it should be;
Far sighted in eagle eyes,
Stinging from the fear of your sight.

Imagination stirs reddish moss
For hair, speckled hands soft to touch,
What face is staring at me there?
And, forever, without destination
Perth. About as far as a metro area can be,
As I home in this metroplex from Baltimore to Boston,
A steaming jungle of road rage
And the noise of relentless trafficjams
We do have great science and some
Poets of note, not no mountaintops
Of mirth and rattle, of shaking floors and flowers,
And mirth ridden beds.
But birds nest in my hoary head
And in my hoary hands.

They cannot stray if I make them stay.
Shut all the way, like now is my mouth,
Uncomfortably.

Stan Petrovich

Who's There

Twisting and turning
In the viable clouds
The swirling air
Came a dark mass
Casting figures
Over the square
The figures changed
And reports mounted of various descriptions of what people think they saw:
A tree, an axe,
A black demon-rider, an old tower, a harrowing canyon, a bowl of roses.
Death himself.
The town newspaper got wind of these discrepancies
And asked for more submissions.
The most popular answer was you see your most loved one,
In demise transforming,
Returning to mother earth.

And everyone was scared
Because none was prepared.

Stan Petrovich

Whose Boot Is It Anyway?

Alone & footless,
Sideswiped on the highway,
South of Grand Canyon,
The boot weathers the rain.
Whose feet had felt its pain?
The absent man hurdled from a car,
Dead, now a ghost among the juniper flat.
Gone now, but a pariah to his own left boot's wall.

A bum, a hectic gambler, a heretic,
Or just some dozing motorist;
Another question remains;
Was the little white cross sticking out of the pavement
His? Or was that happenstance,
Laced up to the top, some unlikely chance?

No man is here.
Yet a man was there.
A man who lost his life & line,
Leaving one boot as a puzzle to find.

It gives me a chasm of a feeling,
& at 80 mph my mind is reeling,
Where in all this wilderness
Is the fellow with at least one bare foot
& what fate did he meet?

Stan Petrovich

Wish You Wait

I glare across the causeway
But cannot see
Beyond the lumbering beachcombers
And their city of twisted gray shacks
Any sign of life

Then again no man may see into
His future
Or past
The marine landing
Mirrored in a pane of glass

Will I see you again soon?
Will you fall into my reach?
Will you wait for me until then
On that rockstrewn brazen beach?

Stan Petrovich

With the Polar Bears

About to become extinct,
My hand hurts,
I go to the beach-
Far north of here,
In lieu of the heron and pelicans I watch,
My brethren are about to hurt
More than I:
They are about to go away,
Lost forever in the cold waters,
Into the tides where
Even today
I stand and shed my tears,
Filling up that much more
Of the sea.

Those bears are just like me:
All they want is unchanging
Everything, a niche,
A barter,
And a steady course
Away from evil hands,
Hurt hands;
It puts them at the mercy
Of fools
And uprooted seasons.

Stan Petrovich

Wonders of the World

And why do you suppose
The World so plainly deposed
Its so-called wonders?
I say it was because they
Predisposed the Earth for betrayal,
Like the husband who cheats
Predicts his own divorce.

Stan Petrovich

Wordwright

I crouch at this dusty keyboard,
And the light of early dawn slants
At depressing angles
Throughout the room. A chair,
Worn from duty, Sighs at me; I sigh back. There is no such thing.
It is but a pomegranite in my head:
So many cubicles, juicy with thought,
Wanting to get out. But one cannot bite into it, as such,
Without bluntly making a mess,
A dribble of noise,
A concatenation of words,
Either making some kind of symbiotic sense,
Or falling flat on the pallet of palaver,
A deal of nonsense.

Stan Petrovich

Wordwright II

Sitting, slouching, at the keyboard,
Dusty as day's first thought,
The light spitting in my eyes,
I consider what to write.
Holes in the heart,
The majesty of nature,
The shortcomings of men,
The screaming of the beaten,
The smoldering greed of all in charge,
The rampant nitwits at FOX news?
Why can't there be miracles?

Stan Petrovich