

## Poetry Series

# Warren Falcon

- 252 poems -

### Publication Date:

August 2013

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Warren Falcon on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

### **Warren Falcon (04/23/52 - xxxx)**

...'a boy thief stealing circus hours.'

Expostulations of the child-man (excerpt) :

The pope in Italian  
exclaims, 'Bring me! '  
and the echoes bring to him  
all his bounded wants.

\*\*\*\*

'Why strive when nature is bounteous  
and all ills can be made right with  
wet sweetness? '

Refugee from the American South.  
Now loud-but-reverent mouthed in  
New York City.

Leave the world to the scoundrels!

But first, to orient, some ground, some Robert Creeley: 'As a kid I used to be fascinated by people who, like they say, 'traveled light.'...The scene is always this: What a great thing! To be a writer! Words are something you can carry in your head. You can really 'travel light'...I'm really speaking of my own sense of place. Where the heart finds rest, as Robert Duncan would say. I mean that place where one is open, where a sense of defensiveness or insecurity and all the other complexes of response to place can be finally dropped. Where one feels an intimate association with the ground underfoot...with that crazy water, the trickles of water everywhere, the moisture, the shyness, and the particularity of things like blue jays. I like the rhythms of seasons, and I like the rhythms of a kind of relation to ground that's evident in, say, farmers; and I like time's accumulations of persons....This is a very basic place to live. The dimensions are of such size and of such curious eternity that they embarrass any assumption that man is the totality of all that is significant in life. The area offers a measure of persons that I find very relieving and much more securing to my nature than would be, let's say, the accumulations of men's intentions and exertions in New York City. So locale is both a geographic term and the inner sense of being.' - from a Paris Review Interview

As I get older, my relationship to ground is problematic. Balance is no longer an assumption that delivers. Is it the room that leans or is it me? My sense

of place has never been too pleasantly real or here (but for parentheses happy-enough and for these I am indeed thankful) , and place has been and still is found more in sound, a very early childhood thing, in what I hear by ear or eye when I read. Totem in this my life is the book and it's associated familiars. And now, older than I have ever been, which is a painfully obvious tautology standing long at the urinal waiting, waiting, a poem may arrive more quickly than other flow, poetry has taken on an urgency which orients me, grieves me, and leaves me somewhat in relation to light though I burn the midnight oil to work a poem from the darkness, and my eyes can no longer focus...but, it's ground work. Gives some heft, makes some meaning. Still, can't say I have traveled light. Not really. But heart's the better for the journey forced, or freely taken, pockets full of pieces.

Soon be ground myself, though. Hope Creeley's somewhere I can meet him.

'What thou lovest well remains.'  
- Ezra Pound, Canto 181

'Let him not be another's who can be his own.'  
- Paracelsus

VISUAL BIO. Spare:

Little blur of a photo,1979, apt  
image- The 'striving-after' poet,  
Much younger days, some months  
Recovering from food poisoning,  
Once again exiled to roses,  
reading Lorca & Rilke in a park,  
Medellin, Colombia, South America.  
January 1979.  
Photo by D. Simons.

\*\*

This part of a newer poem sums it up for me at this juncture,  
November,2011, of love and art, the art of poetry, or ars poetica/ars  
doloris/ars pathetica:

from 'And The Daylight Separated The Mad Boy From His Shadow - Cancion  
for Garcia Lorca'

The mad boy  
writes feeble colors  
for love  
the halt the lame the  
mute which within  
around which intends  
bends  
distorts (in your glass  
case)  
twists takes  
traps light to  
separate  
the mad world  
from shadow

Both  
we are  
contortionists

thus take our  
place with clowns who  
know tomatoes thrown  
and juggler's (bare necked)  
necessary concentration.

You are the maestro here  
whom I trail behind at respectful

distance

murdered by the too ordinary  
controllers

So long

So long to image  
to suffer on dear  
bruised M the  
void of course

o bring me  
beauty no matter  
how terrible

created by His  
own opening  
which makes  
Him forever  
Lorca's girl

'a pomegranate  
[a god] biggish and  
green and I can't take  
her in my arms..  
Won't she come back?  
Why won't she? ' [from Lorca]

You, dear, will read  
of my heterosexual shadow

a great lover who serenades  
Her in the terrible contradiction

of the moon caught  
in bare tree limns strophes

just outside Her window  
the fool below in rouge

head hung, singing

O hurt

heart's tin can  
tied to belt loop behind  
of his ragged pants  
pants

waits

to be filled with  
whatever flows

in the dirty lane  
he leans his  
love against

\*

Imagine  
this asterisk

which contains an aster  
is a rose transforming yet again  
because it can  
because

Lorca

has willed it obediently into being  
letter by letter, petal by petal  
bee-kissed by brazen bees  
a clutch of stamens  
assassin's ink  
out flowing

\*\*

Turning Thighs To Diamonds

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son  
shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught,  
a floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.  
Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.  
Each base of cardboard weighted with stone  
is still our house; a bat, a ball, a mitt,  
hard rules of the game, mean to undo all  
lust for dark heaven which shuns shining girls.

I was reaching for god then - not your fault - a lavender  
boy early befriended by crows, already resigned to what  
was given and what was to come, a softball between the  
eyes, your attempt to guide me toward those diamond  
thighs which, you often repeated, were everywhere waiting.

I blink still before you, head down, focused on 'Lion's Teeth.' \*\*  
I am your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I am fat  
and cannot round the bases quick. I am your inherited meek,  
a burden to shake into a sliding man furious for home.

At four I pluck a wild strawberry you point to,  
all authority and accidental grace, revealing much,  
still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening sourness  
deserving my frown. You laugh at my dawning smile  
for their sweetness slowly yields, a surprise gift for  
what will always unite us, your fear that I will suffer,  
too, your fate, untended desire gone to wildness  
brought low beneath branches, slow embrace of  
cradle-gentle boughs entangling legs and light  
between the greater shadows,

and shadows shall win the day.

In them my yearning grows yet, remains for that of edges,  
what is beyond them, or beneath, for planets arcing and  
comets rare, trailing lovers to come but meteors, not the  
appointed stars of permanence allowed to some men's hands,  
and never to the fallen.

Still, these essential things are caught  
for all our mostly wasted days of practice,

wild sweetness is a stolen base,  
the tongue is an untended garden.

There is a burning soft hands can know  
which shall finally run some headlong  
for home at the end, an inherited circle,

a latter-day glad son gathering berries from shadows.

\*\*Dandelion

\*\*

'Are You Hungry? ' - Poems for Departure

for Karthik, departing

'Who has twisted us like this, so that-  
no matter what we do-we have the bearing  
of a man going away...so we live,  
forever saying farwell.' - Rainer Maria Rilke

Prologue

Out of decibels  
out of hearing  
the last sense  
to go  
sing to me now  
before ears take  
leave and I shall  
have no more need  
for words, sounds,  
even these my sighs  
heard as I hear you  
dropp the soap in  
the bath.

I imagine you bending  
vague in the steam to  
find the bar by scent  
as you wash away  
your own which has  
so compelled me  
again and again  
into much life

So gladly the  
little deaths  
cleave to this  
I say aloud  
though you may  
not hear my plea  
in there  
from where I sit  
bent doubly-over  
multiplied with grief  
for leaving all this  
assumed pre-  
sence chalked  
now upon crumbling  
slate.

1

I wait with this  
sense of what  
is unfolding just

out of reach,  
once familiar  
now fogged  
with herbal scent  
clouding the  
bath, my heart  
embarrassed  
to speak of it

remains

cocked  
to one side  
tilted to hear  
all news of  
you that is  
left in there  
touching the  
lucky water.

2

You emerge  
from the bath  
reaching for the  
towel, soft, obeying  
daily habit, wipes you  
dry, each cleft, the pit  
of my longing rubbed  
without caution.

I am caught up in this  
vision without glasses  
squinting for what is  
real or not though you  
are faced to mine as I  
obediently move my  
shaking hand to your  
belly, the scar there,  
edges still hot  
to the touch.

3

Much there is I will  
make of this moment,  
drying your back as I  
have daily done -

once  
began the rite  
first night

gathering now  
the last

o when  
the towel easily un-  
folded, drank

woven  
little mouths many

deeply  
into what

has become  
natural in me  
with the wiping.

In this  
I am become  
free now of  
thinking intent  
to this my task  
to last, this minute  
or two, to linger,

each is  
become a touch  
this one.  
and this,

without  
decibels.

4

I am right now to speak  
of this, retrieving the soap  
which clings one strand  
your hair tangled there,  
a cypher I read  
with joy grown  
long into cleaner  
disorder.

5

a leaf upon the  
bathroom floor  
blown in through  
the night window  
random now  
for discovery  
a gift

I bring it to  
you calling to  
me from the  
bedroom  
as you pack  
fumbled upon  
the unmade  
bed,

'Are you hungry? '

\*\*

From 'Instead Of You Today One Black Mouse'

I sit now watching  
the dove watch the  
street below, the sky  
above the tenements.  
It does not shut its  
eyes to flakes which  
somehow do not in fall  
though I recall now  
how they manage to

find mine, even now  
they beat upon the  
glass trying to enter  
eyes intent upon watching  
the scene unfold upon  
the page and within the  
eyes of the Dove of Ages,  
see what a thing it is  
now already become  
since childhood and  
the backyard forest  
sparkling, every surface  
of everything covered  
with ice clear, a sheer  
skin which seems/seams to  
move as I am moved/returned  
in response to impertinent  
snow to let more new world  
come flashing in, and the  
one-more-bird, a startle,  
a cardinal red against all  
the white, white, there were  
many, coveys of them inordinate  
in all the snow blind, too  
much for a boy to bear, broken  
eye-nerves, brittle sticks,  
he kicks on his back crying  
to make an angel his own to  
be relieved of the too ordered  
world, would be the unwanted,  
unexpected child of things  
shattered, his need for  
constancy and same, beauty  
a necessary addiction dependent  
upon diction's canary eye and ear,  
just to introduce another color  
between mouse and meaning,  
a chorus stunned into sound.

\*\*

4 more expostulations of the child-man:

The pope in Italian  
wears a black beret, feels his tragedy,  
'another fig in hand, ' refills his goblet,  
calls for a clean ashtray, another pack of Gauloises.\*

The pope in Italian  
questions Michelangelo 'of hammers, of stone and nakedness,  
the heart of the matter, ' whistles when the Artist answers,  
and looks away, fingers crossed.

The pope in Italian  
feeling frisky, ice skates, holds high  
his brocaded robes revealing the boyish legs, white,  
they are so white, like necks of swans.

The pope in Italian  
dreams again he is a young  
bomber pilot dropping heavy kisses  
backed up in the bomb-bay.

\*\*

A coda, this indulgence, verses here from 'I Once, Your Other Darkness':

for two paintings, one by Caravaggio,  
'The Conversion of St. Paul,'  
the other by William Hawkins, 'Horse'

I once, your other darkness, quoted Hopkins to you,  
of seasons of dryness in the bitter pitch midst  
his discovery, 'What I do is me, for that I came, '  
not a text for self worship but, rather, an assent  
to keep world woe intimate, felt in that greater  
scape - inner - making poems from orphan woe, from  
furtive grace which eludes then storms, in bleakest  
place sudden parses in the greener green,  
newly, of things while pleading still,

'Lord, send my roots rain.'

In the shorter light, the extended  
night, of cold and star-bright questions,  
may you cast clumsy net forward into  
what it all might mean to fretted you,  
to me, stretched canvas, though I will  
not thrust these words upon your paint  
or pen but make offering for your own  
work to feed us through the eyes;  
perhaps time to remount the horse  
and soldier on, or to fall again, gain  
Damascus perspective, from one's  
back watch vision distort massive  
horse into a God receding into necessary  
darkness foregoing image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

\*\*

Fragment from 'Song for Departure'

more resides  
in words aflame reciting the Name, One alone,  
then of patriarchs/saints the bearded whole  
lot of them who murmur still for all our want  
and next year next year shall be different  
for we will no longer be here but  
in Holy City finally gathered

cabs blur yellow/gypsy  
in angular winter light  
now dazzle before Spring  
when raises dead bulbs to jonquils  
potted pretty in windows, on stoops  
and, wild, strayed in parks

do not, O, pass us by or over  
for all our patient harping

come morrows under willows yet  
we shall hang up our loves again

get back to work  
honest scrub and  
clean beside 2nd avenue  
stand recalling willows  
never seen

we grieve still an old yet present  
eviction in the cities of men

- Warren Falcon

To read more prose and poses you may go here:

[falconwarren.blogspot.com](http://falconwarren.blogspot.com).

Works:

PUBLICATIONS:

Small Favors of Mourning. Chapbook. Bartram's Ear Press. 1977

You're Toothless, I'm Beerless. Let's Fall In Love! And Other Unlikely Love Poems But Sings The Heart True. Chapbook. Published under the nom de plume, Norman Nightingale. Friendless Phrase Press. 1979.

Bucolic Bouncers At The Belly Dancers Ball (published under the nom de plume, Norman Nightingale) . Chapbook. Cortical Canticle Press,2006)

The Cathected Poems of Norman Nightingale. Unexpurgated Edition, Norman Nightingale. Chapbook. Cortical Canticle Press,2008.

A Boy Thief Stealing Circus Hours, New and Selected Poems. Warren Falcon. Chapbook. Cortical Cantical Press,2010.

## 2 Proems from ' 'Now, Heart' - Some Of What I Remember When I Listen'

for Willie 'in the pocket' now of earth

A river is a process through time, and the river stages are its momentary parts.  
—Willard Van Orman Quine

One [Remembering Chattanooga Days With Willie, Tennessee River Close By]:

One night Willie, much 'in the pocket'—an expression for being well onto drunk which I've never heard from anyone but him—wanted to dance to a Bessie tune playing, 'Back Water Blues', him recalling nights as a young man in rural Tennessee where he had worked hard days in oppressive vegetable fields then hit the after hours juke joints for 'colored, twas parting days, Jim Crow, ' he explained, where he would drink, dance then dive/delve into sensual mysteries of moist skin, hot breath, mutually open mouths, their commodious moans and mumbles, venial hands, always vital parts, private hearts mutually pounding ancient known rhythms, odors, tastes of gin and those slender, forbidden, now greedily stolen bites in those all too short nights with their damned intrusive dawns.

Jumping to his feet, Willie described 'powder dancin'" (pronounced marvelously, 'powdah') which I had never heard of. Talcum powder would be copiously scattered onto the planked dance floor where couples in stockinged or bare feet would ecstatically dance, gliding and sliding sweetly scented, muskily bent toward later glides and slides in slippery joy of momentary allure, amour on dimmed porches or in surrounding woods often enough and gratis upon delicate slabs of moonlight gratuitously dewy providing cushion for Passion's out and in, honoring, dignifying deities of skin wanting more making more skin, headlong Nature's frictional algorithms indelibly scored in every each his her yawing yen.

Two [Paeon To Rivers]:

I know that wheat is anciently holy but now even more so for flour, the sight and feel of it, its unbaked smell, turns me again toward a Chattanooga 3rd street, its compass river swelling like bread nearby bearing witness still for one cannot say too much about rivers—their irreverence of edges scored, spilling themselves, proclaiming natural gods deeper than memory yet dependent upon it for traced they must be in every human activity no matter the breach, for something there is to teach even deity though it may be wrong to do so, or hearsay to say it or sing, but the song is there for those whose ears are broken onto bottoms from which cry urgencies of Being and between, dutiful banks barely containing the straining Word.

Warren Falcon

### 3 AM Kingfisher Sonata

for V.R.Cann, 'of the Serpent born'

I am, down to a man,  
the most wrestled and  
creased of seasons'  
unceasing ardors.

I am established upon my worn and wagging throne.  
I remain open all night. Preponderant sinners, their  
mendicant amusements such are these fractured  
pearls, are wanton for dark bottoms, sea bed renewals,  
though for many here any bed will do;

no work on the morrow.

I suffer the happy travails of indigent withers,  
a later paramour whose eyes do what thighs  
no longer can. Young men stray in the redder  
door and, thank god, are easily distracted,  
thank god, the erotic slights of hand, thank  
god, the scented smoke, the velvet-covered  
mirrors drooping unnoticed; they depart the  
happier minds touched more than diminishing  
crescents of flesh.

I remain a magician's  
hat, hand and arm deep,  
it's pit of cyphers ever  
grasping, so desperate  
for retrieval.

Still, dimming eyes skim shades, browns,  
blacks, skin shine a wonder too long stared.  
Love, yet, naps undisturbed at peace in my  
admonished gaze; pastoral fold's redolent loam  
in-breathes; such sleeping geography, it's spell,  
its throat tenderly bared, is too great to disturb  
with a hungry touch...

Eyes are wiser now to  
allow breaths little swallows  
overflying nipples minarets,  
sinew and hair;

salt mines below  
crystallize sweat  
beckoning craven  
tongues to aftertaste  
rejoinders, sweet...

Life, dear Barcelona, is sweet..

One endures long enough to break through thunder,  
a taut belly, a smooth place for lips to land.  
One may reach a 'Pure Land' which has no logic,  
the tedious seasons of long life endured.  
Still, one gathers names of each joven\*\*  
prince passed beneath loving,  
yes, arduous hands.

Again, upon Kingfisher's wings I blow these kisses,  
this music, your patient ear awaiting the purist pearl,  
for you were once the bequeathed, escaped girl  
without fear of oceans, this one between us which  
now must be overflowed to reach you.

N. Nightingale, Empress of Contrails

\*\*'young' in the Spanish tongue

Warren Falcon

## **A Grief Earned - An Ode Beginning & Ending With Lines From Shelley**

Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
I have been taken up into grief, the strange  
relief of clouds. Soon departed, I shall be  
once again returned to disquieted prayer,  
the proud monk to his rites rejoined such  
are covers for disjointedness.

Adroit is the spoiled self touching only  
late that of Other, of Beauty, Adonais  
'dead then' when Mr. Shelley, once young,  
now always, has clung 'moderne, 'as much  
as, as soon as he can deny, spurn, return  
a Vision 'toward the vital air.'

He has the advantage of an Eastern detachment.

I, meanwhile, to walls stick, to  
sheets, this cup, full, cannot release.

I step, my foot remains to boards  
stuck, must walk inwardly restrained,

halt, try to, misstep, the usual tread  
of, with, my heart.

With heart will I to Guatemala go,  
a Mayan lover do some good, to active

volcanoes, deepest lake there with  
creatures strange - axelotls, pink,

delicate,

and one fountain send where I need  
to go - there, continually letting

go the hollows, release the tread  
following, and the after-flow;

feeling grief's all, I  
follow to where all is fled...

Warren Falcon

## **A Gypsy Cab Author Caught In A Texas Milky Way, A Letter Poem To M. Meursault**

for Bob. M.

Mark the first page of the book with a red marker.  
For, in the beginning, the wound is invisible. - Edmund Jabes

And so it was I entered the broken world to trace the visionary company of love.  
- Hart Crane

'A man of many false starts...'  
- Opening line from the manuscript spoken about below.

Mon Cher Marcel Meursault, homo viator \*\*,  
tumbleweed rumor, post-war roamer,  
son of Cain, Biblical stain in from desert storms,

Petrochemical companies flare just cross the highway, multi-lane signals of Mammon Cathedral in the Wasteland, it's neon void promises a Velvet Jesus, a Velvet Elvis to a desert kingdom of the far flung, you being one of them, now home from the war in exile before and after, returning to the beat up but beloved truck that also tells a story and leaves a stain. Black puddles beneath write the names of God:

Jake, his slow breakdown while breaking into those stately mansions of the godly rich; hard lessons of earnest Private Dodge wanting approval and love ill sought from the gold-toothed, refugee Drill Sergeant Tomaso, late of Liberia, a wannabee Jehovah with too much power over America's young game boys shipwrecked onto military shores.

This tale staggers. An overly educated veteran of the Iraq war driving his bondoed cab - the 'Great Spackled Bard' he calls it - here and there in Texas edge town perimeters of Mammonopolis where the money is compelled to dirt roads, back streets one would never intentionally drive if not for need of money forcing a military jacked, peg-legged hobo's freedom of sorts, shattered leg below the knee ignominiously left in the sands of the Shahs to make mutually agreed upon brief commitments with strangers to destinations ending with a discharge and a fare-thee-well.

Between nocturnal addicts, the usual after hour customer, arrives the graveyard-shift nightly migrants; Waffle House, respite rituals of grease and gravy, the Medusa-wigged anorexic waitress with echolalia loudly repeats every order to the ash-tipped cigarette cook, a stubbed butt on a busted lip; she repeats overheard conversations at dirty tables, customers politely pretend not to hear the gossip-large confessions of littler lives pasted Hopper-like to the diner windows glaring reflections without error there where the only self-reflecting going on is the scribbler in the pink booth perversely taking it all in, thinking, feeling, penning it down in notebooks looking for himself in those echoes with your stolen shades on, eternally cool in his capacity to tolerate what you call 'the great densities' - immense absurdities de le quotidian.

Love them. Love them all, even those monolithic chemical companies, those justly reactive radio heads, their words blown out of cab windows - 'the wind blows away our words' - heard all the way to East Coast night up on the roof under the orange sky holding your manuscript in hand, flashlight New York City, words discarded or dragged screaming from a passing car compelling compassion, curiosity, hinting a calm eye in

the center of eternal return's static-pitched dispatch to the corner of Crackhurst and Waffle House and back again, all 'amor fati'. The eye observes, swerves to miss the Mexican kid chasing the ball into Same Ol' Street ('same as it ever was' - David Byrne) , notes it with caffeine amphetamine laced and traces 'the visionary company of love'- stubbed cigarettes, sputum maps coughed and spat.

Indeed. Chase that company, chemical visionaries, down streets missing a few teeth, the bent antenna unfurls a remote prayer flag from coldest Himalayas fluttering, flung from gypsy cab windows, wordless hiccups of eventing into the oblivion of the obvious - flutter-flap ancient technologies of cloth strung holey in bleak majesty, gesticulate, pleading 'Mercy' for all the species, eventually our own, obliterated by human tracings. In another Buddha tongue:

Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha  
GONE, GONE, GONE BEYOND,  
COMPLETELY GONE BEYOND-  
ENLIGHTENMENT, HAIL.

Keep going with all this, the other bric a brac. Three-legged dog pants, knows only that scented tires owe him a leg up in the world. At least one. All opening lines are strung up years ago when you were that freckle in 'Father Bob And What The F\*ck Land', all the books (never false starts) read and to be read written since then and now and to come during the insufferable hours, forlorn miles in the merciless cab all jib jab flap and flutter real voice about poor human choices which even at their worst vote for visionary company in those universes revealed even in glittering Texan and Iraqi sand.

It is so brilliantly human to find the diamond in the sh\*t.

And no need for genius which used to mean something but not any more. On with the boring center line endlessly dividing though broken on purpose suggesting a way to veer. No guide needed here. Fear is the drive shaft, and longing turns the wheel.

Damned good you are inspired then amidst progress's smoking mirror, like Blake, a wake-dreamed jeweler mining away in-breathed while sucking those cigarettes and lovers, the endless hash browns, along Texas highways and byways waiting for another dispatch to Bumf\*ck and Divine.

The psalmist says it right, no matter the blight:

'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'

I await another dispatch prayer for the far flung tracers.

W. Falcon

\*\*homo viator means, man the traveler, man on the way, the latin name Gabriel Marcel uses to designate the human species especially modern, now postmodern man.

Warren Falcon

## **A Poem In Fragments Beginning With A Line From Berryman, Black Mouse Series Ensuing**

[the poem begins with a line by John Berryman ending with the word 'honey']

Childness let's have us honey, flame intended,  
names smeared on the glass, an accidental pane  
times hands touching it delicate as trespass,  
what is allowed lace of vision times want equals  
at last a sum equals at last a remorse felt,  
a memory - sunk into soft teas - steeping, turns  
steaming said window said prints/views obscured  
of nothing in particular or special, troubles only,  
only of passing birds enamored of (their lighter  
bones) or are they cloud and shadow? merely the  
steep sun declining ashen into the Jersey side?

\*

O come lover back the floor where we lay a'times  
upon boards the cluttered clothes the depositions  
times at least three and take me once again one  
times infinity into your arms times two leave me  
when you/we are done doing times zero a mere cypher  
flown sheer up the flue into the blue ash which now  
the sky is where (there is only one sky) a dove flies  
into possibility of memory or not times countless  
thousands times plus the time it takes for you to  
exit shedding skins, shells (am a shell, water you?  
you decide) times infinity into the one drain in-

\*

to ocean reflecting blue sky of ash blew into what  
remains of you on the beach bathing soft Junes,  
boardwalk organ grinder smiling/sings 'amor fati'  
mellifluously on as hairs their bodies follicles  
delicate when under the glass espied over-spills  
into o endlessly it's seams, it seems, into memory  
which is already over-said overheard redundantly a  
river and time, this one recalled, the cloud drift  
and the river the tides beside the city both sides  
is as ancient as it always was and is - in the beginning  
was darkness over deep water and a word, any word

\*

really would do form something out of deep, of dark,  
of water which shapes only by outer circumstance itself  
in this case a word leading up to this contraction of  
bellies against each times two, and legs times four,  
and lips times myriad ones gone before - of murmurs  
O lover of thee I adore - I am unkindly left remembering  
once was laughter spent seeking out between bodies' valleys

eternally shifting eluding capture, this, just to reintroduce  
some levity for we were many day-ed times merry-merrily  
played harming no one not even the mouse unmoved per-  
haps, watching perhaps, still, still, from beneath the

\*

god you insisted be excluded from all our nakedness  
times one too many breaths exchanged, groped times  
many ropes all our wanting the curtained dancer en-  
tranced entered into upon a mystery how one could be  
so, well, so marvelous and so cruel too as one wills  
memory - an edge tears open: Fact: that there was love,  
there was love after all I could see it smell it feel  
it there dancing round the living room one holds on  
to, and upon goodness worn out pulled from below down  
and dark and deep such is this so it is the riddle it  
is all now become since you departed, love, since you

\*

departed I shall count backward by threes then fours  
the door which once embraced you now never lets you  
go no matter the black or blue tide of thee O lover,  
what slips out ebbs black back into lapis, lapses in-  
to what self is uttered/poured scored transparent upon  
surfeit surface/faces which are even eyes which now  
glaze with love lost beside the flue marked upon the  
pane blue the mouse black upon the floor remains is  
many, a multitude of petals times three the jasmine  
unspurned at last at last/least return soft Junes the  
lips of which are sometimes pink of lavender swollen

\*

as if to kiss times three the antinomies a string of  
pearls and thee O lover to me back 'splaying shyly  
where the curtains sway/stand behind them the curtained  
dancer entranced/entered into upon a mystery the organ  
grinder smiles/sings 'amor fati' mellifluously on

Warren Falcon

## **Abandoned Train Station Near Grandmother's Grave**

for Lida Harris

Then died there the rose beside the house of tin.

The track bore no train for years.  
Weeds travel tendriled and  
yellow rooted between trestles.  
Broken vessels whistle through  
shattered teeth of glass.  
Only wind and no rusted train passes.

Though the scene bears dislocation,  
though the brain remembers station and motion  
of steam engine and iron wheel rotation  
the places of old gone passing  
bear no malice toward stillness.  
All around mute remains remind the  
occasional passer of former days;

an old snuff tin crumbled in a reverent hand  
longs for the woman grasping then,  
holds sweet dust beneath her tongue  
as the land must hold her now where is  
no whisper but sleep beyond sleep.

Weeds to the eye are sad between rails  
but listening to their green and yellow belles  
the rightness of their swaying displaces all sorrow.  
Their distance is a distance one cannot know  
but only borrow in imagination by extension  
of miles, their reach is ours then, translated  
green and longing, their leaves throng the  
evening air, in silent clamor fling down seed  
to summer's blundering prayer.

Warren Falcon

## **After Folly - An Aging Poet Addresses One Who Wanders In Mountains Remote**

'Now I've broken my ties with the world of red dust;  
I spend all my time wandering and read all I want.  
Who will lend a dipper of water  
to save a fish in a carriage rut?' - Han Shan, Tang Dynasty, China

1

There's a hairy Moses in the distance counting pocket  
change to give to the ferrier, coins that fit the eyes.  
I'm hanging at the back of the crowd. There's manna  
enough for pockets. My Red Sea is long parted but old  
Pharaoh's got a new army. Each day is a scrape in the tents.  
Prayer and fear is sustenance dragged further out by pillars  
of fire. A volcano rumored to be God publishes 'Mandates for  
a New Junta', led by a well-bred stutterer (prototypical politician,  
it seems) . In odd limbo there trail reluctant murmurers.

That 'Golden Calf 'Incident' was a silly mistake,  
an overreaction, but there were agreements made  
at the outset, sealed in blood, first born sons threatened  
or worse, guaranteed real estate for dairy farmers and  
bee keepers, oodles of milk-and-honey futures, money  
to be made in hopefully greener pastures. Now it can  
be said with certainty, a 'promised land' comes with  
big catches - I've exchanged one for another, same  
mistake - the barbs are plenty, mostly mistaken people  
thinner than scripture loudly staking claims to land  
and deity in long meander.

It's a luxury, sure. Some choose to wander. Some don't.  
Water is scarce in deserts. Wheels are few but for  
chariots of war, not many ruts though there's thirst aplenty,  
not the bounty promised before the journey.

A penny for a wet tongue.

I'm of that hung up crowd forced to flee, a victim of unleavened  
fate, or is that too Greek a notion? The question begs asking.  
Unintended impertinence must be forgiven. That's the theme,  
right? the long march of history, that of redemption in time though  
each and every has an opinion. Can't be helped. Much to explain.  
All's a seeming washed in blood.

2

How passing strange is life in old age overwrought by  
too much thinking. All is not yet lost but merely tossed  
and scrambled in this ramble where etymology is everything.  
And good boots. I'm then to poetry and books a-sundry,  
an attempt to keep a horizon. Above it. Not under but  
the dip is soon enough. Humor with others is still intact.  
Alone I manage to laugh out loud.. After a life of folly so

much frivolity empties one out. I cry out in the night but  
remainder to Silence.

3

Old friend, I've been reading zen, the 'death poems' and  
'Sayings of the Desert Fathers, ' in many ways the same.  
These orient. One can still lift a head up amongst the stars  
while swatting flies, be silly, for what care stars at all  
but for eyes, maybe they're wanting to be seen?  
Reading remote poets and prophets purposefully hiding  
out to 'draw nigh unto' is ironic, remove the eye of the  
perceiving other and it will show up upon the sky, mountains,  
all things between, universally; perhaps even TV screen static  
between channels links here/now with beyond; easier to  
be in subtle presences sublime than these lumps in solidity  
which are the material, a hard father's boot-steps on the stairs  
just out the door sends one packing, a shy Desert Father  
beneath his bed to hide, a wilderness of sorts.

From there I pray,

'Abide with me, Father,  
give sons a safer world,  
bring them gently into it'.  
Many sons are ill-prepared,  
'not yet, not yet, ' they bray.

4

I'm flung further into the fray though I sway up 5 flights  
of stairs, long in exile, dizzy with the street, the human  
beauty and brokenness there, all those flower pots in  
windows, on stoops, the blossoming tree brightening  
between darker bricks to truly dwell. It is for me, a shy  
son, to see in spite of big chunks missing or torn out,  
to remake the world as it always is for angels long to  
be bread to dwell in our finitude. To them, then, I am  
'the Dude', a daffodil in my lapel, gate of heaven and  
h\*ll open at the end of the block. I skip forward singing,  
'La La La, ' poems a'pocket. If questioned at the gate  
I'll blame you, meandering still, granting permission  
the entrance to boldly storm.

Between St. Marks and the horizon my fingers still work.

Warren Falcon

## **Alchemical Passes for Father and Son - Turning Thighs to Diamonds - In Three Passes**

### **FIRST PASS**

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught,  
a floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.  
Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.  
Each base of cardboard weighted with stone  
is still our house; a bat, a ball, a mitt,  
hard rules of the game mean to undo all  
lust for dark heaven shunning shining girls.

I was reaching for god then - not your fault - a lavender  
boy early befriended by crows, already resigned to what  
was given and what was to come, a softball between the  
eyes, your attempt to guide me toward those diamond  
thighs which, you often repeated, were everywhere waiting.

I blink still before you, head down, focused on 'Lion's Teeth.' \*\*  
I am your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I am fat  
and cannot round the bases quick. I am your inherited meek,  
a burden to shake into a sliding man furious for home.

At four I pluck a wild strawberry you point to,  
all authority and accidental grace, revealing much,  
still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening sourness  
deserving my frown. You laugh at my dawning smile  
for its sweetness slowly yielding, a surprise gift  
for what will always unite us, your fear that I will  
suffer, too, your fate, untended desire gone to wildness  
brought low beneath branches, slow embrace of  
cradle-gentle boughs entangling legs and light  
between the greater shadows,

and shadows shall win the day.

In them my yearning grows yet,  
remains for that of edges,  
what is beyond them or beneath,  
planets arcing and comets rare,  
trailing lovers to come but meteors,  
not the appointed stars of permanence  
allowed to some men's hands,  
and never to the fallen.

Still, these essential things are caught  
for all our mostly wasted days of practice,

wild sweetness is a stolen base,

the tongue is an untended garden.

There is a burning soft hands can know  
which shall finally run some headlong  
for home at the end, an inherited circle,

a latter-day glad son gathering berries from shadows.

\*\*Dandelion

## SECOND PASS

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son  
shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught.

A floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.

Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.

Each base of cardboard weighted with stone is still our house.

A bat, a ball and mitt, hard rules of the game

undo all lust for dark heaven which shuns shining girls.

A lavender boy early  
befriended by crows.

A softball between  
the eyes guides.

Diamond thighs  
everywhere waiting.

Before you, head down,  
focused on 'Lion's Teeth'\*\*,  
I am a hard mystery,

and soft, not so fast for I

am fat and cannot round  
the bases quick.

I, your inherited meek,  
am a burden to shake,  
a sliding man  
furious for home.

\*\*\*\*\*

I pluck wild strawberries,  
You, all authority and  
accidental grace, reveal too much,  
dew wet, still sticky to the touch.

Opening sourness deserves a frown.  
Sweetness slowly yields  
surprise for what always  
unites father/son -

untended desire  
gone to wildness  
brought low  
beneath branches,

slow embrace of  
cradle-gentle boughs  
entangling legs and  
light between the  
greater shadows.

And shadows shall win the day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Planets arc  
and comets rare  
trail lovers.

Meteors are  
not appointed  
permanent stars  
allowed to some  
men's hands,

and never to the fallen

caught for mostly

wasted days.

\*\*\*\*\*

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.  
That the tongue is an untended garden.  
That there is a burning soft hands can know.

\*\*\*\*\*

Finally runs something headlong  
sliding for home  
inheriting circles latter-day.

Glad sons (are)  
berries from  
shadows gathered.

\*\*Dandelion

THIRD PASS

Wild strawberries,  
all authority and  
accidental grace,  
reveal too much,  
dew wet, still  
sticky to the touch.

Opening sourness  
deserves a frown.  
Sweetness slowly  
yields surprise for  
what always unites -

untended desire  
gone to wildness

brought low  
beneath branches,

slow embrace of  
cradle boughs,

entangled legs  
and light.

And shadows shall win the day.

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.

That the tongue is an untended garden.

That there is a burning soft hands can know.

Warren Falcon

## **Alchemical Passes For Father and Son - Turning Thighs to Diamonds - Third Pass**

### THIRD PASS

Wild strawberries,  
all authority and  
accidental grace,  
you reveal too much,  
dew wet, still sticky  
to the touch.

Opening sourness  
deserves a frown.  
Sweetness slowly  
yields surprise for  
what always unites -

untended desire  
gone to wildness  
brought low  
beneath branches,

slow embrace of  
cradle boughs,

entangled legs  
and light.

And shadows shall win the day.

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.

That the tongue is an untended garden.

That there is a burning soft hands can know.

Warren Falcon

## **Amir, Prince Of Treetops, Now Sleeps In His Bright Yellow Room**

perhaps you are  
a bee sleeping in  
the heart of a flower

the stone of your  
head softening  
sweetly upon a pillow

your little hands  
open into bestowal

while you sleep  
the sun ripens  
plums into honey  
upon the little  
feet of the bee  
of Mashhad\*\*

Little bee  
you awaken  
a child screaming  
'injustice'  
you carry his  
cry to parks  
to courts

authorities have  
declared war on  
yellow and pillows

all plums are  
suspect

Innocence is  
threatened with  
exile yet still  
in a shrub beneath  
the golden window of  
the girl you must  
love in secret  
you smile and  
recite Hafez

and the walls of  
state and of the  
local god are  
falling finally  
down truly one  
as rubble

still the powers  
that be refuse to  
see blood and dust  
though the lemon  
trees at Ferdosi's  
tomb are opening  
into blossoms

proclaiming a  
kingdom of justice  
through bitter tears

little bee now  
sweeps the little  
room of its heart  
your heart  
of hope  
and fear

the muezzin calls  
fly away all to each  
his dutiful prayers

bee too flies

honeys the feet  
of those who would  
kneel to be closer  
to the Friend  
whose Voice is  
sweet in the halls  
the streets the  
friends of the  
Friend of Mashhad

they do not know

that the bee up  
from flower-heart  
is busy keeping  
the peace

flower  
by  
flower

they do not know  
that the child  
sleeps whose hands  
are gentle bestowals  
always counting  
slowly  
one two three  
at the top of  
his tree

\*\*Mashhad is the second largest city in Iran and one of the holiest cities in the Shia Muslim world. It is also the only major Iranian city with an Arabic name.

Mashhad is also known as the city of Ferdowsi, the Iranian poet of Shahnameh, which is considered to be the national epic of Iran.

Warren Falcon

**'And The Daylight Separated The Mad Boy From His Shadow' - Cancion for Garcia Lorca**

for M  
the blurs  
'everything is descending,  
even the scholarship of the  
ancient adverbs, '  
process of seeing  
now wrinkles

creases from  
eyebrow  
to temple

into hairline  
creases from  
too narrow  
sense

O see (sings  
eyes)  
how  
diminutive  
Golondrina (swallow)  
dimming

dips  
lands  
alights  
little feet

wires  
talons  
of tin

standard  
paramount  
in the jardin

blue walls the  
infolded cloak  
of the Virgin

A task for daylight -  
separating mad boys from  
shadows -  
un-ordinary ones

Lorca's 'shrugs its  
shoulders like a girl.'

Ordinary gestures  
the mad boys may  
be taken into arms

or dressed in strange  
garb maybe all in the  
gesture beyond  
ordinary remains  
remains  
always becoming  
image such as are  
gestures' embraces  
bruised

dressings  
undressings  
ventures for affection.  
But from whom?

The mad boy  
writes feeble colors  
for love

the halt the lame  
the mute which  
within around  
which intends  
bends distorts  
(in your glass  
case) twists  
takes traps light  
to separate  
the mad world  
from shadow

Both  
we are  
contortionists

thus take our  
place with clowns who  
know tomatoes thrown  
and juggler's (bare necked)  
necessary concentration.

You are the maestro here  
whom I trail behind at respectful

distance

murdered by the too ordinary  
controllers

So long

So long

to image  
to suffer on dear  
bruised M the  
void of course

o bring me  
beauty no matter  
how terrible

created by His  
own opening  
which makes  
Him forever  
Lorca's girl

'a pomegranate

[a god] biggish  
and green and  
I can't take her  
in my arms or  
dress her.

Won't she come back?

Why won't she? '

You, dear, will read  
of my heterosexual shadow

a great lover who serenades  
Her in the terrible contradiction

of the moon caught  
in bare tree limbs/strophes

just outside Her window  
the fool below in rouge

head hung, singing

O hurt

heart's tin can tied  
to belt loop behind  
of his ragged pants

pants  
waits

to be filled with

whatever flows

in the dirty lane  
he leans his  
love against

\*

Imagine  
this asterisk  
which contains an aster  
is a rose transforming yet again  
because it can  
because

Lorca

has willed it obediently into being  
letter by letter, petal by petal  
bee kissed by brazen bees  
a clutch of stamens  
assassin's ink  
out flowing  
\*

Warren Falcon

## **Annunciation - for Cesar Vallejo & Hart Crane**

Arriving late to love

the broken tower  
mourns its ringing ruin.  
Long drought of air  
once stilled the clapper.

But one breath, Trembler,  
cracks metal.  
Muteness falls away.

Frightened doves scatter.

Annunciation of rafters:

Come.

Remember gaiety,  
how to sway.

Who pulls the rope  
are many.

Silver coin,  
fly up from

empty fountain,

renew into wishful

hand a saint's  
pocket prayer returning.

Poor in heart scatter.

Bread swells upon  
leaning monuments.

Flowers  
for the dead  
wildly grow  
pinching lovers  
who kiss

over

open

graves.

Black Rooster,  
searching, scratches  
all dawns.

Warren Falcon

## **Anunciación - para César Vallejo y Hart Crane**

Llegar tarde para amar

la torre rota  
llora su ruina a sonar.  
Larga sequía del aire  
una vez acallado el badajo.

Sin embargo, una respiración, Trémulo,  
grietas metal.  
Mutismo cae.

Dispersión de palomas miedo.

Anunciación de vigas:

Venir.

Recuerdo la alegría,  
la forma de dominio.  
¿Quién tira de la cuerda  
son muchas.

Moneda de plata,  
volar desde

fuelle vacía,

renovar en el deseo

la mano el bolsillo de un santo  
la oración que regresan.

Pobres de la dispersión de corazón.

Se hincha el pan en  
apoyándose monumentos.

flores  
por los muertos  
violentemente crecer  
los amantes de pellizco  
que se besan

encima

abierto

tumbas.

Gallo negro,

búsqueda, arañazos  
todos los amaneceres.

Warren Falcon

## **Archeology - What The Stele Says 'Upon Taking A Much Younger Lover'**

That this old ground yields to plow stuns.

What begins to be, earth swell, breaks  
root-room open to blood means.

Old skeins tear upon what is new terrain,  
hunger worn, long appended. There is  
no blame for pain is the blessing.

All hurt now stings twilight quaked into being.  
Your breath falls upon me now, taut, sinew,  
bruising hand, purple inside flares warrior nerves  
to unknotting surprise.

I am uncovered, thin, bared upon thinner sheets the man-  
ripped to many images, torn into, landscaped to former curves.  
No longer do I grieve enclosure, touching only myself,  
delivered from layers.

Magpie dances.  
Lines, veins, strung between Pole Star  
and First River Mouth, an embedded ruin uncovered in milk floods.  
Touch gently first what has been too long concealed.

Hard touch congeals once was telling mud remolded into  
'Not again. Not yet the bleeding Centurion.'  
Wield roughly then through gates too long shut.

When I cry out, do not mind. Blindly ram. Do not stop.

Magpie, my keeper, is flying.

Warren Falcon

## **Are You Hungry? A Poem For Departure**

for Karthik, departing

'Who has twisted us like this, so that -  
no matter what we do - we have the bearing  
of a man going away...so we live,  
forever saying farewell.' - Rainer Maria Rilke

out of hearing

the last sense  
to go

sing to me now  
before ears take  
leave and I shall  
have no more need  
for words, sounds,  
even these my sighs  
heard as I hear you  
dropp the soap in  
the bath

I imagine you bending  
vague in the steam to  
find the bar by scent  
as you wash away  
your own which has  
so compelled me  
again and again  
(so gladly the  
little deaths)

Cleave to this  
I say aloud  
though you may  
not hear my plea  
in there  
from where I sit  
bent doubly-over  
multiplied with grief  
for leaving all this  
assumed presence  
chalked now upon  
crumbling slate

I am caught up in this  
vision without glasses  
squinting for what is  
real or not though you  
are faced to mine as I  
obediently move my

shaking hand to your  
belly, the scar there,  
edges still hot  
to the touch

Much there is I will  
make of this moment,  
drying your back as I  
have daily done -

once  
began the rite  
first night

gathering now  
the last

o when  
the towel easily un-  
folded, drank

woven  
little mouths many

deeply  
into what  
has become  
natural in me  
with the wiping

In this  
I am become  
free now of  
thinking intent  
to this my task  
to last, this minute  
or two, to linger,

each is  
become a touch  
this one

and this

I am right now to speak  
of this, retrieving the soap  
which clings one strand  
your hair tangled there,  
a cypher I read  
with joy grown  
long into cleaner  
disorder

a leaf upon the  
bathroom floor  
blown in through  
the night window  
random now  
for discovery  
a gift

I bring it to  
you calling to  
me from the  
bedroom  
as you pack  
fumbled upon  
the unmade  
bed,

'Are you hungry? '

Warren Falcon

## **Ars Poetica Redux**

Dying trees fall easily.  
Poems, too, as they should.  
Dead wood rots from which  
One good poem may grow,  
The better to hear in the higher  
Branches, the creaking lower limbs.

Sequestering lovers late afternoon  
Whisper. One is carving the bark,  
A crude heart with names within.

Now unread, unspoken but for the overgrown  
Path, a bark-less scar now where was the heart,  
Without thought, without desire, write only this,

'How arms entwine, how branches break'.

Warren Falcon

## **As Dew On Grass Sleeves No Longer Stiffening In The Wind - Moments From The Orange World - After Reading Kenneth Patchen**

for Bruce and Patti  
happily singing in their chains by the sea...

'...do not grieve, therefore, those who are lost to you;  
they were ever so to themselves...'  
- Kenneth Patchen - from 'There Is One Who Watches'

I've lost my way and wait for signs.  
Distant signal fires indicate 'wait here'.  
No gate ahead. The iron dogs hungrily await  
all who approach edges of the orange world.  
Best to settle in, grin at stinking Death who is  
sinking into the ground winking at me as if to say,

You will soon sink. You will soon sink.  
Who do you think you are or were?  
Step forward if you dare.

I've observed how furred things give up without much complaint.  
They've grabbed often enough and so Death grabs back.  
They sigh or call out in their animal way, Son of a b\*tch!  
but in the end they relent and they sink leaving only their  
pink tongues spread out over the dawn as if to say...as if to say...

I blink in the dark looking at edges distant fire.  
I wink back at Death who has left only a bony hand  
on the ground where He waits just beneath.  
How trite He is but it does the job, conveys His trap clearly.  
When dawn tongues awake licking dew from my face,  
and my fears, I shall raise both my hands, too,  
as if to say...as if to say...

And flaunting these two hands to Death's one, and with flesh,  
I shall walk away the way I came having done with burning signs  
and a night's work of waiting, my presence taunting the dogs,  
Death baiting as if He has forgotten one hand upon the dirt.  
We have flirted, Death and me. Not the kind of company  
I like to keep preferring furred things to winking bones,  
Death's head all teeth and no whistle. But I earn my pay.  
I walk away, my own tongue licking.

\*

I can barely contain myself arriving back at camp.  
She waits dreaming shyly in our tent, a Bedouin soul bending  
gently over the wells in Her keeping on Gentler Hill.  
I shall lick Her face then. I shall not tell Her how  
I have survived the night with Death at my feet, the taunting  
signals over there at the edges, iron dogs alert.

I shall not hurt Her with knowledge of this orange world,  
all the dark things within it. I shall not take Her roughly  
to me but softly settle beside Her where she breezes as dew  
on grass sleeves no longer stiffening against the wind.

I shall bring Her in as a fisherman brings  
in his boat softly singing a fisherman's tale,  
his throat a song-sore nocturne rocking night waves,  
beacons ashore flaring where his Love lies sleeping  
awaiting conjectures, his folding, folding into Her  
gently suspiring guesses -

'Is my love away at sea, at sea,  
dark as wine presses as he will  
surely press me?

O drink from the wells I tend -  
I earn my pay - and away with  
ocean roaming! '

Distant lights demur sure in their beckoning.  
Sudden he turns singing boat and heart to shore,  
starfish near at hand yearning beyond foam..  
Dawn tongues slowly raise up land-sunken houses,  
stilled curtains in darkened windows not yet stirring.

Nearing, he shall not shake the dew from his cloak but gather  
as much as he can to bathe Her - feet, hands, those parts  
Death cannot sink into, but he can. And life will continue on.

As will the other, his lost brother of the inland tent  
now gratefully at rest forgetting the ever orange world,  
edge fires signaling unseen until dark,

and then the dogs,

and Death's hand,

and then back to work again.

Warren Falcon

## **Autumn Haiku**

Even from my front porch  
the rusted sewing machine  
yearns for golden thread.

Warren Falcon

## Autumnal Math

The ground assumes its portent.  
The good of the season remains in what is left behind.  
It takes what lays down or is laid down upon it.  
You'd think it a kind of king of accountants.  
You'd sink down an addition of arithmetics,  
heartbeats, breaths, footings found and lost,  
all the unintended landings of a life.

You'd think it wouldn't stop.  
You'd sink down even wide awake in this season.  
Such sinking pretends its endings in countless  
geometries of folding life down or over  
and under sundering fractions apart,  
forgetting theorems, all but the final one.  
The rest can change or pretend to.

Admit you are no good at numbers.  
Admit you can only count to a certain sum,  
or down to it. Reverse your life if you want to,  
wind it down with a memory. Beef up the end.  
Noble or not, you can fake it.  
Planning is what counts for indemnity.  
You can make it seem to make sense.  
You can try a new line on every stranger you meet.  
You've only begun to juggle Euclid anew under  
white lids painted shut with mortician's abacus.

You know a new counting accounting for fainter signs,  
new ground to flick numbers between your teeth.  
What's left behind is now wrong.  
The good of it is what belongs to the  
laying down of lines about what you've  
finally done. Recounting your old formulas  
gives some lingering warm to nerves on edge.

No hedging now.  
The ground assumes its importance.  
The season rattles all our leaving  
in its cupped hand.

Warren Falcon

## Avoid The Narrows

I am much taken by one long  
thumbnail a bright star on dark  
water forcing attention toward Nova

so forgive if I minister to,  
or try, beside the distant  
thigh and mine, thumbs on  
various skins stretched tight  
as if such stretched-ness is  
the purpose of rivers for a  
night in wet summer chaste  
as I am (of currents made)  
breathing into what attention  
means back in the small space  
the small of the back imagining  
thumbnail's trace, an ancient  
script in darkness as is the  
other darkness dark as dark  
waves spray the bow

blow upon me

now I beg keep/

bless the wound

the burning

the thigh where

is this pressing

still

\*\*

just the thing  
to talk of stars  
baby seals play  
or sun on gray  
rocks wet

my head tucks  
in a stone niche  
natural there,  
ages old to warm,  
to press the thigh,  
mine, there too,  
that impress of  
presumptions, of  
massive forces  
compressing into/

upon always/already  
decaying things

such are the living

sparked imaginings,

barnacles, seaweed

I am not new to such need

I am not immune to the worry

upon my chaste return, sunburned,  
churned by the Atlantic, I will have  
discovered a haunting sound again,  
an animal music of the air, the lungs,  
screams really, gulls falling by arrows  
of blue which, blue, saturate sky and sea

to learn again -

avoid the narrows  
at the island's end  
where feet are easily  
mistaken for doves and  
large currents beckon/  
compel them to descend

Warren Falcon

## **Babel Soup**

for poets

Dawn muse, difficult lover,  
come hard through the  
chimney trailing pages  
and alphabets.

Babel soup for breakfast,  
and strong black coffee.

Another wander in the wilderness  
preserving the last match.

Warren Falcon

## **Bare To Such Luscence - A Catfish Mass**

Bare To Such Luscence - A Catfish Mass In Mississippi

for John Berryman, his Bones, Confessed

Antiphons:

The original fault  
Will not be undone by fire.  
The original fault was whether wickedness  
Was soluble in art. History says it is,  
Jacques Maritain says it is,  
Barely.

- John Berryman, from 'Sonnet ix'

Introit then Lauds:

Punctuated surprise  
hosanna of rivers  
sounding with  
or without gills

I could not make it there  
that 'pointed conjunction'  
nor up to air. I, Catfish,  
soft sift bottom mud, give up  
on purity, on flitting civilizations  
lifted or pressed between  
surface and aspirant spaces.

Done with all that some  
have had no choice.  
Catfish choices differ  
from those of the 'Windhover' Christ,  
'dappled, dawn drawn' though they be  
(Hopkins implicate flights of resurrection) .

'Stead, Berryman without art or Maritain  
out leapt his sonnets to river-fells and missed,  
the fool, one last scansion - dirty trick -  
'hissself, too, hit, Bones sans pomes,  
hard mud, perhaps one foot or his  
beard delicately dipped  
in paginated river.'

Catfish Homily:

Witless old mud spawn, widest mouth,  
no lips to speak of, greed pulls black water  
to shore, a bark in air Catfish makes in  
punctuated protest at too much light  
or is it, rather, ecstasy, final vision gasped

vague in depths, hinted upon surfaces,  
Platonic shadow plays portending sparks  
praise to what is finally seen at the end,  
a life mucked and mired in obfuscated fundamentals?

Eucharist 1965:

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand  
hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.  
His knife scores firm flesh yielding  
beneath freshly limp gills - there is an  
instrument made just for this, pincher-pliers  
for catfish skin - he grips and tears,  
uses his weight down-stripping smoothly  
bare to such luscience little ribs of roseate  
flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face  
whiskered within gilded monstrosity,  
remain pure to form, thin-lipped and  
mocking, restrained by depth pressures,  
sustained on surface trash, dead things  
that sink down it's treasures.

Tenderly sing, then, to a nail,  
to a boy's blood catechism -  
hands, minds, are meant  
to be stained, mercy's quality  
unstrained neither by will nor gill.  
Scavenging flocks gladly fill their  
gullets inhaling entrails tossed  
in supplicant bins.

In unison Gregorian they scream:

There is a nail for me  
plain, a chorus of barks\*\* -

splintered lips  
punctuated surprise,

glossolalia of rivers  
now given weight.

One can only will  
praise to 'The End',

and spill, post-pliers,  
one's silken guts in offering.

\*\*A catfish when brought to shore barks, a rasping, barking discharge of air.

Warren Falcon

## Because They Rhyme They Live, Not I

'O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen  
That am not yet a glorious denizen  
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,  
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,  
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath  
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death...'

- John Keats, 'Sleep and Poetry

I suppose it is the late, or soon to be, poet's lot to jot one  
for daffodils. At least one. This is mine, a last will to verse.

But first, I take a pill before dying, I mean,  
its meager meal, yellow sun on a jaundiced plate.  
'Consumption' is the word I want. I've got that,  
and few breaths left and a flat voice to tell it in.

'The daffodils were yellow as the sun.'  
So lay down thy pen. Ungrasp! I say.  
An olden voice pulls at bruised skin.  
I grow thin. And gasp. I grow thin as winter air.  
I'll not see them rise again from bulbs perennially.  
Not me, annulled in this season of the lung  
though each breath mimics leaven, assumes  
Eternity's aspirations, but...(where was I?) ...  
not me, not long for my tongue to sing.

Meanwhile, bright petaled mouths flaunt, gape,  
gulp in early spring, whereas, I flop here, leaden,  
landed, banked, a carp brought to heel from bluer  
lake pulling gills swallowing nothing that can sustain,  
or not much. I sympathize, yes, then down another  
pill for more air to clutch, breath an almost perennial  
memory of last spring when it first edged me in,  
clipped my singing short, when seasonal flowers so  
easily rhymed but in a minor wheeze for a minor voice.

Fine then. Some one, some other poet write a  
line for when I've gone under forfeiting all final drafts.  
Those yard yellows spoon dirt to a useless  
feeding sun, useless because I'm soon done in.

I'd do the same for you, Mr. Keats, in a soft, bleating tone of voice.

Warren Falcon

**Bessie Smith - Powder Dancing On 3rd Street, Chattanooga (circa 1971)**

·  
Already the river begins its sweat.  
April to September I'll be on the porch  
Come sunsets listening to cars in the  
Dark and you, remembering the flour  
On the floor\*\* and me and Willie in  
Stocking feet dancing till dawn,  
An old man down the street come  
To drink on my porch sometime.

You were singing one night  
While we drank and he just  
Had to dance and pulled me,  
Reluctant, skinny ass kid  
All over the floor that night.  
But my feet did dance.  
And the flour stayed down  
The whole summer long.

\*\*\*\*\*

[\*\*In the Jim Crow South  
in juke joints for blacks  
sometimes powder or  
wheat flour would be strewn  
on dance floors and couples  
would dance silkenly gliding  
barefoot or in socks..  
To read more about this read  
my account of it on poemhunters  
titled, 'Now Heart - Some of  
What I Remember When I Listen']

Warren Falcon

## Beyond Blossoms, For James Wright

Old teacher,  
consigned  
to poems now -  
another way  
beyond blossoms  
of which you  
often spoke.

If you were here now I, too, would  
speak of horses encountered on a  
hill in the south of France, Monthaut,  
its ruined church without knees,  
sun low over foothills of the Pyrenees -

From shadowed trees downhill  
at least 20 of them run to me.  
I feel them before they fiercely  
appear, hooves tearing dirt  
and grass in their ecstatic  
ascent of the steep arriving  
like excited birds, haunches  
quivering, damp from late-summer heat.

Their soft noses push at my hands,  
their vulnerable breasts press  
hard against barbed wire.  
They offer themselves to me,  
their long necks extended,  
massive heads dipping shyly,  
not without some blood -

I think of you now as I did then,  
remembering our bellowing lungs  
in rich shared air, odors entwined  
of earth, of mane, those of sweet  
grasses and the binding brier  
where they stamped, trembling.

Not poetry here,  
Old Master;  
just reporting,

how it all breaks open  
blindly between doldrums,  
dark hammock refusing  
to be swayed on a bad day.

Something is here you already  
know but if there is forgetting on  
the other side of the fence

I remind you now.

My hands caress  
echoing equine graces.  
In their eyes I can see  
in that way of all breezes, finally,  
where you went.

\*\*\*\*\*

Here is Wright's poem, 'A Blessing':

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,  
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.  
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies  
Darken with kindness.  
They have come gladly out of the willows  
To welcome my friend and me.  
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture  
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.  
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness  
That we have come.  
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.  
There is no loneliness like theirs.  
At home once more, they begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.  
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,  
For she has walked over to me  
And nuzzled my left hand.  
She is black and white,  
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,  
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear  
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.  
Suddenly I realize  
That if I stepped out of my body I would break  
Into blossom.

Warren Falcon

## **Black Mouse Makes The World**

Black mouse makes  
the world

without frames

reaching through  
shows empty hands  
to each and the sky

confusing sky for  
hands clinched in  
tight yellow too much

feeling nothing green  
is about to happen  
or teach

clouds

hands

what do either  
care drifting  
beyond the

moon

the fiddler plays on

a tune about rain/leaves  
in patterns upon

an apron  
of rain

rabbit dances with-  
out caution knowing  
what holes to avoid

cuts loose  
awash in blue

holes being of a  
royal hue

a silver net  
trap set inches  
from soft pink  
clueless paws pattering

musical notes of  
lavender wash  
kick up from  
blind delight -  
just dust clouds  
before a fall

the bearded stranger  
  
(red hangs the sweep  
of his chin)

hangs back

in cobalt shadow  
does not notice

so busy looking  
for giants

Black Mouse

Black Mouse laughs

writes with its tail

something

just something

Warren Falcon

## **Black Mouse Surveys A Village**

...a  
broken  
gate.

One blind dog sleeps  
curled.

Indifferent before all machinery  
it moves only, curiously,  
before burros gray,  
their large eyes wet, shining;

the cooler shade and fields of hay  
hang upon  
the long lashes.

A redundant whip in a whipped boy's hand  
loudly cracks.

Sway backs are unburdened by little cries  
which simpler crickets take to heart,  
their singing legs suddenly still to sighs.

This makes absolute sense  
in some discreet window of  
the world where Meaning knits  
then unknits what is.

Warren Falcon

## **Brief Prayer After Viewing Grunewald's 'Isenheim Christ'**

'Genuine knowing begins when sentimentality no longer bars the way.'  
-Eugene Monick

I, too, have hung  
on a cross, my own,  
but nonetheless everyone's,  
too often disowned,  
denied,  
decried as untrue,  
unnecessary, that  
there is no Adversary,  
only Light,  
that overbearing Rightness  
which never  
leaves room  
for me.

I only know  
that deep night,  
that way beyond sentimentality,  
that way over and beyond 'the Path'  
into the thicket, the swamp  
  
where the god of gators waits,  
submerged, calling to me to  
step less lightly upon the world.

Warren Falcon

## **Brittle Goes the Bone**

for Ocean

The animal we are  
reserves just rights  
to complain -

empty bellies,  
encroached territories,  
crotch urgencies,  
skin withers,  
fur falls -

brittle goes the bone,  
so small the gathered human corners,  
so great the needed mercies.

We must not dishonor  
the animal we are.  
We fight for blood right,  
birth right, some bread,  
a place to lie down  
with kindred beings.

A patch beside a stream,  
a doll house street,  
sweat-and-blood won,

proclaims a personal kingdom.

Listen now.

Milky or Muddy Ways  
somewhere require stunning loss.

We are falling,  
battered lips praising  
still.

We have  
witnessed,  
yes,  
cracked  
all this.

With a kiss  
love in the crush  
and crank is

sealed.

Warren Falcon

## **But That's Not It On A Hartford Train**

Riding backwards  
each brick is  
surprise peripheral.

Gaze shapes itself  
solidly

a moment then to movement  
succumbs.

Again.

And I am dumb.

Strike no pose  
that a poem  
could love

much less linger  
petulant in a  
tinted window.

A brick sticks  
in the throat.

No.

An eye.

No.

It is red.

It is dead  
weight leaving  
residue in  
a palm

or place it  
sighing to my  
chest still  
overcome by  
the last

brick, and  
the other  
one

and so on,

all lost,  
a last attempt

to see without  
poses and write

it.

The heart says,

No.

The other eye,  
the one turned  
away from the  
window, says:

'God forbid I'm  
going to crash the  
whole universe.

Goodbye.'

But that's not

it.

Warren Falcon

## **Canción del Inmigrante**

para Victor

In darkness sealed as was Jonas  
...Onesimo beneath the truck...

Three days to cross to Palomas  
...Onesimo, beneath the truck...

To himself quietly singing...  
...the wind is with you...

A tune with rubber threads  
...its cause is just...

A tear shaped bruise  
...the wind never settles...

An ear of blue corn  
...the cleft of  
your wounded thigh...

Only one huarache for a paddle  
...one Golondrina following after...

Eighteen wheels  
...your little boat will  
come safely into harbor...

\*\*\*

Who made bread from stone?  
...remember El Padre? ...

Who fed rich and poor alike,  
juntos, woven like baskets?  
...En el Nombre del Hijo...

Hablarme de incendio  
...a causa de la fría...

Breaks, eats his tortilla  
...Ave Maria...

Taps the cold metal  
...Anima Sola\*...

Hot Wind, Petroleum Pentecost  
...taps the cofrecito de plata...

Orino y las heces al Cielo

...Ö traerme mi Muñequita...

Pañales, esponjas blandas  
...O me traen al Niño  
en Su pequeña guardería...

\*\*\*

San Pedro sinking down  
...Galilee, salt, desert, fear...

No cry for help  
...only one huarache for a paddle...

Eighteen wheels a Rosary  
...little boat bearing Onesimo,  
the wind is with you...

Open, silver cofrecito,  
open, ojo of the Moon  
...from darkness is Jonas revealed...

Three days from Salinas  
...come safely into Harbor...

\*\*\*\*

The poem with the Spanish translated into English:

Immigrant Song

for Onesimo and Victor

In darkness sealed as was Jonas  
...Onesimo beneath the truck...

Three days to cross to Palomas  
...Onesimo, beneath the truck...

To himself he quietly sings...  
...the wind is with you...

A tune with rubber threads  
...its cause is just...

A tear shaped bruise

...the wind never settles for less...

An ear of blue corn  
...the cleft of your wounded thigh...

Only one huarache for a paddle  
...one Golondrina following after...

Eighteen wheels  
...your little boat will  
come safely into harbor...

\*\*\*

Who made bread from stone?  
...remember The Father? ...

Who fed rich and poor alike,  
together, woven like baskets  
...in the Name of the Son...

Speak to me of Fire  
...because of the cold...

Breaks, eats his tortilla  
...Ave Maria...

Taps the cold metal  
...Anima Sola\*...

Hot Wind, Petroleum Pentecost  
...taps the coffin of silver...

Urine and feces of Heaven  
...O bring me my little Doll...

Diapers, soft sponges  
...O bring me the Child  
in His Cradle small...

\*\*\*

San Pedro sinking down  
...Galilee, salt, desert, fear...

No cry for help  
...only one huarache for a paddle...

Eighteen wheels a Rosary  
...little boat bearing Onesimo,  
the wind is with you...

Open, silver cofrecito,  
open, ojo of the Moon  
...from darkness is Jonas revealed...

Three days from Salinas  
...come safely into Harbor...

Warren Falcon

## **Cleaning Fish On Good Friday,1963**

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand  
hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.  
His knife scores firm flesh yielding  
beneath freshly limp gills - there is an  
instrument made just for this, pincher-pliers  
for catfish skin - he grips and tears,  
uses his weight down-stripping smoothly  
bare to such luscience little ribs of roseate  
flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face  
whiskered within gilded monstrosity,  
remain pure to form, thin-lipped and  
mocking, restrained by depth pressures,  
sustained on surface trash, dead things  
that sink down it's treasures.

Tenderly sing, then, to a nail,  
to a boy's blood catechism -  
hands, minds, are meant  
to be stained, mercy's quality  
unstrained neither by will nor gill.  
Scavenging flocks gladly fill their  
gullets inhaling entrails tossed  
in supplicant bins.

In unison Gregorian they scream:

There is a nail for me  
plain, a chorus of barks\*\* -

splintered lips  
punctuated surprise,

glossolalia of rivers  
now given weight.

One can only will  
praise to 'The End',

and spill, post-pliers,  
one's silken guts in offering.

\*\*A catfish when brought to shore barks, a rasping, barking discharge of air.

Warren Falcon

## **Confusing Thumbs For Radiance**

An idiot squared,  
the schoolchild slowly  
counts thick fingers.  
Starts over and over  
confusing thumbs for radiance.

He leaps beyond sums burning  
through a window framing numberless  
blue scansions turning over  
wing by wing.

Rolling velocity  
mindlessly over,  
no sums are required,  
round is easy.

Vertical extension  
beyond thumbs,

everything.

Warren Falcon

## Contours For Gazing

He's the look of one who cuts his own hair.

The scar between his ears, broad,  
stretches contours for gazing.

Something happened.

One cannot think ill of him who now  
eschews any man with blade or shears,  
his face is proof enough not to trust.

Still, he walks upon the world, a gash in air  
which does not care for looks of any sort.  
Frightened children do not cry out though  
their play is stopped. Bullies cross the street,  
heads low in leather, trying to be invisible.  
Dogs suddenly silence remembering to  
quickly go where their tucked tails point

- away.

Nothing can undo a look which undoes many.

He carries his book, large, heavy,  
front cover turned into his tweed,  
tucked under his arm, something  
he can hide while the title he is screams.  
He, like the dogs, is silent, he needs  
speech no longer. People have not heard  
him when he once did speak, do not hear  
the loneliness, the moan his face has become  
which is large, Biblical in proportion to  
the grief he tucks beneath the other arm

and wishes no harm to the world.

Warren Falcon

## **Cracked Song For Dirty Boots**

for Nimal Dunuhinga

This tree  
grows still  
a child's mind  
a bedroom window

This house  
this window  
gone but for  
frames crater  
now  
once was  
home memory's  
red dirt

O stand radiant-starred late afternoon  
O stained stark shadows' black frieze

astonished stooped man  
time's wee piss-boy  
damp bunk-bed mattress fears

O stand glazed from edges  
gaze to bark  
vine maps of escape.

Iron shadows  
impress long into

wet pit

sun shards

spy glass

throat sore

Cracked song for dirty boots

Warren Falcon

## **Dante In The Laundromat Journeys Further Into Hell Beginning With Two Lines From The Book**

At some false semblance in the twilight gloom  
that from this terror you may free yourself  
posthaste, gracelessly cast out, the closing  
hour now come, caught in 'spin cycle' after  
'hard rinse, ' an entire bottle of fabric softener  
cannot unstiffen mythic threads,

the ancient weaves fray,  
displace, are 'undone, so many'  
beneath the winnowing rotors  
that beat, beat with hope,  
slosh, wash all sins away.

Yet gathers the dirt,  
there's more sin ahead  
heady in floral scents.

After midnight, beneath  
bright florescence I read  
Dante, his Inferno, of Hell's  
seven rungs, my last quarter  
gone, and clothes, two baskets  
still to dry.

The guide book sums:

'Level 2

You have come to a place mute of all light,  
where the wind bellows as the sea does in a  
tempest. This is the realm where the lustful  
spend eternity. Here, sinners are blown around  
endlessly by the unforgiving winds of unquenchable  
desire as punishment for their transgressions.  
The infernal hurricane that never rests hurtles  
the spirits onward in its rapine, whirling them  
round, and smiting, it molests them. You have  
betrayed reason at the behest of your appetite  
for pleasure, and so here you are doomed to remain.

Cleopatra and Helen of Troy  
are two that share in your fate.' \*\*

Not bad company

but no quarter to pay  
for Virgil's rude company  
here, now, grizzled,  
uncensored keeper of

the Seven Stories of Suds.

The lousy dryer tears  
my shirts, cycles for  
only 7 minutes as is  
the seven rungs a quarter,  
just one quarter more,  
one thinks, prays, hopes,  
seeking upon the dirty  
tiles beneath metal  
folding chairs for 'just  
one more' to stay warm  
enough before venturing  
further, slog through  
Level Two with damp  
laundry, a sleety night  
in cold Manhattan,

a view of distant  
bridges busy with light,  
motion,

the spanned river,  
dark, spins toward  
the deeper East;  
a Star there was  
once a great matter,  
one of the better  
nights of the world  
it is believed.

Closing hour.

Virgil tightly keeps  
to the time, lights

die of sudden death,  
glass door solid

with blackness locked,  
metal gate rattles

its chain, slams shut,  
and the sidewalk shakes,

a cigarette lit,  
he bolts away

(perhaps knowing  
a better route) .

I am plunged  
without advantage  
of guiding light  
into darkness,  
abject, lifting  
wet clothes upon  
my back cursing

all clothes, the need  
of them, calling in  
the empty street for

'a break from woven  
bondage, for return  
to infantile nakedness  
unspoiled but for  
first shock of lumped  
beingness spilling  
into redundant mangers,

the maulings to come  
not yet at the door  
but foretold of old  
in some night sky  
of the world.'

I haul forth then,  
outspoken  
but not unburdened,  
but called out,

but cast out,  
shed needles on  
walks' edge thin,  
tree limbs naked  
but for tinsel cling,  
shades of a Bethlehem  
Star, stretched,  
wrinkled, blowing  
to gutter, sticking  
to shoe,

the heavy human round,  
spin cycle,  
night slowly unwinds.

I descend,  
pass time till dawn,  
hung laundry strung  
out dries over chairs,  
towel racks;  
in dim basement room I  
turn another page, red handed.

To companions in Fate I  
read another passage to keep,  
or return us, on track,

O Virgil,  
in this long night where we wait in flagrante.\*\*\*

I have broken my back lifting  
all these my loves up to heaven.

\*\*Quoted from this website:  
<http://www.4degreez.com/misc/dante-inferno-information.html>

\*\*\*Latin: in blazing offense. A legal term meaning  
'caught in the act,' 'red-handed.' Also is sometimes  
used colloquially as a euphemism for someone being  
caught in the act of sexual intercourse

Warren Falcon

## **Das Lied Von Der Erde [The Song of the Earth]**

from Iron Shadows Press Long [Sombras de Hierro Presionan Larga]  
by Raul Voz

Das Lied Von Der Erde [El Canto de la Tierra/The Song of the Earth]

[The Song of the Earth by Gustav Mahler,  
a song cycle of poems by Chinese poet Li Bai,  
famous wandering poet of the Tang Dynasty]

por Selin

I will listen then  
as I do now to Mahler

I will out pour this  
red wine

half fill  
the glass

at the  
intrusive mouse hiss

herald of The End  
that is in contralto  
sung

overwrought  
outstrung

I will listen  
will recover such  
air enough around  
to go on sing my  
song tio-tangle in  
tree limbs Van Gogh  
still somewhere paints

knees sore  
now and always  
a call  
to prayer

to woo in  
old boots  
worn leather

Weak knees  
make me to  
existence/being  
adore

to which I  
have only just  
in a dream

renewed my wedding vows

\*

I am drawn water  
from artesian wells  
deep

I am a bath with night stars

I am swelling in night-mirage

I am heat vectors from  
day-heated earth-making

I am giddier star dance

bathing  
on the porch at night  
(so the shy mountain  
cannot see)

I am rain water  
gathered rhythmically  
from the tin roof tonal

toks

glocks

in pots all kinds

\*

O stand radiant-starred late afternoon

O stained stark shadows black frieze

astonished stooped man

time's wee piss-boy

damp bunk-bed mattress fears

O stand glazed from edges

gaze to bark

vine maps of escape

Iron shadows

impress long into

wet pit

sun shard

spy glass

throat sore

cracked song for dirty boots

Warren Falcon

## David To Jonathan, A Lost Psalm Recovered, Recent Translation, circa 1978

'And it came to pass...that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul...Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.'

- 1 Samuel 18: 1 - 4 King James Bible

The Lost Psalm

Abjuring flesh of necessity,  
this, my peace, is false.

This ancient tonguing  
betrays some fault  
disdaining the human world -

which occurred first,  
the birthing or the wounding?

the music woos,  
swells me up.  
It is my sleek, bleak hour  
remembering Bathsheba's girth.  
There is some mirth in remembering her,  
those skirts and veils like a cadence of sweet cakes  
and guilt,

but knowing your ungirt, perspiring embrace  
so near to the Lord's tent,  
makes the sin sweeter  
for sweet is the intent  
to only love

for now it is  
the building up,  
the uplifting,  
the enfolding,  
the engulfing in flame,

Abednego's dancing  
unconsumed in a hardness of  
flesh against the hardness of belief,  
no relief of vision's ken within himself  
or fire but in arms and legs thrashing  
out creeds to live by.

Warren Falcon

## **Dear Goodfew, Regarding the Poems I Sent**

Don't worry about reading them.  
If good enough they will keep.  
If bad they will linger like old garbage  
placed outside a neighbor's door  
in the middle of the night only to  
wrap tightly around when opening  
a morning door to leave for work,  
pushed back, turned off, sour,  
5 flights of breathless descent  
cursing the occupant in 5A.

The front door slams behind.  
Stepping into sunlight and shadow  
the day is won, has worn away the  
mal-odors of morning. Burn now  
instead to live, to leave a strong  
rot when put out a lover's door  
because of laziness,

a partial rejection hung upon a knob.

Warren Falcon

## 'Dear Low' - Upon His Leaving Mountains For Manhattan, circa 1981

For Lowery McClendon

You did it. You left the trout behind.

Sunday the corn was cut down. Apple trees in the nearby orchard were felled which explains the screams I heard a week ago, and the droning' of wasps. That hill was exposed this evening at sunset, reflected pink in the sky. Reminds me of the women I always saw through your eyes, their large lips and eyes, the dark thighs particularly, fields without their corn now shedding a purple light like Stevens' Hartford, and you there tonight forsaking the school yard we'd walk beside stopping to comment on that view of hills at our favorite wall where 'Nigger's Pandemonium' stalled on hot nights to break beer bottles for your poems broken glass, curtains you'd pass in the dark where your wheels would splay the stars stuck to tar bubbles on the street when Hart Crane beat his words against your rhythm running down to Montford Park.

Be quick about it then, your departure:

I walked through your house.  
You left behind that crooked frying pan.  
Your steaks will never taste the same again,  
and that espresso pot there, too, black stains  
stuck inside like little Lamont's words,  
'Are we lost yet? ' Just thrown out like that  
plaster of paris bone from the kitchen.  
No dog would chew on that, some kind of  
sentinel to Arborvale Street signaling something  
fragile has passed on like Mr. McKnight's  
roses given over to winter, Indian summer  
an old squaw, packed up her warm skins  
and vanished like a wife or lovers.  
It's like that, you know. No magic but our  
own so often like that old white bone's intention  
to be art, our poems strung on the page like  
slip over chicken wire, words expiring from  
our clutching at them -

'You will be beautiful, make meaningful our days.'

What are our names anymore, Low?

The corn is all cut down.  
An old scare crow remains.  
Apropos. Poetry's worn out image  
stretched out on the hill forlorn in the ice,

forgiving no one, especially ourselves,  
alien corn of a foundering century.

Warren Falcon

## **Deja Vu Haiku**

astonished stooped man

time's wee piss-boy

damp bunk-bed mattress fears

Warren Falcon

## Delusion Of One

Born: Year of the Dragon.  
Horoscope: 'Today's the lucky day.'

Luck, you say? O.K. Once. In a small town  
on a snowy road, the scenery spinning round.  
When it stopped you were pointing toward a good  
place - Home. The message: Go back.  
You can decide again to begin again  
or stay warm there: Wombtown, population: 1.  
No Lions Club or local Jaycees.  
No chocolate bars and brooms for the blind.  
Free room and board. It's kick and dream,  
kick and dream and cleanliness more efficient  
than a space suit. Talk about luck?

You're here aren't you? Don't say good or bad.  
It's no accident the year's the Dragon's.  
Chinese or no, the year has a tail long as a river.  
Peel the scales behind the ears  
you'll still roar for pain o roaring boy  
spinning in the world, the recurring dream  
of vortices whirling pink and red, a large  
mouth with teeth spitting you into  
an even muddier river. You'd fish it  
if you could. More likely you'd dam it  
at the source. The occasional catch is  
more likely snag in undertow.

It's undertow that matters.  
The real power's there.  
Ask the undertow, you'll get answers.  
Don't say need. The bottom's filled  
with old cars, tin cans, bad seed.  
All you'll ever want. Get lucky.

This is the day. The glass on the window's  
steamed. Outside's a blur. What's that gone by  
spinning with rustling wings, roaring like wind,  
glint of mirrors hurling down? You'd swear  
there was a splash. Something's pointing,

Go back.

Warren Falcon

## **Delusion of One, A Lunar New Year Reprise**

Born: Year of the Dragon.  
Horoscope: 'Today's the lucky day.'

Luck, you say? O.K. Once. In a small town  
on a snowy road, the scenery spinning round.  
When it stopped you were pointing toward a good  
place - Home. The message: Go back.  
You can decide again to begin again  
or stay warm there: Wombtown, population: 1.  
No Lions Club or local Jaycees.  
No chocolate bars and brooms for the blind.  
Free room and board. It's kick and dream,  
kick and dream and cleanliness more efficient  
than a space suit. Talk about luck?

You're here aren't you? Don't say good or bad.  
It's no accident the year's the Dragon's.  
Chinese or no, the year has a tail long as a river.  
Peel the scales behind the ears  
you'll still roar for pain o roaring boy  
spinning in the world, the recurring dream  
of vortices whirling pink and red, a large  
mouth with teeth spitting you into  
an even muddier river. You'd fish it  
if you could. More likely you'd dam it  
at the source. The occasional catch is  
more likely snag in undertow.

It's undertow that matters.  
The real power's there.  
Ask the undertow, you'll get answers.  
Don't say need. The bottom's filled  
with old cars, tin cans, bad seed.  
All you'll ever want. Get lucky.

This is the day. The glass on the window's  
steamed. Outside's a blur. What's that gone by  
spinning with rustling wings, roaring like wind,  
glint of mirrors hurling down? You'd swear  
there was a splash. Something's pointing,

Go back.

Warren Falcon

## Der Einfall, Remaining Light In Duino

[Beginning with two lines from Duino Elegies by Rainer Maria Rilke]

1

'You that fall with the  
thud only fruits know, unripe, '  
here wait to be shaken.

Here we carry, or ought to, driven so much past  
bitter root,

sugar,

not for selves but for the gods to sweeten their too  
objective palates

(at least they have tongues/mouths,  
we know they have teeth)

to open them into our subjectivity which, secret told, is  
what they crave, our realist sufferings, such are sweet  
to them, makes them, too, more solid -

what they seek - solidity beyond our capacities to reify  
but for Imagination which conducts/births them into material  
being.

Our extreme suffering compensates for, gravitates their  
too refined coldness toward heat.

They, like scattered flour, having no leaven,  
dream/desire us-the-leaven; they seek/swell

into what we have, what we bring, we, the most baked,  
to be torn into, eaten, too, for yearning gods' sake.

They come/fall compelled to colors, palettes, ours, upon  
worn pallets, these acrobats, as yet enfleshed lovers in  
not yet felt world and literal sense, they

do balance, risk, stumble, break, stutter/cry utter such  
further dimension into

desire's bodies' breath, ashes,  
importantly, always just arriving

forgetting the arguing seed's  
previous vertical discontentment.

2

Such skies already known  
limb by limb escape  
slowly their shaping.  
They suspend, extend then  
into their felt fall,  
hard land into waking.  
What uses for tears there  
are gather there from  
the eye, pours upon the  
cheek from which miscreant  
tongues may most drink.

3

Think again upon these things which go about  
in darkness and stumble against us begging no  
pardon, intent still on passage, confused for words  
or Ibn Arabi's 'Black Light' no light at all or  
thing but a gnosis found, or given.  
Gnosis, most striven for, in minutest motes, is.

All this to say, Ready.  
Darkness. Expand/extend  
further beyond (yet into)  
unsaid street corner,  
into inarticulate cathedral,  
into unutterable mosque,

into wholly other loci  
dependent upon uninhabited  
blue field, crust, what  
passes for, or has, Light,  
just overtones 'beyond the fiddle.'

4

Now here must stop  
in what is remaining light to cook  
  
must bend to the purple cabbage at hand,  
the courage of the knife  
the helpful drive of hunger,  
  
marvel yet again, it's faceted pattern when  
halved, same as the onion, the leek  
  
Such facets in me too reveal when  
I dare to be loved in two

\*\*The quote in the poem is from the Duino Elegies  
Warren Falcon

## **Dinah Washington, All Alone On The Street Of Regret (circa 1977)**

It was sunrise, October.  
Karen had just done herself in.  
I suffered it through with  
William Blake and gin.

Over the fence across the street  
Children ran to class and Blake,  
Too, chased those kids fast through  
Leaves in the chill school yard.

I thought - the ground's already hard over  
You, Karen. To Charon, then, and keep  
Yourself warm. My arms no longer can.  
You left no note in the dawn.

Out of lime and song at 7 a.m.  
I dress, spin down the steps like then  
In this morning now thin with Spring.  
There's green over you now.

I can't help but see a thin mildew  
Form around your fingers in the dark.  
Blake's down playing in the park.  
I'll play some Dinah when I get back in.

Now, heart,

Don't you start that singing again.

Warren Falcon

## Dusk At Princeton Station

man on the platform  
Northward trains  
waits pressed against  
late summer

still-green  
densities  
rush as only  
shadows can

sun slants/the dark slides easily in

tree clusters red, yellow  
tinged, early October, top  
limb silver shine leans  
downhill over-catches the  
man leaning on a rail face  
to late sun, worker, dirty,  
pants torn, catches it  
in the ear (so it appears)  
he does not move, think,  
fears what might occur  
from such a limb

there

at this late hour  
sun and shadow slide  
away from each as I wait  
the train here more mine  
to outrun what is left  
behind

chase a horizon  
toward gold then red to  
Magic 10\*\* never old or  
worn as am I rush  
rocked by track  
lilt wheel tilt  
toward melting

darkness  
a permanent one  
hang some where

it is a song once  
upon a star all  
child's play now

for now  
anticipate  
sitting here

the jolt  
to begin  
this

all the  
slow coming  
to speed

then

the sway at day's end

shall not hold back  
these tears for fear  
of no press to return

for now

but to sway

\*\*Magic 10 is that name photographers use to describe  
a quality of light past sunset but not yet fully dark  
which is 'magic' to photograph as there is a visible  
dark blue/black shine not seen at any other time.

Warren Falcon

## **Erotic Lullaby For Bedding, After Roethke**

Belly belly the hard boiled egg.  
I map out of a dream.  
Love a long necked boy.

Dance lips! Leaves of legion.  
Jelly, yard dog! Leap to June.

Suckle me, honey,  
long necked, boney onion.  
Why cry when peeled?

Count the rings of a tree,  
the circles of a breath.  
The nose is a love.  
Press me, press me.  
Iron me soft.

A breath leans,  
nape of jeans falling.

Wedge me, wedge me.  
Be an ax.  
Clap me, trunk of calcium,  
bone of need.

Sing, throat, puller of weeds,  
secret coronations.  
I day your arbor.  
You arbor my seed,  
belly belly  
egg of sway.

Falter me,  
long necked, naked boy.  
Lather I'd rather thee.

All egg is joy.

Warren Falcon

## **Even Pretty Buddhas - Rumors Exist of Han Shan's Unfettered Inscriptions Of Wind**

From a preface to earliest publication of Han Shan's poems 'Lu Ch'iu-Yin...claims to have personally met both Hanshan and Shide at the kitchen of the temple in Kuo-ch'ing, but they responded to his salutations with laughter then fled.' - Wikipedia on Han Shan

Red Pine poem 18:

I spur my horse past ruins;  
ruins move a traveler's heart.  
The old parapets high and low  
the ancient graves great and small,  
the shuddering shadow of a tumbleweed,  
the steady sound of giant trees.  
But what I lament are the common bones  
unnamed in the records of immortals.

Dates of Han Shan's life are uncertain, anywhere from 5th to 9th century A.D.

'How strange is life in old age  
- an old mountain waking up'

White haired, nearer now to  
Yellow Spring\*\*, a few teeth remain.  
My humor with the world remains intact.  
Toothlessness does not block endless  
laughter, a small favor of the gods  
perhaps. Perhaps not. A human virtue  
at any rate. And a strong constitution.

Even alone I laugh out loud, a  
victory over my enemies and those  
frivolous, ill-tempered gods,  
all my youth wasted given over  
to their sly manipulations.

Useless it is to demand those lost  
years back but suffice it now to  
presently steal more boldly from  
Kings, Lords, the 'Glorious State.'  
Even the temples are not safe from  
my pilfering. I kindly repay them  
with a poem scrawled on the door  
or wall or a nearby rock. It really  
is enough recompense for what I  
take, a root, some rice, a persimmon.  
Nothing more than I need for a day  
or two. If they do not know how  
to spend my words then so be it.  
They have been paid in full. My  
conscience, silly thing it is,  
is clear as is my mind. Blood

hot, I fear no god yet respect  
most men for both good and  
bad suffer alike.

My fight is with the gods.  
These fickle powers control  
mortals who fear invisible  
things but I have seen through  
them and I laugh and I am unfettered.  
Look to your minds mortals and  
there find the open sky, the full  
land you seek. There are some  
others like me who freely roam  
without explanation or excuse,  
without self rebuke. After so  
much youthful, frivolous sanctity  
I am an old fool emptied of all  
that. I know the ways of those  
who speak for the gods. Naivete  
about them is especially  
dangerous for men.

Still, I cry out time and again in  
a dream where I am remaindered  
to Silence. When awake I laugh  
through tears and avenge nights  
from hostile heaven's envious thieves,  
their priestly minions mumbling on  
robbing men of years on earth.

Even my cave is taxed!  
and so is my sleep by such a dream.

Some real troubles come only in sleep.  
Why should I be exempt?

A habit now, I sit at the Buddhas feet.  
Their faces are convincing enough. I  
ignore much evidence to the contrary.  
Undergarments even of Buddhas reveal  
a truth which does not flinch and I  
may perhaps pinch my nose in disgust  
even of holy stench all the while  
celebrating my own for what else  
am I here for? Odor is the Thing!

Even so, in spite of meditations long,  
I am flung further into life's fray though  
I sway charmed by chants up to the Eight  
Celestial Flights, my steps light forgetting  
their feet of dung.

Long in exile,  
dizzy with The Path,  
human beauty broken there beside,  
in every field shy flowers want all  
our windows and stoops to proudly  
present themselves upon.

This only now but happy do I discover.

And I am old, my scent upon the wind  
down human lanes where even dogs  
take pleasure from the air, where  
children play and narrow water flows  
and petal by petal night and day the  
joyous moon swoons in the liquor of  
splash upon stones happy to be worn.

There, almost within reach, the blossoming  
tree brightens between darker bricks to truly  
dwell. It is for me a shy son of mists to see  
in spite of big chunks missing, lost, wasted,  
torn out, that the Celestial World is not as  
it appears to most, It yearns for much needed  
hardness for spirits without shoes still long  
to be bread that they may dwell in our finitude.  
To them then I am a daffodil dandy at a rusty  
gate where heaven and hell conjoin. There  
where the thinned road ends vague statues  
sway out of focus lamenting their redaction  
to stone, no river to move them petal by petal,  
unable to move at all, for movement is not nothing.

Even pretty Buddhas pretending eternity  
cannot move by themselves alone in need  
of human feet and arms. In this way then  
they become like me for I too will be  
borne by men or wind to the grave no  
longer able to move on my own.

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.  
With what glory remains of hungry pockets,  
I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful  
don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket,  
knowing it's all a shell game but I'm clever  
having learned something from all the dice  
rolled knowing that here and there (Heaven)  
weight matters and that there is more to here  
than there. Wised up now I always pack a  
change of draws, a piece of broken mirror in  
my pocket to gaze within practicing my smiles  
to fool the gullible gods who think they are  
smiling at themselves.

If stopped and questioned at the Gate to  
Yellow Spring, I'll blame you, old Ghost  
of too many former selves, a meandering  
rumor still muttering the old hymns, who  
grants me permission the entrance to boldly storm.

Between what these final breaths remain and  
the horizon closing in, my fingers still work.

On behalf of all sentient beings I will plead  
the case.

I'll write until the quill is taken from my cold hand.

Even then I shall be dirty with righteous indigence,  
only the gods to blame - they love a good  
argument anyway. Why should I disappoint?

In dying I become human through and through  
which comes from doing.

Be damned and done with mirrors and pockets,  
a man can curse at the end having earned the  
right to do so -

a wink and a  
grin rehearsed,  
then come the flies.  
Whose hands shall  
shoo them, whose  
hands un-shoe him  
and run quickly  
into day?

I leave my poems just as they are.  
When I'm gone let the worms correct  
spelling and punctuation.

Meanwhile beneath willow tips  
I will tease slowly the grasses to laughter  
which is the only horizon I have known.

\*\*\*\*\*

Footnote:

\*\*Yellow Spring is a Chinese version of 'purgatory'

Warren Falcon

## Evocation of River and Spirits

in this city

to guess

having no acumen with  
numbers and math but  
father's over there  
in the cup tilted  
over  
spilling into

o endlessly  
it's seams

it seems  
from river bank  
into memory which  
is - already  
over-said  
overheard redundantly  
as 'river  
and time'

- this one  
now recalled  
to Mind, dad

dad  
the cloud drift  
and the flows  
the tides beside  
the city  
(both sides)  
is as ancient  
as it always was  
& is

as in the beginning  
was darkness over deep  
water & a word, any word  
really would do it,  
form something  
out of deep, of  
dark, of water  
which shapes it-  
self only by outer  
circumstance,  
in this case  
a word  
leading up to  
this -

Palisades cliffs  
above bridge tilt

toward, always,  
currents,

the river  
over-

flows north-  
wards

tides rare defy-  
ing the moon

that other pull,  
you

live the other  
side of

sand  
the palm sewn

swaying adhered  
to Mind

x 1

still, to pass the  
time now

x 1

the sooty hand

x 1

over black  
'mouth'  
or word  
allude perhaps  
to river's at  
city's start  
up from water

the silver bay  
capped, remembering  
frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-  
tween seas  
wars  
vast to  
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches  
the narrows,

the necks with  
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless  
waves over depths

their vespers  
intone

once was laughter  
spent

seeking out  
between bodies

continents  
valleys eternally

shifting eluding  
rapture

x 1

whisper

contraction  
of sentinel  
bells against  
each of each  
reaching

x 2, the clappers

x 20,000

(of bells

anatomy there  
is much to  
say  
(of the  
elements,  
zinc, copper,  
tin, & more  
while not for-  
getting brass  
more commonly  
used)  
of infusion  
into cuppolas

the beating  
the shaping  
heat also to  
be given account  
amounts much into  
bells conformed  
gracefully out  
in the end,

but only  
as metal,  
sharp tongues  
blunted can of  
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings  
side to side the  
hard knock shocks  
into, quake into  
belfry beyond  
dance of iron  
bronze overtaking  
&  
annunciant round  
of hammers)

so many dawns

x so many goings

down of the sun

x fortune the lips

x myriad ones gone  
before of murmurers  
O lover  
of thee  
I adore  
in timbre  
thru the  
window rings  
the arms too  
wring out  
breath to  
breath  
x no more  
embraces  
into indolence

This, just to  
reintroduce some  
levity

for we (loves)  
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played  
harming no one,  
not even the  
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching  
perhaps, still,  
still, from beneath  
the god you insisted

be excluded from  
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

father loves  
with his cup  
his pipe songs  
of love  
of love will he  
dance between  
the violent fasts  
from love,  
our mother,  
with,  
fast around around  
& around the danced  
living room  
phonograph brass  
loud plays  
where June  
curtains sway  
me and Mr. Miller

I stand behind  
them the curtained  
dancer entranced  
entered into/  
upon a mystery  
how one could  
be so, well,  
swell, so  
marvelous &  
so cruel, (upon  
one silver stem  
hangs the metal  
tin top jags  
tears at  
memory edge  
opens facts

FACT

that there was love,  
there was love after  
all

I can see  
it smell it  
feel it there  
dancing round  
the living

one dropp Mr.  
Maxwell holds,  
hold on to &  
upon goodness  
brown pulled  
from below down  
& dark into deep  
such this is  
the riddle it is  
all now become  
since you  
departed, love

since you  
departed I shall  
count backward by  
3's then by 4's  
these father  
memories  
torquing  
the

door which once  
embraced you now  
never lets you

go

x brooms

or releases

now you, love  
are new memory  
hands emptier  
sensitive finger-  
tips filligreed  
prints your  
body hairs  
sifted imprinted  
touching softly  
x all the x's

here accounted  
for, listed,  
besos as kisses  
scribbles, notes,  
letters,  
no matter  
the black or  
blue tide

of thee  
O lover

what  
slips out  
ebbs black  
back into lapis

lapses into what  
self is

uttered/poured,  
scored trans-  
parent upon  
surfaces

faces which are  
even  
eyes which now  
glaze with love/  
loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the  
pane

the black  
mouse remains

stays,  
is many,  
a multitude  
of petals

x 3

the jasmine  
unspurned  
at last

at last/least  
O return

soft Junes  
the lips of  
which are  
sometimes  
pink, of  
lavender  
swollen, as if  
to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the

house the cup  
O Mr. Miller  
an O'Day serenade  
plays close  
...'Hi ho trailus  
boot whip  
boo boo daddy  
floy floy'...

the late night  
suppers of chops  
the peeled onions  
the laughter the  
potatoes boil  
& bubble in the  
pot then  
father  
to dance  
the butter in  
the sizzle in  
the cast iron  
pan

their vespers  
now descant,  
descend  
...'How high  
the ocean, how  
high the moon...

hungry  
the  
dish it has  
all become  
feast for  
black 'mouth'

& mouse makes again

x 3 the antinomies  
a string  
of pearls  
anemones  
& thee O lover  
bring all them  
back, so many,  
to me now  
x Pennsylvania 6-500.  
Warren Falcon

## **Expostulations Of The Child-Man, The Pope In Italian Miniatures - A Mystery**

The pope in Italian  
exclaims, 'Bring me! '  
and the echoes bring to him  
his bounded wants.

The pope in Italian  
twirls his fake mustache, hides behind curtains layered  
thick, plots the Blessed Virgin tied upon the tracks, his  
dramatic rescue of Her, the imagined headline, Greatest Of Popes.

The pope in Italian  
embraces a Statue of St. Micheal when the  
guards are not looking, whispers the hour of  
the deed, pleads for advancement of the plot.

The pope in Italian  
blesses conspiring shadows in mirrored tiles reflecting back, the  
guards pretend not to notice his continual muttering, the halting gait,  
the concealed silk handkerchief purposefully dropped, they wink at each other.

The pope in Italian  
drunk with authority privately erases Sacred Texts with  
a child's thick pencil, pardons his large fines for overdue books,  
cancels the Vatican subscription to Mystery Magazine.

The pope in Italian  
questions Michelangelo 'of hammers, of stone and nakedness,  
the heart of the matter, ' whistles when the Artist answers,  
and looks away, fingers crossed.

The pope in Italian  
wears a black beret, feels his tragedy,  
'another fig in hand, ' refills his goblet,  
calls for a clean ashtray, another pack of Gauloises.\*

The pope in Italian  
feeling frisky, ice skates, holds high  
his brocaded robes revealing the boyish legs, white,  
they are so white, like necks of swans.

The pope in Italian  
dreams again he is a young  
bomber pilot dropping heavy kisses  
backed up in the bomb-bay.

The pope in Italian  
hides sullen behind the Golden Chair, carves his  
initials there, the fateful date in Roman numerals, and  
QUID EST QUOD OMNES PEGGY LEE (Is that all there is, Peggy Lee?) .

The pope in Italian  
refusing all sherry before lunch, will not walk past the tapestries,

'The unicorns hate me, ' he whispers, suspicious, bitterly so,  
reminds himself, 'Stop trying so hard.'

The pope in Italian  
tries too hard, resets the Grandfather Clock of Ages, counts  
the coins of childhood, forgets time, the ancient schemes, and dines  
outside disguised as Saint Joan of Arc in Flames.

The pope in Italian  
stands very still, Romanesque in Night's central fountain,  
goes unnoticed but for the corners of his mouth  
bleeding verdigris, and the faint smell of smoke.

The pope in Italian  
practices his hands in the dark, genuflecting, blessing,  
rehearses the pertinent Charlie Chaplin scene alone, the worn  
piano roll in his head unraveling before the hastily scattered Host.

The pope in Italian  
spies the 'end run, ' tries his hand at cards and whiskey,  
bets the entire assembled Holy Guard in full dress 'all the  
Church's gold and then some' on a run of Jacks.

The pope in Italian  
turns the last page in the Papal Chapel, licks chapped, broken lips too long  
at prayer, the votives sputtered at long last, feels his way out backwards,  
steps upon the last crack and the Madonna's back is finally broken.

\*\*Famous French unfiltered cigarettes known for their strong tobacco flavor.

\*\*\*Venus of Eryx', from Sicily, brought to Rome, she embodies 'impure' love, and is  
the patron goddess of prostitutes

Warren Falcon

## Extensiones de Accidente - Estrofas de Frieda Kahlo

### Estrofa 1

No podía dejar allí,  
tuvo que se ensanchan, se seca la pintura,  
y la carne, secador de piel de abajo  
a los huesos, un esqueleto sin sexo \*,  
cráneo ya no bigote,  
\*\* una calavera, nada más,  
siempre de calcio dependientes de curvas  
sobre lienzo, lo que se congela  
no para avivar y quema,  
una 'cola de pavonis' \*\*.

\* Skeleton

\*\* Cráneo

\*\*\* Peacock Tail (una imagen en la alquimia)

### Estrofa 2

Calavera, el futuro está  
mano a la boca, los dedos a la frente  
desarrollando ante formas aún instatic.  
Mantener desesperadamente a cuadros antes  
estas percepciones temblando.

### Estrofa 3

Para llegar a un acuerdo  
con lo que sucede  
en repetidas ocasiones -

16 años de edad,  
perforación de metal viola  
carne recién mujer,  
se convierte en algo  
totalmente asombrado,

dolor furioso, implacable  
quemaduras de vapor, sin embargo,  
Sin embargo, cada lienzo,  
siempre cayendo hacia atrás

dentro de la cruel alquimia  
vas, astillas de vidrio  
en los nervios implacable,  
revestido de acero chapado en Virgen  
tiene un cíclope de un amante.

### Estrofa 4

Para vivir más en su mundo,  
a vivir en su México

que no se niega  
comodidad de hierro ni de la gracia,  
Siempre es una sorpresa,  
puesto / desplazados  
marcar con una cicatriz junto  
de carne y espíritu,  
la humanidad,  
un descuartizado y devorado  
Cristo como encarnación sólo permite,  
autonomía insistente argumento de la autonomía,  
aceptación en bruto.

#### Estrofa 5

El descubrimiento de la cero siempre pesada,  
el único absoluto de mérito -  
de dar a luz a la multiplicidad, diversidad,  
perversa, mucho más irascible aún  
Embraseable, enloquecedoramente borrrable  
mientras que crece más allá de contar los brazos,  
el mejor para llevar a las densidades implacable.

Regalo de Arabia, el cero no aleados  
medidos en masa - un mejor nombre para Dios -  
vector torcer la historia térmica, el espejismo fantasmal,

materia prima,

a pesar de, o dentro de la matriz metálica,  
los martillos de herrero corazón cardenillo  
cámaras, los ventrículos, en forma, de Newton  
conjugaciones grave, el tiempo de vida solidificada,  
Presencia endurecido, rigidez en diluir  
representaciones de metal común

#### Estrofa 6

... Y Frieda casta,  
telas de alambre persiguiendo el plutonio,  
lleva el extremo romo de la Presencia,  
final del Eón de los peces  
apenas más allá de la Edad de Bronce es sólo  
afilado bordes acanalados,  
prefiriendo los de obsidiana  
hackeado, astillas, raspado  
en piedra dura.

Frieda, el volcán nacido,  
se convierte en recipiente conyugal,  
Pluma de quetzal, unidos a  
Serpiente de la piel renacimiento extensiones de accidente,

un Dios que regresan, barco y el caballo  
liberado de la barba roja de la  
mar hinchado enfrenta todavía una más  
deidad que requieren sangre.

#### Estrofa 7

Noche oscura en pleno día,  
todas las apariencias  
una deriva más allá del significado,

Sólo un autobús de vaivén  
carena de nuevo  
repetición de colisión  
del himen de la Virgen,  
Anfitrión amniótico siempre un  
Amante divide una vez más,  
Crepusculares Christi.

Y Kahlo, venerado ahora,  
Mujer de varias imágenes de Cristo -  
Un sufrimiento con los pechos,  
oculta cornamenta útero

una mueca de dolor en anunciaciones anvil  
verifica sólo en las creencias vacilante  
como lloran las estatuas,  
apariciones surrealistas Strung Out  
en coniuinctio,

Chica Getsemaní visto,  
ya no se oculta  
u ocultas a la vista,  
Cristo-o-forma agonía, aislar,  
enojado, furioso humanos, privados  
confusión, despreciado, rechazado,

maldad dentro de nosotros  
destinado a ver nuestras deidades  
hasta el final, aunque  
más allá de la capacidad para oler la necrosis,  
para ver el orificio de salida del alma  
coagular disfrazados de piel,  
los músculos, tendones.

#### Estrofa 8

Esta ruptura le dice.

Somos

no sin amor  
por eso,

que Rod,  
y Presencia  
Que conoce y

participa de lo que  
Imágenes de Frida Kahlo  
al igual que su  
la vida vivida retratar.

No hay culpa.

Sólo manchas, existen,  
exquisitos como el entierro  
paños de la Una  
Embistió a un árbol  
sufrimiento Paternidad Divina.

Estrofa 9

Circulatio.

Kahlo llega a las puertas del bus  
que se acaba, una vez más, se detuvo en su parada  
para llevar hacia delante en la leyenda.

[Para leer en el Español busca aquí en este sitio:  
'Extensions of Crash - Strophes for Frieda Kahlo']

Warren Falcon

## Extensions of Crash - Strophes For Frieda Kahlo

As with love, also the bellows.

### Strophe 1

She could not stop there,  
had to flare out, dry paint,  
and the dryer flesh peel down  
to bone, a sexless esqueleto\*,  
skull no longer mustached,  
a calavera\*\*, nothing more,  
curved calcium reliant forever  
upon canvas, what is congealed  
there to fan and burn,  
a 'cauda pavonis'\*\*. .

\*Skeleton

\*\*Skull

\*\*\*Peacock's Tail (an image in alchemy)

### Strophe 2

Calavera, the Future stands  
hand to mouth, fingers to forehead  
unfolding before still instatic shapes.  
Hold desperately to frames before  
these quaking perceptions.

### Strophe 3

To come to terms  
with what happens  
repeatedly -

16 years of age,  
piercing metal violates  
flesh newly woman,  
turns into something  
utterly astonished,

livid, unforgiving pain  
burns to vapor, yet,  
still, each canvas,  
ever falling backward

within the cruel alchemical  
vas, glass splinters

into unrelenting nerves,  
encased steel-plated Virgin  
takes a cyclops for a lover.

#### Strophe 4

To dwell more in your world,  
to live in your Mexico  
which does not refuse  
comfort of iron nor of Grace,  
always a surprise,  
placed/displaced  
scarring conjunction  
of flesh and spirit,  
humanity,  
a dismembered and devoured  
Christ as only incarnation allows,  
insistent autonomy arguing autonomy,  
rough acceptance.

#### Strophe 5

Discovery of the always heavy Zero,  
the only Absolute of merit -  
giving birth to multiplicity, diverse,  
perverse, all the more irascible yet  
embraceable, maddeningly erasable  
while growing arms beyond counting,  
the better to carry the unforgiving densities.

Gift from Arabia, the non-alloyed Zero  
unmeasured by mass - a better name for god -  
thermal history's twisting vector, ghostly mirage,

prima materia,

in spite of or within the Metallic Matrix,  
the blacksmith heart hammers verdigris  
chambers, ventricles, into shape, Newton's  
grave conjugations, living time solidified,  
hardened, stiffening Presence into dilute  
renderings of base metal

#### Strophe 6

...and chaste Frieda,

canvases chasing plutonium wire,  
bears the blunt end of Presence,  
end of the Eon of the Fishes  
barely beyond Bronze Age's just  
sharpened edges fluted,  
preferring obsidian ones  
hacked, chipped, scraped  
upon hard flint.

Frieda, volcano born,  
turns into conjugal vessel,  
Quetzal plume conjoined to  
Serpent skin rebirthing extensions of crash,

a returning God, boat and horse  
delivered from the red beard of the  
bloated sea confronting yet one more  
deity requiring blood.

#### Strophe 7

Dark Night in broad day,  
all appearance  
a drift beyond meaning,

only a swaying bus  
careening yet again  
repeating collision  
of the Virgin's hymen,  
amniotic Host forever a  
Lover divided yet again,

Crepuscular Christi.

And Kahlo, revered now,  
Woman Christ multiple-imaged -  
Suffering One with breasts,

concealed antlered uterus  
wincing at anviled annunciations  
verified only in wavering beliefs  
such are weeping statues,  
surreal apparitions strung out  
on coniunctio,

Gethsemani Girl seen,  
no longer concealed  
or hidden in plain sight,  
Christ-o-form agony, isolate,  
angry, raging, bereft human  
confusion, despised, rejected,  
meanness within us  
destined to see our deities  
through to the end though  
beyond capacity to smell necrosis,  
to see the exit wound of soul  
coagulate disguised as skin,  
muscle, sinew.

Strophe 8

This breaking tells.

We are  
not unloved  
by that,

that Rod,  
and Presence  
Who knows and

partakes of what  
Kahlo's images  
as did her  
life as lived portray.

No blame.

Only stain, existent,  
exquisite as the burial  
cloths of the One  
Rammed to a tree  
suffering Divine Paternity.

Strophe 9

Circulatio.

Kahlo arrives upon the threshold of the bus  
which has just, yet again, stopped at her stop  
to carry her forward into Legend.

Warren Falcon

## **First Snow of New Year Haiku-esque**

to hear leaf beds give  
weight to what has fallen

much to learn there in that

Warren Falcon

## For All The Words Dished Up - Two For Emily Dickinson

1

For all the words dished up,  
A plate without meat. Maybe, bone.  
No love fattened you,  
never used your flesh.  
Green as grass you stayed.  
Dauntless, no narrow fellow passed.

2

This talk of death, dear Emily,  
I know it intimately - plain talk  
describes it best, as you know,  
this Mystery grotesque -  
concreteness like tombs hard in  
the eye or that slant of light  
obscured by a fly.

OK. It's done now. And ever will be,  
for all the words in green  
afternoons cannot evade mortality -  
and soul no more than that butterfly be,  
I laugh to call it Eternity that waits  
beneath this plank, that other room  
where a coach kindly stopped,  
dropped you, yellow wing, still and  
dark, now daunted and alone.

Warren Falcon

## **For First Day Of The New Year**

New Year's day -  
already, empty bottles,  
resolutions forgotten.

Warren Falcon

**For Zukofsky, Alphabet Streets - Beginning & Ending With Lines From  
Zukofsky,**

for Louis Zukofsky

'O framar of  
the starry circle'  
O what is the name,  
lost perhaps, of  
he who once sharpened  
all our knives,  
the old Jew?

THIS OUR LIFE  
SOME FEW RETURN  
TO HEAR/SEE  
EVIDENCE OF  
THE NATURE OF  
A CITY TO  
CONTINUALLY  
ERASE ITSELF

\*

O Shapener of  
the duller blade  
turning hammers  
sickles for Workers  
everywhere, bricks,  
straw, verse

The breast naturally  
of Woman is bread  
before was bread,  
the child loaf-swell  
in Her arms to farm  
and from such  
frame a world.

Thus Labor.  
Bread, History.

Child's toil unspoiled  
forms a culture beast,  
crawls forth, makes  
bread of soil native  
& other, a Mother culture  
all & still, everywhere.

\*

History before was brunch  
ever in the world. Sunday.  
Avenue C. Door opens to sun

and saunter/the wanderers  
now' arm in arm they goes'

just past every corner where  
is found Rosenbergs still  
bound, abandoned, run over,  
bleeding ink into avenue  
black scroll, trial,  
knee/kneel, rather,

evoke shtetl horse-drawn  
vender runner-about cart  
heaving vegetable grief  
returned to synagogue  
alley dead end where

what is left out of grief  
carves into brick with knives  
the daylong silver Jew-beard  
fills with sparks  
and children awe

trace metals trail  
splintered steel falls  
pushes he of the leaden  
cart spokes-handmade  
wheels-wooden old tongues'  
leather an old seeing  
shaping art or 'new it  
up' outwith  
forth- for hind-  
or other-sight  
heat lightning  
render new sight

some sundering strike  
each individual eye/ear  
torn/turn toward whatever  
century's year may yield  
make:

'O framar of  
the starry circle'  
O what is the name,  
lost perhaps, of  
he who once sharpened  
all our knives,  
the old Jew?

THIS OUR LIFE  
SOME FEW RETURN

TO HEAR/SEE

EVIDENCE OF  
THE NATURE OF  
A CITY IS TO  
CONTINUALLY  
ERASE ITSELF

'...What wer, what be, what  
shall bifall..how found knowe  
Suche forme..wiche knowes not  
shape? As oft the running  
stile In sea paper leue,  
Some printed lettars..marke haue  
none at all..But a  
passion..sturs The myndz forse  
while body liues, What light  
the yees..bit, Or sound  
in ear...strike.'\*\* - Louis Zukofsky

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\* '...What were, what be, what  
shall befall..how found know  
Such form..which knows not  
shape? As oft the running  
still In sea paper leave,  
Some printed letters..mark have  
none at all..But a  
passion..stirs The mind's force  
while body lives, What light  
the eyes..bite, Or sound  
in ear...strike.'

Warren Falcon

## Forward To 'What Is Known Is Variable And Dependent Upon Available Light'

Note the screen door behind the kid, a 'scream door' he called it in his boy tongue hearing 'scream' for 'screen' and so it means something...I now see that face multiply, a clown's sad smile, a grimace with dimples, a sorrow face, head turned slightly to the right, an appeasement gesture to father, unable to look directly at the camera, father's eye, fearful of contact with that threat insisting that the knuckle-shy son 'smile goddamn it'...poet Theodore Roethke once wrote, 'Fear was my father, father fear'...squinted for sure, kid did, into just too much too much light, eyes already staring out and into some unfocused place of Escape-To but nowhere to go but inward, into woods, bountiful books, into night stars in the front field soft and yielding to all the weight a small boy could live, the ground gave and so the boy was saved a bit by sparkles...not pitying here, just that I know that little soul by then was stunned by what existence had already become, the skinned knees can't be seen in the pic...a kid in need of available light...which he found in nature, books, music...NOT people...well, most of them, there were the few rare exceptions among the living and a very very many in books, companion souls between pages he wished he could live between and away from the hurting world...seems all these listed here are still his closest allies...

'I am old enough now to realize we are all trying to live sufficiently long to see the self come true. None of us is likely to make it. Therefore we invent selves, we prance and pose and dream and labor, confirming what we might be by what others think we are and by what we see we have been.' - Dave Smith, 'A Secret You Can't Break Free'

'We go towards something that is not yet, and we come from something that is no more. We are what we are by what we came from. We have a beginning as we have an end. There was a time that was not our time. We hear of it from those who are older than we; we read about it in history books...It is hard for us to imagine our 'being-no-more.' It is equally difficult to imagine our 'being-not-yet'.' - Paul Tillich

The first quote sets the tone, autobiographical (Smith's) , then Tillich's leading one about 'being-no-more' and 'being-not-yet'...the happy news is that the being-not-yet in the thin-skinned kid did arrive and all things considered it's been a helluva shock to fall finally into Presence afterall having stalled for many years perched noon-blind on childhood's top step...Such 'Kindly Light' (reminiscent of the front field's stars) surprised the boy and does so still. One gives the will over to the 'what is' and the 'not yet' and so far it's been pleasing to the mind though the body will always complain for it is for life - Freud's Eros principle in the body prevails,

'Life wants more of...LIFE.'

I read of Plotinus today in Wallace Fowlie's marvelous book, *The Clown's Grail, A Study of Love In Its Literary Expression*...and wept like a silly in Simone's by the red beaded windows...'Plotinus says that all systems base themselves upon two questions, do we love? whom do we love? ...thus the events of our destiny (or of our sensitivity) are measured by the love we bear...this ascent toward love [you can see Dante in all of this] is by three kinds of men, the artist (in love with Beauty) , the lover (who needs the visible beauty of a single body) , and, of course, the philosopher, the third kind of man who follows the contemplation of physical beauty and the love of a human soul then enters the purified zone where harmony and beauty are merged with truth. The artist, 'the most primitive of men, ' lives the nearest myths and knows the reality of each thing...the lover, that most vital of men, is the protagonist of myths and knows the death of each thing...the philosopher for whom ideas and intuitions remain fresh

and new is the most idealistic of men, the decipherer of myths and the one who knows the plenitude of each thing (the philosopher sees through the myth via the pointer of the myth into the Real, the plenitude of each thing) ...'After giving order to the chaos of matter, he tries to give order to the chaos of his heart through a knowledge of that love which will lead him to his ultimate goal, the 'flight of the one toward the One.' - Wallace Fowlie

Which for me is where available light comes in...and what is known is indeed variable according to that light...but even dim light is light nonetheless and something is gathered, some love is gathered in the perception or rather, better, in the effort to perceive what may be revealed...the dark all the darker from the revelation but altered too by what is seen and by who is doing the seeing...

That little boy in front of the 'scream door' was seeing ahead past the door and the porch, down the four concrete steps which seemed so high and steep and so far the hard falling into those two questions intuited then as a waif but now lived more consciously in the fallen stooped man:

Do we love? Whom do we love?

The kid and I have concluded thus far, still only a few feet away from the bottom step, this,

that Beauty is the Name derived from both depth and height.

What is known is variable and dependent upon available light.

To read more regarding the above copy and paste what is here below:

Warren Falcon

## Four Against the Shapeless Wind

for Selin

1

You may find me thundering in a hut  
on the small of the mountain reading  
poems to curious goats. They listen  
patiently before eating the paper  
upon which they are written.

I have now resorted, denying loneliness  
(thus the always hovering goats) ,  
to arguing with the sad priest twice  
a week over bad sherry transported  
over the mountain. The pass's old Rock  
comments on the shape and weight of  
each bottle carefully wrapped in soft  
flannel curved the shape of the way  
upon which unsteady travelers depart  
and return. From such a journey it  
is believed the cheap, sweet sherry  
is redeemed in taste borne to the priest's  
back door into his shaking hands casting  
into legion swine divinations of sorrow.

As a grace, after some cups, setting aside  
the card deck missing all Hearts, I hear  
his confession, soul bared tearfully before  
me. Pen in hand, I write sins tenderly down  
on a yellowed page to be fed to atoning goats  
who keep secrets well. They freely forgive  
all faults for a taste of paper, a kind favor  
for the priest then.

Only ink, the accusing words by drool undone,  
stains their bearded chins.

Alone in the empty church I hover before  
Stations of the Cross confessing poems  
to believing dust, to patient corners.

How utterly and always irrelevant I have been.

2

In variations of weather and seasons  
devoted dust shouts,

'Cousin! Cousin!  
Come! Join us here.  
Even now you succumb to us  
slowly rolling beneath trembling

altars, fearful of candles,  
an old woman's mop.

You are quieted as are we though we now  
shout. Your presence provokes us toward  
proclamations, manifestos against the  
shapeless wind. But shapeless we remain.

At the Master's feet wounds, now bled  
away to splinters, forget an ancient tree  
in a carver's hand an ocean, an age, a god away.'

3

Torn feet tread a hard trail yet.

Without tongue, in the broken tower,  
the recluse spider shapes its uniform prayer.

Unburdened, I depart, passing  
old graves.

Dear friends the village dogs, thin,  
thin.

Before my pine door -

a stooped body like these wooden  
planks

more knots than wood -

a stranger pants in tongues  
poems he shall never write but  
only feel breath by breath

a visitor, long overstayed

remote neighbors are gracious still

pulling words from ears, he hurls them away

4

...a  
broken  
gate

One blind dog sleeps  
curled

Indifferent before all machinery

it moves only, curiously,  
before burros gray,  
their large eyes wet, shining

the cooler shade and fields of hay  
hang upon  
the long lashes

A redundant whip in a whipped boy's hand  
loudly cracks

Sway backs are unburdened by little cries  
which simpler crickets take to heart,  
their singing legs suddenly still to sighs

This makes absolute sense  
in some discreet window of  
the world where Meaning knits  
then unknits what is

Warren Falcon

## Four Snortets, A Parody With Fondness For Thomas Stearns Eliot

'Now we come to discover that the moments of agony...are likewise permanent with such permanence as time has...Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumination-We had the experience but missed the meaning.' - from 'The Dry Salvages' by T.S. Eliot

1

Burnt Snortin'

Mister, or Sir, rather, Thomas Stearns Eliot left his evening door,  
late middle age, having lived into the postmodern 'new' millennium,  
having again reiterated his propounded new diet whereupon  
wandering on a deserted shore near mumbling twilight one might  
meet a most inarticulate soft peach or unutterable yet edible Christ,  
or a close match, a little kidding, upon which we may, if we dare,  
reiterative quartet playing plaintive though palliatively, dine four  
squarely in Piccadilly sempiternal before getting sodden after  
sundown, preferably on Friday, which is a good time to do it, to eat  
and drink again, remembering that it is end of the week, out of the tube

finally unethered, trousers unrolled at last, the mission to get plastered,  
doing lines in the stalls, toilet seat become an altar of dissolution.  
But, despite numbness of lips and tongue, of nasal passages,  
do not hope that trousers shall roll up again till Monday, and do  
not call it fixity. And do not call it fistula for that is to come but not  
quite yet.

And who cares? or let us forget. Teach us, O Mannered One,  
to care and not to care having lost muscle plasticity which a  
good pair of dark socks can cover what was once pliant and  
supple, now a gruesome obscenity. Have I overstated?  
Shall I overstate again? Shall I? No? not now? how all things  
crumble, even a souffle caves from expectation and thus we  
wait with dope, we wait without hope for hope would be hope  
for another line, and yet another, and we are reduced to shouting  
repeatedly shouting, Muther f\*cker! Muther f\*cker, overwrought,  
in the stall, temperatures and ovens not withstanding.

So listen, I said to myself stalling for time for the coke to take  
effect, wondering why the hell I mentioned a souffle, to kick  
in wait without prematurely crashing, for the night, O Friday,  
is still young though I am not so young,

I grow old  
I grow old  
I unfold a  
hundred pound  
note roll it  
tightly tightly  
greedy for

lines and  
more time  
more time  
for laughter  
remembered  
in the bloody  
garden now  
grown with  
weeds

BOLLOCKS

2

Wasted Coker

so I said to my soul, yes yes yes wait without eating the dish eaten last week which gave me the infernal trots, now giving me something else to think about, f\*ck that old Edenic garden, wait without faith that the waiter will return the dish sent back merely because one can, because one (note how I go to the third person but f\*ck that) , ONE ONE ONE is really angry at the boss and one is in the stalls not for coke but for yet another freshly chewed double anus demanding attention. And all things are stalled for in the stall all is bloody and ONE, erhebung with motion too too much, squatting, endlessly squatting wiping squatting wiping ad infinitum of bum unto bumbling attempts

so I said in the stall,  
wait, wait dumbly, tongue lagging,  
for the dope to kick in, forget the late  
arrival at office, f\*ck Mondays! the usual scene,  
one can recover here by porcelain cool

white o white as  
the lines are white

which, too, porcelain, is waiting to be cleaned,  
and all things shall be cleaned, but only after  
midnight for I shall have left by then having forsaken  
all hope and the sink where I have discreetly washed  
my skivvies in order to go home again, return  
uncomfortable, without support, to throw them in the  
turning dryer to dry again for I do not hope to return  
again until next week to probably reenact the same  
scene again, (bringing another pair of skivvies with  
just in case) , the patient server, harassed, must add  
and re-add my check again and again because I am

still

very

VERY

pissed at the boss, at the chittering fetuses mocking, always  
mocking, in the shrubbery near the well-used apothecary and  
I shall go home foregoing mulberries, for I am too blitzed, having  
forgotten the rejected dish, the wish for justice, for mum's steak  
and kidney pie, and I have remembered all too late. Alas.

So let us go home then, which is a kind of personal Golgotha,  
for which the rent is beyond my means but let us go and  
make our supper remembering to take the gonorrhoea pill.  
No, let us purchase our meal though on a budget, and forget  
even all this trivia. Let us forget all that, too, looking in,  
deja vu, the bathroom mirror from the stall

(have I left or do I remain?)

Recall then that I can leave the comb unhandled  
until Monday morning. It shall not cruelly beckon  
again from the toilet, or it can be justifiably ignored,  
to comb what is left of what is left to fall, or grow,  
but that's a laugh. Come Monday, and only then,  
we must find the diminishing part again, searching  
ever searching,

scalp and England  
all one, or soon shall  
be One

scanty scanty

scanty

3

The Drying Assuages

And all is vanity amongst these my ruins.  
And Sweeney, whoever he may be,  
tidies up neurotically, gin on his breath  
for he is bored unto death but awaits  
daily the post for possible liberty  
which he once took with a wealthy  
widow who mistook him for someone  
else. The scar forever reminds of  
dumb lusts, and dumber luck, for loot,  
never dreaming she was a black belt.  
His teeth, now wooden, remind him to  
be mindful of the good against all wants,  
and so he sits, wise, chaste, chiseled

in the ruins reading Beckett, but that is  
another story written in the stars Centauric

qua qua qua  
sisk boom ba  
'tween Fuquaad  
& Apothecary  
near the corner  
time forgot  
but o not I  
when the clot  
broke and people  
screamed no  
help at all as I  
stood pale,  
pale, paler still  
leaning upon  
a tailor's wall  
he, too, no  
help at all  
threatening  
to call the cops  
It closes me in  
again to recall  
qua qua Fuquaad

amongst the forgotten roses  
where one is hungover in the supposes  
he began with, that he can never finish  
like this, pissed, which goes on,  
which goes on, 'I can't go on.  
But I must because I am losing hair and so'

dot dot dot into eternity

and so we must wear a hat but let us not go then,  
you and I, patiently into all that now for come the  
proper time

now then here then,  
remembering the chaffing bloody garters

we will pack our Preparations H, grateful always,  
no longer walking funnily sideways in the garden,  
in the wandering streets, the half retreating steps,  
without itch or burn, the tissue roll turned slowly  
with pleasure not to double, or even triple, ply.  
We cleanse what cannot be seen but only reckoned  
with, and sniffed, pull at our chains and buckles,  
then pick our pace doubly up for we are late yet  
again for work for one because we think too too  
much and get caught up in cadences but

never mind for reality is

the boss will chew us out another one thus the suppositories

forgetting the time but not the talcum, trailing little  
clouds, each hurried step a flurried reminder of  
divinity glimpsed, if sought at all

4

Little Skidmarks

O the stall, stall, stall, we all go into the stall

Nevermind, just follow the trail of yesterday's shoe,

talcum and dust mingle taciturn  
undoing intention to haste  
powdery traces unhidden guidance

the prayed for thunderstorm never come to wash  
tell-tale treads reveal some rash is spread,  
scaling crud of gory glory and more stains to wash  
but what of shame? Do we not hope to turn it to other  
than no more to blame? Thus we gait without soap,  
panicked, for what is to come, to scrub, to un-stain,  
but soon, the boss is pacing. But what is to be gained  
in running knowing already what waits ahead?

Another annus. Another anus.

Nothing more.

Hidden children in the mulberries  
chittering, heard but unseen.

Note to self:

Must take Thorazine before bedtime.  
Goddamn wankers! !

But let us leave them for another dosage,  
for another week's prelude sans qualudes,  
the sullen departure to work again combing  
the faces in the crowd pitching, another aphasia  
I prefer to call an 'occluded interlude', yet  
another distracted fit caught in a sun ray upon  
seeing that the poorly stitched seam hastily done  
between the shower and the tepid tea,  
between the sorting through the dirty laundry,  
the deepening ennui for something to wear,

o do not hope to wear it again and again evergreen

(whatever, BTW, 'ennui' is, but it is fun to say and in this aesthetic some other language needs to be gratuitously writ to make the poetic voice more valid if Americans attempt to art, 'writ' is a good word, too, let me then write it repeatedly: writ writ writ, to wit) begins yet again, o Ariadne, obsessive compulsive to the end,

Thorazine Thorazine Thorazine  
must must must remember to wit!

...to unravel that which is still, to look on the bright side, yet another beginning, the public, pathetic, peripatetic tugging of shirts and blouses over the widening rip in the thinning trouser's seat, pant legs remembering to be gay scrolling ever upward. And yet we still call these knobs 'ankles', forgoing gait.

Nothing to be read here, now, in Merry Old, but old age, varicose. the blank stare dreaming comatose, of repressed rage, still pissed at the boss, shamed of ankles, the chittering twats in mulberry bush near home, following, following

No wonder these  
little snots at me laugh.

Them I'll clobber  
here then now then

Shall we turn the page again?  
Shall we? Shall we turn over yet  
another leaf? Shall we repeat it all  
again forgetting the unraveling stitch?  
The itch and the burn?  
The Itch and the burn returning,  
for one bought the store brand and not the original.  
Now it hurts to sit or stand. Shall I say it again,  
under fetid breath, dentures stained?

Yes. Yes!  
Sit or stand.  
Sit or stand!  
Now goddamn it,  
bloody move on!

I shall say it again because I can.  
But later. But let us remember

indulgently

now then, here then  
hidden laughter behind  
hands pointing at loose stitches,  
boxers gray.

Forgot to do laundry.

Another note to self.  
Another task.  
Do the wash.  
Most important.

Still, it is a good Friday so, sighing,  
at last forgetting all Mondays past  
and to come

not withstanding, for it hurts either  
way to sit or stand, the late pay check,  
piss poor pittance, mind, is cashed  
probably on bloody Monday but  
never mind. Let us presently pour  
our penurious libations

Chianti Chianti

Chianti.

Warren Falcon

## **Fragment From An 11th Century Japanese Scroll**

a better world is  
between the teeth  
on tips of tongues  
on lip perimeters  
strung by kisses  
Warren Falcon

## **Fragments Beginning With A Line By Berryman**

for Karthik

Childness let's have us honey

flame intended

name smeared

on the glass

an accidental

pane

x hands touching it

delicate

as trespass

what is allowed

lace of

vision

x want

= at last a sum

= at last a remorse

felt

a memory

sunk into

soft teas

steps

turns

steaming

said window

said prints,

views obscured  
of nothing  
in particular,  
or special,  
troubles only,  
only of passing  
birds enamored  
of  
(their lighter  
bones)  
or  
are they  
cloud and shadow?  
merely the steep  
sun declining ashen  
into the Jersey side?  
O come lover  
back  
the floor where we  
lay times upon boards  
the cluttered  
clothes the  
depositions  
x at least 3  
and take me once  
again one

x infinity  
into your arms  
x 2  
leave me when  
you/we are done doing  
x 0  
a mere cypher flown  
sheer up the flue  
into the blue ash  
which now the sky is  
where  
(there is only one  
sky)  
a dove flies  
into some possibility  
of memory  
or not  
x 35 thousand  
x plus the time it  
takes for you to exit  
shedding skins, shells  
(am a shell,  
water you?  
you decide)  
x infinity into  
the one drain in-  
to ocean reflecting

blue sky of ash  
into what remains  
of you on the beach  
bathing soft Junes  
the organ grinder  
smiles/sings 'amor  
fati' mellifluously  
the boardwalk on  
x planks from  
many trees  
x ants in the  
roots lumber  
their endless  
burdens black  
or red carapaces  
shining as if  
sand  
x grains untold  
as hairs their  
bodies follicles  
delicate when  
under the glass  
espied  
over-spilling into  
o endlessly  
it's seams, it seems

into memory  
which is, already  
over-said  
overheard redundantly  
a river  
and time,  
this one  
recalled,  
the cloud drift  
and the river  
the tides beside  
the city both sides  
is as ancient  
as it always was  
& is  
in the beginning  
was darkness  
over deep water  
& a word, any word  
really would do  
form something  
out of deep, of  
dark, of water  
which shapes it-  
self only by outer  
circumstance

in this case  
a word  
leading up to  
this  
contraction  
of bellies  
against  
each  
x 2, and legs  
x 4, and lips  
x myriad ones gone  
before of murmurs  
O lover  
of thee  
I adore  
I am unkindly  
left remembering  
once was laughter  
spent  
seeking out  
between bodies'  
valleys eternally  
shifting eluding  
capture  
  
this

just to re-  
introduce some  
levity for we  
were many day-ed  
x merry  
merrily played  
harming no one  
not even the  
mouse unmoved  
perhaps, watching  
perhaps, still,  
still, from beneath  
the god you insisted  
be excluded from  
all our nakedness  
x 1 too many breaths  
exchanged, groped  
x many ropes all our  
wanting  
the curtained  
dancer entranced  
entered into  
upon a mystery  
how one could  
be so, well,  
so marvelous

& so cruel too  
as one wills  
a silver stem  
sharp the metal  
top jags memory-  
edge tears open  
facts  
that there was love,  
there was love after  
all  
I could see  
it smell it  
feel it there  
dancing round  
the livingroom  
one holds  
on to & upon  
goodness brown  
pulled from below  
down & dark & deep  
such is so  
this is the  
riddle it is  
all now become  
since you  
departed, love

since you  
departed I shall  
count backward by  
3's then 4's the  
door which once  
embraced you now  
never lets you  
go  
no matter  
the black or  
blue tide  
of thee  
O lover

what  
slips out  
ebbs black  
back into  
lapis  
lapses into what  
self is uttered/  
poured scored  
transparent upon  
surfeit surface  
faces  
which are

even  
eyes which now  
glaze with love  
lost  
beside the flue  
marked upon the  
pane blue  
the mouse  
black remains  
is many  
a multitude  
of petals  
x 3  
the jasmine  
unspurned  
at last at  
last/least  
return  
soft Junes  
the lips of  
which are  
sometimes  
pink of  
lavender  
swollen as  
if to kiss

x 3 the antinomies

a string of pearls

& thee O lover

back to me

playing

loud where the

curtains sway

I stand behind

them the curtained

dancer entranced

entered into

upon a mystery

the organ grinder

smiles/sings 'amor

fati' mellifluously on

Warren Falcon

## from 'Ragas For Krishna'

A little boy waking up at dawn, asking his dear mama for an omelet to eat:

'Sleepy Bee, ' she called to him. 'Go, my Sleepy Bee, to the garden and be sure to smell the jasmine there, touch softly the spices in trembling rows, fetch then some chilies of many colors and I will prepare for you a dish as you wish. When the teacher makes you sleepy by noon reach then your fingers to your face, smell the spices there, remember the touch of smooth skinned chilies whispering of lingering liaisons to come, and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee.'

A chili omelet she would make, a side of yogurt to soothe the burn, and milk from the cow drawn before dawn's first udder swelled against the press of distant hills where even the Temple soundly sleeps so very full and pleased with itself. Mother, each morning as he stumbles, rubbing his eyes, into the garden, tells him,

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for His Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Lord Indra's captured fire in the little grate her Bee awakens watching her slow movements, the slicing of chilies, the removal of seeds, the washing again of plump hands, the cracking of eggs, beating them with the whisk, spreading ghee upon the hot flat stone, the enchantment of liquid whites and yokes becoming firm, becoming food. She turns them in round rhythms as she rhythmically prays.

After eggs and chilies are eaten comes the rose oil poured upon his raven hair smoothly brushed back to reveal his shining face, his smile. She prepares him for school with kisses, his uniform freshly cleaned, ironed, smelling, too, of rose-flavored soap. Then off to school with a lunch, a string of chilies of all colors sewn together, sewn when he was still in a waking dream.

'The chilies may burn, ' he tells me, speaking slowly, enunciating each syllable, practicing through smiles, returning to my gaze. 'But not like the touch of my mother's hand. She is far away but I can feel her burning hands on me now.' He smiles. I stammer. How can one enunciate such wonder?

\Visionary company, Krishna, his mother, and me.

from 'Ragas For Krishna'

Warren Falcon

### from 'Ragas For Krishna' - Part 3

from 'Ragas For Krishna'

Sleepy Bee, he is rising beneath me, the hidden god is pleased

Somniculosus Apis, Sleepy Bee  
Ascendit infra me, He rises beneath me  
Deus absconditus placet, The hidden God is pleased

He is busy preparing a repast of sacred chilies of his Mother's garden born. Who will hear him sing their praises but me present alone with him here?

Yesterday Krishna arrived more radiant than when we first met beside the cardamom and the ghee in the intoxicating basement of the Indian food and spice shop not easily hidden below the sidewalk, such aromas cannot to be tucked away like the shop is, beside and below the avenue, just as his radiance cannot, should not, be hidden.

Which flower should I adorn my table with? I ask, approaching shyly beside the spice bins. I buzz inside, a bee for the nectar.

If you serve, says he, If you serve with cardamom and ghee then flowers three are best, the jasmine, the oleander, the anthurium. But if choosing only one, he looks at me, something insistent, responding, in his eyes, I would choose for you the anthurium.

And so we begin our time together, the first demur approaches, the blushing papayas, the cooking lessons, then the fires, the chilies harvested, curtains drawn. One day perhaps I shall fall but in this way:

I shall fling  
the curtains back  
Open the window  
Throw cut sleeves,  
for years gathered,  
hidden, to the street.  
Shouting out names  
of lovers, I shall then  
leap openly out, into,  
land softly upon ginkgo  
leaves and, golden, kiss  
every parked car leaving  
lip traces upon hoods,  
trunks, windshields and,  
lustily, rear view mirrors  
reviewing all yore's cut  
sleeves of love, secret  
no longer, newly in love  
with all the world and  
if not all the world then  
all the grinning griddled  
faces of chrome and a  
fiddle dee dee for the  
fall of me into he who

has become my home

How I had to teach him what lovers  
give to each how to kiss how to touch  
how love is fluctuate fluent in dirty  
tongues entanglements with the world

Still I have fluttered mightily in long  
tangles of hair black, black his darker  
eyes shine his bottom lip petulant hungry  
for mine and those his parts smooth rivaling  
Everest always beckoning to be climbed

And surprises  
tenderness on his part  
graces unexpected quick disrobing

the easy nakedness the hunger so  
clean the affection grown from early  
flings to ring heart rosaries forged

toes fall down to tumbles  
grasps and pressing flesh  
its own alchemy merging  
but let there be two solid  
but encroachable objects  
together crushed into each

He is soon departed  
likelihood of similar rare  
the room empties  
late afternoon shadows  
his leaving leaves  
traces and I am full

yet

emptiness is never fuller but  
for beloved's absence felt which  
of course is

the mystic's launch  
the desert dweller and the roof  
the longing tooth gnawing

one claws inwardly through  
layers to find that Name which  
Holier Ones say is written on  
the back of the Heart

Thus remain I here in monk cell

soon to be more the monk's than  
once spunk monkey's boudoir

Warren Falcon

## from 'Ragas For Krishna' Part 2

from 'Ragas For Krishna' Part 2

I have been encouraging Krishna (which is a funny thing to say, Krishna being a bold, blue God) to find a language coach to help him with his accent, to tone it down while keeping the wonderful music/lilt of it...he complains of tilting his head as he talks 'as all Indians do' but I insist he merely speak and let his head and hands speak, too, in their own way. If he does more public events he will need to be understood clearly when he speaks while preparing his magnificent dishes from his country, his rich feasts of stories of the chilies from his mother's garden entwined by morning glories, the morning cock already at quarrel with the world just beyond the tin reaching in to take some spices too enticing to refuse...

I always feel as if he is, or will soon be, bored with me and my humble 'ministrations' but he sweeps into my little room like a Raj, a young prince beaming, brimming full of stories to tell me, usually some food spicy hot he has prepared for me offered with a grin. Then he strips instantly down, lays upon the down pallet in easy, unabashed nakedness - it catches my breath, I do want to see! I hurriedly 'hide' my Ganesha, the prominent statue of the god I have in front of my useless fireplace; this hiding I half understand...but still, naked, he has a fresh and beautifully made tattoo of Ganesha on his shoulder, he wears a Ganesha necklace, a Ganesha bracelet, and a Ganesha waist scapular, the image of which is just below his navel. So why, I ask only myself and Ganesha, never Krishna, why must I hide my large wooden Ganesha statue? But I do hide Him in deference to Krishna's wishes and meanwhile have intercourse with the god-in-miniature, scraping a necklace trunk with an ear, a tongue, receive a scapular kiss of the image upon my forehead as I trace those wonderful hairlines of the male body on my way to other deities.

Ah! give me all the cabbages in the world in all my poverty! Am I not, too, a Raj of floors and scented pillows, this beaming god beneath me thrusting utterly to reveal his secrets, his desires, his pleasures to me who am not, when all is done, a god?

Life, dear Valdosta, over all, is good, yes? I wish it no ill. But, agreeing with the cock, I will quarrel, even fight, with life when young men still leap too soon from bridges because I have learned (and relearn it hard lesson by hard lesson at a time) visionary company insists its tracings in many forms, man to man being but one holy expression, those sons, burning mother's hands upon them demanding, insisting to life that each her sons is a rajah, a Sleepy Bee.

So please the intemperate humanity, in the face of patient deities the burning ones are leaping still and I am ill with grief, with prayer, their dead bodies gone, their now emptier hands.

And he leaves me.

I return to my poems.

The room is filled with Krishna, aromas of rose oil in his hair, pungent spices in his sweat and upon his hands and skin, and sex.

I retrieve Lord Ganesha out from his little sanctuary of hiding (it seems I am always retrieving deities) and we both laugh richly. I remember to sprinkle some cologne upon Him, to pour out some milk into His votive bowl, to rub His belly, to light another

candle (the other extinguished, panting, while we were busy bees exchanging knees and sighs, diffusing male spices into bracing air, fingers upon oily chilies thickening in always morning hunger) .

I light more incense and thank Lord Ganesha in all his forms, appearing both large and small, His adornment of Secrets, though one cannot easily hide an Elephant, man-love, and more in such a small universe whose toes I seek to tickle then gather for a shoe as tides shrink and swell, grow and diminish depending upon the worshipers, those who will do so in spite of those who would kill delicate or manly infidels whose worship, forever babies breath, is all the more meaningful.

Be damned the trellises. The petals shall reach, shall extend outward.

The violin's throat is cut.

'Do not ask me to see it! '

Warren Falcon

**From the Encampment Of Heart Strife, A Warrior's Journal - Fragments From an 11th Century Japanese Scroll**

for Goodfew

'like unto like'  
but do not say it  
my forbidden simile

one is not immune  
to jealous couriers  
who would come  
between lovers

Rice paper is thin

Tender words never  
tear though ink

Wild tears fade  
sure words to guesses

Distance reconciles  
murmurers with desire

Duress strengthens  
supple resolve

supple resolve  
thickens skin

thickened skin  
feels the better  
when simple  
loves caress

paper curtains  
for ink yearn  
their brush strokes  
burning stories  
to bear

a fly  
strolls a realm  
just on the other  
side of light

only silhouettes  
guesses too

thrills at motion so  
slight framed in  
window gray

in love with  
small things  
keep what  
is seen where  
hides the wind

Geese tell  
of return and  
so I will when the  
burnt village  
counts its embers  
measured in hands

there are treaties

generals

gilded boxes  
are exchanged  
and the  
Mongol spices

no milk for her  
child the nipple  
droops a sad  
thing while dogs  
run wildly about

Hold Fast  
the greatest  
among us

he knows  
only war which  
makes him great  
in one thing  
alone

I know  
of waiting

what the horizon  
safe keeps behind  
its ear

of love, yes

your top knot my hand  
unknotting  
your long hair my  
scented bedding

sudden  
startled  
wildness of laps

the vase  
so very  
still

a clutch of stamens

I dream again  
of moonlight  
of sewing  
that work of  
warriors naked  
needling seams  
In this dream  
I know the pattern well  
so near to hand  
a blessing

let the dead bury  
theirs

his face  
sleeps upon my  
belly

I do not breathe  
do not wish to disturb

Dawn just

light fingers  
trace in circles  
each my  
breasts

what tickles  
but a sigh interrupted

In your dream

a gentle  
boat slowly rising  
with waves

the gentler subsiding

slides up  
my torso  
to keel  
to kiss  
Never again will I go to war

I lie

Already  
the men are heavily gathering  
new arrows hot for flesh  
only for yours I am

From childhood our song

'Hurry awake sleepy bee  
Softly sings the breeze  
To sweetness we are called...'

When the sun  
is high  
shall be  
freshened  
with tears  
our parting

behind the barred door wait  
a lock of wound hair  
silk pouch of my gated heart  
it will be a hard arrow to pierce it

Small boys  
muddy feet  
cheer  
chase behind  
innocent fists  
raising threat

for them  
such punctuation  
I regret

only this

to take a quiet supper  
to hear the dipper spilling  
too full  
the deep well  
yielding

knowing a hand of dew  
brings such sweetness wet, cool

wet

Warren Falcon

**From The Train Window Haiku**

View upon entering Philly

receding steeples

the hairline of God

Warren Falcon

## **Giving Darkness In Giverny**

·  
Monet might have seen,  
giving darkness in Giverny,  
defiant to the last optics fired out inevitably,  
nerve light made the more dipped,  
smeared on clutched pallet bent to his gaping will  
struggling to 'ope' eyes,  
wider see.

Was failing him the light.

Closing-in world reduced to all horizon.

Tints, brushes, memory  
frames these final pieces  
canvased, inwardly conformed,  
recalled light more light than all raw day.

·

Warren Falcon

## **Glenn Gould In Heaven Does Lament**

Here the chipped ivory is only cloud.  
The Instrument, too very old, is Archetype.  
Strings of gold do not a music make.  
A lyre presses into where once was crotch.  
Crotchless music is useless here, and so am I.

No one listens.

The only passion is the Christ's  
and that's all passed.  
Crowds overcome take cues from  
Hosts Divine urging Hosannahs  
in obligations clinical:

Holy. Holy. Holy.

I miss Canada.  
Cold. Precise. Canada.  
Icicles there hear better what is played.  
Bitter wind knots the fingers' skein.  
Each note a pain, there's blood.  
Let us rejoice what is in scarlet shed.  
Let us praise iron.  
Let oxidation within us reign.  
O lead us all to right ruin.  
Roll in the coagulate burden then,  
the Piano Grand.  
And my little chair -

Little chair. Hold me, pray.  
Let there be, crouched again,  
once again, play and play.  
Let knees press close to chest near,  
knees there do pray.  
All of me is Agency become  
music in fingers latency,  
theirs deserve all waking praise.  
Warren Falcon

## Haiku D'estat - Staten Island Ferry Wake, 1984

This Sunday of ice cream cones  
the locals cruise for a dime.  
Pigeons here or there peck pretzels  
thrown down. New in town  
I read these indifferent faces,  
news from Sunday frowns.

Last night's drinks were on you and  
old friends. Felt like I had skin again  
when a certain rub made wonder but  
sleeping it off on your floor I woke up  
screaming, dreaming death with a bloody nose.  
If you wore nylons I could kiss you. I'm confused,  
infused vagrant blood refuses no stops, lust cops  
wait in dark glasses near darker doors to bust.

I've managed before. Two black coffees  
and the shakes, bad. I pack enough clean  
clothes for a sidewalk or two. Now I  
find myself here in this somewhere floating  
toward some shore altogether too familiar  
(the dream again) while families squeal,  
their cameras pointed at Lady Liberty, licking  
noisily their cones, an altogether painful thing  
to watch and remembering you naked, too.  
I've paid my quarter to get to the other side  
even if I get there blue.

Were we talking about rabbit punches  
last night, the blank, blond faces  
of Stockholm? Which drinks were free?  
The dream tells me little except I was (am)  
scared and hate this body I'm in.  
I'd lose it all but for this one voice here.

Funny, the thought of revival when one touches  
another skin. Some god I've believed in but  
rarely put to test. I'm going home to rest.  
See you tomorrow. Phone me first.

Sudden moment when the ferry horn blasts:

Someone, some kid, is  
crying now. Dropped his  
cone into the cold, cold sea.

Warren Falcon

## **Haiku For Mathematicians**

for Zakieh

in math's pristine world  
even crying has its place  
else laughter's wasted

Warren Falcon

## **Haiku-Taken from a Photograph by M. Asghari**

for Mohammad

Stone fence unmoving  
beside flowing water  
and there you sit with legs.

Warren Falcon

## **Hard Days On In At The Rehab For Drunken Poets, An Opera Of Sorts, circa 1981**

They can't all be like these, I guess.  
The days are good, though, when they are.  
The formula is simple really -

We take our ragged bones out of rented rooms for long walks.  
You point out between bricks the rainbows in windows, the dirt  
now become your dirt, your genius for transformations.  
I ram my own by now trite and hackneyed points  
home over and over, but it works on days like these.

Reprise. Then cold beer in the dying light of  
a gray bar. The stage is set. Laughter over the  
wear on those other faces as we shudder behind  
our own, the usual exchange of wind.  
Full darkness mutes the swarm and it begins.

Curtain up.

Back inside our rooms, last castrati on the radio.  
Enter winter under the door crack.  
This becomes an event,  
the retelling in high C;  
'...I guess it's just as well we speak  
this way in America and call it poetry.'  
See. I'm ramming it again.  
Cold breaks my concentration.  
It's moving up my legs like hemlock.  
Poetry should do the same.

OK. I'll get serious. A brief libretto: :

Today sweet Molly with the black eye  
and the cut on her breast cried then  
decided to return home to Bud who  
beats her when she's drunk. I tried to  
talk her out of going but she was going  
and she went. Scherzo here. Interlude.

Johnny didn't come home but drank a beer  
after court, walked down Highway 25 to see  
his little girl, called to say he was sorry for  
being late. 'You can't come back, Johnny.  
You been drinking again.' Coloratura. And gravel.

Joe vomited honey and banana in bed, a real mess.  
I caught most of it in a trash can held up to his head.  
He roared when he wretched.

'I've vomited more years than I've lived them' he said, shaking.  
'I'm a damned drunk and I'll die a damned drunk.'

Warren Falcon

## Harlem Palimpsest - What Is Seen And Overheard At Six A.M., West 142nd Street, August 1984

for Wonsook Kim

Palimpsest =

1: writing material (as a parchment or tablet) used one or more times after earlier writing has been erased

2: something having usually diverse layers or aspects apparent beneath the surface

Latin palimpsestus, from Greek palimps&#275;stos scraped again,  
from palin + ps&#275;n to rub, scrape; akin to Sanskrit ps&#257;ti, babhasti  
he chews

'Oye! Garcia Lorca who chews still  
Harlem's the better for your shade  
once and still there'

Old women

lean out windows

swaying between

backyard buildings

old clothes lines,

gray string

thin

thin

'What's will when

the window slams shut?

Just old cake thrown on the street

Purple flower boxes

woman's hands

folding letters

sweet soap smells

on top steps  
wet shoes full of wind

Overheard:

'Just catching a cool breeze is all.  
Street don't belong to me...'

'She may be crazy but she's polite.  
She puts her hand over her mouth  
when she coughs...'

'Don't be flattered a  
breeze blows in your window  
Run! Run like hell'

Shouts overhead:

Keep offa my clean floor  
Lay outta my porcelain sink  
Ya hear me? !  
That mirror's not gonna change your face

What is read:

'After so very many years, it's pointless to  
look back on it.  
Give this looking back a rest!

A clear breeze the world over  
-what limit could it have? '  
- Setcho, zen master & poet

What is written in response:

In ice streaks upward  
here's breath for you  
even this ink on paper  
this flesh on mind  
this writing on air

Why try be happy/sad?  
don't affect it  
disinfect your mind  
play possum  
Who's somebody's darlin'?  
Jus' time and  
gism taken on flesh  
dead soon enough

so pace yourself  
You've run backward too long  
Don't want it  
as does the  
dirty river  
reflecting  
without

acknowledgment

Warren Falcon

## **Have Joyed In His Heaving Forth, Dante In Brief**

Dante

in Latin  
have joyed in his  
heaving forth  
rung by rung

trying  
by his tongue  
to gain a  
loveliness  
beyond the castle

Warren Falcon

## **Have Joyed In His Heaving Forth, Dante In Brief - A Tanka**

Dante in Latin  
have joyed in his heaving forth  
rung by rung trying  
by his tongue to gain a love-  
liness beyond the castle

Warren Falcon

## Here Come The Proud Birds Again

for Barnett Newman, Abstract Expressionist Painter  
& Frank O'Hara, American Poet, Art Curator & Art Critic

Two seasons upon your forehead, Love.

Horizon of your brow now tilts toward sunset.

Stratus clouds lift above the  
major line, parallel but with telemetry  
of their own -

symmetry shifts, music  
notes stretched flat on the scale.

'Below all this your eyes two suns setting'

though it is redundant to say so,  
a poemline tracing horizon, what  
lies behind it/below we leap or  
can, happily, to mental verticals  
see distant stars orient us as  
specks just as they are specks.

We lay together, two wrecks, Love,  
wooden ships conjoined by forces  
too great, too objective to blame.  
We stretch beside a shoreline,  
eels play in the one rib of our opened  
selves, our rarer fingers gesture  
horizon to stars, even Sun/Moon,  
entwine before and behind centering  
a presumably expanding circumference  
curving inwardly toward itself which  
is an affection, a longing, a bottom  
upon which even G-D can lay hidden  
from secret admirers such are mirrors  
whose surfaces are rarely breached.

But there is reach,

many ways to say the word 'love'  
which, redundant to say, sparks  
and we are returned to some notion  
Platonic beyond higher mathematics  
of over-said,  
over-reached

'Infinity'

of which Barnett Newman spoke to  
Frank O'Hara, about, rather,

'the Void' -

...can the word bear a capital? ...  
...may the word bear a capital? ...

his fear of it, 'discomfort'  
to be accurate, not knowing that  
Frank would be in it(Void) not  
so far from the saying of it, the  
beach that day, hot, (so I have  
read) was crowded though Frank  
had chosen a voided spot to recline  
to sun upon when the tanned dune  
buggy ran over his tanned radiance,  
like attracting like, his broken  
nose his brilliance, that Chariot  
of the Sun Eclipse it's job done,  
fated, fell forward

into the 'wine sea',

as did Frank's soul

cherry dark, an Amarone

most homophone

he may have until then denied/tried,  
at least decried/died trying to name  
it (the soul, a starfish painted, say  
by Cy, work an image dead mariners  
make wishes upon/

within.

as do we wish.

\*

I wish you, Love,  
beyond/within all Voids

- is the Void one or plurality? -

a painter on a near shore to  
paint what we have become.  
One (he must be) beautiful,  
a man, radiant, who raises  
a thumb to rearrange

^^^the horizon^^^

\*\*\*\*\*the sky\*\*\*\*\*

~the moving line~

~'un~du~lant'~aslant

of the sea where we without  
breadth heave each our separate  
selves and each other into,  
squint, a promontory, shear,  
one eye to gauge, the other  
allow a thumb's up, by any  
other intent, acknowledgement  
of worth perceived:

'Though they are all white with black and grey scoring,  
the range is far from a whisper, and this new development  
makes the painting itself the form.

'A bird seems to have  
passed through the impasto with cream-colored screams and  
bitter claw marks.' - O'Hara about Cy Twombly's paintings

Waves, wayward clocks (become)  
adrift migrant birds, scores,  
always cry at the unending feast.

We are not the least of these  
but know ourselves too beyond  
bondage to time which is to say  
'hunger' in spite of rhythm.

\*

Love, let us live without  
rhyme

the sun go up and  
down,

the Sky-(Amor) -Wheel-(Fati)

turn and return  
with feeling

Let the painter lonely be  
alone  
pinned to shore with  
his paints, his brushes,  
his thumb-gauged vision  
in relation to ourselves,  
and Void, without intended  
rhyme trued, true to ourselves.

Nature, too, is true.

May he use the color blue.  
Carelessly.  
Tubes of it.

We once were that, too -  
careless without.

Now wrecks.

Vaulted. Now become  
weather without  
foreheads  
without  
cloudnecks

Vastness

in the making  
(if such  
is made at all)  
but is aporetic  
euphoric  
a condition,  
a given  
hard thumb  
against  
a sky of tubes  
made and  
of squints  
made

we are then a  
'striving after'

beyond cream-colored  
foam/form

Here come the proud birds again

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Warren Falcon

## **Here's Breath For You - Upon Purchase & Buyer's Remorse - A Letter Poem To A Literature Professor**

Dear Low,

Not to worry.

I am the man most pursued in last night's dream.  
That emaciated thing at my back keeps tracking me.  
I remain just out of reach. Classic. Even there,  
as here, I am escaping something, a life time of  
practice in this 'Kingdom of the Canker'.

It was no banker who followed me last night  
but a starved lacklove rejected by 'Canker' and, well,  
by me. Who'd want that part, all start and no finish?  
Replenishment has often enough meant hiding out  
and a demand that it keep at least 5 arm lengths away.

I will try, I tell it, to look at it but I find its presence  
most disturbing, its handful of leaves continually  
proffered leaves me in a quandary. What do they  
mean, this offering, though my father was a lumberjack?  
Perhaps this is a track of sorts to follow for an end  
to the mystery. I am stumped.

Again, not to worry.

After a life time (now almost 60 years) of identity crises,  
which is a low grade fever in the personality, such is poetry.  
I am very weary of it as I now move into yet another identity,  
OLD MAN. And who gives a damn in that new  
'Kingdom of the Cracked & Crank'? Invisibility awaits, or worse,  
pee pants.

Do I become that thing which follows me in my sleep,  
leprously white, pale wanderer of the empty pockets,  
eyes dark and full of something deeply known?  
I am not yet ready to know such things though the  
dream indicates that I am for it is very near.

How can I expect the culture to pretend to be interested,  
it having pushed the thing even farther away than I ever  
could? And since this has turned too goddamned  
confessional I do confess that I am beginning to lose  
heart for it, all this pushing, this running away, which is  
perhaps good news to the very few who know me truly.

Rather,

I sit on the cultural dunce stool in my corner of the room  
reading, reading, tracing, tracing the chase of 'logos'  
through time. No rhyme or reason can I make with my  
earnest forefinger. Still malingering shadows of what is  
in those dark eyes just over there dim my creased page.

I pull at curtains to close out tighter whatever daylight those eyes may bring to my knowing. I am such a monk.  
I live hard unto myself, sacrifice daily goats on the altar to the blood thirsty deity in me and who dwells just outside my door.

Grace, yet, daily unfolds, usually in the coffee cup, first sip, and morning prayer without too much buyer's remorse which, I am convinced, is what that first squall of the just born infant is about...'So much for corporeality...desiring only the womb. I could not read the fine print of the contract writ small in capillaries, that upon me there will be a vice, a clutch of alien air, a fall into too much light and clouds of Mercurochrome. I regret me I regret me I regret me...'

One adjusts. Continually. The persona is adaptation appearing to be solid but sleep reveals the neutrality of the animal. Dreams tell us otherwise when we remember them as it takes an ego to witness, to remember. They reveal that we are caught up into something so much greater than flush and stir. It's a wonder we make do as much as we do and still call ourselves by name, our family a species of animal, 'homo sapiens'.

I regret self pity. I'd reject it if I could but it adheres, last resort of old coots born honestly into it no matter the copious Mercurochrome baths, the smelling salts obviating the needed nipple.

What is all this singing bathed in tears born of tremendous desire and fear? Whose arms would hold fast and safe, embracement against the brace of all us we fallen stars who do burn out brightly or, more like me, privately in quarters counting days as if each is the last until that dread thing finally comes in, after a life time of daily threats and close escapes, with hopeful relief? Hopefully there will be no buyer's remorse for purchase of Death.

"Here, " I'll try to say 'ponst that day',  
(one must become Shakespearean in such company,  
last payment on the installment plan) ,

"Here's breath for you. I tried to use it well."

Today the Market reports a run on Mercurochrome.  
Birth goes on. I am for rebirth, a dirth of days  
makes me suddenly Hindu, foregoing gurus and  
bindu point. I've made my own here.

Selah.

Still, methinks I'll have your ear for a little while longer,  
a handful of leaves only for my thanks, one foot well  
into 'Cracked and Crank', the drunk tank a memory

worn out. Doubt is my companion.

Love, too. No remorse there.  
Buys me time, aftershave and  
loads underwear for the trickles ahead.  
Thank the gods for all that.

Oh. And one last good cigar.

W.

Warren Falcon

## History Before Was Brunch Ever

For Workers everywhere, bricks, straw, verse.

The breast naturally of Woman is bread before  
there was bread, the child the loaf swelling in  
Her arms to farm & from such frame a world.

Thus Labor. Bread is History.

Child's toil, unspoiled, forms a culture beast,  
he crawls forth, makes bread of soil native &  
other, a Mother culture all & still, everywhere.

- Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, from 'Immigrants Exile, Labor, Drive Or Will, And The Lady  
Mother - A Malafiction'

1

History before was brunch ever in the world.  
Sunday. St. Marks & 1st Avenue. Red, red Simone,  
doors open to sun and saunter, the wander, now  
'arm in arm they goes' just past the corner where  
was found Berryman abandoned, run over, bleeding  
ink into the avenue's black page, a then-new copy,  
heavy, of Zukofsky ('Z') 'A' already lost, me, in the  
reading but gladly Berryman on my lap, no, knee/  
kneel, rather, while reading 'Z' evoke old ward Jews,  
Italians, horse-drawn venders, runners about with  
carts heaving, vegetable griefs returned to church  
to synagogue dark alley dead ends where what is  
left out of grief is carved into bricks with knives

(O what is the name, lost perhaps, of  
he who once sharpened all our knives?) :

THIS OUR LIFE  
SOME FEW RETURN  
TO HEAR/SEE  
EVIDENCE OF

THE NATURE OF A CITY  
IS TO CONTINUALLY  
ERASE ITSELF

2

Zuke\*\* saw said feigned  
old tongue which is an  
old seeing, shaping art  
or 'newed it up' out with  
forth- for hind- or other-  
see heat lightning

sunder into new sight  
some his this rendering  
into each individual eye  
ear whatever century's  
year:

'...words earth-saving history  
not to deny the gifts  
of time where those who  
never met together may hear  
this other time sound one.'

'Tuning  
to sounding stringe.. Won by  
his song: O framar of  
the starry circle, Who, lening  
to the last grounstone..the  
great heauen gidest..stable erthe  
do steady..As stured sea  
turnes up..ye hardnid snowy  
ball by cold By feruent  
heate of sonne resolues..sees,  
What wer, what be, what  
shall bifall..how found knowe  
Suche forme..wiche knowes not  
shape? As oft the running  
stile In sea paper leue,  
Some printed lettars..marke haue  
none at all..But a  
passion..sturs The myndz forse  
while body liues, What light  
the yees..bit, Or sound  
in ear...strike.'

'The sestina, then, the repeated end words  
Of the lines' winding around themselves,  
Since continuous in the Head, whatever has been read,  
whatever is heard,  
whatever is seen

Perhaps goes back cropping up again with  
Inevitable recurrence again in the blood  
Where the spaces of verse are not visual  
But a movement,  
With vision in the lines merely a movement...'

'Strange  
To reach that age,  
remember  
a tide  
And full  
for a time

be young.'

\*\*'Zuke' for Zukofsky

Warren Falcon

## History Of A Place, A Bombast, A Psalm In Voices Several

'What thou lovest well remains.'

- Ezra Pound, Canto 181

'Let him not be another's who can be his own.'

- Paracelsus

1

'All this our South stinks peace.' - Ezra Pound

In exile, by whose hand unsure - mine, or those hammers of  
The ill-starred fathers. Unsure yet on fire I fled their dredged,  
God-flooded cotton plains, those self-appointed lords over  
They who were deemed lesser dirt or worse. Those who did  
Not sing self-praising songs belonged to lordly minds in Hell  
So there to I fled and still make a bed there more content to  
Be among the bastards for whom the Bard\* pleads,  
'Gods! stand up for! ' Ay. If the gods will not, and they do, I stand  
Up and bray, a fool certain, but in the neighing take deity's cause  
Upon Myself - Justice, Beauty, Mercurial Love's Sublimity  
Though my heel be wounded by Adamic paternity.

2

Of late an old apple tree cracked,  
Twice lightning struck. Dying, insistent  
Urges, blooms anew tender shoots  
Out of season. One resplendent limb reaches,  
Just waking pink on tips, from all  
The tangled rest for which I, too, reach,  
Grasp and reclaim my own patch, my  
Own history though scarred, attached  
To hurting words, fists, and cornfields forever  
Alien, though bittersweet when recalled -

A boy there, hard staring into distance, his wagon full of stones.

3

Might I sing it then?

How many stones he hauled

Not bidden but rough forced  
Hand by hand from coagulate soil,  
A boy's red wagon rusting  
Full of spilled tumble-stones -  
Unyielding stars between the rows, silent?

Brooding father with  
His hoe to weed or ridge  
To row or brow to strike,  
Made of a boy a mule and plow  
At Earth's farthest Edge  
Too ill-tilled to nurture  
But more to fracture.  
Land and the boy turned by his  
Father's bad blood to waste.  
Both boy and corn obedient to  
His And Greater Hand grew tall.  
He hid there late summers in  
Fateful stalks, grew small on  
Shadowed afternoons reading of  
Exiled, royal Odysseus and scores  
More, native born and slave, driven  
From homing soil beyond surf, beyond tall  
Mountains and fragrances desert-walled.  
He waited, a stone for a small boy's hand,  
Or a God's, to haul him or throw,

But was his father's.

I often stare at my own now to know the difference...

4

The apple tree at his garden's stop I often climbed  
Repledging myself to 'Anywhere but here'.

Beneath open sky a wind-swayed tree top cradles  
Views of further hills reaching at land's edge,  
Lake and barricading woods muted.

Soothed then, envisioning my nascent journey out  
And away, I discover the most difficult to be that both  
Land and father, a part of me still, require of me

a psalm.

5

Psalm

What can I bring to harvest but these  
bruised hands, these cracked stones?

Praise to the fruit tree long untended  
beneath mendicant stars.

A boy above, his Radio flyer\*\* lightening full,  
Reaches to me now en exilio, the farther flung.

Father, my most difficult, most diffident friend,  
My most loving curse,  
A strange and fragrant Grace arrives -

Look.

From unexpected fire  
comes frail, brief blossoms.

\*William Shakespeare

\*\*Radio Flyer is a toy company, famous for its red wagons.  
The company opened in 1917, the year of my father's birth.

Warren Falcon

## **Hog Which, Something, Is A Beginning - For Tom Gone Awandering, Somewhat Shakespherical**

1

Haven't heard of, from you.

Are you OK or mighty fine?

Perhaps in love merely which

is why one escapes mortal time,

friends, especially such as I?

Or is it 'me'?

No matter the matter.

Wondering how, where.

And how fare you, farther flung.

Or me, the further sending these

unasked, unsought. Few to send

to who might care or at least be

bothered yet not required just

a basket to catch my froth enough

at this stage.

Sired upon rock and thus know

stones for suck, I am more that

one, not to inflate, in parable,

who sows seed upon rock.

Some roots may come but come

high wind or burning heat, well,

one gathers what can, what's

left, sees if something be woven

from strands perhaps become the

better farmer more patient the  
more resigned by far for attempts  
and fated reaping life's own rock.

But, not complaining.

Gonna, rather, go hog wild,  
burst open, try make sense  
of messes/mezzes,  
pinky raised effetely to offend.

2

One can arrive at such a place  
where one's no longer 'scaped  
all this - those who consent -  
who becomes arrives but willing  
participant in inexorable awake  
which as yet does not totality ken;  
always the upended flames are  
rushing, vortices assumed progress  
an assumption only a wish but  
sweetness, but tenderness for  
some few beloved  
things may steer,  
may guide some,  
stir us, even me,  
oink oink,  
forward, ahead.

One cannot be  
sweet toward all  
except in mind  
alone.

Alone,  
the hog loves  
lowly,  
loves slowly,  
but it loves  
thing by  
thing which,  
something,  
is a beginning.

I am for something.  
Warren Falcon

## How Do You Make the Gorilla Com on Pocket God? - A Found Poem

Light the torches using lightning,  
place one islander on that central beacon

(he'll stick there spread eagle) .

Then, place one islander on  
the drums on the right side,  
and one on the crank on the left.

Their eyes will glow red.

Make sure it is night time,  
then in a circular motion with  
your finger, make the possessed  
little dude on the left turn the crank,  
spreading the hapless guy in the middle out

... but JUST until the little lights on  
the bottom of the altar turn on...

crank too far and he'll explode.

THEN, FINALLY, lightly tap the  
drums under the islander on the right...  
and voila.

King Kong will eat the guy on the altar.

From there, you will have a bored gorilla.

[http://wiki.answers.com/Q/How\\_do\\_you\\_make\\_the\\_gorilla\\_com\\_on\\_pocket\\_god](http://wiki.answers.com/Q/How_do_you_make_the_gorilla_com_on_pocket_god)

NOTE: A bored deity is a DANGEROUS deity! !

Warren Falcon

## How It Was I Came To Be What I Am

[from early poems,1970's, youthful attempts at voice]

For 'Spider' Bottas

They would argue over tides  
Who bade me come into the world.  
One said, Six o'clock.  
The other, No, twelve.  
I was born at the thirteenth hour  
All the while mother arguing,  
This is not the time but a little spell,  
While father argued it was death,  
You are dying and your child, too,  
Is dying. You have been poisoned.

It was full moon and high tide,  
The hour of birth.  
All arguments yielded to the tide's.  
The moon lit up the stadium  
Of their gripes while I was  
Born amidst their sweeps at  
Each other, the nurse neglecting  
To wipe me free of blood and salt  
Being drawn into their strife.

He was born at day, one said.  
No, at night, and he is a she,  
Said the other. The nurse,  
Speaking truthfully, said,  
Cleaning me at last, No,  
You are both right. The child  
Is he and she, a hermaphrodite  
Born of two days labor, its head  
Out of the womb the duration.

Ruination! father cried.  
Fame, mother sighed.  
Both right, the nurse agreed,  
Of these fables are made.

Then father tossed me into the sea.

The nurse saved me who later  
Became my lover, hiding my  
Sexes with a four leaf clover.

Warren Falcon

## Hymn To Black Mouse

in praise of cold  
beauty which cares  
not whether one  
suffers, cares not  
that the mouse may  
suffer, and the dove,

that the mouse,  
objectively,  
its black fur,  
is magnificence  
very soft, it  
appears without  
shine as does the  
ice shine in  
severest beauty  
sear (now I know  
the flash sure was  
that of a tail, is  
neither light nor  
shadow, nor is an  
occasion for blindness  
as is the snow

or silence)

Warren Falcon

## **I Can't Close My Eyes, What Wings Also Are For**

to myself  
without whom  
not

With this anniversary I accept my  
avian better half, though the human  
half be allergic to feathers, wedded  
to an inhaler, plumage still embraced  
in spite of the divided self.

The hard beak gently preens eyelashes  
one by one each hair.

The odd eye-stare, the bobbing the  
jerky head especially when walking  
less so when hopping, do you even notice?

To hear,  
the head tips to one side then  
the other.

It is all  
sound that is out of  
balance.

I sing to windows from forests,  
to rooftops from street puddles.

I bathe in mirrors of sky.

Trite to say it, grand to do it.

Rumor has it that I once was a reptile.

Maybe.

And so too are you, disguised, two legs  
thickly meated of the ubiquitous hairs  
everywhere inflated eyes up front,  
not much perspective or balance,

like a weak pine you fall more than I  
and when I do it's on purpose (unless  
it's for love) without complaint of the  
air which never fails. Air, that is.  
Just to be clear.

Just to be clear, I am at home wherever I  
land scanning available horizons which are  
also always home.

High, low. Vertical is the thing. And spin.

Speed goes without saying.

Greatly fond of drift, I am easy in the  
updraft.

I will not speak of dawn's greatness,  
how you quickly forget.

You say that I repeat myself often,  
am limited in expression to only a few notes,  
clipped patterns in the song, the cryptic  
call always an ellipsis. Boring, you say.

Interpretations, really, it's all in the  
inflection after all the years now -

Now.

There's always the dancing too  
in powder blue without shoes or  
need of them,

claws nicely do the  
deed is done the changeling comes  
note that I am singing to you how  
the way it's done.

I tell you the weather but do you listen?

For love, shall I say it again?

I shall say it again.

For love I leave calligraphy in guano  
everywhere

but you do not read it much less see that  
there  
are its messages all around.

And still I am with you trying  
to wake you. I peck. I scratch.  
I even dance again, a frenzy brightly  
ruffled, boasting to impress:

I can lay an egg. You?

Words only. Brittle sticks  
but none to land on, or perch,  
standing on one leg,  
head beneath a wing.

I am so tired.

I can't close my eyes, what wings also are for.

Warren Falcon

## **I have some more thoughts about your dreams of late**

The storm has passed.

Was beautiful but beauty  
was ruined by the fact  
that many there are a river  
away without warmth still  
or who finally got it then  
lost it instantly in the  
new storm without name.

Still, the gingko trees on  
my block are golding up,  
lost few leaves to snow  
weight and wind; snow softly  
sits accenting a white feather  
boa between limb crotches,  
winking through powder and  
gold glitter over pedestrians  
below who feel a sudden heat,  
a flush of love,  
and don't know why.

Isn't love always above us?

Warren Falcon

## **I Once, Your Other Darkness**

for two paintings, one by Caravaggio,  
'The Conversion of St. Paul, '  
the other by William Hawkins, 'Horse'

I once, your other darkness, quoted Hopkins to you,  
of seasons of dryness in the bitter pitch midst  
his discovery, 'What I do is me, for that I came, '  
not a text for self worship but, rather, an assent  
to keep world woe intimate, felt in that greater  
scape - inner - making poems from orphan woe, from  
furtive grace which eludes then storms, in bleakest  
place sudden parses in the greener green,  
newly, of things while pleading still,

'Lord, send my roots rain.'

In the shorter light, the extended  
night, of cold and star-bright questions,  
may you cast clumsy net forward into  
what it all might mean to fretted you,  
to me, stretched canvas, though I will  
not thrust these words upon your paint  
or pen but make offering for your own  
work to feed us through the eyes;  
perhaps time to remount the horse  
and soldier on, or to fall again, gain  
Damascus perspective, from one's  
back watch vision distort massive  
horse into a God receding into necessary  
darkness foregoing image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

Caravaggio, (1571 – 1610) , Italian painter,  
'in painting not equal to a painter, but to Nature itself'  
- from his epitaph

William Hawkins, (1895-1990) , self-taught American artist  
'His dynamic, artistic style was forged from his optimistic,  
hard-charging, 'survivor' mindset.'

Warren Falcon

## **I, Twitter, Stutteringly Remember In Cyber Chases**

for Ocean Vuong  
a reprise from  
Stillborn Falls.

'It's got to do with America,  
my love of music, my grotesque loneliness...' - Henry Miller

Are not all summer nights  
born late in America, fading  
only when morning glories  
breach fairgrounds entire  
continents long,  
fog draped at dawn?

Pine perimeters encircle  
veiled hermetic tents.  
Suspended rides now frighten.  
Momentarily the carnies are  
relieved of their ugliness.  
Cotton candy gins spin  
confections dry to cold crystal.  
Sugared metals stop,  
their precocious tongues tuned  
too early for erasure.

I, Twitter, stutteringly remember  
in cyber chases, late night,  
sitting at computer scrabbling  
after old grievances such are  
lovers, cheaters, jilts, and those

rare 'got-lucky' graces, unexpected  
shudders and shoulders where I broke  
open, finally laid, laid waste for future flatterers  
and failures of heart.

Sniffing my fingers for remnant tents,  
I recall, sickened, the candy at every fair,  
hand fulls gorged, glutted, belly sore and  
wanting more, drowned in the push-shove  
of fevered bodies intent on the fast rides  
where one loses stomach for the ordinary.  
Dizzy, I grab my ankles, confess instead,  
I've puked my guts from excess, spun sugar  
and cartwheels, mechanical distractions  
ghosting up Stillborn nights holding their  
breath well past bedtime.

At a window counting railroad cars  
a boy thief is stealing circus hours.

Warren Falcon

## **In Excelsis Deo - A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing**

Hair of soap and head of tears  
rinse mine eyes of Christmas stars  
O bells, the bells sear me

Wash my hair of splendid fears  
water me hot and redly rare  
O trumps, the trumpets blear me

Scars heal me up to here  
scald me pinkly if you dare  
O gay, the gay sleds slay me

Is that flesh floating on the surface me  
who swims or sinks fraternally?

I know a strange me  
with soap for eyes  
and suds for see

Eternally yours,

He.

Warren Falcon

## **In Excelsis Deo - A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing 2**

·  
Later revision

Hair of soap  
and head of tears  
Rinse mine eyes  
of Christmas stars

O Bells, the Bells sear me.

Rinse mine eyes  
of Christmas stars  
Water me hot  
and redly rare

O Fey, the Fey stars blear me.

Water me hot  
and redly rare  
Scald me pinkly  
if you dare

O Gay, the Gay sleds slay me.

Is that flesh  
floating on the  
surface me who  
swims or sinks  
fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes  
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

Warren Falcon

## **In Excelsis Deo - Variations Of A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing**

1

Hair of soap and head of tears  
rinse mine eyes of Christmas stars  
O bells, the bells sear me

Wash my hair of splendid fears  
water me hot and redly rare  
O trumps, the trumpets blear me

Scars heal me up to here  
scald me pinkly if you dare  
O gay, the gay sleds slay me

Is that flesh floating on the surface me  
who swims or sinks fraternally?

I know a strange me  
with soap for eyes  
and suds for see

Eternally yours,

He.

2

Hair of soap  
and head of tears  
Rinse mine eyes  
of Christmas stars

O Bells, the Bells sear me.

Rinse mine eyes  
of Christmas stars  
Water me hot  
and redly rare

O Fey, the Fey stars blear me.

Water me hot  
and redly rare  
Scald me pinkly  
if you dare

O Gay, the Gay sleds slay me.

Is that flesh  
floating on the  
surface me who  
swims or sinks

fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes  
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

Warren Falcon

**Instead of the Griffin Prize\* All I Get is the Griffin\*\* or What I Get for Reading  
Too Much Godd\*mned Charles Bukowski - A Poem-in-Cheek**

for Karthik gone almost a year now,  
'so much for mythology'

Many clips of poets, some known enough,  
some not known, at least to me. I live  
beneath a rock under a rusted old half-  
bridge beneath the only cloud on earth  
that doesn't move unless a rare bird,  
a big one, flies beneath it. And so I  
try them, 'the Winners.' Some I can't  
bear to look at. I swear,  
THAT'S NOT A POET!

I swiftly move to the others, one by one.  
They don't know that they're all being  
weighed, I admit it, in unfair balance,  
GUILTY AS CHARGED.

But I'm magic.

I scream and curse the worst at them,  
even more when they are undeniably very good,  
HOW DARE THEY!

The rare bird, large, flies beneath the  
only cloud that doesn't move except to  
avoid any attachment other than to me.

Sh\*ts on my head.

I go make a cup of tea.  
Listen to Bach (J.S) , Gould's,  
The Goldberg.\*\*\*

Keep pointing to the radio.  
Shaking my head muttering.  
Whistling between fragments.

I open the curtain at midnight and wait  
for the lights of the big planes to shine  
directly in on me. Like that godd\*mned  
bird, they're in my flight path.

I am nervous.  
But they don't fly over me.  
Nor do they sh\*t on my head.

Still, I wait there till very early in the  
morning, till just before sunrise.

'Close call, ' I say.

Then I draw the curtain.

I fall hard into bed covering my  
head with a pillow, that gold multi-mirrored  
pillowcase a gift from the most beautiful  
of lovers (both from India)

just in case.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*The Griffin Prize, Canada's most generous poetry award,  
founded by businessman and philanthropist Scott Griffin.

\*\*The griffin, griffon, or gryphon (Greek: grýphōn, or grýpōn, early form, grýps; Latin: gryphus) is a legendary creature with the body of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle. As the lion was traditionally considered the king of the beasts and the eagle was the king of the birds, the griffin was thought to be an especially powerful and majestic creature. The griffin was also thought of as king of the creatures. Griffins are known for guarding treasure and priceless possessions.  
[from wikipedia]

\*\*\*The Goldberg Variations. J.S. Bach. Performed by Glenn Gould:

Copy and paste: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UGPJDgp2-9A&feature=related>

Warren Falcon

## **Instead Of You Today One Black Mouse**

Instead of you today  
one black mouse.

It arrives the first  
day of your departure.  
It catches the corner  
of my eye, my blood eye,  
as you call it, and I  
think at first that this  
is only sunlight reflecting  
from a window being closed  
across the street but  
my beating heart, faster,  
holding my breath, tells  
me it is a mouse that  
precedes its smell in  
the house, that is, if  
it takes up residence,  
and the curtains remain  
permanently closed.

I do nothing but note  
all this as briefly as  
the flash, then return  
to my grieving.

\*

I see it true,  
a mouse true, as  
was and is the  
affection I felt  
and feel for you  
but I do not want  
to make this a  
love poem unless  
it is to a black  
mouse claiming  
vacated space

\*

You must leave now,  
black mouse of sorrow,  
now formally named,  
take up in another  
residence. Do not  
borrow my things,  
do not move them  
with your tail or tongue  
or teeth on the table  
top or underneath,

nor in the corner  
play hide and seek  
where I have once  
again dropped the  
blue accident of love,  
he who has left how  
he arrived, brown,  
beautiful, smelling of  
Indian spice, of rose  
oil with herbs,  
his long black hair,  
his silken pockets  
full of childhood  
prayer carefully  
wrapped for safe-  
keeping against  
the day of his glad-  
marry..

Upon the altar then  
do not, I plead, sleep  
cradled in the god's arms  
nor push my thinning  
patience where the votive  
candle burns for him whom  
you seek to replace with  
your delicate whiskers  
and all your black fur  
with webs upon of the one  
spider who dwells behind  
the jewel box, his gift  
for me, his leaving, here  
cling/brush against all  
things in this dark place  
now but do not let me  
see it here where it is  
I-not-he who is erased.

Is it your wish, then,  
to bless me, black mouse?  
to keep me company?

\*

Today I suffer my  
annual asthma of  
the New Year only  
it has arrived hard,  
a little late, but  
always sudden but  
no surprise as you

have left me at the  
same time as the  
on-time lessening  
of lungs down presses.  
The mouse arrives to  
remind that I am as  
the remote air is,  
rarefied, heavily alive,  
that hunger grows in each  
florete of the lungs  
no matter the absence.  
Or, no matter the absence,  
there may always be an  
apparent flash of light  
from a near window  
closing and opening,  
little breaths beseeching  
unseen hands, or hand,  
striving for first or  
second or third person  
though there are only  
one or two hands at  
most and only one window  
so far as I can see through  
a curtain closed.

Mouse makes three.

\*

This morning I open  
the curtain which has  
been closed since the  
day before you flew away.  
You had announced your  
intention to leave the  
first day we met, your  
arrival with snow in  
your eyes and nose. I  
could only laugh, delight  
really, at how you trembled  
so cold, cold, and beautiful,  
did I say already, how brown?  
and allowed me to hold both  
your hands beneath my shirt  
to warm them. They were so  
very cold, like late plums,  
their outline even now perimeters  
my skin, a tree grows there where/  
which I proudly hold emboldened  
to say, great, great, with  
your sometimes mildness,

your sometimes wildness  
now grown up, now flown.

\*

But what I want to  
report to you-not-here,  
for the record, to be  
read out into the snow  
that has begun to fall  
silently in the gutter,  
is that I opened the  
morning curtain and there  
on the metal escape sat,  
and still sits, a dove,  
brown, beautiful, which  
does not move at all,  
when the curtains made  
to move, and the day  
rushes in without consent.  
It, not the daylight  
but the dove, just to  
be very clear, cocks  
only its head toward  
movement and calmly

(I have successfully  
resisted writing 'moves  
and calamity')

sits shaped  
like one pure tear.  
Or pear. Both of which  
share an 'ear'.

Suddenly, joy in me  
flashes and I know the  
dove for me has come.  
And the mouse.

\*

And so in spite of  
barricades in doorways  
seeking to prevent your  
entrance fully into  
my study, I allow you  
to let yourself out  
that door just as you  
came in where/which-  
ever it is that allows

you entrance without  
wind or grain, no offering  
of any kind to announce  
yourself upon the premises,  
a flash mistaken for  
light of which/whose  
image does not diminish  
in portent or muse.

\*

I sit now watching  
the dove watch the  
street below, the sky  
above the tenements.  
It does not shut its  
eyes to flakes which  
somehow do not in fall  
though I recall now  
how they manage to  
find mine, even now  
they beat upon the  
glass trying to enter  
eyes intent upon watching  
the scene unfold upon  
the page and within the  
eyes of the Dove of Ages,  
see what a thing it is  
now already become  
since childhood and  
the backyard forest  
sparkling, every surface  
of everything covered  
with ice clear, a sheer  
skin which seems/seams to  
move as I am moved/returned  
in response to impertinent  
snow to let more new world  
come flashing in, and the  
one-more-bird, a startle,  
a cardinal red against all  
the white, white, there were  
many, coveys of them inordinate  
in all the snow blind, too  
much for a boy to bear, broken  
eye-nerves, brittle sticks,  
he kicks on his back crying  
to make an angel his own to  
be relieved of the too ordered  
world, would be the unwanted,  
unexpected child of things  
shattered, his need for

constancy and same, beauty  
a necessary addiction dependent  
upon diction's canary eye and ear,  
just to introduce another color  
between mouse and meaning,  
a chorus stunned into sound.

\*

Here I now sing this  
lament for the one who  
has brownly flown.  
And for the one who/that  
has brownly perched so  
still, still, on the metal  
cold, a rust color, allowing  
each flake its compulsion to  
touch upon eye and rust.  
And for black mouse who has  
given much to me, an image,  
to see of my sorrow a flash  
of what, insistent, gnaws at  
what now sits in me-the-escape,  
in me-the-study with old friends  
so constant, books and papers,  
notebooks of many years' mice  
and birds, the too few lovers,  
waiting to see if the present  
mouse is still within or has,  
too, taken a flown lover's fresh  
cue brownly and from the house  
removed, without.

\*

I must add here,

in praise of cold  
beauty which cares  
not whether one  
suffers, cares not  
that the mouse may  
suffer, and the dove,

that the mouse,  
objectively,  
its black fur,  
is magnificence  
very soft, it  
appears without  
shine as does the  
ice shine in

severest beauty,  
sear (now I know  
the flash sure was  
that of a tail, is  
neither light nor  
shadow, nor is an  
occasion for blindness  
as is the snow

or silence) .

\*

It matters now  
that I record this  
in wet black ink  
with an old quill  
for the record  
though the ink's  
blackness, India ink,  
ironically, and the  
wet shine, are your  
eyes which once again  
are like the mouse,  
though I do not wish  
to compare them as  
if you and the mouse  
are the same like  
someone's 'love is  
a summer day' or 'a red,  
red rose, ' snow up your  
nose not withstanding,  
for it, the day, the  
eyes, yours, my house,  
is now not to be mine  
alone deposed before  
the harsher winter,  
nor is my heart to be  
ever compared though  
it wearies me to speak  
of heart and love in the  
same breath's poem which  
does not, asthmatic, conform  
to received form or line or  
convention and tone as does,  
say, a black mouse, just to  
compare, conform to its own  
convention, or shape swift  
constancy and need, insistent,  
unthought with not a care or  
mind for, well,

(the better) ,

with no mind at  
all (to speak of it  
again) :

The dove perhaps  
on the window is

\*

without...

The song is sung  
or flinging itself  
outwith from above  
as snow, the musical  
bar is the cold grate  
the page upon which  
the one true music  
note rests, may,  
singing silently  
itself into itself  
singing the world,  
even this of the  
mouse, your absent  
eyes here, about,  
my passivity against  
the rhythms of chest  
ice-rimed (cannot  
write the heart again)  
adding gutter music  
drops, the bells drip  
ringing there as you  
have/were a bell or  
bell-like announcing  
the end at the beginning  
descanting;

it feels, though I was forewarned,  
slipped swiftly away taking-with  
a number of days and all my nights,

the wet black ink  
winks upon the page

and the song is  
instead of you today  
one black mouse.

Warren Falcon

## **It Bears No Rhythm In It's Head - for Robin Blaser**

'Burning up myself, I would leave fire behind me.' - Robin Blaser

1

I would speak to you  
after fire

from after fire proclaim  
a kingdom  
beyond what can be said of it  
or what can be made of it but

only must this, just,  
only-now-time, tell you

to speak at will as you  
will as if to please  
a silent vase in an  
open window  
and so sing

because much  
there is in image melody,

blood song,  
appealing oranges in the  
wooden bowl a monk once gave

'handmade for poets, '  
(he whispers)

bending forward as if  
to lunge

pointing toward the heart  
and what is left  
between its beginning lilt there  
and the pretending to

end though displaced  
air and silence be captivated,

miscreant  
tongues at work in darkness  
and breath.

What remains, remains.

Afterward there is not even  
counting or even a surmounting  
sense,

'the point is  
transformation of  
the theme -

enjoinment and departure' yet

'the swans have gone'.

You have left no choice but just this  
to say

that the pitiable  
hand cannot bend to the  
task that only knees are  
capable of,

and let me not speak of the heart always  
over-reached...

2

Of Mind there is much to  
say but can't and cant rave  
as much as should and ought.

I never bought  
too much of Dante's  
extended argument  
though well stanza-ed

in clinical Catholic  
thought and virtual  
form, Virgil  
at hand to lend  
a terse account,

but in Latin  
have joyed in his  
heaving forth  
rung by rung  
and

trying  
by his tongue  
to gain a  
loveliness  
beyond the castle

(there odd numbers are key) .

3

'not to be named is to be lost in light' - Blaser

Spicer told me once from  
the other side  
while I was humming  
still, Edith Piaf,  
about a rosiness  
so very well o're  
the real,

the spice garden, the backyard  
spread before the  
orchard on our personal  
hill, reveried,

never once climbed so  
enamoured of the  
bees at work  
there,  
their Queen of  
the Hill (Duncan)  
and the Apple

named 'Bittersweet'

not to be  
disturbed  
at all  
in this  
or any other  
May to come,

comes Spicer,  
permitted at last,  
to the meadow  
returned,

with Robert (here too) ,

enjoined me to leave  
only  
a guidebook,

'Cryptics For Cripples And Cantors.'

'The rest, ' he sneered, 'are  
matters not concerned; broken Maker or

broken meter the world wags on,

not one stone  
bitter  
in the House  
That Metrics  
Built.'

4

'the window-heart speaks  
shattered  
as god speaks,  
speaking  
does so' (Blaser)

Only the shattered  
can make something  
of bread tide,  
of slow rise  
thin breeze  
through

the kitchen window,  
the curtain there  
draped, torn,

the old pipe burst  
jutting red from  
wall shale,

drips into a tin (dimpled)  
cup its own psalm  
stippled blue

'how long o Lord,  
how long' of candles  
in the attic study

making books dance,  
a wooden cave devoted

of ghostly  
images made;

there is  
the sad mourning still,

the letting  
go of even a leg up

in the world because being  
as it is known the way we know it

has  
no leg by which to balance  
or can't like a candled book  
or a cancelled look  
dance upon a sill,

or chance upon that which may  
be withstood to stand

upon though

stand we will  
and must and

flutter-foot alight

so many winged  
ones addressing

the old and present  
wounds.

5

Of holy tunes the forest is deep with them,  
rife,

among the loosestrife  
bees saw humming on,

mouths full, pollen-full  
legs bowed by daylight o  
'work for the night is coming'

where now I have fled to a place  
where my bed is already made  
beyond the fiddle's bliss

and the ferns to turn Rilke  
on his head dead by roses,  
the pricks -

I tear at  
earth again  
to lift me up  
from it, once  
again

to mark place,

to burn, rave beneath  
catalpas,

kiss the cow whose  
hooves  
are Loveliness Itself,  
Lucy's, in ever melting  
snow and mud;

storm clouds, too, in retreat  
swearing off ditches, giving,

or trying, up  
the need for rhyme.

Rain persuades even the dead  
that it bears no rhythm in its head

and I am persuaded most

thinking again 'of  
the bewitchment upon that hill'

the forest fire that startles  
holy there,

the captured hands among

leaves do ramble,

crab

and out-star

bestowal beyond

what can be said of it,

or what can be made of it,

but only must this, just,

only-now-time, tell you

to speak at will, as you

will, as if to please

the persuaded rain  
to brim to gullies  
yes even to rhyme  
a joyous river  
stuttering pouring out  
Warren Falcon

## Jack Spicer Makes Me Weep This Morning

Jack Spicer makes me weep this morning  
waking up, bitterest espresso and heart's  
tourettes, expostulations against what is  
trying to enter in through the window...

workman on the roof across the passage,  
shirt off, sweats, gleams, banded brow,  
suddenly a cry erupts unstopt past my  
mouth & ears, 'Snow man! Upon the bleak pitch! '

then hear, he is singing out loud in  
creosote, the sweetest song, of black  
hands, black eyes wet, black brush  
tar thick in slow rhythms,  
'Coo coo roo coo coo, paloma'...

then Spicer breaks to shadows  
across the page, a fruit fly  
insists upon the sweetness this poem,  
Spicer's gift:

'I am going to ask Christ to give  
me back my childhood, ripe with sunburn and feathers and a  
wooden sword.'\*\*

Warren Falcon

## **Journey Haiku**

For the blind woman  
on the train every  
journey is inner

Warren Falcon

## **Kahlo-Christ Conjunctions - Sacrificed Flesh, Broken Bread, Emmaus Vision**

[The curious or, better, interested reader may view the images alluded to in this essay at this website: <http://falconwarren.blogspot.com/2011/01/kahlo-christ-conjunctions-sacrificed.html>]

### Kahlo Strophes

As with love, also the bellows.

Calavera\*, the Future stands  
hand to mouth, fingers to forehead  
unfolding before still instatic shapes.  
Hold desperately to frames before  
these quaking perceptions.

She could not stop there,  
had to flare out, dry paint,  
and the dryer flesh peel down  
to bone, a sexless esqueleto\*\*,  
skull no longer mustached,  
a calavera, nothing more,  
curved calcium reliant forever  
upon canvas, what is congealed  
there to fan and burn,  
a 'cauda pavonis'\*\*\*.

- the author, from the text below

\*Skull

\*\*Skeleton

\*\*\*Peacock's Tail (an image in alchemy) .

'Poetry such as this attempts not just a new syntax of the word. Its revolution is aimed at the syntax of the mind itself. Its structuring of experience is purposive, not dreamlike. We are dealing with a self-induced, or naturally or mysteriously come by, creative state from which two of the most fundamental human activities diverge, the aesthetic and the mystic act. The creative matrix is the same in both, and it is that state of being that is most peculiarly and characteristically human, as the resulting aesthetic and mystic experience is the purist form of human act. There is a great deal of overlapping, today especially, when art is all the religion most people have and when they demand of it experiences that few people of the past demanded of religion....A visionary poem is not a vision. The religious experience is necessitated and ultimate.' - Kenneth Rexroth, *World Outside the Window*, the *Selected Essays of Kenneth Rexroth*, pg.255-256

Rexroth's words are pertinent to the images used in this essay, Kahlo's painting above is visionary, Grunewald's are religious, and several photos are both, and all are 'aimed at the syntax of the mind itself.. Its restructuring of experience is purposive, not dreamlike.' The images included in this essay, which is more a prose poem than regular

prose, are meant to convey equally or more, at least as much as, the words in their incantatory formations which may induce entrance into 'imaginal' spaces where word and image meet in a practical magic, inspire a felt understanding and perhaps gain a view or actual entrance into what ecstatic poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, calls 'the Greater Relation.'

I've decided to publish this piece-in-progress as it unwinds in spirals 'aimed at the syntax of the mind itself...its restructuring of experience' with the understanding that it may later appear in greatly altered form. In a real sense this writing writes itself; I try to heed, copy, then hone to the bone what might be wanting to be sung, for what is below, and often what I write, is more akin to music, a vocal/verbal lilt beyond a particular solid tilt of view of a world absolute, static logos.

Heraclitus noted thousands of years ago, 'All is flux.'

To this I would only add, and perhaps this is what all of my writing amounts to,

'All is reflux.'

Selah. WF

NYC,1/31/11

Many who know me know that I am passionate about Mexico, my love for the land, the people, the history and culture. Mexico embodies an ongoingly dramatic and profound conflict of body and soul in land and people. There, both pre-Christian religion and Catholic Christianity still strive with each other, traumatically rumble and stumble together a vibrant mix of dynamic images and energies, literal active volcanoes and temblores (earthquakes) add concrete emphasis to what noble telluric forces are seeking to be expressed in manifest people and geography; both the old (pre-Columbian) and the new (to the continent Christian) religions with their tectonic gods and cosmologies enamored/riveted to Star-and-Sky with their calculable notions, mathematics greater than ourselves, abstractions of once solid exigencies greater still, are compensations for blood-, earth-, carbon-, metal- deities. Incorporating the Sky, an edible notion, the more potent sacraments of plants - fungus, febrile root, vine, leaf, pulp, spore, entire chemical choirs of angels gather in a chew or brew, a puff and spew, fiber and fever swallows which lead to being swallowed by raw Existence unmasked revealing infinity forever turning in upon itself, an Uroboric Fractal to which we are not inclined in spite of religious wars to give ourselves consciously, utterly. Given this parity of storming exacting deities, revealed in their own inexorable mathematics calculated in plucked hearts and heads rolled, it is no wonder that the imagery and message of Christianity would strongly resonate in Aztec and other indigenous psyches of Mexico.

Enter Frieda Kahlo, code in part for me, of Mexico and the maelstrom of the Twentieth century, of modernism, of vibrant culture and of passionate human suffering and creativity. Kahlo's paintings partake of this iconoclastic encounter of catastrophic theologies formed around and within the mouths/bellies of gods of trauma seeking to relieve that trauma by blood requirements either enacted ritually/symbolically in religious rituals or in literal violence acted out in unconscious identity with these instinctual gods, usually both; Carl Jung once said that 'god is a most shocking

problem...god is a trauma.'

Each viewing of a Kahlo painting is a viewing of her life, body and soul, its alluded metal serpents, cyclopic hulking male tyros (Rivera, Trotsky, to name only two) , volcanic, engorged Titans of Malinche, chingares (goring ones as the bull gores hungrily) swallowed, too, hoping both to remain and to break free of Her, the Great Saurian Mother, Plumed Serpent, Quetzalcoatl, inherited deities extracting from Kahlo and Mexico literal blood, for paint is blood, too, gashes in brush strokes she could never quite conceal/congeal (and thus her paintings turn hemorrhage to good purposes) , becoming herself the clot, her flesh an unwitting tattoo of existence's beautiful and terrible forms. A life with needles, stitched, she pitched repeatedly into the long throat of the Alimentary Great Mother, Uruboros tail in mouth, recreating Her self by hard passages, throat to anus to birth canal and cave, galactic center point waiting perhaps at the other (no) end, carbon jesters, angels teeming on Quetzal quill tips, twinkling fires in the pitch, sometimes called stars, or ravens, black heralds of colors yet to brilliantly come.

Her chosen medium of paint scores the story of soul wrenched from the body in a terrible accident, personal FATE of archetypal proportions lending images to a human century soon to be overly wed to, dependent upon, and controlled by its machines, the soul's uneasy return to a life on earth, mechanics of body, mechanics of the Twentieth century god, Pragmatics, fed by workers' blood, soul's body's become none other than alchemy's 'Cauda Pavonis', the peacock's tail, or the peacock itself, enduring a magnificent ecstasy/agonny, an 'in between' phase in which many colors appear, splendid iridescence, midway point, a false conclusion, merely a digestion of polarities of the black and white flaring in brilliant tints upon glinting metal gears, upon human workers glistening sweat - all light is a glancing blow - to be further transformed not only into spiritual tinctures but into spinal ones as well in which she dips brushes, fingertips in finality no longer lingering; she pours salt into what is left of a self, a wound imaged, lived, no longer intuited, recognized as sacred for a scar is not an idol but a deity hard won.

Kahlo's images are soul trying to scry the 'tragic side of life', the careening streetcar of the Future repeatedly crashing into the always pedestrian bus of Now, forever-world yet changed by the same themes such are archetypes extending at least for a life span which envisions, enlarge, into the next few centuries.

As with love, also the bellows.

Try as I may to render Kahlo as noun and verb, as event still venting from grave mouths such are canvases, my attempts fail to distill, to come to terms with what happened to her at 16 years of age, piercing metal violated flesh newly woman, which turned her into something completely utterly astonished, livid and unforgiving pain burning her to vapor yet still each canvas she is ever falling back within the cruel alchemical vas, glass splinters into unrelenting nerves, encased steel plated Virgin taking a cyclops for lover.

Love inherent in Kahlo's work is all the more Love amidst the ruins disguised as progress. Kahlo's Christ-self in thorn necklace, hummingbird in shape of the Cross, at times her eyebrows, is the 'more real' to me than any I have been so far tendered but

for Grunewald's painting of the Isenheim Christ (imaged just below) for the sanatorium altarpiece, a diseased Christ on the Cross covered with syphilitic sores showing 'the strange beauty shining through the disgust and unbearable pain of disease' (text from the back cover of *Evil, Sexuality, and Disease in Grunewald's Body of Christ*, by Eugene Monick) . I now run from any 'offering' of Deity which drives me further away from my humanity, all of it, by which no god or gods are deposed but, rather, exposed in the fleeing to be all the more gathered, and all the more weathered, endured.

I dwell more in Kahlo's world and long to someday live in her Mexico which to diminishing degree still exists, which does not refuse the comfort of iron nor of Grace, always a surprise, placed and displaced at once in the scarring conjunction of flesh and spirit, human/divine images prominent in Christianity, a dismembered and devoured Christ as only incarnation allows, insistent autonomy arguing autonomy, rough acceptance, Grunewald's unique One, especially the One with shades appealing eternity, beheld for a sickly yet shining, fractured and much, much loved, begotten world.

Christianity, not the Christ, exchanged images for words, images within them breaking to openness into and beyond that mortal sign bursting still into the still more open 'Word' which, too, in spite of Churchly preventions and stops, breaks free of doctrine-adequately-flavored but seeks perhaps secretly to be undone, 'the bells, I say, the bells break down their towers' (Hart Crane, 'The Broken Tower') .

In reaction to images and imaginations leaping out of the word/Word, breaking free even within the Church, 'heresies' so called, the Official Church poured concrete into molds (and pouring more still) , congregations hardened to prevent further conjugations of Imagination within the Words, the Magisterial Delirium of Word/God ensnared - 'once reified deified' - yet insists upon only those sanctioned shapes, and in so doing much of its soul and body wanders, strays, lost in the exchange of image/imagination for said concretions, un-altared sentences weathering in now acid rains. Granted, logos, word, needed to be cultivated in order to extend human consciousness into the past 2000 years, but words and Word ARE images in abstract, compacted, myriad 'angels of the face' (a phrase in Shi'ite (mystical) Islam for the appearance of that 'Other, Truer World' revealed in myriad manifest 'faces/images' apparently eternally unfolding in space and time): all these it is supposed was/is compressed into a Word, 'the Word made flesh which dwelt', and dwells still, 'among us' donning disguises, for eyes, even God's, want to see newly through the darkening glass that always optically teases Imagination from it's coyness.

Still, such timidity ends in engorged blood, meat requirements, rendering vaporous sublimity too thin for fingers, why forks were invented. If modernity, it's forks and faxes, returns anything of value to us stretching into denial which is all our futurity, it is the return of images, high heels or flats, official and unofficial, which return us in turn to our official and unofficial selves, limping shod or un-, ens-not-Ens (being-not-Being) as we are chafe to particular part-selves multiply-imaged as they want or dream to be -Who are we?

Frieda with her Twentieth century stifles a yawn and 'stuffs the universe into her eyes' (a line from a poem by zen poet, Shinkichi Takahashi) .

My words here are not intended, nor are they able, to exclude what Word-oriented, revealed religions of 'the Book' have brought to us and advanced, but now, next 2000 years, the creative struggle will be to conjoin meaningfully polygamous images of psyche into compressions (es-pressions, as in espresso) and ex-pressions (pressed out) by and with word and Word which have tendencies toward monotheism, one true meaning only, which results therefore, can't be avoided, into a heavy-handedness in terms of a perceived/derived one and only Absolute. Ironically, the Arabs discovery of always heavy Zero which, to me, is the only Absolute of merit, gave birth to a multiplicity, diverse, perverse, all the more irascible yet embraceable, maddeningly erasable, while growing arms beyond counting, the better to carry the unforgiving densities.

Count them, or try we must, for congenital compulsions such are calcifications, spirit, soul, life in the body are gripped in the teeth of the world; beatific, we perceive ourselves to be in the image of deity. Still, we can believe we are 'safe' within these calcified discerners of 'absolutes', o here is the 'burning bush', or we can risk the profligate ramble which is consciousness, a fire still burning, an intuition in each person that there is more here than meets the eye or thigh or deities as imaged. We all look, or try, beneath the skin of things - under what is presented, or within it - for that half-guessed/hinted at and/or 'felt sense' that there is MORE beyond the barred nerve, more and other-than the shock of a chrome bumper-bent world careening, aware that within all is here a Presence, all images and words assuming that Presence - Arabian gift of the non-alloyed Zero unmeasured by mass, a better name for god depending on thermal history's twisting vector, ghostly mirage, if any are to be had - the base in spite of or within the Metallic Matrix of the blacksmith heart hammering verdigris ventricles into shape, Newton's grave conjugations, living time solidified, hardened, stiffening Presence into dilute renderings of base metal, chaste Frieda, her canvases chasing plutonium wire unaware, bears the blunt end of Presence at the end of the Aeon of the Fishes still barely beyond Bronze Age's just sharpened edges corroded, pre-Christian Mexico preferring obsidian ones hammered, chipped, scraped upon hard flint; Frieda, volcano born, turns into conjugal vessel, Quetzal plume conjoined to Serpent skin rebirthing extensions of crash, a returning God, boat and horse delivered from the red beard of the bloated sea confronting yet one more deity requiring blood.

Viewing Kahlo's paintings, which she came to embody, and they her, even those images and words sought which seek expression upon human tongue in human eye, still seek to deny or decry that Presence, Dark Night in broad day, all appearance, a drift beyond meaning, only a swaying bus careening yet again, repeating collision of the Virgin's hymen, amniotic Host forever a Lover divided yet again, Crepuscular Christi, all this in Kahlo, revered now a cult for she is Woman Christ multipli-imaged Suffering One with breasts, concealed antlered uterus wincing at anviled annunciations verified only in wavering beliefs such are weeping statues and surreal apparitions strung out on coniunctio, the Gethsemani Girl seen, no longer concealed at all or hidden in plain sight, Christ-o-form agony, isolate angry, raging, bereft human confusion, 'despised and rejected' in the meanness within ourselves destined to see our deities through to the end though beyond capacity to smell necrosis, to see the exit wounds of soul coagulating disguised as skin, muscle, sinew.

But it is we who are seen and thus the imperative mercy and compassion, o endlessly, endlessly, for existence as it is and the miracle of that Shining Stranger encountered

on all our Emmaus road all the more Real-ing. Lest the bread be broken by that Stranger our eyes cannot see, cannot taste the Thou in existence extending Himself, or Herself as Kahlo-Christ, into our reaching hands and mouths to take, eat all of it. We take when we can see it, what is offered by that Shining Stranger who returns us to that 'Thou dimension', all our suffering then contained, held, though never satisfactorily explained so easily reduced to formulaic glibness as so much theology does to this day.

The Shining Stranger knows a rod rammed in - o touch his hands and feet, his bleeding side - and knows Miraculous Dimensions within the apparently real, discovers that very self to be a Miraculous Dimension, an experience, not a Word, nor an image, for both words and images do stumble punch drunk on the once was new Wine and word, those paper scraps unnoticed, unseen, unread, unheeded, or if heeded are only ITs, objects devoid of meaning, and not Thous, just one more 'drunk singing in a midnight choir (Leonard Cohen) †.

Emmaus is the road I walk. I pray still. I do not balk at strangers encountered there, shining or not. When words are put to 'Thou' purposes as the Shining Stranger did at the camp's cook-fire on the Emmaus road then at some point, when bread is broken eyes are opened, a whole loaf now rent into edible pieces rendering wholeness mouth by mouth, once teased ears suddenly recognize sense in sounding voice, that Meaning Itself is before them, feeding, teaching, reaching to touch our own wounded hands and feet, the bleeding sides. All is changed and yet we are returned to life again, as it is, but now having heard, seen and tasted, ever 'Christ-haunted' for such Grace lingers in aftertaste yet a foretaste, o Gloria, to say the least; even this lingering grace a feast, a proffered shining hand remaindering our own shine, dim in comparison but loved all the more by 'the Face', It's 'angels' shining.

Christ the Bread, also the Confounding Stone upon which all our glibness breaks.

This breaking tells. We are not unloved by that, that Rod and Presence Who knows and partakes of what Kahlo's images, as did her life as lived, portray. No blame. Only awareness of the stain which is existence, exquisite as the burial cloths of the One Rammed to a tree, suffering Divine Paternity, Kahlo arriving on the threshold of the bus which has just, yet again, circulatio, stopped at her stop to carry her forward into Legend.

.

Warren Falcon

## **Kairos - For Spicer Who 'told me not'**

one will not win readers by cursing  
the darkness

that's already in the canon

too many ears are hurt from such an age

lost its ability to hear beyond crash

nor sit still long enough to see  
what sun may rise

even that belief, 'sunrise'  
is failing

stars are falling

raging ones

gaze only at themselves  
bereft of capacities to

gaze for  
or even

toward  
an other

one cannot reify thunder

selves ARE

redundantly so

so many pages torn out  
a pear tree forgets only itself as  
an audacity

limbs recall themselves

appear to reach

one cannot see them  
reaching

they may be silent but  
we cannot know that toward  
later sweetness they yearn  
then seed a still dirt around

content to lie down  
the idea of 'pear tree' reduces  
to all sparks

yet

no illusion of darkness  
hastens the pear

But O it tastes

\*\*

'Kairos is the passing moment in which something happens as the time unfolds...it is a small window of becoming and opportunity. One of the origins of the word comes from shepherds watching the stars. As the night progresses and the stars turn in the sky, they appear to rise and then fall against the horizon. The moment when a star has reached its apogee and appears to change direction from ascending to descending is its kairos.' -Corrigall, J, Payne, H, Wilkinson, H (eds) , About A Body,2006: pg.201

Warren Falcon

## Leave Taking, After Matsuo Basho, Circa 1978

'There is a blessed fidelity in things.  
Graceless things grow lovely with good uses.' - John Tarrant

Expecting more rain.  
Not yet light though 6 a.m.-  
night still over the barn.

From the porch, high wind.  
The moon, a corner of it,  
rides comfortably in clouds.

Clouds moving over mountains,  
their night work -  
some rain in the buckets.

Bestowing order,  
things feel their boundaries,  
robes of autumn rain.

Back to bed,  
just-dawning.  
Noises in these old walls -  
mice search for food or string,  
bird stretching its wings.

Soon these things I must leave -  
wood smoke, frayed rope coil,  
finger prints on faded walls' wrong color.

Last flights -  
on the sill  
scattered wings,  
musky corners'  
gently waving webs.

A fertile shelter.  
Many nights I have wrestled here.  
Some mornings have  
broken into me like thunder.

I have shed skin after skin.  
These I leave behind.  
Some warmth they may

provide for the mice,  
rags for the moths to eat.

Warren Falcon

## **Leaving The Temple Haiku**

Unburdened, I depart,  
passing old graves.

My dear friends,  
temple dogs, thin, thin.

Warren Falcon

### **Loose Train Haiku #3**

Withering cornfields

Just turning Autumn leaves

WHOOSH!

The opposing train

Warren Falcon

## **Loose Train Haiku #4**

For the blind woman  
on the train every  
journey is inner.

Warren Falcon

## **Loose Train Haiku #6**

View upon entering Philly  
receding steeples  
the hairline of God

Warren Falcon

## **Loose Train Haiku #9**

a star's all child's play now  
late night track lilt wheels  
tilt toward melting darkness

Warren Falcon

## Loose Train Haiku Or Similar - New York To Philly - A Train Journal

Nearing Princeton Station

What a wonderful world  
this New Jersey is!  
Blue train engines!

Withering cornfields  
Just turning Autumn leaves  
WHOOSH!  
The opposing train

Old graves by a lake  
Old woman passing in aisle  
Fleeting sign outside explains -

'Fair.'

Loose Train Hokku-no-renga

For the blind woman  
on the train every  
journey is inner

She touches my shoulder,  
moves just one seat ahead  
feels the winter collar

metal ring pinned  
to its shoulder  
smiles when she touches it

dark rings of her eyes  
light up momentarily

What universes are in the heads all around me

While reading zen master Ummon,  
famous for his one word responses  
to pupils questions about the nature  
of mind, I happen to look up, see young,  
clean-cut preppie reading Wall Street  
Journal large bold print:

YES-BUT-TERS DON'T JUST KILL IDEAS.

Congruence of Ummon and General Motors  
ad strikes me. I see in mind's eye, so real:

Ummon enters train car, walks up to preppie,  
taps shoulder, thunders in ear,

YES BUT! !

I chuckle, smugly 'stinking of enlightenment, '  
pleased, translating, 'kill ideas to get to  
the 'thing itself 'or the 'no thing.'

Suddenly Ummon turns, smacks me hard  
with his KATZ stick, BAM! And he is correct,  
of course, to slam me. Arrogance along the  
way, no matter how 'apparently' fitting my  
zenny smartness, deserves a hard

KATZ!

I humbly return to my book

just write what is seen from the  
train window nearing Philadelphia:

Hokku-no-ranga Close To Philly:

State Prison

off the square  
in the darkest cells  
those forms bursting forth

In Prison Window

a jelly jar, water pours  
man hands arranging  
a little green vine

View upon entering Philly  
Receding steeples  
the hairline of God

City garden by tracks  
A scarecrow even there  
Plastic milk jug for a head!

Passing glimpse over bridge -  
railing beside a stream  
a thin student reading Nietzsche -

'He who can grasp me,  
let him grasp me.  
However, I am not your crutch.'

- from 'Thus Spake Zarathustra', Friedrich Nietzsche

Warren Falcon

## **Loose Train Haiku With Title #5**

In Prison Window

a jelly jar, water pours  
man hands arranging  
a little green vine

Warren Falcon

## **Loose Train Hokku-no-renga**

For the blind woman  
on the train every  
journey is inner

She touches my shoulder,  
moves one seat ahead  
feels the winter collar

metal ring pinned  
to its shoulder  
smiles when she touches it

dark rings of her eyes  
light up momentarily

What universes are in the heads all around me

Warren Falcon

## Love, When You Biting Tear The Ear Of My Hearing Bear Me Then

This poem is for four poets, among many others, but have profoundly influenced my worldview, selfview, and voice:

for four poets - Robert Duncan,  
Jack Spicer, Robin Blaser, and  
Grandfather Walt Whitman

Where is that Spirit which living blamelessly  
Yet dared to kiss the smitten mouth of his own century?  
- Oscar Wilde, from 'Humanitad'

Love, when you biting tear the ear of my hearing  
bear me then upon a steel altar by hammers tongued.

Estranged men hard slam their bodies upon  
what Shine's there, flares each punch metal  
to metal reinventing the last century or the  
one before - this man and this other now into  
Man/Woman-forged-new-culture, allow simple  
hand in hand, no demand/punish upon any 'Other',  
no price in-breath or out but allow public all  
possibilities of once hidden worlds.

Knotted muscle, nerved cord, by heart and heat  
implore/defy no sky nor pliant dirt deny but cloy,  
hand in hand require only dissolution of the Old  
Masters tyranny by Numbers insistent upon reduction,  
odd waters trail calcinations/calculations-bodies  
born of even water into mists, continuously reft  
from Given, riven from Dream, such freed from  
virtual into literal placenta and spleen, striven  
history reshaped redeems a value once consigned to  
Hell-realms confining dark thoughts to matter.

But only one  
just finger,  
dark, traces  
delicate  
a lace

conforms  
forehead tip  
to nose  
then wet  
lips  
rose-swollen  
with happy  
use cries  
and

barriers  
break,  
surge in  
to new  
terrain.

Does not it all bear  
the familiar arc say,  
of just-dawn color,  
mauve-play at the liminal  
curve where sky beseeches  
bounded space to give  
its shapeless-nest a  
Cause, a nape conformed/  
convex from Orbis what  
has been scored by breath  
pressed upon it?

Who then falsely may decree  
any matted clot, spark-charged,  
blood engorged, may not body-charge  
ahead and into 'other' merge so  
must be flung expurged behind  
neglected Moon or plunged through  
the bruised ring of abjected Space?

Hear me now

Thrice trace  
an outline

Give form to  
now dust me (I am)  
awakening surprise

Here me how

there

and there

and yet

there again,

after hammers,

caressed

aureoles

and hosannas

outward turn

\*\*\*

Warren Falcon

## **LOVERS JUMP TO DEATH FROM BURNING BUILDING**

From late night collapse of limes  
rum lovers leap to death in each others arms.  
Upon the sill they lean resigned,  
dead calm revolving in a yellow light.  
Neither fright nor anger nor drunken joy  
calls them to this moment but habit.  
Each morning settles something and so  
they resolve half asleep in the window to  
disturb the air. With thickened tongues  
they obediently fall bidden by fire  
hidden in all alarms.

Warren Falcon

## **Magpie, My Keeper, Is Flying - Upon Freeing the Gift of Creativity Turned Inward**

for Elaine Bellezza, Beloved Anima-as-Fate

'There is only one real deprivation, I decided this morning, and that is not to be able to give one's gift to those one loves most...The gift turned inward, unable to be given, becomes a heavy burden, even sometimes a kind of poison. It is as though the flow of life were backed up.' - May Sarton, Journal of a Solitude

This afternoon while still somewhat hungover from last night's rich meal and several glasses of strong red wine, I stumbled as one does when hungover, only today without feet but with eyes, upon the above quote by May Sarton. I had awakened this morning with fragments of a dream, repetitive of other dreams the past few months, where I am carrying something precious and just cannot put it down in any old place or upon just any available surface. I cannot put it down until I find the right surface and location.

These dreams are full of torrential flood waters, or backed up, stagnant water, toilets full of filth and pungent bright orange dark urine days old and fermenting. I cannot unhand the burden even though the urge to pee or flee or drive a car away or into flood waters is strong. I must not put down the burden odd as it is; it is my laptop carrying case made of canvas. It is large enough to carry not only my laptop but also many books with which I cannot, will not be parted from as they are the must-have-with-me-always 'bread', my staple and stability in a given to me world out of balance.

I have understood the dreams only a little - something within the psyche is flooding up, over-spilling or has already, has not been adequately canalized, channeled, streamed and guided, shaped and formed. Or flushed. I knew that eventually, as dreams do when one sits consciously, patiently, persistently with them, they would yield their messages to me, and upon revelation these must be obeyed, brought out into the world, Carl Jung having said that one has a moral responsibility to dreams once they are known and must be conscientiously acted upon in the outer world. Just dreaming is not enough. Everyone dreams but not very many know to dream them out into the world, to let their messages unfurl, flood and flow to bring forth new consciousness, to reshape old forms no longer adequate to self, place and time into symbol and their sense, usually not literal.

And thus, only just now, upon opening up haphazardly in a book about Dostoevsky and his struggle with addictions which mirror the profound compulsion to create at any cost perhaps beyond one's capacities to renew oneself, I find May Sarton's quote and suddenly the dreams clarify and sharpen into focus; I understand them as the burden of creativity too long turned inward, the burden of writing, the burden of poetry which I have carried heavily for most of my life since middle school when I was 11 or 12 years old when books became my lifeline, my link to existence that I could live on in spite of not wanting to do so. Written words, books, kept me from disappearing though I was and remain a mostly invisible word.

And thus the floods. One cannot ignore them. Alphabets tumble and roil. One dare not ignore them. One must see them without a choice to not see them. In them I am suddenly made visible, bright orange p\*ss pots and all. I am both appalled and

pleased. My burden is upon my knees.

The backed up water, the urine, is creativity. A somewhat odd symbol of creativity, there is more than enough evidence that urination is symbolic of self expression which is creativity. In ancient Rome the highly valued dirt from the urinals of boys' schools was collected to be used as a cosmetic in order to restore youthful energy and looks. A young boy, or puer in Latin, is an archetypal symbol of ongoing creativity and inspiration, the puer aeternas, the eternal youth, well springs of ongoing creativity still imaged in solid fountains of the world where eternal waters flow from the peni of cherubic youth.

I have struggled my entire life with a strong urge to create, to write, to express in words that creative daemon within which torments no matter the completion of a poem or essay, a lecture, a psalm. And now my dreams have had me consciously, urgently seeking a place to put the burden down, to perhaps come to it anew. I imagine that landing the burden means bringing it down to earth, manifesting creativity all the more by bringing my efforts to others for the strongest part of the compulsive urge in my creativity has been to contribute one good thing, one good poem or piece of writing which in some way might further the culture even if only by a flea's leg length.

The dreams urge me to let the urine flow, to let the flood waters indeed flood over, to be less self conscious of what I write and say but to have at it all and to say my say. And to let whatever waves there are crest and break upon ever receptive banks and shores whose duty it is to allow what may come from motion without complaint, the more compliant toward as yet to be fully formed purposes as yet to be scored.

Synchronistically, a few days ago I listened to a lecture by poet Allen Ginsberg about Walt Whitman and his imitators, those who were goodly influenced by his effulgent, self indulgent style, his garrulous poems which presumed to express the very expansiveness of the North American continent over-flooded by a plague of itinerant, persistent poachers and prophets from Europe to Eastern disembarkation and then inland and Westward, compelled to overtake land and native peoples in their possessed, pushed wake. Ginsberg imagined himself to be a timely extension of this unruly school, as savage as the projected upon land and justly-resistant, resident humanity stretched beyond known bounds and sounds. Blood drowned and pounded the god-hounded land even now is flooded by unleashed mighty rivers seeking, if rivers seek at all, to undo and renew in horse shoe and other shapes the crimes of consciousness compelled to overtake while leaving it up to human souls to repent and repair, to prepare for more powerful insurgencies of land and Self ever seeking new and nower expressions of dirt and deity. There's enough history beneath layers to support the scarp and scrape of momentary yet monumental motions finally given mouths to utter what lies both beneath and within the heaping huzzahs of here here here full and deep. As in my dream, it is hard to steer in such surpassing tides and currents. Still, I am searching for holy campground that I may lay my burden down.

I have no wish to imitate Whitman nor Ginsberg - though both are easily imitated since they did so themselves, an occupational hazard for writers - but only to be obedient to the daemon, that urgent, emergent, creative force within. It rushes within and against me. No matter whether derived of the grandiose American continent and the even more grandiose sky or not, I have all too successfully braced against it in fear of failure, reprisal or, worse, complete indifference from others. My dreams now urge floods and resultant coagulations, they bring creative splurges to ground from hand to

the hard world. And Nature, too, is indifferent but begs none the less and all the more to be given utterance and response.

Respondeo ergo sum. I respond, therefore I am. I respond, therefore the other, earth, all her ants, is as long as there are eyes, ears, and scanning minds to acknowledge and touch, wrestle, caress, shape - some in scansions - outer from inner, inner from outer, landscapes to be all too quickly discarded in time for what is sung just ahead. And seen. Or hoped, all praise to telescopes. We would be they, so addicted to horizons, to bring them close.

Something there is needs completion via coagulation, forming, shaping, and sharing with whomever may be open to clods delivered. If not, rivers will, as they will without reason, continue to overrun their banks and insist upon covering designated previous cultivations. Let then excess of creativity have its say, play out, and leave the critical post-considerations to others. I will surely sit and ponder spent what spills forth, to shape, to edit, to discard. And watch my little yard sink beneath needed and needy floods.

I will have done with deprivation and bring myself, what I have shaped and misshapen, to the world. These things, this burden, have I most loved and felt responsible for, have born the shame of. I have fought and have failed utterly again and again though my attempts have been, and still are, sincere though not blameless. Fear has been my encampment, a longing beneath knowing feet in secret cellars just beyond reach of contracted hands forever spelling hunger. I know open bastion doors and windows to now fling beyond embankments what has been wrung out of my floes and woes though hands wither from too much turning against and inward. What a relief to burst beyond boundaries too long successfully restraining.

I recently wrote a poem about much too too solid bastions of self, of forceful puer energy ramming through and over and into long buried storms and petrified forms, of passion mangling the delusion of 'norms' ignoring too sensitive alarms. Given May Sarton's May revelation this morning I now understand that the poem is about more than eros, it is about that powerful creative/destructive force, the daemon/tyro that ever urges outward intent on making and staking Self in new land and at least one aging man wrenched and rendered from dried and calcified encrustations. I am, to borrow from the insistent dream image, beginning to leak. And to break open.

#### Archeology - What The Stele Says 'Upon Taking A Much Younger Lover'

That this old ground yields to plow stuns.  
What begins to be, earth swell, breaks  
root-room open to blood means.

Old skeins tear upon what is new terrain,  
hunger worn, long appended. There is  
no blame for pain is the blessing.

All hurt now stings twilight quaked into being.  
Your breath falls upon me now, taut, sinew,  
bruising hand, purple inside flares warrior nerves

to unknotting surprise.

I am uncovered, thin, bared upon thinner sheets the man-  
ripped to many images, torn into, landscaped to former curves.  
No longer do I grieve enclosure, touching only myself,  
delivered from layers.

Magpie dances.  
Lines, veins, strung between Pole Star  
and First River Mouth, an embedded ruin uncovered in milk floods.  
Touch gently first what has been too long concealed.

Hard touch congeals once was telling mud remolded into  
'Not again. Not yet the bleeding Centurion.'  
Wield roughly then through gates too long shut.

When I cry out, do not mind. Blindly ram. Do not stop.

Magpie, my keeper, is flying.

Warren Falcon

## **Making Things Right In Exile - After the Chinese Poet, Po Chui 772 - 846 CE**

He rests awhile in the wide orchard  
where bright plum flowers rain. He  
unrolls his pallet to sleep inside  
the humming glade.

'Raiment, ' he writes in his sleepy  
head, 'of leaves and bees. An old man  
puts the best plum in his sleeve to  
bring home to his bitter wife.'

'Why strive when nature is bounteous  
and all ills can be made right with  
wet sweetness? '

Warren Falcon

## **Marcabre Dance For A Dead Mouse, After Robert Burns and Theodore Roethke**

·  
O little mouse, why dost thou cry  
While merry stars laugh in the sky? - Sarojini Naidu

Wee brisket.  
Gray fodder.  
Thou art today tossed down  
fat with grain.  
Teeth sing to poison,  
paws dance behind walls  
taunting cat's tongue and  
my impatient demand  
'gainst thy nightly  
gnaw gnaw  
gnawing

Now brace for leaves.  
Tossed from back porch to woods  
Thy ballet's done, bitter fey.  
Sun's up, swan song,

The cat play thee for a meal!  
Wheel the poison again!  
Swell fellow's passed on!  
Reel, poison, reel!

Warren Falcon

## Memory Torques - Opening City

memory

torques

into soft

teas

June

steps

turns

steaming

said window

(and torsos)

said prints

views obscured

of nothing

in particular

or special,

but

troubles,

troubles only

of passing birds

enamored-of

(their lighter  
bones)

or

are they

cloud and shadow,

merely the steep  
sun declining ashen  
into the Jersey side?  
Warren Falcon

## Midnight In Dostoevsky - Fragments

"Alyosha, I shall set off from here...loving  
with one's inside, with one's stomach..."

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Brothers Karamazov

...  
Alyosha  
the old  
animal heat  
turns in on  
itself burns  
beneath skin  
the bone bruise  
fuses out  
against what  
yearning once  
meant in  
wetlands  
between  
navel  
moon  
corona  
pubis

...

...  
belly laugh  
the gut punch  
and rabbit  
that moment  
of consent  
entwined  
with bridges  
rooftops  
orange sky  
concrete  
asphalt  
and assholes  
a cigarette  
each hand a  
bottle of gin  
a back pocket  
search for  
quinine the  
brine of men  
the run-on  
trousers limp  
the cobbled  
street where  
a spring  
silvers  
beneath

navel  
moon  
corona  
pubis  
...

...  
"If, after your kiss, he goes away  
untouched, mocking at you, do not  
let that be a stumbling-block to you.  
It shows his time has not yet come"  
...

...  
CAUTION  
  
DISABLED  
BEINGS  
  
(ALL KINDS)  
  
CROSSING

the sign  
the halt  
the lame  
the blind

cane  
wheel  
crutch  
theology

murderous  
instruments  
all  
...

...  
much the  
Monk who  
falls for  
(One) love  
every night  
from the  
belfry smells  
of pitch 1st  
avenue smells  
of singed  
hair

Is it

feathers

dawn shoes

through  
blood  
casings,

Orange  
Moon?

...

...  
the humming  
boy hums  
pokes bits  
of scalp on  
the walk  
his small  
white thumbs  
alone touch

the white  
lattice kiosk  
sells the  
Stranger's  
face again

Monk Midnight  
Leap City Sleeps  
A Frightful Mess  
This Foregoing  
Bliss For Want  
Of Affection  
This Of  
Spinning  
Night  
Navel  
Moon  
Corona

...

...  
"The centripetal force on our planet is still  
fearfully strong...I know I shall fall on the  
ground and kiss those stones"

...

\*\*Quotation marked passages are from

The Brothers Karamazov by Fyodor Dostoevsky

Warren Falcon

## **Mimus Explains The Pluribus Unum Thing**

And now come poets each century heavier than  
before, heavier than the other few, this new one, too,  
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps,  
O great light gaping torn, oft thee sung,  
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,  
o the load  
it is now become.

Warren Falcon

## **Mimimus Lectures Himself - Pluribus Not Unus, Culpas Minor - Upon American Bards**

I pose you you're question:  
shall you uncover honey / where maggots are?  
- Charles Olson

myself  
the intruder, as he was not - Robert Creeley

1

O great light inward,  
which cannot (what can)  
be said of America obsessed with manners  
no matter the carnage stretched to dry  
in a land where, Vonnegut clear here,

'love may fail but politeness shall prevail.'

Blind, yes. As yet can't, perhaps refused,  
reconcile the projected landscape, the leaking vessel,  
landlocked, of State, Vespuccius Vestibulis, Topeka grasping  
still, scratching at collective far flung coastal doors  
for the 'in between' is no place to be.  
All things gray there, politely,  
plus visionaries, artists, hog-tied,  
flee though are, ironically, there born.

And have not been gripped, me,  
'cept by proxy, as were these  
'just' poets - justified - trying to true  
variant visions into One, no matter  
imprecision of facts, imposed muddles they be,  
O Topeka ongoingly o're and o're, ore of meanings  
which are all spelt 'MESSIAH' - always this begins  
and ends such messes entire.

Still we call it a country.

2

Reading two still continentally  
shifting greats, Olson, Pound,  
of late full of their breath,

'Of thee I sing' America's over-long exhalation  
in Whitman's overlong beard and o're shadowing.

Rest of us in their vacuum  
remain, wander, poems

strapped to faces like respirators,  
every out breath labored,  
ponderous, poised, has their  
stench but is a good one what  
keeps on giving though ship be  
foundered from the start  
(see ahead to Odysseus  
cyclopean trickstering) .

These,  
others,  
seek for -

all mining after,  
pining amongst  
the pinons,  
insisting on -

O absolution,

that 'it is only that  
the light, o great light,  
of the land projected,  
was in our eyes and we  
could only see our way  
to slash, kill toward said projected.'

Blindly now,  
still, we seek looking back, vision,  
darker inhabitants  
diseased off,  
killed, or shipped  
on good Christian ships,  
borders now paced of 'good citizens'  
hungry for even more darker blood,  
'enough' not a democratic word,  
but 'more' (to Boesky asked  
how much is enough? He, 'A little more') .

O blinding light.

Odysseus to Polyphemus  
the real issue here, entitled marauder,  
the unspoken, disavowing thief.  
Every shipwrecked citizen located in  
Odysseus's answer he to Polyphemus,  
one-eyed, mono-visioned shepherd  
mourning his lost ones  
(lost to Kingly entitled hand) ,  
safe-keeper,  
none too bright

but constant,  
faith-keeping,  
Odysseus-blinded,  
who calls out,  
Who are you who unsights me,  
scatters my sheep?

Odysseus, wily -

cleverness, not faith,  
is rewarded, the valued  
in this projected land -

calls back,  
not afflicted of conscience,

'I am No Man! '

This the dilemma of all these  
our projected land's inhabitants,  
Citizens No Man, willfully ignorant  
(the greatest sin) or wide-eyed  
pretending. Odysseus  
in sheep skin more the predator,  
'No One' lobbing rocks,  
pretending to shepherd.

Let's name it true, Empire.

3

Monet might have seen,

giving darkness in Giverny,  
defiant to the last optics fired out inevitably,

nerve light made the more dipped, smeared  
on clutched pallet bent to his gaping will.

Some yawping yank,  
all sneeze and no hanky,  
yelling, 'shut yer mouth ope'd, no manners, '  
Claude struggling to 'ope' eyes,  
wider see.

Was failing him the light.

Closing-in world reduced to all horizon.

Tints, brushes, memory

frames these final pieces  
canvased, inwardly conformed,  
recalled light more light than all raw day.

4

On the other hand I have only tried  
to survive, swollen small, myself,  
find ways to be in it at all, appalled  
hero shrunk to size, compensation  
for grandness, a player 'pon an acre  
of God on yon Calvin's hill, ol' John  
yawning counts his sins a school  
boy his sums, insistent dirt  
(because it's there) persistent  
cleaning his nails;

but tilled I Bible,  
King James,  
preferred work that,  
sounds therein  
instilled instead  
a-poem-ing then

off at last from  
roller holy hill,  
a love affair oracular, called,

the Word out-wrung, wrenched,  
I always the winch and never the Bride.

Again poetic little feet tracing circles, little breaths that may make a one  
entire  
once expired.

5

I, Minimus, tongue in cheek, creak oar, row out too  
into the Homeric sea, not old Greek singer, long of breath,  
but as Winslow, local seer, his paints, straw hat consigned  
to mistook heroics, pure accident, not to check radio  
maritime, ask captain if row boat worthy of even an  
American sea, projected too, can go a-row row rowing,  
claw oar into wave tips' whitecaps safe perimeters,  
smell of earth nasal-yet to keep oriented to dirt.

Have, instead, reaped I redundant whirlwind  
play America the Fool again, naively trusting my,

and country's, destiny are one, always good in spite  
of Melville's long eloquent 'discantus supra librum' -  
above the book - more truing than any, to spoil it,  
the projected 'pluribus unum' thing, for Mayflower  
folks tripping lightly between the hawthorns,  
their imported gardens and God, irritant tomahawks  
'can only turn out swell, ' thought they like waves  
gathering in sea full of themselves individually,  
Destined, they then and do think, to break just for,  
O America, thee.

And now come poets each century heavier than  
before, heavier than the other few, this new one, too,  
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps,  
O great light gaping torn off, oft thee sung,  
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,  
o the load  
it is now become.

Warren Falcon

## **Minimalist Death Cyphers, A Meditation In Nine Rounds**

·  
for Mooky,  
not even two hearts  
could contain your  
great spirit

1

Blue cornflowers

lean forward

Reach again

One hand

What cannot be seen

in spaces between

matters

Sky has no memory

2

Lean forward

One hand

in spaces between

Sky has no memory

3

Reach again

What cannot be seen

matters

4

One hand

in spaces between

Sky has no memory

5

What cannot be seen

matters

Blue Cornflowers

reach again

6

In spaces between

Sky has no memory

Lean forward

One hand

7

Sky has no memory

lean forward

One hand

in spaces between

8

Matters

Blue cornflowers

Reach again

What cannot be seen

9

Blue cornflowers

Reach again

What cannot be seen

matters

Warren Falcon

## **Minimus Stuck - Fragment Abramic**

.  
To be continually caught as the ram,  
redundant among thorns,  
horns at branches push,  
blood ignored,  
flow, more,  
to come,  
itself,  
or other,  
kindred bodies  
entangled, who  
waits a commanding authority,  
sacrifice with thorns,  
horns, first born.

I am caught up in the matter.

.

Warren Falcon

## Misiva Para La Oscuridad Como Una Vocación, William Hawkins En Mente

-¿Cómo lo representan, a su gran dolor ahora, incluso un rincón de ella?

Tal vez  
que se forja en adelante, encontrar una foto, un caballo a la pintura, como en la película,

luego a sí mismo ocupado con la realización de ella, entonces ver cómo la barriga es demasiado, tiene que ser diluido, una pata de nuevo recortada a la medida, una convulsión breve de los ojos y la pintura depende de las manos, un problema monumental que hace que corregir, o por lo menos, las perspectivas de sufrimiento de uno mismo en medio, en contra,

o, en el  
dientes de las preocupaciones diarias asumido como máxima forma,

da comentario visual,  
respuesta en una imagen del caballo pintada en deshacerse de la madera, patio trasero de la ruina un uso correcto con amabilidad extendido en la garra del martillo, los cuervos cerca la puerta de barrotes, y, con los medicamentos proporcionar límite a los descensos embotamiento, usted puede encontrar una vez más que el deseo de sumergirse más / más profundo, aún más profundo, en el lodo y la magia de los días más cortos da en invierno, en las largas noches generosamente vertido sin parte de control sobre el ser humano.

Hawkins, un anciano de la tribu americana, usados, no, suavizado de los bordes aparentemente fortificada, la visión de fortalecer y metal, pintado, trabajado los objetos de la creación artística, se ocupó de los familiares de edad, y las manchas alusivas, sirviendo ahora y antes que ancestralmente tomarán parte de su ofrenda, lugar / curado en su contemplación, matizada en muestra de nube, franja de tierra se desplomó.

Y tú también, lo que, todavía aquí, han ayudado a

él a mí, a los demás,  
un imperativo interior, un tormento,  
es urgente insiste en que continuará en  
dentro de los remolinos espero que pronto  
a inmolarse a cabo mientras cuidaba  
sus preocupaciones asignado.

Una vez, su otra oscuridad, citado Hopkins a usted,  
'Los años de sequía' en lo amargo, medio tono,  
su descubrimiento, 'Lo que yo hago de mí, que he venido'  
no un texto para el culto mismo, sino, más bien, un asentimiento  
¡Ay del mundo a mantener personalmente sentía que en mayor  
punto de vista, hacer poemas de infortunio huérfano,  
de la gracia siempre furtivos que escapa a continuación, sorpresas  
en el lugar más sombrío, analiza súbita, recién en el  
verde verde de las cosas mientras aún suplicando,

'Envía, Señor, mi lluvia raíces.

La luz más cortos, las noches de frío y prolongado  
estrellas brillantes preguntas, podrá emitir red torpe adelante  
en lo que podría significar para todos los que con trastes, para mí,  
estirado, incierto, aunque no se empuje estos  
palabras más tiempo a su pluma o pintura, pero que  
oferta con agradecimiento por su propio trabajo para alimentarnos  
través de los ojos, tal vez el tiempo de montaje que  
Hawkins caballo y un soldado en o para caer de nuevo,  
aumento de la perspectiva de Damasco, sin embargo, a partir de la espalda  
ver la visión de distorsionar el caballo masiva en Dios  
retroceso en la imagen anterior es necesario la oscuridad  
con el fin de ver qué se puede formar en la tierra la difusión,

lo que la resurrección es allí, en el olor de la pintura.

Warren Falcon

## Missive For Darkness As Vocation, William Hawkins In Mind

[after viewing a film clip of the American self-taught artist, William Hawkins]

How would he depict it, your  
great sorrow now,  
even a corner of it?

Perhaps  
forge on, find a  
photo, a horse  
to paint, as in the film,

then busy himself with the making  
of it, then see how the belly is too much,  
needs to be thinned, a back haunch  
trimmed to size,  
a concise seizure of eye and paint  
dependent upon hands,  
a monumental concern which arights,  
or at least, perspectives one's own suffering  
amidst, against,

or, in the  
teeth of daily concerns  
taken on as ultimate-form,

gives visual commentary,  
response in an image-horse  
painted upon cast off wood,  
backyard ruin put to good uses  
with kindness extended in  
the hammer's claw, crows near  
the barred door, and, with meds  
providing limit to dulling descents,  
you may find again that desire to plunge  
further/deeper, deeper still, into the muck  
and magic of the shorter days  
given in winter, in the long nights  
generously dumped without  
portion control upon the human.

Hawkins, elder of the American tribe, worn,  
no, softened at edges apparently fortified,  
fortifying vision and metal, painted on,  
worked those objects of art making,  
occupied himself with familiars,  
and allusive smears,  
serving now and ahead who  
ancestrally will partake of his offering,  
be held/healed in their beholding,  
nuanced in cloud swatch,

land swath tumbled.

And you, too, do that,  
still here, have helped bring  
him out to me, to others,  
an inner imperative; a torment,  
it urgently insists that you continue on  
within the maelstroms hopefully soon  
to blow themselves out while tending  
to your allotted concerns.

I once, your other darkness, quoted Hopkins to you,  
'seasons of dryness, ' in the bitter pitched midst  
his discovery, 'What I do is me, for that I came, '  
not a text for self worship but, rather, an assent  
to keep world woe personally felt in that greater  
perspective, making poems from orphan woe,  
from ever furtive grace which eludes then surprises  
in bleakest place, sudden, parses newly in the  
greener green of things while pleading still,

'Lord, send my roots rain.'

The shorter light, the extended nights of cold and  
star-bright questions, may cast clumsy net forward  
into what it all might mean to fretted you, to me,  
stretched, though I will not thrust these words any  
longer upon your pen or paint but make offering  
with thanks for your own work to feed us through  
the eyes, perhaps time to mount that Hawkins horse  
and soldier on or to fall off again, gain Damascus  
perspective yet, from one's back watch vision  
distort the massive horse into God receding into  
necessary darkness foregoing image in order to  
see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

Warren Falcon

## Moments From The Orange World

Here is a poem which partakes of 'harvest' - death, dreams, love, dirge and demi-urge, the task of harvesting consciousness from unconsciousness, from the clash and claw and cling of opposites, each has their tasks, the dogs on the edge of the orange world, Death, too, has it's purpose rendering from that which nascently exists and is coming to be to not be again. Selves and part-selves are birthed/deathed to incarnate myriad possibilities of being which is the human experiment, each is a harvest returned to fallow ground. Each is a murmur, a sound expressed then passing into stillness. And myth.

Murmur: '(A) to make the sound mu mu or mumu, to murmur with closed lips, to mutter, to moan...(B) to drink with closed lips, to suck in...' - Liddell & Scott, Greek-English Lexicon, 1897 ed.

'In such cases myth is the truth of fact, not fact the truth of myth.' - Kathleen Raine, 'On the Mythological, ' Defending Ancient Springs'

'The repressed value contains transformative energies and a consciousness of its own...' - Charles Ponce

'The Saviors do not lend themselves to art successfully: they are outside the pale, beyond, as incomprehensible in their love as in their example. They have never become incorporated in the blood stream. Forsaking the world, they become as the idols they sought to destroy. This is human perversity. Throughout the ages it displays itself in the individual life, and now and then it bursts forth in cosmic waves of futility and self-destruction.' - Henry Miller in an essay on Kenneth Patchen

As Dew On Grass Sleeves No Longer Stiffening In The Wind  
- Moments From The Orange World - After Kenneth Patchen

'...do not grieve, therefore, those who are lost to you; they were ever so to themselves...'  
- Kenneth Patchen - from 'There Is One Who Watches'

I've lost my way and wait for signs.  
Distant signal fires indicate 'wait here'.  
No gate ahead. The iron dogs are waiting over there  
to chew all who approach edges of the orange world.  
Best to settle in, grin at stinking Death who is  
sinking into the ground winking at me as if to say,

You will soon sink. You will soon sink.  
Who do you think you are or were?  
Step forward if you dare.

I've observed how furred things give up without much complaint.  
They grab often enough so Death grabs back.  
They sigh or call out in their animal way, Son of a b\*tch!  
but in the end they relent and they sink leaving only their  
pink tongues spread out over the dawn as if to say.

I blink in the dark looking at edges distant fire.

I wink back at Death who's left only a bony hand  
on the ground where He waits just beneath.  
How trite He is but it does the job, conveys His trap clearly.  
When dawn tongues awaken licking dew from my face,  
and my fears, I shall raise both my hands, too, as if to say.

And flaunting these two hands to Death's one, and with flesh,  
I shall walk away the way I came having done with burning signs  
and a night's work of waiting, my presence taunting the dogs,  
Death baiting as if He has forgotten one hand upon the dirt.  
We have flirted, Death and me. Not the kind of company  
I like to keep preferring furred things to winking bones,  
Death's head all teeth and no whistle. But I earn my pay.  
I walk away, my own tongue licking as if to say.

I can barely contain myself arriving back at camp where  
She waits dreaming shyly in our tent, a Bedouin soul bending  
gently over wells in Her keeping on Gentler Hill.  
I shall lick Her face then. I shall not tell Her how  
I have survived the night with Death at my feet,  
the taunting signals over there at the edges, iron dogs alert.  
I shall not hurt Her with knowledge of this orange world,  
all the dark things within it. I shall softly settle beside Her  
where She breezes as dew on grass sleeves no longer  
stiffening against the wind.

I shall bring Her in as a fisherman brings  
in his boat, softly singing a fisherman's tale,  
his throat a song-sore nocturne rocking night waves,  
beacons ashore flaring where his Love lies sleeping  
awaiting conjectures, his folding, folding into Her  
gently suspiring guesses -

Is my love away at sea, at sea,  
dark as wine presses as he will  
surely press me?

O drink from the wells I tend -  
I earn my pay - and away with  
ocean roaming!

Distant lights demur sure in their beckoning.  
Sudden, he turns singing boat and heart to shore,  
starfish near at hand yearning beyond foam for depth.  
Dawn tongues slowly raise up the land-sunken houses,  
stilled curtains in darkened windows not yet stirring.

Nearing, he shall not shake the dew from his cloak but gather  
as much as he can to bathe Her - feet, hands, those parts  
Death cannot sink into but he can. And life will continue on.

As will the other, his lost brother of the inland tent

now gratefully at rest forgetting the ever orange world,  
edge fires signaling unseen until dark,

and then the dogs,

and Death's hand,

and then back to work again.

Warren Falcon

## **Nicht-Gesicht/Not Face by Rainer Maria Rilke**

From the German, translated by Priscilla Washburn Shaw:

Face, my face: whose are you; for what things are you face? How can you be face for such insides, whose something is beginning continually rolled together with dissolving? Has the forest a face? Does not the mountain basalt stand facelessly there? Does the sea not raise itself without face, up from the ocean-floor; is not the sky reflected within, without forehead, without mouth, without chin?

Do not animals come to us sometimes as if they were pleading: take my face. Their face is too heavy for them and because of it they hold their tiny little soul too far into life. And we, animals of the soul, confused by everything in us, not yet ready for nothing; we grazing souls: do we not implore the Allotter by night to grant us the not-face which belongs with our darkness-

Warren Falcon

## **Nightingale Confesses Into Straighter Teeth For the Seven Falling Ones**

'...descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God.' - Hart Crane

The boys, seven falling: Jamey Rodemayer, Tyler Clementi,  
Raymond Chase, Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh, Justin Aaberg

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.  
One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who  
have taken their own lives publicly on our behalf,  
for those many gone before them, broken hearts  
enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded  
world which, one of them, one of the public ones,  
in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous  
dark alleys bitter in the pitch of the last hateful  
American Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap  
from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba  
meets the lipping sea, took his tongue away which  
sang of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose  
spans still freely splinter light returning hungover  
from the night wharves, grottoes, and denim World  
Wars, industrial embraces crushing every man and  
now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling  
to scattering light, takes flight from ledges to  
edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden -

'And so it was I entered the broken world  
to trace the visionary company of love...'

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts.  
Suffering congregants, forlorn over their starfish and soup,  
ask about dreams, confess to anguish, ask what should be done.  
Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the boys  
who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced their  
compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears eyes ablaze in  
thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the  
violent hunt which always ends in a death bequeathing these  
chopped bits to me and to others like me who remain at table,  
plates before, to stare at what is to be later scattered, sown,  
these pieces in and for Love-without-name still a stain upon  
confused local deities and their wild-eyed supplicants.

But there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea.

Warren Falcon

## **No Difference In Memory - After Reading Li-Young Lee**

for Karthik

I am flying.

I am falling.

No difference in memory,  
the smell of rose oil in your hair  
my body can find even in the dark

its scent upon me when I awaken  
is the cup alone I drink.

I shall go on drinking when  
you leave before dawn  
departing to another life

I cannot live but only steal  
from mysterious bankers  
who lend but never give.

I am not free of this cup.  
I have stolen it to remember  
milk and a scent of rose  
entangled in black hair.

Put me on any cross then,  
one of two thieves beside any  
good Christ and I'll be with Him  
in any paradise above or below.  
When He says, I thirst,  
if I can reach with nailed hands,

I will gently touch it to his bruised lips  
and say, Take. Drink. Drink it all.  
I return this cup to you.  
Warren Falcon

## Nocturne

[from early poems,1970's, youthful attempts at voice]

Fogs of summer  
Through the green  
Stalks Will shake  
Take sweetness  
From the corn and  
With their tassels  
Make an infant's  
Rattle soft like milk.

Fields under moonlight  
Will silent be like silk  
And my comfort brown.

Sounds sleepers make  
Shall not be heard by me

Or anyone.

Warren Falcon

## **'Now, Heart' - Some Of What I Remember When I Listen**

A river is a process through time, and the river stages are its momentary parts.  
—Willard Van Orman Quine

From early poems, 1970s, youthful indiscretions/attempts to vocally/poetically arrive at/derive a worthwhile writer's voice. Some explication might serve or enhance these under serving, undeserving though 'striving-after' poems hidden in old journals understandably unpublished but now so with apologies which are these expiatory explanations. Recently rediscovering these early arrivals, derivative yet aspiring I recognized and reembraced an enduring self maturing, arriving into late middle age:

Obsessed newly by jazz, mad about the many miraculous lady singers, entranced all too easily as youth are wont to be by sorrows and sexual infatuations which feel, emphasis on 'feel', like love, here are two of many 'songs' as tributes and life markers to jazz singers who provided soundtrack and felt expression to my angst and easily inflated/deflated sense of self, of beloved others, and of that new territory, independent life away from parental home and childhood community discovering, blundering into the fray of separate hearts and minds, irresponsible genitals and insouciant jouissance ('juiciness', in French), discovering then and again and again that like Walt Whitman I 'contain worlds' and many disparate selves poorly formed, most of them collective projections and expectations of who or what I wanted to be, what others wanted and expected me to be, resulting in much confusion, tumult and multitudes of momentary throw-away selves. Thus singers like Bessie Smith and Dinah Washington became anchors, warm contexts and containers, for my daily fragmentation and re-formation.

I lived on 3rd street in downtown Chattanooga, a refugee from zealous, politically conservative white evangelicals and the vestigial yet still viral Southern Confederacy. Just a block or two from where Bessie Smith was born, I used to watch from my upstairs porch the steep hilly street's comings and goings with a glimpse of the Tennessee River between tenements across the street, its persistent rich aroma heavy in the air. I imagined Bessie Smith as a little girl playing up and down the street like the kids I saw then - once, two of them gleefully chasing a frighteningly large and confused looking rat.

William—he insisted on 'Willie'—an old man down the street who knew Bessie as a little girl, used to come up to my porch after one day hearing Bessie from my phonograph singing blues onto the always busy but attentive street. One of the first and permanent things I learned from my porch is that a city street has keen, observant eyes, acute ears, omnivorously seeing/hearing everything, indifferently, perhaps, but nothing escapes it, a roving, all-knowing urban Eye of God.

Extremely green and eager as green always is though stutteringly, and without apology, I enjoyed Willie's many stories and back pocket bottles of Old Mr. Boston Apricot Brandy, both of which—story and spirits/spirited story—dissolved or appeared to, age, racial, cultural, and sociological differences, along with those catalysts/cata-lusts, the forever alchemical Bessie and other jazz singers, Billie! Dinah! Ella! Sassy! Lil Ester Phillips! Nina Simone! to name only a few of the sensuous solutio chanteuses resolving sexual confoundaries by Miss-ambiguating sins' plethora with loose lilt and will- o-the-lisp whisper tongues.

One night Willie, much 'in the pocket'—an expression for being well onto tipsy which I've never heard from anyone but him—wanted to dance to a Bessie tune playing,

'Back Water Blues', him recalling nights as a young man in rural Tennessee where he'd worked hard days in oppressive vegetable fields then hit the after hours juke joints for 'colored, twas segregation days, ' he explained, where he would go to drink, dance then dive/delve, as it were, into the sensual mysteries of moist skin, hot breath, mutually open mouths with their commodious moans and mumbles, venial hands, always vital parts, private hearts mutually pounding ancient known rhythms, odors and tastes of gin and those slender, forbidden, now greedily stolen bites in those all too short nights with their damned intrusive dawns.

'Dawnus interuptus, ' I quipped, us both slapping knees, passing the narrative bottle fore and aft hefting moments re-grasped between us, offerings to the equally narrative river, the all-knowing hungry street.

Jumping to his feet, Willie described 'powder dancin'" (pronounced marvelously, 'powdah') which I had never heard of. Talcum powder would be copiously scattered onto the dance floor where couples in stocking or bare feet would ecstatically dance, gliding and sliding sweetly scented, muskily bent toward later glides and slides in the slippery joy of momentary allure and amour on dimmed porches or surrounding woods often enough and gratis upon delicate slabs of moonlight gratuitously dewy providing cushion for Passion's out and in, honoring and dignifying deities of skin wanting more making more skin, headlong Nature's frictional algo-rhythms indelibly scored in every/each his/her yawing yen.

Willie shouted, 'YOU GOT ANY TALC POWDER? ! '

...The jazz us trembled...

'NO! ' I bellowed, curious.

'YOU GOT ANY FLOUR? ! '

Even more curious, 'YEAH! ! '

'GO GIT IT! QUICK! ! '

He grinned an Old Mr. Boston juke-joint night-memories quaff-again grin.

Martha White, a brand of flour sold down South, has never been put to better use. Willie threw handfuls of 'Martha' over the tenement-planked living room floor as I half protested at the mess it (and me and Willie) was and would become. Completely gripped by his present-in-the-past brandy trance, a much younger man now, he suddenly grabbed me, brandied and tranced, too, my long hair flying, and danced me all over the floor the night through with swigs of Old But Now Spry 'n' Sprightly Mr. Boston with pauses to change record albums on the phonograph, 'catching up our breaths, ' he panted.

Next morning (more likely early afternoon) , Willie long gone, I awakened sprawled on the penitent porch—a cool concrete floor my sinner's bench—sweaty and thick as pan gravy, mosquito bitten, marinated in Tennessee night mists. I staggered into the living room onto the ghostly floor powdery white, 'stroked' with two attached, or close to, sets of foot prints, heel slides and smears, a kind of 'Jackson Pollock meets Tibetan sand painting 'yazzed' yantra'\*\*\*' with cigarette ashes flicked into the flickering

impermanent mix. I've not powder danced since when we drank discovering oral history's joys, opened eager ears and fraternal arms forgetting fears of race and religion, age and expressed/ espressed Desire's multilingual disseminations.

I know that wheat is anciently sacred but now even more so for flour, the sight and feel of it, its unbaked smell, turns me again toward a Chattanooga 3rd street, its compass river swelling like bread nearby bearing witness still for one cannot say too much about rivers—their irreverence of edges scored, spilling themselves, proclaiming natural gods deeper than memory yet dependent upon it for traced they must be in every human activity, no matter the breach, for something there is to teach even deity though it may be wrong to do so, or hearsay to say it or sing, but the song is there for those whose ears are broken onto bottoms from which cry urgencies of Being and between, dutiful banks barely containing the straining Word.

\*\*From Tibetan Buddhism. Visual meditation devices, Yantras function as revelatory conduits of cosmic truths.

1. To Bessie Smith, 3rd Street Chattanooga (circa 1971)

Already the river begins its sweat.  
April to September I'll be on the porch  
Come sunsets listening to cars in the  
Dark and you, remembering the flour  
On the floor and me and Willie in  
Stocking feet dancing till dawn,  
An old man down the street come  
To drink on my porch sometime.

You were singing one night  
While we drank and he just  
Had to dance and pulled me,  
Reluctant, skinny ass kid  
All over the floor that night.  
But my feet did dance.  
And the flour stayed down  
The whole summer long.

Now, Karen E. and Dinah Washington are still too painful 'o' dirges to give but only the skinniest details about. Karen, skinny, too, like this account where the devil is, indeed, in the details; Karen, young, vibrant, brilliant, German literature Thomas Mann scholar, once a patient in a mental hospital I worked the night shift at, committed suicide. We both loved the divine divas of jazz, Dinah Washington in particular.

I used to read William Blake out loud, the voices of the school children on the playground out our window and in the nearby park so loud that I had to shout out his 'Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience' to be heard. Karen would almost always cry when she heard me quote/shout now by heart, mistakes and all, holding her sad face in my hands, 'And we are put on earth a little space, That we may learn to bear the beams of love And these black bodies and this sunburnt face Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove, For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear, The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice, Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care

And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice'...'

By then gin had replaced Old Mr. Boston, and thin Karen had replaced some earnest yet fleeting others for in youth there are ne'er too many, from Willie nights to other momentary eternities of lovers. We lived Blake's songs, and Dinah's. Karen died them. The gods and Thomas Mann love her. I still do. Die of them, that is. And love her, do.

2

Dinah Washington, All Alone On The Street Of Regret (circa 1977)

It was sunrise, October.  
Karen had just done herself in.  
I suffered it through with  
William Blake and gin.

Over the fence across the street  
Children ran to class and Blake,  
Too, chased those kids fast through  
Leaves in the chill school yard.

I thought - the ground's already hard over  
You, Karen. To Charon, then, and keep  
Yourself warm. My arms no longer can.  
You left no note in the dawn.

Out of lime and song at 7 a.m.  
I dress, spin down the steps like then  
In this morning now thin with Spring.  
There's green over you now.

I cannot help but see a thin mildew  
Form around your fingers in the dark.  
Blake's still down playing in the park.  
I'll play some Dinah when I get back in.

Now, Heart, don't you  
Start that singing again.

Warren Falcon

## **O Mighty Beyond the Chimney Yet Under the Bed - One Address To the Lord After Berryman's 'Eleven' Astutter**

for Andrew

'I don't try to reconcile anything' said the poet at eighty,  
'This is a damned strange world.' - John Berryman\*

I beg (as did Berryman as did  
also Job) Do not give up on me  
drag me (gently) pull me (tug  
tenderly) gather me (dew me  
softly cover) do not delay  
Shepherding (O Numberless One,  
Creator of the Majestic Zero  
beyond all counting, that I may  
be beyond 'the Ninety and the Nine'\*\*  
so) woo me (though a cold bed I  
am and make, though human hand  
pen/paw at Thee O Mighty beyond  
the chimney yet under the bed

yet (pillow me) pillow me plead I  
'that my chaff might fly'\*\*\* and my  
eyes dimmed be turned toward what  
glimmer remains of corners dark in  
recessing mind, O Lord, would have  
You take (mine) mind shake the  
stiffness necked naked hairs numbered  
over all the fading flesh of me

Now (love even me/sand-one-grain)  
let Blood stain to Purity; what once  
is rendered endures, that one moment,  
may, where self-will wilts, (only)  
You do what You Will to in me instill

Einfall\*\*\*\*

You spill then to me  
in torrent, rinse, fling out drear  
dark (say it Elizabethan) Sin,  
score yet that long longing for  
You wrung: Look. Shake me out.  
Drained (I am) for wanting that  
You (might YOU) Force me far  
to me Freshest Be

What hands I have cannot grasp  
or reach (draw You in)

for now my tongue must serve  
all that (or type or pen thin  
ink (India\*\*\*\*\*)) to (You/Not You)



## **O See My Little Red Shoes, Bright Bright, O Clap Your Hands For Me - What I Once Became And Now Still Am**

Night before last I dreamed a copperhead bit my left armpit, venom so close to the heart, I immediately felt the effects. In a country ditch along a dirt road I lay in the arms of a young man whose last name is the moon. Soft hay beneath my head I somehow found a place to die, the moon's face in daylight strangely detailed, clear, a smile I knew to be a last horizon. Then I heard a piano, my grandmother's arthritic fingers on chipped keys when I was a boy in thrall of the moon, an old hymn, familiar strings out of tune.

...dream within the dream, approximate recall, some Fellini spliced in, Amacord, from copperhead to a hermit living in mountains, I became a century-old house filled with poisonous snakes, years of shed skins draped in windows, on door knobs, in chimneys and closets...leaving this house, shedding a few skins of my own, South America, a year's wondering what I would next become, seriously ill, Medellin, Colombia, a month there, recovery slow.

In blue parks reading Lorca, Rilke, a Colombian poet whose statue I daily saw when I earlier drifted in and out of Cartagena, not a statue of a man but of a pig, a poet's bronze lullaby to a pig begging humans to see/celebrate, a clapping of hands, bright red shoes, pleading for someone, a lovely girl, to dance with...sad poem, fetching fountain, small ocean Gulf suspiring...in evoked Medellin, enchanted, now feverish fountain far from seas, a little muneca (doll) daily came to me where I read on my bench of black pumice, sold me cherries, dark rubies sweet, she would ask to hear the poem about the little pig again, the shoes red red, the need to dance the small feminine steps, the far Gulf rhymes where terns chase wave rims dipping their heads, so many bowing caballeros, pale green, foam/bubbles/brine burst into shine...the poem once more, last time, her desire, once more the tilted head as if to catch it spilling into one ear trying to hear the distant sea, sweetly smiling she sadly says to me,

I dance with you, little pig.

I polish your shoes of red into

tiny espejos - mirrors - for toes,

vincapervinca - periwinkles - on

the heals to tap.

And I remember you always,

man pale as the moon, you

are forever - giggles, winks -  
Senor Mono Con Ojos De Verde -  
Mr. Monkey With Green Eyes  
Warren Falcon

## **Observing Early Autumn Snow From An Upstairs Window**

white feather boa

between limb crotches

winks through leaves

gold ginkgo glitter

over pedestrians below

a sudden flush of heat,

of love, and they don't

know why

isn't love always above us?

Warren Falcon

## **October Night of Divas, East Tenth Street, New York City**

for Brandon

A night of divas

stretched out  
in the dark on  
slow sofa fade

look out window  
city lights

some fly one  
frame to another

dark space square  
between what is seen  
then seen again

scratching belly, head, think -

Whatever became of Majestic,  
his suicidal crocuses?

When did I marry Lonely?

can't recall

but fell kid-hard

backyard empty clothesline

silk slip one pin down

dip shyly in brick shadows

pornographic breezes.

I sing to knees now...

Beyond Manhattan Bridge

sudden heat lightening

a good night with cool rain

old vinyl Nyro\*\*

needle scratches

done with song

<<<<<>>>>

**\*\***Laura Nyro, October 18,1947 - April 8,1997  
Singer/songwriter in the 1960's until her untimely  
death by cancer. Copy and paste this link to  
listen to the song I was listening to which inspired  
the above poem:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q2PeqqNi9bA>

Warren Falcon

**Of Ancient Mastodon, Sleepy Bee & Young Men Who Leap Too Soon From Bridges - Nightingale Confesses Into Straighter Teeth**

'...descend, and of the curvship lend a myth to God.' - Hart Crane

Pueri aeterna, septem cadens  
Etiam plures ad

The boys eternal, seven falling  
Too many more to come

Jamey Rodemayer  
Tyler Clementi  
Raymond Chase  
Asher Brown  
Billy Lucas  
Seth Walsh  
Justin Aaberg

Sub olivae, pacem  
Ut vos omnes adoremus orientatio

Under the olive trees, peace  
May you all adore this orientation

\*\*\*\*\*

"I imagine one of the reasons people cling to their hates so stubbornly is because they sense, once hate is gone, they will be forced to deal with pain."

- James Baldwin

'Ignacio goes up the tiers  
with all his death on his shoulders.  
He sought for the dawn  
but the dawn was no more.  
He seeks for his confident profile  
and the dream bewilders him  
He sought for his beautiful body  
and encountered his opened blood

Do not ask me to see it! '

- Federico Garcia Lorca\*

1

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.  
One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who  
have taken their own lives publicly on our behalf,

for those many gone before them, broken hearts  
enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded  
world which, one of them, one of the public ones,  
in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous  
dark alleys bitter in the pitch of the last hateful  
American Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap  
from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba  
meets the lispig sea, took his tongue away which  
sang of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose  
spans still freely splinter light returning hungover  
from the night wharves, grottoes, and denim World  
Wars, industrial embraces crushing every man and  
now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling  
to scattering light, takes flight from ledges to  
edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden -

'And so it was I entered the broken world  
to trace the visionary company of love...'

I am at the 'Way of Peace Bistro, ' where the server  
Alberto whose cousins are the famous Wolf Boys in  
Jalisco, Mexico, hirsute himself, gives me free double  
espressos so I may hear his confession, who only just  
yesterday came out to me in my confessional booth  
here at the perpetually wobbly table in the far corner  
at the cracked window rocking with Hart's un-confessed  
bones wrapped in soothing silt which he now dreams  
to be his silken pall.

Life is indeed strange above the veiled bottom.  
I do receive confessions here where I weekly haunt  
for studying, writing, chasing down dreams, waves,  
receding horizons.

Why, I wonder, is each window where I sit cracked?

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts.  
Suffering congregants, forlorn over their starfish  
and soup, ask about dreams, confess to anguish, ask  
what should be done. I consult espresso foam, open  
the nearest book at hand willy nilly to see what advice  
or wisdom might be gained from That which, we hope,  
indiscriminately sustains us all here straining after  
some realing thing to keep us going when Hart and  
those too recent others obey some impulse to place  
at last the final period, reifying the punctuate  
though unrepentant ending of this too too long run-on  
sentence of hate. One hopes this period holds fast,  
that Logos/meaning is somehow, plates of starfish  
with fork and knife beside, true or truing at least.

One serves where needed. And when.

So come unto me you 'sad young men.  
All the news is bad again so kiss your dreams goodbye.'\*\*

Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the boys  
who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced their  
compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears eyes ablaze in  
thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the  
violent hunt which always ends in a death bequeathing these  
chopped bits to me and to others like me who remain at table,  
plates before, to stare at what is to be later scattered, sown,  
these pieces in and for Love-without-name still a stain upon  
confused local deities and their wild-eyed supplicants.

But there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea.

The compliant sky is not confused.

Neither is all that is between confused,  
allowing birth and blessing, passing of  
all kinds in all manner of motive and motion.  
But in the human world, distressing, there  
will be more boys, more men growing up as  
from the very beginning where earliest enmity  
mythically grew strong before shoes, before  
hearts were capable of breaking, before turgid  
theological floods spilled blood of brother  
by brother turning witness stones toward silence,  
echoing lamenting Federico,

'Do not ask me to see it! '

I don't want to see it!

I will not see it!

But I, but perhaps we, who remain to plant these  
petaled parts of these unwitting scapegoats whose  
eyes are milk now forever, we must bar sentimentality,  
must move toward genuine knowing which comes from  
the long hard stare beyond Milky Ways at the way  
things still inexorably are. 'Nothing gets better -  
or changes for the better - until it is what it is.'  
But the falling ones, half-way to eternity while  
here and eschewed, know what the 'is' is of the matter,  
that it is the others, too many of them, who don't  
or won't know, who willingly refuse to see 'what is'  
in order to reach beyond the collective NOT SEE  
solutions' of hetero-normative culture/religion.

Perhaps even in the deepest fault of the ocean that  
very visionary company - in league with stuporous

pigeons, a mourning dove, me here who remains-not  
-yet-remains, tearful over my espresso looking for  
signs, finding only an endlessly fracturing rainbow,  
remembering, too, the murmuring secrets of wharves  
and co-mingled breath - that very visionary company  
traces all the sunken ones, the jumping ones, those  
with other means for departure by their own hands  
empty now of demands for love.

Here I sit, arthritic living hands still  
demanding, remembering full of past and  
present griefs the Violin with a cut throat  
in a youthful suicide once writ years ago,  
hidden, hiding out, refusing to shout my  
rage to Almighty 'Nothing-But':

Do not hear nothing but the cabin walls,  
do not hear nothing but late summer roses  
petal by petal leaping from the still too  
white trellises, leaping pinkly, redly,  
memory to breezes, overwhelmed by trellises  
shagged with cut sleeves.\*\*\*

But not me. Not yet.

I don't want to see it!

I will not see it.

On the mute page, the Violin refusing to sing

- in love with Garcia Lorca,  
the goring horn of the Bull,  
the destined cornada -

each and all appalling, commanding 'Write'  
in long nights working where the mentally ill  
wandered with me, keys ironically in my hand,  
the yellowing hallways with even more ironic  
EXIT signs brightly RED above the locked doors,  
silent companions somnolent but for the jangling  
joke of the keys.

Do not ask me to see it!

I don't want to see it!

I will not see it.

Still, I have now these better days in the Village,  
broke or near to it, with eggs and beans, cheap but

edible things. An epicurean after all, I do luxuriously  
head to the Polish butcher shop nearby to gather meat  
but not any of the young butchers want to be gathered  
- too Catholic - for Poland is 'passing strange' with  
bad teeth, fingers stained with nicotine. Or is it rust  
from once Curtains of Iron,

or the Blood of the Acetylene Virgin? \*\*\*\*

I get my meat, cook my greens and things, have good-enough feasts for garlic and the  
right spice make grander the demanded abstemiousness of current coin. I purloin my  
pleasure during eats in my dirty yet happy apron with recordings of poetry, lectures or  
a good aria or two to salt my food with tears, a blubbering fool beside his one low watt  
lamp, darkness too too comfortable like a pooch or cat at feet. What is that bleating in  
the darker corner? I shall wait for daylight to see what it can be. And if I can I shall  
free it from it's trap and in doing so perhaps free me from all this, all this witnessing as  
life demands I must, of young ones setting themselves free because they are forced to  
do so by collective psychopathology now rendered even more effective and efficient via  
technology, via internet, emphasis upon the 'net', where the ills set free from Pandora's  
Modem have only begun to be revealed.

But I shall use that 'net' and my still goodly paper and goodly pen to dim whatever ill  
tides there are and to come, as they surely will in spite of low wattage. I'll jangle keys  
on the night watches reading my mystic books, making my prayers with roamers of  
wards and wharves glancing up, considering bridges, edges, silty bottoms. The tides  
are here even now. But right now I wish to sing a lullaby in protest to those hurting  
departed, even to those coming ills, that I may sing innocence dumbly back to those  
who may come ashore again more gently having forgotten enforcing depths insisting  
them toward resistant yet resolved embraces...

...So breech then, waves. Feet first. Heads in the brine. I shall keep time on your  
wrinkled toes sticking up from the sand, play peek-a-boo. Then while you sleep I shall  
harvest gently, place them firmly in that old woman's shoe...'there was an old woman  
who lived in a shoe, had so many children she didn't know what to do'.

She may yet have learned what to by now.

I haven't. But for my one strange harvest here below...

2

Somniculosus Apis, Sleepy Bee  
Ascendit infra me, He rises beneath me  
Deus absconditus placet, The hidden God is pleased

He is busy even as I write this preparing a repast for many paying guests who will watch him cook sacred chilies of his Mother's garden born, who will hear him sing their praises...Krishna was over yesterday, nervous and excited about it all. Working out regularly at the gym he is now very toned, muscular in a good way, not too pumped in exaggerated lumps, and he is even more radiantly beautiful/handsome than when we first met beside the cardamom and the ghee in the intoxicating basement of the Indian spice and food shop not easily hidden, such aromas are not to be tucked down like the shop is beside and below the avenue.

Which flower should I adorn my table with? I ask, approaching shyly beside the spice bins. I buzz inside, a bee for the nectar.

If you serve, said he, If you serve with cardamom and ghee then flowers three are best, the jasmine, the oleander, the anthurium. But if choosing only one, he looks at me, something insistent, responding, in his eyes, I would choose for you the anthurium.

And so we began our time together, the cooking lessons, the first demur approaches, the blushing papayas, then the fires, the chilies harvested, curtains drawn. One day perhaps I to shall fall but in this way:

I shall fling back the curtains  
Open the window  
Throw cut sleeves for years  
gathered, hidden, to the street.  
Shouting out names of lovers,  
I shall then leap openly into life  
land softly upon the Autumn  
ginkgo leaves and, golden,  
kiss every parked car  
on the street leaving  
lips like leaves and all  
the cut sleeves in love  
with all the world and if  
not all the world then  
all the cars and a fiddle  
dee dee for the fall of me

Yesterday I coached him on slowing down as he speaks (his accent is thickly, richly Tamil) , how to enunciate each syllable. He had several stories to choose from which he may relate to the guests, all of which he related to me, a sweet one of him as a little boy waking up at dawn, asking his dear mama for an omelet to eat:

'Sleepy Bee, ' she called to him. 'Go, my Sleepy Bee, to the garden and be sure to smell the jasmine there, touch softly the spices in trembling rows, fetch then some chilies of many colors and I will prepare for you a dish as you wish. When the teacher makes you sleepy by noon reach then your fingers to your face, smell the spices there, remember the touch of smooth skinned chilies whispering of lingering liaisons to come, and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee.'

A chili omelet she would make, a side of yogurt to soothe the burn, and milk from the cow drawn before dawn's first udder swelled against the press of distant hills where even the Temple soundly sleeps so very full and pleased with itself. Mother, each morning as he stumbles, rubbing his eyes, into the garden, tells him,

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for His Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Lord Indra's captured fire in the little grate her Bee awakens watching her slow movements, the slicing of chilies, the removal of seeds, the washing again of plump hands, the cracking of eggs, beating them with the whisk, spreading ghee upon the hot flat stone, the enchantment of liquid whites and yokes becoming firm, becoming food. She turns them in round rhythms as she rhythmically prays.

After eggs and chilies are eaten comes the rose oil poured upon his raven hair smoothly brushed back to reveal his shining face, his smile. She prepares him for school with kisses, his uniform freshly cleaned, ironed, smelling, too, of rose-flavored soap. Then off to school with a lunch, a string of chilies of all colors sewn together, sewn when he was still in a waking dream.

'The chilies may burn, ' he tells me, speaking slowly, enunciating each syllable, practicing through smiles, returning to my gaze. 'But not like the touch of my mother's hand. She is far away but I can feel her burning hands on me now.' He smiles. I stammer. How can one enunciate such wonder?

Visionary company, Krishna, his mother, and me.

I have been encouraging Krishna (which is a funny thing to say, Krishna being a bold, blue God) to find a language coach to help him with his accent, to tone it down while keeping the wonderful music/lilt of it and he's going to do that...he complains of tilting his head as he talks 'as all Indians do' but I insist he merely speak and let his head and hands speak, too, in their own way. If he does more public events he will need to be understood clearly when he speaks while preparing his magnificent dishes from his country, his rich feasts of stories of the chilies from his mother's garden entwined by morning glories, the morning cock already at quarrel with the world just beyond the tin reaching in to take some spices too enticing to refuse...

I always feel as if he is, or will soon be, bored with me and my humble 'ministrations' but he sweeps into my little 'box-doir' - you recall how tiny my expensive studio on the 5th floor is! - like a Raj, a young prince beaming, brimming full of stories to tell me, usually some food, spicy hot, he has prepared for me, offered with a grin. Then he

strips instantly down, lays upon the down pallet in easy, unabashed nakedness - it catches my breath, I do want to see! - checks his Blackberry for the latest cricket scores while I hurriedly 'hide' my Ganesha, the prominent statue of the god I have in front of my useless fireplace; this hiding I half understand...but still, naked, he has a fresh and beautifully made tattoo of Ganesha on his shoulder, he wears a Ganesha necklace, a Ganesha bracelet, and a Ganesha waist scapular, the image of which is just below his navel. So why, I ask only myself and Ganesha, never Krishna, why must I hide my large wooden Ganesha statue? But I do hide Him in deference to Krishna's wishes and meanwhile have intercourse with the god-in-miniature, scraping a necklace trunk with an ear, a tongue, receive a scapular kiss of the image upon my forehead as I trace those wonderful hairlines of the male body on my way to other deities.

Ah! give me all the beans in the world in all my poverty! Am I not, too, a Raj of floors and scented pillows, this beaming god beneath me thrusting utterly to reveal his secrets, his desires, his pleasures to me who am not a god?

Life, dear Valdosta, over all, is good, yes? I wish it no ill. But, agreeing with the cock, I will quarrel, even fight, with life when young men still leap too soon from bridges because I have learned (and relearn it hard lesson by hard lesson at a time) visionary company insists its tracings in many forms, man to man being but one holy expression, those sons, burning mother's hands upon them demanding, insisting to life that each her sons is a rajah, a Sleepy Bee.

So please the intemperate humanity, in the face of patient deities the burning ones are leaping still and I am ill with grief, with prayer, their dead bodies gone, their now emptier hands.

And he leaves me.

I return to my poems.

The room is filled with Krishna, aromas of rose oil in his hair, pungent spices in his sweat and upon his hands and skin, and sex.

I retrieve Lord Ganesha out from his little sanctuary of hiding (it seems I am always retrieving deities) and we both laugh richly. I remember to sprinkle some cologne upon Him, to pour out some milk into His votive bowl, to rub His belly, to light another candle (the other extinguished, panting, while we were busy bees exchanging knees and sighs, diffusing male spices into bracing air, fingers upon oily chilies thickening in always morning hunger) .

I light more incense and thank the Lord Ganesha in all his forms, appearing both large and small, His adornment of Secrets, though one cannot easily hide an Elephant, man-love and more in such a small infinite universe whose toes I seek to tickle then gather for a shoe as tides shrink and swell, grow and diminish depending upon the worshipers, those who will do so in spite of those who would kill delicate or manly infidels whose worship, forever babies breath, is all the more meaningful.

Be damned the trellises. The petals shall reach, shall extend outward.

The violin's throat cut.

'Do not ask me to see it! '

Then, Ganesh restored to His rightful place; good-natured about being hidden, it is back to the kitchen, the slicing of the onion, the crushing of the garlic, the pouring of the wine, the selecting of the greens and washing them of the clinging sand and grit they kindly bring, then to the pot to cook them in, the meat to go with, and begins the fire, O Indra, more aromas extend into, entwine with what Krishna has left to me and the god and I am grateful, full of heart, for each time he is here is a miracle. A grace. Mother India with hot hands gifts me one of Her Raj's who graces me with his presence evoking praise bestowed from oft bitter lips and tongue made the more bilious by aging, aching joints, laxer muscles, and yet the encroaching decrepitude is bent and stretched, the better for the wear from Krishna's 'half nelsons' and yogic overreaches. □ More the better for me.

Yet I remain bitter, too, from the senseless loss of young men who could not endure, no fault of their own, for sure, who leap from bridges, forced to by killing edges broken open within and by hateful, fearful others forgetting, if ever had, those restorative burning constancies of a Mother's hands upon them

I have placed your picture, dear Valdosta, upon my altar beside Lorca's portrait, and Hart Crane's young face, the image of a sweet Christ holding a lamb en perpetua, and the yellowed newspaper clipping from Spain of the Matador's death, along with photos of the young men in the past two weeks who have joined Hart becoming ghostly visionary company. They now remain forever chaste not having lived long enough to be wasted, emptied of love from loving deeply out into love for more love, endlessly bleeding out like our Lorca, a corrida of laurel encircling his head no longer remembering but remembering only one sound, guns exploding outward, extending, bullets, petals, one by one beyond the wall where he stood stunned, 'how young and handsome are assassins' faces', he flew backward in the wall graced with his brave shadow then his blood until he fell. I believe he fell hard for life demands it as does death which will continue its duende.

Love, as Hart and all hearts love, is still a vision not yet fully, solidly formed in spite of stones and walls forgetting noble shadows, but there are foolish Krishnas, restoring Krishna-moments, patient hidden gods though human hearts and bodies remove themselves from the potter's wheel too early, too broken, too tired, too alone to try to shape love from Love from the tiny shard, the remnant bone of the ancient mastodon, the last one, dreaming within each heart of that Love which all Nature yearns for.

I pray for my inherited brood of brothers, and remember to be gay for all the gray afternoons in this sad but forgiving confessional, while not forgetting mine and the cock's quarrel with life, in the booth by the cracked window near the corner of 7th and Second.

I am yours, bleating, sometimes crowing, but almost always bestowing praise. I am loved, Valdosta, and I love you.

N. Nightingale

\*\*\*\*\*

\*Opening quote is from Lorca's elegy, 'Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías'

\*\* The Ballad of the Sad Young Men

Music written by: Tommy WolfLyrics written by: Fran Landesman

(best version sung that I know of is by an aged Mabel Mercer in concert, hard to find it now) □

Sing a song of sad young men  
Glasses full of rye  
All the news is bad again so  
Kiss your dreams goodbye

All the sad young men  
Sitting in the bars  
Knowing neon nights  
Missing all the stars

All the sad young men  
Drifting through the town  
Drinking up the night  
Trying not to drown

All the sad young men  
Singing in the cold  
Trying to forget  
That they're growing old

All the sad young men  
Choking on their youth  
Trying to be brave  
Running from the truth

Autumn turns the leaves to gold  
Slowly dies the heart  
Sad young men are growing old  
That's the cruelest part

All the sad young men  
Seek a certain smile  
Someone they can hold  
For a little while

Tired little bird,  
She does the best she can  
Trying to be gay for her  
sad young man

While the grimy moon  
Blossoms up above  
All the sad young men  
Play at making love

Misbegotten moon  
Shine for sad young men  
Let your gentle light  
Guide them home again

All the sad young men

\*\*\*In China homosexuality was referred to as 'the cut sleeve'.

Read an excellent account of this in

Passions of the Cut Sleeve, The Male Homosexual Tradition in China.

<http://www.ucpress.edu/book.php? isbn=9780520078697>

□ \*\*\*\*Surrealistic Sutures For The Acetylene Virgin by Warren Falcon

'I think that poetry should stay awake all night drinking in dark cellars.' - Thomas Merton

Look to the body for metaphor

Look to blood, use this word  
in relation to dreams or flowers  
while silver runs in veins which  
are usually streets or vines.

Breasts, male and female,  
are stars, have to do with  
a handful or feet to span them.

Abdomen, then, is a great  
Milky Way gathering,  
holding, expelling comets,  
caroling colons' humming.

Spleens are bones to  
pick teeth with, teeth  
which are, of course,  
sea horses or gravestones  
bearing images of the Flagrant  
Heart to tame this spot of  
gypsum and flint, to charm  
where Violin's cut throat

sings itself awake, one  
black breast out of its fold  
slapping metal seas against  
dropping metal shores in  
Sidelight's shadow across  
this hand writing now,  
slap of waves mute in  
this stillness of knees.

So lend a darkness to gardens,  
ancient pattern of a breast,  
cloth lightly lifting, black on black.

From Her chest reveal a slenderer throat  
that nods when she swallows  
and names her peace.

The delicate will not pass away just yet.

Great Seamstress of Space

sew, please,  
with fingers of dew.

Warren Falcon

## **Of Asterisk, Lovely Flower**

Imagine  
this asterisk  
which contains an aster  
a rose transforming yet again  
because it can  
because he  
Lorca  
has willed it obediently into being  
letter by letter,  
petal by petal  
bee kissed by brazen bees  
a clutch of stamens  
assassin's ink  
flowering

\*

Warren Falcon

## **of bells anatomy there is much**

of bells  
anatomy there  
is much to  
say

of the  
elements,  
zinc, copper,  
tin, & more  
while not for-  
getting brass  
more commonly  
used

of infusion  
into cuppolas

the beating  
the shaping  
heat also to  
be given account  
amounts much into  
bells conformed  
gracefully out  
in the end

but only  
as metal,  
sharp tongues  
blunted can of  
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings  
side to side the  
hard knock shocks  
into, quakes into  
belfry beyond  
dance of iron  
bronze overtaking  
&  
annunciant round  
of hammers

so many dawns

times so many

goings down of

the sun  
O lover  
of thee  
I adore  
in timbre  
thru the  
window rings  
the arms too  
cling wring  
out  
breath to  
breath  
outreach this  
to introduce some  
levity  
for we (loves)  
were many day-ed  
times merry  
we merrily played  
harming no one,  
the god you insisted  
be excluded from  
all our nakedness  
many breaths  
exchanged, groped  
times the many  
ropes

all our

wanting

hands emptier  
sensitive finger-  
tips filligreed  
prints your  
body hairs  
sifted imprinted  
touching softly

no matter  
the black or  
blue tide

of thee  
O lover

what  
slips out  
ebbs black  
back into lapis

lapses into what  
self is (a bell  
shaped fiercely  
formed)

uttered/poured,  
scored trans-  
parent upon  
surfaces

faces which are  
even  
eyes which now  
glaze with love/  
loss

a multitude  
of petals

peels

the jasmine  
unspurned  
at last

at last/least  
O return

soft Junes  
the lips curved  
out to ring  
sing of  
which are  
sometimes  
pink, of  
lavender  
swollen

as if to kiss

the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

their vespers

once was laughter  
spent

seeking out  
between bodies

continents  
valleys eternally

shifting eluding  
rapture

contraction  
of sentinel  
bells against  
each of each  
reaching

the clappers  
their constraining  
rounds in too too  
secure now rafters

Warren Falcon

## **of humans the stains they leave**

Angels without knees  
aprons spotless starched  
as beards of saints  
complain of humans  
the stains they leave

Overheard  
between the fork  
and spoon obscenely  
crossed  
one angel to another:

They call it love  
what we are supposed  
sublimely to sing of  
but frankly all that  
pushing and shoving  
faces in agony the  
cries and curses all  
that pulling at flesh  
bruised as the moon  
this can't be love

We stand without legs  
the better for it but  
for these we must attend  
bent over their plates  
greedy to have at each  
other again to marriage  
beds one last time

And then the singing  
begins

an eternity

songs about dirt  
about longing to return

how all hurts there  
mean something  
after all

Warren Falcon

## **Of Hungry Pockets**

For Frederique

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.

With what glory remains of hungry pockets

I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful

don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket

Warren Falcon

## **Of Li Po Waking The Morning After, circa 1981**

'Let me be forever drunk and never come to reason!  
Sober men of olden days and sages are forgotten,  
And only the great drinkers are famous for all time.' - Li Po

'We share life's joys when sober.  
Drunk, each goes a separate way.' - Li Po

Waking up among these frail green things,  
by the stream I hear the hornets singing.  
I do not fear them but I fear the sting  
of light as day creeps into my shade.

I have read of sad and joyful things  
under last night's moon and now I weep  
for the Immortals fading from light  
to light with their pockets of pine bark  
and resin to chew, their wine of sorrow  
to drink in their, and my, sorrowful season.

I am homesick for the earth as  
these old poets knew it,  
a thin veil of mountains,  
winter birds pecking at suet,  
some girls dancing, and a wife,  
some young sons to pull the reeds up  
fishing and weeping for my exposed  
wino bones while I sit, drunk, pronouncing  
upon the deeds of state. Pitiabile.

Let there be leaving taking and coming to,  
drinking and drinking again,  
playing fool to the wisdom of the ages,  
remarking at those unkind sages  
who always smack their lips for war.  
Give me again the hilltop cave,  
the pilgrim come to call at the door.  
Fires I will then light for this age.

Who comes to me in this season for reason  
besides the bee and the mite, the winding gourd?  
I have sat here in one spot so long  
I begin to lose my sight. Look!  
The stream is growing a beard in the daylight!

No word can bring back the Immortals but for wino joys.  
There is a blight upon our time. I have been faithful to it  
tipping my cup. The present is sufficient but I admit  
I am ready to go. My time has come.

Leave the world to the scoundrels!

[POET'S NOTE: I wrote the above poem in response to Li Po's famous poem, 'Alone And Drinking Under the Moon'. Here it is, by Li Po:

Amongst the flowers I  
am alone with my pot of wine  
drinking by myself; then lifting  
my cup I asked the moon  
to drink with me, its reflection  
and mine in the wine cup, just  
the three of us; then I sigh  
for the moon cannot drink,  
and my shadow goes emptily along  
with me never saying a word;  
with no other friends here, I can  
but use these two for company;  
in the time of happiness, I  
too must be happy with all  
around me; I sit and sing  
and it is as if the moon  
accompanies me; then if I  
dance, it is my shadow that  
dances along with me; while  
still not drunk, I am glad  
to make the moon and my shadow  
into friends, but then when  
I have drunk too much, we  
all part; yet these are  
friends I can always count on  
these who have no emotion  
whatsoever; I hope that one day  
we three will meet again,  
deep in the Milky Way.

Warren Falcon

## **Older Age, Basho In Mind**

for Nimal

Road gets narrower  
eyesight dims,  
even signs wave

Basho's ghost  
guides with ink,

HERE NOT HERE

Can't ever cross  
Rainbow Bridge

Beneath it, though,  
a billet of mist  
Warren Falcon

## **On Our Broken Boat The Harsh Light Will Not Break**

'Others the same - others who look back on me because I look'd forward to them,  
What is it then between us? ...What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years  
between us? ' - Walt Whitman

On our broken boat the harsh light will not break.  
We see our day clearly as we can.  
Tell the night, now it's here to stay, that

once I glanced the sleeping youth, legs against the wall,  
felt a pall descend upon us here,  
this boat lancing the bay waters darkly.

Some to books then, the priest to his sad, effeminate stare.  
I can no longer envy those of the black cloth  
so bend and tie the shoe.  
We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,  
eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.  
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.

.

Warren Falcon

## **On the Train, Haiku-esque**

For the blind woman  
on the train every  
journey is inner.

She touches my shoulder,  
moves just  
one seat ahead,

feels her winter coat,  
metal ring pinned  
to its shoulder.

Smiles when she touches  
it, dark rings of her eyes  
light up momentarily.

What universes are in the heads all around me.

Warren Falcon

**only this to hear**

only this

to hear the dipper spilling  
too full  
the deep well  
yielding

knowing a hand of dew  
brings such sweetness  
wet, cool

wet

Warren Falcon

## **Our Mutual Confession Invisibly Drawn - Pentecostal Church Ruins**

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal,  
what has become a destined association,  
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,  
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this  
once sentinel house long remote to men and  
as present as God, my own presence is bound  
to his who stands confounded now as three,  
one above grave, one within it, and me  
in between, one eye upon him, the other  
upon sagging dirt where bones and a  
ragged shirt share an unexpected  
moment of veils confused in sunlight's  
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and  
shadows frozen there, not breathing  
for us all in un-storied astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.  
Upon weathered stones are  
only creases where once were  
names, dates, even God's Word,  
chiseled by a now unknown hand,  
an impression only, one among many,  
reduced to no plot but that of Providence  
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic  
flies proving only flesh and only blood,  
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,  
and exhaling still, waiting beside  
a white rock with wings,  
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

Warren Falcon

## **Pasturale Lullabies - Fragments Of Nocturnal Song From A Child's Abandoned Grave**

### Lullaby One

Remembered gait of young ponies toward  
the spring's sweet water

Remembered laughter of the frail daughter there  
beside the fields sweet grasses

The daughter, as the water, passes into silence

### Lullaby Two

Distant crows sound the morning field beyond pasture

Dew murmurs names upon passing grasses

still, the woods echo

Below  
a stream's gash extends

slowly suspires erasing dimensions  
of width and depth

### Lullaby Three

Blue the waters at a distance

Blue the tails of otters

Blue the eyelids of sleeping beasts  
nested beneath the earth

### Lamentation Song

Dear one

Dear one

They've mown the hill

The grass remains

The modern scythe and sickle  
felled the frailer blades but stained  
their metals green with your name

Now the sun alone shines

burns that hewn spot where I first  
learned to love your passing

where I watched your leaving  
grow wild and lovely,  
untamed beside the stream

learned to hear the quiet there  
where now a cycle is begun

A new season of your death  
is running rampant again to know  
the blades of time and men

Warren Falcon

## Perservering of Palms

for Karthik, once again,  
'The light foot hears you  
and the brightness begins...' - Pindar

that salt adheres to the palm  
proclaiming only this  
that purchase requires both  
sweat and the one hidden pearl  
of scraped touch

much there is in the hand  
bequeathed;  
beneath the thigh the grit  
burns smooth the groove  
where you lay

your wonder - that purchase  
of kisses, too, with salt,  
crystalline, rimed - is hard

Timed little breath-hairs,  
inscaped light, red, turned  
the more out in layered traces

delicate,

veins strain the  
more for tongues' hard press

tapered fingers flame  
that these lips may chaff/  
chafe more the love  
from the grain which  
skin frames from  
cloudless scansions

Obdurate Sun,  
unclothe now,  
apparel dispose,  
appear beyond  
familiar feet,  
cast off,  
at last unremembered

legs arc,  
display,  
sunrise splay  
without restraint  
tangled limbs arch,

on summit burn

where doffed shoes  
obey Flame which  
does not snuff nor cinder

Kindled limbs  
do not go out  
do not ash hot  
to powder  
nor the colder grow

though each is made distinct,  
distinguished, though each  
is extended, extinguished in  
the other's contradiction  
neither brother or lover

but both  
be perseverance  
of palms,  
of salt

Preserve.

Warren Falcon

## Photo From Lost Days At Stillborn Falls

You see them all morning while driving,  
broken cars, omens, those towns you drive  
through graveyards now. Your one good  
tooth a headache, windshield wipers break in  
the storm. Road side glass cuts your feet.  
You curse your shoes in the back seat,  
fumble with blades in the rain.

One good town out of six and that's the one  
you leave behind where your shorts hang content  
at home on the line, back yard neighbors  
speculating over lingerie with black lace.  
The sun can barely contain itself.  
The mail man wishes he was me.

The story is Jalise - I was nearby - she dripped in  
soaked from rain announcing, 'I need to get  
out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini.'  
For me? only a towel to dry her and nothing more.

I swear, Jalise, pornographic peekaboo, hide  
and seek, I'm drunk again thinking of you,  
how I cut my baby teeth on Stillborn glass,  
feet bleeding on always wet roads. One mile  
out of two I'm thinking of you, how you wouldn't  
let me love you, just hold your hips in jeans,  
'just friends'. Your black lace is still a pain.  
Five men out of six would call you 'b\*tch' or worse.

At the laundromat now a woman in nylons stoops.  
I drive by with a wave, another town, same storm,  
a study in shields and blades wondering about  
nylon mysteries, hand washed, bent woman's  
name turning over and over again in spin and  
dry cycles of drink.

Warren Falcon

## Photos of War

Photo of War - 1

no milk for her  
child the nipple  
droops a sad  
thing while dogs  
run wildly about

Photo of War - 2

Geese tell of return

the burning village  
counts its embers  
measured in hands

Photo of War - 3

there are treaties

generals

prisoners and  
gilded boxes  
exchanged

then the  
Mongol spices

Photo of War - 4

boys  
muddy feet

cheer  
chase behind  
battalions  
innocent fists  
raising threat

for them  
such regrettable  
punctuation

Photo of War - 5

Hold Fast  
the greatest

among us

he knows  
only war which  
makes him great  
in one thing  
alone

I know  
of waiting

what the horizon  
safe keeps behind  
its ear

of love, yes

Photo of War - 6

your top knot my hand  
unknotting  
your long hair my  
scented bedding

sudden  
startled  
wildness of laps

in the vase  
so very  
still

a clutch of stamens

Arrival at last -  
the fallen petal  
of your navel

Photo of War - 7

Dream again  
of moonlight

of sewing

that work of warriors

naked needling of seams

In this dream

I know the pattern well  
so near to hand  
a blessing

let the dead bury  
theirs

Photo of War - 8

his face  
sleeps upon my  
belly

I do not breathe  
do not wish to disturb

Dawn just

light fingers  
trace in circles  
each my  
breasts

what tickles  
but a sigh interrupted

Photo of War - 9

In your dream

a gentle  
boat slowly rises  
with waves

the gentler subsiding

slides up  
my torso  
to keel  
to kiss  
Never again will I go to war

Photo of War - 10

I lie

Already

the men are heavily gathering  
new arrows hot for flesh

only for yours I am

Photo of War - 11

Fortress a better world

between the teeth

on tips of tongues

on lip perimeters

strung by kisses

Photo of War - 12

From childhood our song:

Hurry awake sleepy bee  
Softly sings the breeze

To sweetness we are called  
when the sun high shall be

freshened with tears our parting

Photo of War - The Last

behind the barred door wait

a lock of wound hair

silk pouch of my gated heart

it will be a hard arrow to pierce it

Warren Falcon

## **Pisciatoio de Nero in Zero world**

[reveries from many years viewings of Fellini's 'Amacord' -  
'Pisciatoio de Nero' means 'black pissoir' in Italian]

'Hear me a moment...  
Perhaps it is better  
if the jubilee of small birds  
dies down, swallowed in the sky...

The senses are graced with an odor  
filled with the earth.' - Eugenio Montale, 'The Lemon Trees'

the blowing spring blossoms  
the falling snow  
the sex-crazed madwoman  
has her place and is made place for

in the seaside town - Gradicia  
sacred prostitute  
important to matters of State

of stuttering male  
desire of all ages

at film end her  
marriage  
a new beginning for all

motorcyclist  
as Time too  
zooms in/out  
punctuates  
scenes throughout

spring blossoms again  
return the final scene

the ubiquitous blind  
accordion player  
Time's other guise

pestered by brats  
perpetually pull his tattered hat

plays throughout  
eternal return

\*

film family  
the schizophrenic brother/  
uncle of papa/nephew  
climbs a tree on an  
out-of-the-asylum family picnic

the day is late  
family needs to leave  
countryside for city

Tio, uncle, refuses to  
descend from the tree top  
end of the stony world

loudly shouts  
hours over quiet  
farmland and fields,

I WANT A WOMAN!

I WANT A WOMANNNNNN!

deeper sanity reveals  
in his call for the restoring  
Woman

the sanity of Desire  
his coniunctio  
(consummation call)  
in the arms of a tree

rocks tossed  
plucked from  
coat pockets  
rags  
keep saner  
interlopers at bay below

the love-mad one  
in piss pants  
sways embraced of  
the Woman Tree  
reunites vistas  
seen above  
tearing opposites  
of the seen world  
mean in over  
extended glory

coagulates  
the promised  
black boots

of State

Unpersuaded he

in primeval arms  
innocent  
returns to life

wants a wife  
or lover

lightens his load  
throws stones from  
threadbare

pockets full o full  
upon the glass house  
the loo-loo world

spread out beneath him  
a 'pisciatoio de nero'  
in Zero world.

\*

actively dreaming I am  
of a cabin, some woods  
(or Tio's Tree) or Mexico  
mountain crotch

draw water from  
artesian well deep  
bathe with night stars

swelling in night-mirage

heat vectors from day  
heated earth making

giddier stars dance...

my vocation then -

porch sit  
write  
pick up  
paints again  
seek the missing

Ear

hike/walk/wobble  
a patch of canvas  
dirt squabble  
the 3-legged  
dog his name  
is 'Trinidad'  
(his 3 legs)  
whose meanness  
knows an evil man  
when he sees one

cogitate to more write  
cook simple fare  
raise some corn  
a little hay the locals  
that itch of skin for  
skin embrace Tio's  
primal call to sin over  
into the blurred sanity  
of digitally hog-tied  
corralled world too  
easily pixilating O dust  
to dust

after all is said/done

Go back in time then  
'io recordo amacord '  
is always circular  
as space is not linear  
but spherical live off  
grid as chimera  
an old man tin-can spit-  
cup in hand can without  
doing harm to self chewing  
a niggardly weed tobacco  
growing wild in Mexico  
ditch and dale

will need espresso  
wine nearby (or larders  
laid coolly in the ground  
for chill and preserve) ,

space large enough for  
books and to entertain  
2-leggeds - even  
Trinidad come to pant  
happily at my heels -  
who will come if they

come for counsel  
talk story  
dirty jokes

side by side silent  
readings an occasional  
'hear this' something  
then read aloud which  
becomes bread  
heads nod agreement  
smiles and meals beneath  
the witnessed reel of  
glancing stars gathering  
stones at dusk filling  
their pockets own  
while climbing  
World Tree at apogee  
they downward turn  
fling themselves low  
toward the dawn stumbling  
Sun alone fire seeking  
fire

I WANT A WOMAN!

I WANT A WOMAN!

in such male heat  
Light cries up/  
reveals the morning  
dove the crow their  
sonorous response  
to the Sun's Call,  
different as they are  
unconcealed...

what is revealed:

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole,  
how the serpent's tail shimmers as one has  
tossed it with a very long stick out the door  
shouting - the door shouts too - 'be gone!  
no more! ' one has learned to shake the  
sheets, the pants, the socks, the topsy  
turvy heel-worn shoes before the getting  
into because scorpions and spiders dwell  
therein and even a snake loves a warm bed,  
my pillow for its head, found a skin shed  
on a flower-patterned pillow case where  
fleecy lambs forever pink silently low  
as the cloth grows thin from head wear

dream wear because I was once a sleeping man

(this happened  
to me

lived 3 great years  
a mountain  
one hundred year old house no electric  
a well for water  
spring house chill in  
cold mountain spring  
milk butter meat  
thick mesh and laden  
plywood over basin  
keep critters out

bathing  
on the porch at night  
(so the shy mountains could  
not see) from rain water  
gathered rhythmically  
from the tin roof tonal  
toks  
glocks in pots all kinds) ...

\*

but for now  
out the theater  
into city street  
I've been drawn  
out and now

long overdrawn

am drawn the  
more in  
drawn in  
not sketched out  
but stretched as such  
state old men are or  
soon to be, arrive  
their ire in retire  
crow songs  
strong for not  
too much longer

but damn it all

hear such  
being here hurts,  
stone stars

I'm cold! I'm cold!

I shout up to them  
Sun star tumbling old  
bodies down to dirt song  
of the earth

'Das Lied von der Erde'

I will listen then  
as I do now, Mahler's,  
pour out red wine  
hiss at the intrusive  
mouse herald of The End  
in alto sung

over-strung/wrought-out  
I will listen will  
recover such enough  
air around to go on  
sing my song  
a tio-tangle in  
treelimbs the kind  
Van Gogh still somewhere  
paints

knees, sore,  
now and always  
a call  
to prayer  
to woo

in old boots  
worn leather  
weak knees  
make me to  
existence/being  
adore

to which I  
have only just

in a dream

renewed my wedding vows.

Warren Falcon

## Planet UnRequitia Poem # 1 - Prologue

Planet UnRequitia Poem # 1 - Prologue

Searching Near Mule Kick Creek For William Faulkner's Grave In Mississippi

'I believe that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of man's puny, inexhaustible, voice still talking! ...not simply because man alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because man has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion, sacrifice and endurance'

— William Faulkner - Nobel Prize Banquet Speech

'Given the choice between the experience of pain and nothing, I would choose pain.' - Faulkner

A sign unseen except on a discarded cigarette pack:

WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that paces, any paces, forward, aft, left, right, cannot defeat what is hoped for in the contents of this package which allude to

- 1) satiation (cessation of desire)
- 2) compassion (soothing of desire)
- 3) sacrifice ('to make desire sacred')
- 4) endurance (a man's hope, a woman's genius) .

Should one or none of the above result return then to the cemetery gate. Note just beyond the entrance is a garbage can. Ponder. Possibly say (infinite possibility) (or think) aloud, possibly, even, make another marker, saying:

'Death is a deed.  
Death is a clean sorrow.  
It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.'

What is concealed beneath matters most, then the ongoing translation for what continues to measure paces, what may even be spoils of the living, either way either or each indicates there is life after all.

Gather, shall we, by  
a pacing river, beauteous,  
shining in its endurance,

singing of endurance  
which may arrive strangely  
ding-dong, brutal,  
utterly satisfied:

'A mule will labor ten years  
willingly and patiently for you,  
for the privilege of kicking you  
once.' - Faulkner

\*\*\*\*

Unrequita is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

## **Planet UnRequitia Poem # 155**

Planet Unrequitia Poem 155

At the laundromat now a woman  
in nylons stoops. I drive by  
with a wave, another town, same  
storm, a study in shields and  
blades wondering about nylon  
mysteries, hand washed, bent  
woman's name turning over and  
over again in spin-and-dry  
cycles of drink.

\*\*\*\*

Unrequitia is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

## **Planet UnRequitia Poem # 342**

Planet UnRequitia Poem # 342

dripped in  
soaked from rain announcing,

'I need to get out of these  
wet clothes and into a dry martini'

for me?

only a towel to dry him and nothing more

\*\*\*\*

Unrequitia is pronounced un-ree-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

## **Planet UnRequitia Poem # 38**

Planet Unrequitia Poem 38

for Richard Hugo

One good town out of six and that's the  
one you leave behind where your boxers  
hang content at home on the line, back  
yard neighbors speculate over lingerie  
with black lace.

The sun can barely contain itself.  
The mail man wishes he was me.

\*\*\*\*

Unrequitia is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

## Planet UnRequitia Poem # 4

Planet UnRequitia Poem # 4

for Krisna

any word

\*

really would do form something out of deep, of dark,  
of water which shapes only by outer circumstance itself  
in this case a word leading up to this contraction of  
bellies against each times two, and legs times four,  
and lips times myriad ones gone before - of murmurs  
O lover of thee I adore - I am unkindly left remembering  
once was laughter spent seeking out between bodies' valleys  
eternally shifting eluding capture, this, just to reintroduce  
some levity for we were many day-ed times merry-merrily  
played harming no one not even the mouse unmoved per-  
haps, watching perhaps, still, still, from beneath the

\*

god you insisted be excluded from all our nakedness

\*

departed I shall count backward by threes then fours  
the door which once embraced you now never lets you  
go no matter the black or blue tide of thee O lover,  
what slips out ebbs black back into lapis, lapses in-  
to what self is uttered/poured scored transparent upon  
surfeit surface/faces which are even eyes which now  
glaze with love lost beside the flue marked upon the  
pane blue the mouse black upon the floor remains is  
many, a multitude of petals times three the jasmine  
unspurned at last at last/least return soft Junes the  
lips of which are sometimes pink of lavender swollen

\*

as if to kiss times three the antinomies a string of  
pearls and thee O lover to me back 'splaying shyly  
where the curtains sway/stand behind them the curtained  
dancer entranced/entered into upon a mystery the organ  
grinder smiles/sings 'amor fati' mellifluously on

Warren Falcon

## Planet UnRequitia Poem # 42

Planet Unrequitia Poem 42

asphalt  
and assholes  
a cigarette  
each hand a  
bottle of gin  
a back pocket  
search for  
quinine the  
brine of men

the run-on  
trousers limp  
the cobbled  
street where  
a spring  
silvers  
beneath

navel

moon

corona

pubis

\*\*\*\*

Unrequitia is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

## **Planet UnRequitia Poem # 6**

We take our ragged bones out  
of rented rooms for long walks.  
You point out between bricks  
the rainbows in windows,  
the dirt now become your dirt,  
your genius for transformations.

Back inside our rooms, last  
castrati sings on the radio.  
Enter winter under the door crack.  
This becomes an event,  
the retelling in high C -

Today sweet Molly with the black eye  
and the cut on her breast cried then  
decided to return home to Bud who  
beats her when she's drunk.

I tried to talk her out of going  
but she was going and she went.

Warren Falcon

## Planet UnRequitia Poem # 98

I swear, Jalise,  
pornographic peekaboo,  
hide and seek,

I'm drunk again  
thinking of you,  
how I cut my baby  
teeth on Stillborn  
glass, feet bleeding  
on always wet roads.

One mile out of  
two I'm thinking  
of you, how you  
wouldn't let me  
love you, just  
hold your hips  
in jeans, 'just friends'.

Your black lace is still a pain.  
Five men out of six would call you  
'b\*tch' or worse.

Please, Heart Song,  
I take back all the  
names I called you,

I was drunk  
take me back  
give me your number  
O do

Warren Falcon

## Po Chu-i From Far Away Thinks On His Angry Wife

Of Po Chu-i, Chinese Governor & Poet (772-846 CE) : As one of his poems explains, he suffered from paralysis at the end of his life, one leg becoming useless.

'A well-fed contentment...  
is there no greater achievement in life? '

### 1 The Wife

Her heavy face displaces among  
clouds, swollen with hard tears  
her sorrowful gaze calls for the  
always hungry child who was lost  
when they were poor, without work,  
and down on luck.

The frozen ground  
reluctantly yields these many  
years unmoved by tears slow to  
name his little grave, too long unmarked.

It now wears a monument tall, of finest jade.

### 2

'Too late for you, Little Stinger, '  
he carves it himself, again and again,  
years now, upon the stone,

'A well-fed contentment...'  
and all the rest, but in his  
mind it is never done.

'Old Po, ' he thinks to himself,  
writing another verse in his head,  
his own epitaph upon the other side  
of the jade-stone, 'now rides a wild  
horse to the end of all roads.'

Weary with the business of state,  
of commerce he now cares less  
though once he was poor and  
one dear son is dead as a result,

'Old wife will never let me forget.'

### 3

'Of pleasing the inconsolable, '  
he writes in his head upon horseback  
in mane and tail, poems wait to be  
untangled, brushed smooth with the

ink and quill of miles until there  
is some rest, a cozy inn rare, more  
often a tent pitched which lends  
simple peace compared to the mansion  
home in the wealthy province, the  
ponds full, barns full, servants  
many and busy, all the fruit of miles  
traveled to keep a fragile peace  
which needs constant mending.

He thinks of his gray wife.

4

'It is as it is and should be,  
of love these conditions come  
bringing many mouths and  
fuller hearts to break for love  
and life seek to be undone  
again and again.

'Such is the life the Allotter  
gives. Why complain when one  
has the gift of a patient horse,  
Steady, an obedient, good companion?

'Why lament when eyes may  
at beauty of all kinds still  
rejoice; even of human woes  
which break the heart much  
music can be made, and without  
false pity.'

'And without false pity, ' he sings,  
'a coin can be given and heaven  
restored until the next hunger pang,  
from this real friendship with strangers  
is born, the best, of gentleness without  
debt, untangling from mane to mind.'

'Untangling from mane to mind,  
one takes real pleasures as they  
come and thanking the glad day  
banks them in the vaulted heart.'

5

Not given to self-pity, only  
fond of nostalgic reminiscence,  
he loves fabrics smooth, soft,  
purchased in Yangshao where  
he loves Spring's First Blossom

with whom he grew up, courting  
her near the auspicious old well  
of Silk Moths Aplenty.

He thinks of these and many things  
upon his horse during the long journey  
through the difficult passages,

'Through the difficult passages  
one cannot avoid accumulating  
much dust, ' he composes out  
loud for the horse to hear,  
'perhaps our only wealth dear  
friend of friendless miles.'

6

He rests awhile in the wide  
orchard where bright plum flowers  
rain, decides to unroll his pallet  
to sleep beside the humming glade.

'Raiment, ' he writes in his sleepy head,  
'of bees and leaves. An old man puts the  
best plum in his sleeve to bring home  
to his wife.'

'Why strive when nature is bounteous  
and all ills can be made right with  
wet sweetness? '

Warren Falcon

## Poem For Caravaggio - Contemplating 'The Conversion of St. Paul' At 4 a.m.

to George Elder

In the shorter light, the extended  
night of cold and star-bright questions,  
may you cast clumsy net forward into  
what it all might mean to fretted you,  
to me, stretched canvas, though I will  
not thrust these words upon your paint  
or palette but make offering for your  
own work to feed us through the eyes;  
perhaps time to remount the horse  
and soldier on, or to fall again, gain  
Damascus perspective, from one's  
back watch vision distort massive  
horse into a God receding into necessary  
darkness foregoing image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

Warren Falcon

## Poetry As Constellation

for Karthik,

'...descend, and of the curveship lend a myth to God.'

You hear

'consolation'

as 'constellation'

when I explain

a poem is a

consolation

work that I

am compelled

to

as a lover

is to traces

pointing

beyond sighs

and windows

where

Arcturus

stands

poised

wheeling

in night's

patient

round,

his arrow

strung  
forever  
ready to  
swiftly fly  
as am I  
along the  
spatial curve  
of your  
arching  
thighs.

This, too,  
taut,  
restrained,  
breath held  
between  
Perpetua's  
swollen  
lips of  
praise -

If you  
could only  
see what  
I see in  
your eyes  
when the

arrow

finally

flies

Warren Falcon

## Privilege Kicks - A Meditation In Paces Near William Faulkner's Grave

'I believe that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of man's puny, inexhaustible, voice still talking! ...not simply because man alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because man has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion, sacrifice and endurance'

— William Faulkner - Nobel Prize Banquet Speech

\*

A sign, green background, yellow lettering, in a Mississippi graveyard, reads:

'WILLIAM FAULKNER

The creator of  
Yaknapatawpha county,  
whose stories about his  
people won him the Nobel  
Prize, is buried twenty steps  
east of this marker.'

\*

There the happy Worm feasts.

Walk as many paces as you want and you arrive at this:

Here lies the 'Ding Dong of Doom.'  
Not puny at all, such is the voice of man.

Red and dying, post-coital.

One reaches for the dawn even at sunset, strikes a match.  
Dispatches left over tension in first exhalations.

Confront the Bear.

Human underwear, male/female, sad, drapes a chair beside  
a bed, a bookshelf near.

A sign unseen except on a cigarette pack says:

WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that  
paces, any paces, forward, aft, left, right, cannot  
defeat what is hoped for in the contents of this  
package which allude to 1) satiation 2) compassion  
3) sacrifice [which means 'to make sacred']

4) endurance [a man's hope, a woman's genius].  
Should one or none of these arrive return then  
to a cemetery gate. Note that just beyond the  
entrance is a garbage can. Ponder. Possibly say  
(infinite possibility) aloud; possibly, even,  
make another marker, saying:

'Death is a deed.  
Death is a clean sorrow.  
It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.'

Look out for the Bear,  
any Bear of any kind.

Turn toward it. Invite it:

'Given the choice between the  
experience of pain and nothing,  
I would choose pain.' - Faulkner

With as many paces as is necessary (be generous)  
take a vote at each headstone, plot, marker, monument,  
sunken soil indicating human remains. What would they  
choose, 'nothing or pain? '

What would you?

Ignore signs no matter how  
useless underwear, male/female,  
in a grave

Know that for both 'wear'  
(forget 'where' which is  
or will be obvious) and  
'grave, ' the word 'under'  
is the operative one.

And yours is the only voice now,  
gravitas.

What is concealed beneath matters most,  
then the ongoing translation for what  
continues to measure paces, what may even  
be spoils of the living, either way either  
or each indicates there is life after all.

Gather, shall we, by  
a pacing river, beauteous,  
shining in its endurance,  
singing of endurance

which may arrive strangely  
ding-dong, brutal,  
utterly satisfied:

'A mule will labor ten years  
willingly and patiently for you,  
for the privilege of kicking you  
once.' - Faulkner

Warren Falcon

## Ragas for Sleepy Bee

for Krishna, both of them, god, man

And so we began  
the cooking lessons  
the first demur approaches  
the blushing papayas then  
the fires the chilies harvested  
curtains drawn

1

Dawn.

Slow him down.

He speaks  
his accent thickly  
richly Tamil  
enunciating  
each syllable

a child's story  
stutters a boy  
waking at dawn  
asking for something  
to eat

Sleepy Bee - she calls to him -  
Go my Sleepy Bee to the garden  
smell the jasmine there touch  
softly the spices in trembling  
rows fetch then chilies of many  
colors I will prepare for you a  
meal as you desire

when teacher makes you drowsy  
by noon smell the spices in finger rows  
upon your hand there remember the touch  
of chillies smooth whispering of lingering  
liaisons to come and you will brighten  
my Sleepy Bee

A chili omelet she makes  
a side of yogurt to soothe  
the burn and milk from the  
cow drawn as dawn's first  
udder swells against the  
press of distant hills where

the Temple soundly sleeps  
so very pleased with itself

Mother each morning - rubbing his eyes

as he stumbles into the garden - sings

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Indra's captured fire  
the little grate her Bee awakens  
watches slow movements slicing of chilies  
removal of seeds washing again plump  
hands cracking of eggs beating them  
bent spoon spreading ghee sings upon  
hot stone enchantment of liquid becoming  
firm becoming food she turns in rhythms  
round she rhythmically prays

After breakfast the rose oil is  
poured his raven hair smoothly  
brushed his shining face his smile  
reveals prepares him for school  
kisses his uniform clean ironed  
smelling too of rose scented soap

lunch a string of chilies many colors  
sewn together when still in a waking  
dream smell of chapatis fresh from  
palms to stone

Chilies burn - he speaks slowly  
each syllable enunciating practicing  
through smiles -

but the touch of her  
hand is fire She is far away  
but I can feel her burning  
hand upon me now

He is quiet

It is I who stammer

How can one enunciate such wonder?

2

Krishna complains of tilting  
his head when he speaks  
while his hands speak  
too in their own way of  
entwining morning glories,  
the morning cock already  
at quarrel with the world  
head tilted too just beyond  
the tin roof reaching in to  
steal too enticing to pass  
the untimid spices

3

He will soon be bored with me, I fear,  
my humble 'ministrations' but still he  
sweeps into my small room - the candles  
lit, the incense rich - a young prince  
beaming, more stories to tell, and food,  
spicy hot, prepared for me, an offering.  
Smiling, he strips instantly lays upon the  
pallet in easy, unabashed nakedness  
a proud new tattoo of a god on his shoulder  
he wears an amulet a sacred bracelet  
and a waist scapular the image of which  
is just below his navel

So why - I ask only myself and the god,  
never Krishna - why must I hide my large  
wooden statue of the god? I hide it in  
deference to Krishna's wish thus become  
willing consort to the god-in-miniature,  
scraping it with an ear, a tongue, receive  
a scapular kiss its image upon my forehead  
as I trace the wonderful hairlines of his  
body on my way to other deities

4

Ah! give me all the cabbages  
in the world in all my poverty!  
Am I not, too, a Raj of floors  
and scented pillows, this heaving  
god upon me thrusting utterly

to reveal Himself, His mystery  
to me who am not a god?

5

So please the intemperate  
humanity in face of patient  
deities burning I am ill with  
grief with prayer into now  
emptier hands the sea  
I am when he departs  
the wax hardened long  
sputtered without form

the stories to me return

I reach then beggars fingers  
to my face smell his flavors there  
remember chilies smooth skinned  
touches whispering of lingering  
liaisons finally come

'and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee'

In my sputtering darkness O return

6

The room fills with Krishna  
aromas of rose oil in his hair  
pungent spices and sweat  
upon his hands, his skin, his sex.

I retrieve the god from his little  
sanctuary of hiding - it seems  
I am always retrieving deities -

and we are both laughing  
anointing cologne upon Him  
pour milk into the votive bowl  
rub His belly light another candle  
the other extinguished panting  
while busy bees exchange knees

and sighs diffuse male spices  
to vapor migrant fingers upon  
chilies thickening in always  
morning hunger

7

More incense then

thank the god in all his forms  
appearing both large and small  
His adornment of secrets though  
one cannot easily hide such deity  
man-love and more in such intimate  
universe whose toes I tickle shoes  
abandon as tides shrink swell  
grow diminish upon worshipers

those who will do so  
in spite of those who would kill  
delicate or manly infidels whose  
worship - forever babies breath -  
is all the more meaningful  
because forbidden

Be damned the trellises  
the petals reach  
shall extend outward  
the violin's throat cut

Do not ask me to see it

Then - deity restored to rightful place  
good-natured from obscurity  
again revered - return  
to the kitchen onion slices garlic crushed  
wine poured then begins fire O Indra  
more aromas extend into

entwine

He leaves me the better for the wear  
more the better for me.

8

He is leaving me

will be returning to India soon

He is departing such as our strange  
arrangement has been almost four  
years of weekly 'chillies gathered'  
Sad I knew as empty hands know  
at the start to keep the reins ever  
taut while keeping open the heart  
for new breaching

how I had to teach him what lovers  
give to each how to kiss how to touch  
how love is fluctuate fluent in dirty  
tongues entanglements with the world

Still I have fluttered mightily in long tangles  
of hair black, black his darker eyes shine  
his bottom lip petulant hungry for mine and  
those his parts smooth rivaling Everest  
always beckoning to be climbed

Surprises tenderness on his part  
graces unexpected quick disrobing

the easy nakedness the hunger so  
clean the affection grown from early  
flings to ring heart rosaries

toes fall down to tumbles  
grasps and pressing flesh  
its own alchemy merging  
but let there be two solid  
but encroachable objects  
together crushed into each

He is soon departed  
likelihood of similar rare  
the room empties  
late afternoon shadows  
his leaving leaves ghosts

traces and I am full

yet

emptiness is never fuller but  
for beloved's absence felt which  
of course is the mystic's launch  
the desert dweller and the roof

the longing tooth gnawing  
one claws inwardly through  
layers to find that Name that  
Holier Ones say is written on  
the back of the Heart

Thus remain I here in monk cell  
soon to be more the monk's than  
the once spunk monkey's boudoir

9

I retrieve the god  
from his little sanctuary  
of hiding - it seems I am  
always retrieving deities -

O retrieve thou me my heart

Warren Falcon

## Reasons For Leaving

.  
for Andy  
far flung from  
Black Mountain,  
Charles Olson  
in mind, quoth -

'I come back to the geography of it...  
An American is a complex of occasions,  
themselves a geometry  
of spatial nature.' - from 'Maximus to Gloucester, Letter 27'

\*

You lost  
again,  
poor boy,  
in way out  
places.

Better there  
than lost  
in familiar  
here/now  
such is NYC,  
East 10th  
street soothed,  
sore -

red wine,  
air conditioned  
poems

Writing (is)  
bitterness  
mixed,  
prayer,

such is  
personal  
geography.

Stunned  
how life can  
somehow go  
but one can  
either resist  
or flow  
with it  
feeling

Deity

(is)

the  
Greater Current  
ripping all  
cloying maps,  
clawing hand  
from roots  
on the bank  
worn by  
Greater Intention.

One relents

may like  
Jonah lie  
spent,  
still defiant  
under

withered  
gourd vines  
such are  
poem-shades.

Still,  
the dreaded  
Nineveh folks  
repenteth.

Not I.

No 'shed I'

but

El Shaddai.\*\*

Effective, what?

Indeed, more  
God's work  
than my  
half-hearted  
attempt to  
convert rivers,  
alter courses,  
egos,  
when  
mine own  
is still

wrenched  
in Sacred Grip.

All's well  
that ends  
swell or is  
swollen  
with a  
modicum  
of sensation.

Can't wait  
to hear of  
travels  
Klondike  
&  
more  
tis boon  
to read of

just here.

Ah to be  
anywhere  
but here

but intent  
is to bear  
this where

enduring why,  
still celebrating  
breath,

sky,

sidewalk  
generously  
allowing

my weight.

\*\*Hebrew for 'God of the mountain', & 'God Almighty'.  
The root word 'shadad' (שָׁדַד ; ) means 'to overpower'  
or 'to destroy'. This would give Shaddai the meaning  
of 'destroyer', representing one of the aspects of God

Warren Falcon

## Regarding The Apple's History, A Theological Trifle - After Emily Dickinson

'It's good for the breath! '  
With this she tempted Adam to death.

Properties of the apple are renowned since  
their eating made it a greatly frowned upon thing.  
Still, it is not without its lovers.  
But for an apple's charm we would live boring lives,  
never a fling or two to alarm the pear,  
and we all know an apple will never harm  
a teacher's pet, its fables to lure  
the imagination, that Golden One's  
strength to subvert us to the core.

Let's eat the jelly of sin and tell it!  
William Tell's a good shot!  
Let's split the Apple in the pot  
and stew it for Eve's sly.  
Even so our breath is sweet.  
Tis the tart one of death  
from which we'll all die.

Tis also true, though paradise is lost,  
something is to be gained with apple sauce.

Warren Falcon

## Remembered Laughter of the Frail Daughter There Beside the Fields Sweet Grasses - Impressionist Autumnal Portraits In Miniature

[Notes jotted while gazing at Impressionists paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, Autumn]

\*

Among ginkgoes  
cloven leaves fall  
whose burnished  
berries yellow late  
melon sweetness  
of Autumn days

Among boxwoods  
evergreen for no good phlox  
blooded leaves settle upon  
golden flax of weeds  
seed the chilling ground  
receiving soundless  
lips of grain enduring ice  
and ice again

Amidst the sortilege  
coo of pigeons in the  
distant spired village.

low of legion cattle turning  
toward evening millet

mow of fringing grain chafing  
toward winter silos

Blue waters at a distance  
blue the tails of otters  
blue the eyelids of sleeping beasts  
nested beneath the earth

Distant crows sound the  
morning field beyond pasture

Dew murmurs names upon  
passing grasses

Echoing wood gold where,  
below, the stream's gash furthers along  
slowly murdering dimensions  
of width and depth

Remembered gait of young ponies  
toward the spring's sweet water

Remembered laughter of the frail daughter there  
beside the fields sweet grasses

The daughter, as the water, passes into silence

Remembered laughter beside the old well of the woods

\*

Spittle on the chin  
stubble upon the cheek  
she met her love beside the creek

Turned in her sleep  
the calling heat gathered  
the steep bank in the wood

then fell  
as water will  
forgetting the blood's  
first stain on the long discarded sheet

A woman now she fled toward love  
and fed there  
but famished still  
died there  
stuck in 'King James',  
entangled in lyrical tongues,  
Revelation's virgin.

Warren Falcon

## Repose Of Needles

For Sanju,  
who says she is  
rotting within,  
and dampening

And once again,  
for my father

If you need to stand or lie  
in the shade for awhile then  
do so as farmers do, as does  
my father who farms his despair  
in hot sun then lays beneath  
pines in cooler shade to rest,  
to dream that activity between  
dirt and sky means some lasting  
thing in its doing even though  
his ruined life cannot make  
it right between clouds and  
his obsession with weeds.

Between the garden and the  
untilled woods he rests,  
repose of needles and bark,  
mid-day sun insisting its  
question slowly. Night dawning  
he at last in darkness stands  
returned from day, a practical  
vision of green shoots to come  
from blistered hands.

Up hill to the colder house,  
he wills himself to life-enough,  
speaks some words to wife,  
arcs widely around silent wary  
children and lives to be old.  
His loss of memory leaves it  
for others to forgive, to live on  
in the rich rot of that ongoing  
question which nurtures his  
memory haltingly, gracefully, on.

Astonished, I have arrived at  
love for him who hurt me most,  
have learned to obey the odor  
of decaying things compelling  
hands to dirt. Within the dream  
of staying, the tendril and the heart,  
my aging body takes on my  
father's form. I, too, like him,  
am a farmer when I note how

it moves in its winding reach,  
rooting, rising, giving horizon.

Warren Falcon

## **Response To Bernadette Mayer's 'First Turn To Me...'**

'you appear without notice and with flowers  
I fall for it and we become missionaries

we lie together one night, exhausted couplets  
and don't make love. does this mean we've had enough? '

- Bernadette Mayer

Failing the Grand Coniunctio  
this is the only one we know  
the one where we eat dirt  
and swallow, are filled and  
swell belly up a meal to be  
eaten when the Messiah comes

Leviathan is our heavenly bridegroom  
presses the banquet table with elbows  
manners forsaken in the end  
yanks at sallow meat forsaking  
the wine which has turned  
no First Wedding miracle can  
be repeated - no do-overs here  
Candles burn on as always, false promises

All the doors are marked EXIT

Still we must try  
at the Feast

make small talk

look interested

all the while thinking

This is it?

Angels without knees  
aprons spotless starched  
as beards of saints  
complain of humans  
the stains they leave

Overheard  
between the fork  
and spoon obscenely  
crossed  
one angel to another:

They call it love

what we are supposed  
sublimely to sing of  
but frankly all that  
pushing and shoving  
faces in agony the  
cries and curses all  
that pulling at flesh  
bruised as the moon  
this can't be love

We stand without legs  
the better for it but  
for these we must attend  
bent over their plates  
greedy to have at each  
other again to marriage  
beds one last time

And then the singing  
begins

an eternity

songs about dirt  
about longing to return

how all hurts there  
mean something  
after all

<http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/21051>

Warren Falcon

## **Scapegoat - Minimus Stuck - Fragment Abramic -**

...continuously caught  
as the ram redundant among  
thorns, horn pushed, blood  
ignored, to come more itself,  
or other, to kindred bodies  
entangled, sacrificed by  
thorn, first born.

I am caught up in the matter.

Warren Falcon

## **Scapegoats Devour Sins**

Written in The Book of Judgement  
only ink, the accusing  
words by drool undone,  
stains their bearded chins.

Warren Falcon

## Scroll For New York City - A Son To His Sums of Eros & Father, Oh! & The River

memory

torques

into soft

teas

June

steps

turns

steaming

said window

(and torsos)

said prints

views obscured

of nothing

in particular

or special,

but

troubles,

troubles only

of passing birds

enamored-of

(their lighter  
bones)

or

are they

cloud and shadow,

merely the steep  
sun declining ashen  
into New Jersey?  
occluded  
silhouettes  
contrails  
glyphs &  
Maxwell House sign  
'Good To The Last Drop'

the familiar  
cup for decades  
tipped  
tips &

one

(out-spilled)

drop

x 0 suspends

o suspends trembling  
reflected in the water  
river made of the many

countless drops

x (again)           infinity

x (surprised)       my  
father there  
(memento mori)

opening the  
can all blue with  
the same cup tilted  
spilling that dark  
brown dropp imprinted

x (the

dove, to recall,  
brown, shaped like  
said drop, now  
flown, or) finally  
spilled into water,  
river currents  
downward, to bottom  
pulled sort/sift  
my father always  
complaining of grift,  
a weather man by trade,  
a cloud man once a pilot  
WW2 drifting often since  
enough into sky,  
he turns  
the silver opener  
butterflied  
round and round

with effort his  
arthritic com-  
plaints upon the  
ridged silver top  
of the can blue  
with coffee  
'course grind'  
the better to drip  
with within that  
satisfying hiss  
compacted air  
hissing out  
from compression  
now released  
the smell  
then of coffee  
fresh not yet  
brewed in the  
kitchen

the twist of  
the edge jagged  
silver metal  
carefully turned  
with fingers to  
break the remain-  
ing stem of metal  
holding the round  
to the can entire  
unsealed now try  
without spilling  
the grounds

out

x at least 100 thousand

to guess having no  
acumen with numbers  
and math but father's  
over  
there in the cup tilted  
over  
spilling into  
o endlessly  
it's seams, it seems  
from river bank  
into memory which  
is, already  
over-said  
overheard redundantly  
as river  
and time,  
this one  
now recalled  
to Mind, dad,

dad  
the cloud drift  
and the flows  
the tides beside  
the city  
both sides  
is as ancient  
as it always was  
& is

as in the beginning  
was darkness over deep  
water & a word, any word  
really would do it,  
form something  
out of deep, of  
dark, of water  
which shapes it-  
self only by outer  
circumstance,  
in this case  
a word  
leading up to  
this -

Palisades cliffs  
above bridge tilt

toward, always,  
currents,

the river  
over-

flows north-  
wards

tides rare defy-  
ing the moon

that other pull,  
you

live the other  
side of

sand  
the palm sewn

swaying adhered  
to Mind

x 1

still, to pass the  
time now

x 1

the sooty hand

x 1

over black  
'mouth'  
or word  
allude perhaps  
to river's at  
city's start  
up from water

the silver bay  
capped, remembering  
frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-  
tween seas  
wars  
vast to  
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches  
the narrows,

the necks with  
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless  
waves over depths

their vespers  
intone

once was laughter  
spent

seeking out  
between bodies

continents  
valleys eternally

shifting eluding  
rapture

x 1

whisper

contraction  
of sentinel  
bells against  
each of each  
reaching

x 2, the clappers

x 20,000

(of bells  
anatomy there  
is much to  
say

(of the  
elements,  
zinc, copper,  
tin, & more  
while not for-  
getting brass  
more commonly  
used)  
of infusion  
into cuppolas

the beating  
the shaping  
heat also to  
be given account  
amounts much into  
bells conformed  
gracefully out  
in the end,

but only  
as metal,  
sharp tongues  
blunted can of  
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings  
side to side the  
hard knock shocks  
into, quake into  
belfry beyond  
dance of iron  
bronze overtaking  
&  
annunciant round  
of hammers)

so many dawns

x so many goings

down of the sun

x fortune the lips

x myriad ones gone

before of murmurers  
O lover  
of thee  
I adore  
in timbre  
thru the  
window rings  
the arms too  
wring out  
breath to  
breath  
x no more  
embraces  
into indolence

This, just to  
reintroduce some  
levity

for we (loves)  
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played  
harming no one,  
not even the  
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching  
perhaps, still,  
still, from beneath  
the god you insisted  
be excluded from  
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths  
exchanged, groped  
x many ropes all our  
wanting

father loves  
with his cup  
his pipe songs  
of love  
of love will  
he dance between  
the violent fasts  
from love,  
our mother, with,  
fast around around  
& around the danced  
living room  
phonograph brass  
loud plays  
where June  
curtains sway  
me and Mr. Miller  
(Glenn)

I stand behind  
them the curtained  
dancer entranced  
entered into/  
upon a mystery  
how one could  
be so, well,  
swell, so  
marvelous &  
so cruel, (upon  
one silver stem  
hangs the metal  
tin top jags  
tears at  
memory edge  
opens facts

FACT

that there was love,  
there was love after  
all

I can see  
it smell it  
feel it there  
dancing round  
the living

one dropp Mr.  
Maxwell holds,  
hold on to &  
upon goodness  
brown pulled  
from below down  
& dark into deep  
such this is  
the riddle it is  
all now become  
since you  
departed, love

since you  
departed I shall  
count backward by  
3's then by 4's  
these father  
memories  
torquing  
the

door which once  
embraced you now  
never lets you

go

x brooms

or releases

now you, love  
are new memory  
hands emptier  
sensitive finger-  
tips filligreed  
prints your  
body hairs  
sifted imprinted  
touching softly  
x all the x's  
here accounted  
for, listed,  
besos as kisses

scribbles, notes,  
letters,  
no matter  
the black or  
blue tide

of thee  
O lover

what  
slips out  
ebbs black  
back into lapis

lapses into what  
self is

uttered/poured,  
scored trans-  
parent upon  
surfaces

faces which are  
even  
eyes which now  
glaze with love/  
loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the  
pane

the black  
mouse remains

stays,  
is many,  
a multitude  
of petals

x 3

the jasmine  
unspurned  
at last

at last/least  
O return  
soft Junes  
the lips of  
which are

sometimes  
pink, of  
lavender  
swollen, as if  
to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the

house the cup  
O Mr. Miller  
an O'Day serenade  
plays close  
...'Hi ho trailus  
boot whip  
boo boo daddy  
floy floy'...

the late night  
suppers of chops  
the peeled onions  
the laughter the  
potatoes boil  
& bubble in the  
pot then  
father  
to dance  
the butter in  
the sizzle in  
the cast iron  
pan

their vespers  
now descant,  
descend  
...'How high  
the moon...

hungry  
the  
dish it has  
all become  
feast for  
black 'mouth'

& mouse makes again

x 3 the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee O lover

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

x Pennsylvania 6-500.

Warren Falcon

## Simply Stated Moves Vision

everyday

an open hymnal  
on the knee

bend instead  
kneel poems  
prayer  
simply stated  
moves vision

down

to a broken world  
to gently push a dream forward  
to watch it take wing or land

or fall

some  
obscure world  
unreached

there  
tent pegs  
will not  
hold

one returns

mind pegs  
loosened

edges  
too worn  
to prevent

or care

Warren Falcon

## **Sing To Knees Now**

·  
backyard empty  
clothesline silk slip,  
one pin down,  
dip shyly in brick shadow  
pornographic breezes

I sing to my knees now.

when did I marry Lonely?  
can't recall but fell kid-hard

beyond Manhattan Bridge  
sudden heat lightening  
a good night with cool rain

old vinyl Nyro

needle scratches

done with song

·  
\*\*Laura Nyro (October 18,1947 April 8,1997) was an American composer, lyricist,  
singer and pianist.

·  
Warren Falcon

## **Skipping Stones**

for Ruth Stone

prayer beads  
stars in hand  
rosary of smooth stones  
for a throwing child

old man's memory  
skips  
across pond

quiet shadows

It is I and Thou  
oh difficult Lover

O Universe  
It is I and Thou

Warren Falcon

## Sleep Walk

for grandmother

Slips into focus a memory  
of crocus crazed upon her  
matriarchal sill, the killing of  
a cock, hacked, dimmed  
eye sideways turned,  
a dying sun behind a hill.

Red the axe clumsily wielded,  
but a boy toying at men's work,  
killing to eat, her forgiving skirt,  
ankle deep, no longer riven to  
morning, unable to witness the  
last glorious color bleeding out  
in less than insect hour.

Not a shout nor  
outcry but this  
that is,  
that is  
about dying.

Clear, this,  
this image,  
as is now clarity,  
of piss, of pail,  
splattering tile,  
yellow, shining,  
bug blear in  
stinging flow

piss shock hot  
on sleeping knees,  
the sudden tilted pail,  
its wilted contents,  
evidence enough to convict,

and O this,  
this midnight stagger,  
nothing hurt but trembling  
hand shaking to dryness,  
the other leaning into yellow,  
all the miles it took to get here,  
too near, too near, sticky wet,  
warm, fearful, roaches and  
shadows drawing too close to care

and the nervous clock will not stop

and I am sleepless

beside the night light weak at  
her desk dipping ancestral quill  
into India ink, a grandmother's  
gift upon her quieter end but  
equally glorious to the cock's,  
her passing from crocus and blood  
to this moment, present sparks  
wet upon the cleaner page

and I am still at men's work  
and I am miserable with failure  
but for this goodly work of remembering

her stanching skirt,  
her guiding hair bright,  
'Lead, o Kindly Light'.

Warren Falcon

## **Sleepy Bee, He Is Rising Beneath Me, The Hidden God Is Pleased**

Sleepy Bee, He Is Rising Beneath Me, The Hidden God Is Pleased

for Karthik

Somniculosus Apis, Sleepy Bee  
Ascendit infra me, He rises beneath me  
Deus absconditus placet, The hidden God is pleased

'...descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God.' - Hart Crane

The boys, seven falling: Jamey Rodemayer, Tyler Clementi,  
Raymond Chase, Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh, Justin Aaberg

Oh Valdosta,

He is busy preparing a repast for many paying guests who will watch him cook sacred chilies of his Mother's garden born, who will hear him sing their praises...Krishna was over yesterday more radiant than when we first met beside the cardamom and the ghee in the intoxicating basement of the Indian spice and food shop not easily hidden below the sidewalk, such aromas cannot to be tucked away like the shop is beside and below the avenue.

Which flower should I adorn my table with? I ask, approaching shyly beside the spice bins. I buzz inside, a bee for the nectar.

If you serve, said he, If you serve with cardamom and ghee then flowers three are best, the jasmine, the oleander, the anthurium. But if choosing only one, he looks at me, something insistent, responding, in his eyes, I would choose for you the anthurium.

And so we began our time together, the first demur approaches, the blushing papayas, the cooking lessons, then the fires, the chilies harvested, curtains drawn. One day perhaps I to shall fall but in this way:

I shall fling back the curtains  
Open the window  
Throw cut sleeves for years  
gathered, hidden, to the street.  
Shouting out names of lovers,  
I shall then leap openly into life  
land softly upon the Autumn  
ginkgo leaves and, golden,  
kiss every parked car  
on the street leaving  
lips like leaves and all  
the cut sleeves in love  
with all the world and if  
not all the world then  
all the cars and a fiddle  
dee dee for the fall of me

Yesterday I coached him how to slow down as he speaks (his accent is thickly, richly Tamil) , how to enunciate each syllable. He had several stories to choose from which he may relate to the guests, all of which he related to me, a sweet one of him as a little boy waking up at dawn, asking his dear mama for an omelet to eat:

'Sleepy Bee, ' she called to him. 'Go, my Sleepy Bee, to the garden and be sure to smell the jasmine there, touch softly the spices in trembling rows, fetch then some chilies of many colors and I will prepare for you a dish as you wish. When the teacher makes you sleepy by noon reach then your fingers to your face, smell the spices there, remember the touch of smooth skinned chilies whispering of lingering liaisons to come, and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee.'

A chili omelet she would make, a side of yogurt to soothe the burn, and milk from the cow drawn before dawn's first udder swelled against the press of distant hills where even the Temple soundly sleeps so very full and pleased with itself. Mother, each morning as he stumbles, rubbing his eyes, into the garden, tells him,

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for His Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Lord Indra's captured fire in the little grate her Bee awakens watching her slow movements, the slicing of chilies, the removal of seeds, the washing again of plump hands, the cracking of eggs, beating them with the whisk, spreading ghee upon the hot flat stone, the enchantment of liquid whites and yokes becoming firm, becoming food. She turns them in round rhythms as she rhythmically prays.

After eggs and chilies are eaten comes the rose oil poured upon his raven hair smoothly brushed back to reveal his shining face, his smile. She prepares him for school with kisses, his uniform freshly cleaned, ironed, smelling, too, of rose-flavored soap. Then off to school with a lunch, a string of chilies of all colors sewn together, sewn when he was still in a waking dream.

'The chilies may burn, ' he tells me, speaking slowly, enunciating each syllable, practicing through smiles, returning to my gaze. 'But not like the touch of my mother's hand. She is far away but I can feel her burning hands on me now.' He smiles. I stammer. How can one enunciate such wonder?

Visionary company, Krishna, his mother, and me.

I have been encouraging Krishna (which is a funny thing to say, Krishna being a bold, blue God) to find a language coach to help him with his accent, to tone it down while keeping the wonderful music/lilt of it and he's going to do that...he complains of tilting his head as he talks 'as all Indians do' but I insist he merely speak and let his head and hands speak, too, in their own way. If he does more public events he will need to be understood clearly when he speaks while preparing his magnificent dishes from his country, his rich feasts of stories of the chilies from his mother's garden entwined by morning glories, the morning cock already at quarrel with the world just beyond the tin reaching in to take some spices too enticing to refuse...

I always feel as if he is, or will soon be, bored with me and my humble 'ministrations' but he sweeps into my little 'box-doir' - you recall how tiny my expensive studio on the 5th floor is! - like a Raj, a young prince beaming, brimming full of stories to tell me, usually some food, spicy hot, he has prepared for me, offered with a grin. Then he strips instantly down, lays upon the down pallet in easy, unabashed nakedness - it catches my breath, I do want to see! - checks his Blackberry for the latest cricket scores while I hurriedly 'hide' my Ganesha, the prominent statue of the god I have in front of my useless fireplace; this hiding I half understand...but still, naked, he has a fresh and beautifully made tattoo of Ganesha on his shoulder, he wears a Ganesha necklace, a Ganesha bracelet, and a Ganesha waist scapular, the image of which is just below his navel. So why, I ask only myself and Ganesha, never Krishna, why must I hide my large wooden Ganesha statue? But I do hide Him in deference to Krishna's wishes and meanwhile have intercourse with the god-in-miniature, scraping a necklace trunk with an ear, a tongue, receive a scapular kiss of the image upon my forehead as I trace those wonderful hairlines of the male body on my way to other deities.

Ah! give me all the beans in the world in all my poverty! Am I not, too, a Raj of floors and scented pillows, this beaming god beneath me thrusting utterly to reveal his secrets, his desires, his pleasures to me who am not a god?

Life, dear Valdosta, over all, is good, yes? I wish it no ill. But, agreeing with the cock, I will quarrel, even fight, with life when young men still leap too soon from bridges because I have learned (and relearn it hard lesson by hard lesson at a time) visionary company insists its tracings in many forms, man to man being but one holy expression, those sons, burning mother's hands upon them demanding, insisting to life that each her sons is a rajah, a Sleepy Bee.

So please the intemperate humanity, in the face of patient deities the burning ones are leaping still and I am ill with grief, with prayer, their dead bodies gone, their now emptier hands.

And he leaves me.

I return to my poems.

The room is filled with Krishna, aromas of rose oil in his hair, pungent spices in his sweat and upon his hands and skin, and sex.

I retrieve Lord Ganesha out from his little sanctuary of hiding (it seems I am always retrieving deities) and we both laugh richly. I remember to sprinkle some cologne

upon Him, to pour out some milk into His votive bowl, to rub His belly, to light another candle (the other extinguished, panting, while we were busy bees exchanging knees and sighs, diffusing male spices into bracing air, fingers upon oily chilies thickening in always morning hunger) .

I light more incense and thank the Lord Ganesha in all his forms, appearing both large and small, His adornment of Secrets, though one cannot easily hide an Elephant, man-love and more in such a small infinite universe whose toes I seek to tickle then gather for a shoe as tides shrink and swell, grow and diminish depending upon the worshipers, those who will do so in spite of those who would kill delicate or manly infidels whose worship, forever babies breath, is all the more meaningful.

Be damned the trellises. The petals shall reach, shall extend outward.

The violin's throat cut.

'Do not ask me to see it! '

Then, Ganesha restored to His rightful place; good-natured about being hidden, it is back to the kitchen, the slicing of the onion, the crushing of the garlic, the pouring of the wine, the selecting of the greens and washing them of the clinging sand and grit they kindly bring, then to the pot to cook them in, the meat to go with, and begins the fire, O Indra, more aromas extend into, entwine with what Krishna has left to me and the god and I am grateful, full of heart, for each time he is here is a miracle. A grace. Mother India with hot hands gifts me one of Her Raj's who graces me with his presence evoking praise bestowed from oft bitter lips and tongue made the more bilious by aging, aching joints, laxer muscles, and yet the encroaching decrepitude is bent and stretched, the better for the wear from Krishna's 'half nelsons' and yogic overreaches.□ More the better for me.

Yet I remain bitter, too, from the senseless loss of young men who could not endure, no fault of their own, for sure, who leap from bridges, forced to by killing edges broken open within and by hateful, fearful others forgetting, if ever had, those restorative burning constancies of a Mother's hands upon them

I have placed your picture, dear Valdosta, upon my altar beside Lorca's portrait, and Hart Crane's young face, the image of a sweet Christ holding a lamb en perpetua, and the yellowed newspaper clipping from Spain of the Matador's death, along with photos of the young men in the past two weeks who have joined Hart becoming ghostly visionary company. They now remain forever chaste not having lived long enough to be wasted, emptied of love from loving deeply out into love for more love, endlessly bleeding out like our Lorca, a corrida of laurel encircling his head no longer remembering but remembering only one sound, guns exploding outward, extending, bullets, petals, one by one beyond the wall where he stood stunned, 'how young and handsome are assassins' faces', he flew backward in the wall graced with his brave shadow then his blood until he fell. I believe he fell hard for life demands it as does death which will continue its duende.

Love, as Hart and all hearts love, is still a vision not yet fully, solidly formed in spite of stones and walls forgetting noble shadows, but there are foolish Krishnas, restoring Krishna-moments, patient hidden gods though human hearts and bodies remove themselves from the potter's wheel too early, too broken, too tired, too alone to try to

shape love from Love from the tiny shard, the remnant bone of the ancient mastodon,  
the last one, dreaming within each heart of that Love which all Nature yearns for.

I pray for my inherited brood of brothers, and remember to be gay for all the gray  
afternoons in this sad but forgiving confessional, while not forgetting mine and the  
cock's quarrel with life, in the booth by the cracked window near the corner of 7th and  
Second.

I am yours, bleating, sometimes crowing, but almost always bestowing praise. I am  
loved, Valdosta, and I love you.

N. Nightingale

Warren Falcon

## Some Ways Of Looking At A Black Mouse

[to the reader:

This is part of a series poem...this one follows 'Instead of You Today One Black Mouse' which should be read before this one for greater context. There is a playing going on in both poems which is not only about love had and lost, a black mouse that shows up, as well as a dove, the day before the lover returns permanently to live in native country of India. There is a Wallace Stevens' playing with notions of poetry, meaning, and more, and a playing with language and signs which shall hopefully lend some jarring but enjoyable takes/slants/songs/glyphs.

When you see the 'x's  
in the poem, read  
'times' as in the  
math sign for multi-  
plication. & of course  
the = sign should  
be read as 'equals']

keep saying/  
writing 'mouth'  
when I want to  
speak of the  
black 'mouse'  
which seems to  
have left soon  
after it appeared  
as you departed.

'Mouth' and  
'mouse',  
'black mouth',  
open and shut.

The window,  
the casings  
fall, clatter  
scattering the  
dove brown  
upon the space  
between the  
escape escaping  
what is become

poise no  
longer.

'Mouth', the  
stronger, is.

Is blackness,  
I think, insisting

its way past thinking  
into mouth or ink

so it is that  
lips which are

sometimes pink,  
swollen, as if to

kiss, miss the dove  
by a wink, and the

mouse is somewhere  
else,

at,

passed to

other spaces

still I feel you,  
you're here, big  
ears, black fur  
of Mind

still love, I moan  
this morning saying  
aloud before the  
covers are kicked

he is gone,  
hands x 4

he is gone,  
feet x 4

he is gone,  
lips x 4

he is gone,  
heavy groin x 2

he is gone,  
heavy groan x 2

the chimney flue  
suddenly  
in a little  
breeze from  
above  
loosens the ancient  
ash from the caked  
brick

x countless

number and the  
anxious hands, again,  
against the grain

x 4

push one finger

x 1

into that ash  
writes

x 2 two names

plus 1 subtracted

from the empty  
escape

x 1

and another day  
of counting

minutes

hours

x seconds

of seconds is  
begun begging

Love, yes,  
backing in

the floor where we  
lay our cluttered  
clothes deposited

x at least 3

take me once  
again one

x infinity

into your arms

x 2

and leave me when  
you/we are done doing

x 0

a mere cypher flown  
sheer up the flue  
into the blue ash  
which now the sky

is

where

(there is  
only one  
sky)

a dove flies  
into some  
possibility  
of memory

or not

x 35 thousand

x plus the time it

takes for you to exit  
shedding skins shells  
(I am a shell)

x infinity into

the one drain in-  
to ocean reflecting  
the ash of what remains  
of you on the beach  
bathing soft Junes,  
the organ grinder  
smiles/sings 'te  
amo, amor fati'  
mellifluously  
from the boardwalk  
Coney cotton candy  
disposed in gales  
from breaking  
waves, tumbles,  
smears, speared  
on the weathered  
wood

x planks from

many trees

x ants in the

roots lumber-  
ing their end-  
less burdens  
black or red  
carapaces as  
if shining  
sand or sugar  
unspun

x grains untold

as hairs, their  
bodies follicles  
delicate, when  
under the June  
glass espied  
magnified count-  
less, collected,  
caught upon the  
webbed threads

of your large  
soft towel with  
the palm tree  
sewn upon

that I have burned  
in the old grate,  
a first fire  
long awaited

x 30 years since

the last,  
undisturbed by  
carbon dates

x all times

black mouth  
yawns sun into  
the window frame

yellow the  
other flame

intended name  
smears on the  
glass an accidental  
pane, Mind

x hands touching it

delicate as trespass  
what is allowed lace  
of vision

x want

= at last a sum

= a remorse felt

memory

torques,

into soft  
teas  
June  
steeps  
turns  
steaming  
said window  
(and torsos)  
said prints  
views obscured  
of nothing  
in particular or  
special, but  
troubles, troubles  
only of passing  
birds enamored-of  
(their lighter  
bones)  
or  
are they  
cloud and shadow,  
merely the steep  
sun declining ashen  
into the Jersey side?  
occluded  
silhouettes  
contrails  
glyphs &

Maxwell House  
'Good To The Last Drop'  
sign,  
the familiar  
cup for decades  
tipped  
tips &

one

(out-spilled)

drop

x 0 suspends

o suspends trembling  
reflected in the water  
river made of the many

countless drops

x (again) infinity

x (surprised) my  
father there  
(momento mori)

opening the  
can all blue with  
the same cup tilted  
spilling that dark  
brown dropp imprinted

x (the

dove, to recall,  
brown, shaped like  
said drop, now  
flown, or) finally  
spilled into water,  
river currents  
downward, to bottom  
pulled sort/sift  
my father always  
complaining of grift,  
a weather man by trade,  
a cloud man once a pilot  
WW2 drifting often since/  
enough into sky,  
he turns  
the silver opener

butterflied  
round and round  
with effort, his  
arthritic com-  
plaints upon the  
ridged silver top  
of the can blue  
with coffee  
'course grind'  
the better to drip  
with within &  
that satisfying  
hiss of compacted  
air hissing out  
from within  
compressed now  
released  
the smell  
then  
of coffee fresh  
not yet brewed  
in the kitchen

the twist of  
the edge jagged  
silver metal  
carefully turned  
with fingers to  
break the remain-  
ing stem of metal  
holding the round  
to can entire  
unsealed now try  
without spilling  
the grounds  
out

x at least 100 thousand

to guess having no  
acumen with numbers  
and math but father's  
over  
there in the cup tilted  
over spilling into  
o endlessly  
it's seams, it seems  
from river bank  
into memory which  
is, already  
over-said  
overheard redundantly

as river  
and time,  
this one  
now recalled  
to Mind, dad,

dad  
the cloud drift  
and the flows  
the tides beside  
the city  
both sides  
is as ancient  
as it always was  
& is

as in the beginning  
was darkness over deep  
water & a word, any word  
really would do it,  
form something  
out of deep, of  
dark, of water  
which shapes it-  
self only by outer  
circumstance,  
in this case  
a word  
leading up to  
this -

Palisades cliffs  
above bridge tilt  
toward, always,  
currents, the river  
over-  
flows north-  
wards  
tides rare defy-  
ing the moon  
that other pull,  
you  
live the other  
side of  
sand  
the palm sewn  
swaying adhered  
to Mind

x 1

still, to pass the

time now

x 1

the sooty hand

x 1

over black  
'mouth'  
or word 'mouse'  
allude perhaps  
to river at  
city's start  
up from water

the silver bay  
capped, remembering  
frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-  
tween seas  
wars  
vast to  
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches  
the narrows,

the necks with  
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless  
depths their vespers

intone

I am, unkindly,  
left remembering  
once was laughter  
spent

seeking out

between bodies  
valleys eternally  
shifting eluding  
rapture

x 1

whisper

hand over 'mouse'

or 'mouth' conjured

x 1 more

contraction  
of sentinel  
bells against  
each of each  
reaching

x 2, the legs

x 4, the lips

x myriad ones gone

before, of murmurers

O lover

of thee

I adore

the arms

x no more  
embraces

This, just to  
reintroduce some  
levity

for we  
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played  
harming no one,  
not even the  
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching  
perhaps, still,  
still, from beneath  
the god you insisted  
be excluded from  
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths  
exchanged, groped  
x many ropes all our  
wanting

father loves  
with his cup  
his pipe songs  
of love  
of love will  
he dance between  
the violent fasts  
from love,  
our mother, with,  
fast around around  
& around the danced  
living room  
phonograph brass  
loud plays  
where June  
curtains sway  
me and Mr. Miller  
(Glenn)

I stand behind  
them the curtained  
dancer entranced  
entered into/  
upon a mystery  
how one could  
be so, well,  
swell, so  
marvelous &

so cruel, (upon  
one silver stem  
hangs the metal  
tin top jags  
tears at  
memory edge  
opens facts

FACT

that there was love,  
there was love after  
all

I can see  
it smell it  
feel it there  
dancing round  
the living

one dropp Mr.  
Maxwell holds,  
hold on to &  
upon goodness  
brown pulled  
from below down  
& dark into deep  
such this is  
the riddle it is  
all now become  
since you  
departed, love

since you  
departed I shall  
count backward by  
3's then by 4's  
the

door which once  
embraced you now  
never lets you

go

x brooms

or releases

x all the x's  
here accounted  
for, listed,

besos as kisses  
scribbles, notes,  
letters,  
no matter  
the black or  
blue tide

of thee  
O lover

what  
slips out  
ebbs black  
back into lapis

lapses into what  
self is

uttered/poured,  
scored trans-  
parent upon  
surfaces

faces which are  
even  
eyes which now  
glaze with love/  
loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the  
pane

the black  
mouse remains

stays,  
is many,  
a multitude  
of petals

x 3

the jasmine  
unspurned  
at last

at last/least  
O return  
soft Junes  
the lips of

which are  
sometimes  
pink, of  
lavender  
swollen, as if  
to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the

house the cup  
O Mr. Miller  
an O'Day serenade  
plays close  
...'Hi ho trailus  
boot whip  
boo boo daddy  
floy floy'...

the late night  
suppers of chops  
the peeled onions  
the laughter the  
potatoes boil  
& bubble in the  
pot then  
father  
to dance  
the butter in  
the sizzle in  
the cast iron  
pan

their vespers  
now descant,  
descend  
...'How high  
the moon...

x 1 black 'mouth'

hungry  
the  
dish it has  
all become  
feast for  
black 'mouth'

& mouse makes again

x 3 the antinomies

a string  
of pearls  
anemones  
& thee O lover  
bring all them  
back, so many,  
to me now  
x Pennsylvania 6-500.  
Warren Falcon

## **Stage Coaches, Hands No Longer - How It Is How I Am Otherly Conformed**

...because in that moment you'll have gone so far  
I'll wander mazily over all the earth, asking,  
Will you come back? Will you leave me here, dying? - Pablo Nerud

You ask out of the blue: How are you?

(You want to test the waters first)

My answer: I thirst

Going into the wild west, I am

I am stage coaches

Hands no longer in my lap or yours

In a country of glow worms there are  
no retreats only circles of wagons overturned

petticoats surrendered

ubiquitous white moon of buffalo skulls

curved horns

a spider web dew-dropped  
between parted lips where  
an arrow always misses/  
rots the over-spun plot  
thin thin  
with only  
you the  
main

Me?

How now I am all scalp  
and lips savaged free  
untethered from the noun  
the verb of thee

Who's driving the coach the dust will never reveal

Warren Falcon

## **Still Life With Burros**

A redundant whip in a whipped boy's hand  
loudly cracks.

Sway backs are unburdened by little cries  
which simpler crickets take to heart.

Their singing legs suddenly still to sighs.

Warren Falcon

## Still Life With Coffee Can, Father, River, Bell, Mouse, Lover Fled

[poet's note to the reader:  
read the 'x's' as the word  
'times' as in multiplication]

This

just to  
reintroduce some  
levity

for we (loves)  
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played  
harming no one,  
not even the  
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching  
perhaps, still,  
still, from beneath  
the god you insisted  
be excluded from  
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

I stand behind  
them the curtained  
dancer entranced  
entered into/  
upon a mystery  
how one could  
be so, well,  
swell, so  
marvelous &  
so cruel upon  
one silver stem  
hangs the metal  
tin top jags  
tears at  
memory edge  
opens facts

now you, love  
are new memory  
hands emptier  
sensitive finger-  
tips filigreed  
prints your  
body hairs  
sifted imprinted  
touching softly  
x all the x's  
here accounted  
for, listed,  
besos as kisses  
scribbles, notes,  
letters,  
no matter  
the black or  
blue tide

of thee  
O lover

what  
slips out  
ebbs black  
back into lapis

lapses into what  
self is

uttered/poured,  
scored trans-  
parent upon  
surfaces

faces which are  
even eyes which  
now glaze with  
love/loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the  
pane

black  
mouse remains

stays,  
is many,  
a multitude

of petals

x 3

the jasmine  
unspurned  
at last

at last/least  
O return  
soft Junes  
the lips of  
which are  
sometimes  
pink, of  
lavender  
swollen, as if  
to kiss

x memory

x 3

the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee O lover

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

memory

torques

into soft

teas

June

steps

turns

steaming  
said window  
(and torsos)  
said prints  
views obscured  
of nothing  
in particular  
or special,  
but  
troubles,  
troubles only  
of passing birds  
enamored-of  
(their lighter  
bones)  
or  
are they  
cloud and shadow,  
merely the steep  
sun declining ashen  
into New Jersey?  
occluded  
silhouettes  
contrails  
glyphs &  
Maxwell House sign

'Good To The Last Drop'

familiar  
cup for decades  
tipped  
tips &

one

(out-spilled)

drop

x 0 suspends

O suspends trembling  
reflected in the water  
river made of the many

countless drops

x (again) infinity

x (surprised) my  
father there  
(memento mori)  
opening the  
can all blue with  
the same cup tilted  
spilling that dark  
brown dropp imprinted

x (the

dove,  
to recall,  
brown, shaped like  
said drop, now  
flown, or)  
finally  
spilled into water,  
river currents  
downward, to bottom  
pulled sort/sift  
my father always  
complaining of grift,  
a weather man by trade,  
a cloud man once a  
pilotWW2 drifting  
often since enough  
into sky

he turns  
the silver opener  
butterflied  
round and round

with effort his  
arthritic com-  
plaints upon the  
ridged silver top  
of the can blue  
with coffee  
'course grind'  
the better to drip  
with within that  
satisfying hiss  
compacted air  
hissing out  
from compression  
now released  
the smell  
then of coffee  
fresh not yet  
brewed in the  
kitchen

the twist of  
the edge jagged  
silver metal  
carefully turned  
with fingers to  
break the remain-  
ing stem of metal  
holding the round  
to the can entire  
unsealed now try  
without spilling  
the grounds  
out

x at least 100 thousand

to guess having no  
acumen with numbers  
and math but father's  
over  
there in the cup tilted  
over  
spilling into  
o endlessly  
it's seams,  
it seems from  
river bank

into memory  
which is,

already  
over-said  
overheard  
redundantly  
as river  
and time,

this one  
now recalled  
to mind,

dad

dad  
the cloud drift  
and the flows  
the tides beside  
the city

(both sides)

is as ancient  
as it always was  
& is

as 'in the beginning  
was darkness over deep  
water & a word, '  
any word really  
would do it,  
form  
something  
out of deep,  
of dark,  
of water  
which shapes  
itself only  
by outer  
circumstance  
in this case  
a word  
leading up to  
this -

Palisades cliffs  
above bridge

allude perhaps

to river at  
city's start  
up from water

the silver bay  
capped, remembering  
centuries' frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-  
tween seas  
wars  
vast to  
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches

the narrows

the necks with  
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless  
waves over depths

their vespers  
intone

once was laughter  
spent

seeking out  
between bodies

continents  
valleys eternally

shifting eluding  
rapture

x 1 whisper

contraction  
of sentinel  
bells against  
each of each

reaching

x 2,

the clappers

x 20,000

(of bells  
anatomy there  
is much to  
say  
(of the  
elements,  
zinc, copper,  
tin, & more  
while not for-  
getting brass  
more commonly  
used)  
of infusion  
into cuppolas

the beating  
the shaping  
heat also to  
be given account  
amounts much into  
bells conformed  
gracefully out  
in the end,

but only  
as metal,  
sharp tongues  
blunted can of  
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings  
side to side the  
hard knock shocks  
into quakes into  
belfry beyond  
dance of iron  
bronze overtaking  
& announce  
round of hammers)

so many dawns  
x so many goings  
down of the sun  
x fortune the lips  
x myriad ones gone  
before of murmurers  
O lover

of thee  
I adore

in timbre  
thru the  
window rings  
(the bells)  
the arms  
of which  
too  
wring out  
breath to  
breath  
x no more  
embraces  
into indolence

This  
(yet)  
again

(late  
offering)

just to  
reintroduce some  
levity

for we

(loves)

were many day-ed

x merry we

merrily played  
harming no one,  
not even the  
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching  
perhaps, still,

still, from beneath  
the god you insisted  
be excluded from  
all our nakedness

Warren Falcon

## **Surrealistic Sutures For The Acetylene Virgin**

'I think that poetry should stay  
awake all night drinking in dark cellars.' - Thomas Merton

Look to the body for metaphor -

Look to blood, use this word  
in relation to dreams or flowers  
while silver runs in veins which  
are usually streets or vines.

Breasts, male and female,  
are stars, have to do with  
a handful or feet to span them.

Abdomen, then, is a great  
Milky Way gathering,  
holding, expelling comets,  
caroling colons' humming.

Spleens are bones  
to pick teeth with, teeth  
which are, of course,  
sea horses or gravestones  
bearing images of the Flagrant  
Heart to tame this spot  
of gypsum and flint, to charm  
where Violin's cut throat sings  
itself awake, one black breast  
out of its fold slapping metal seas  
against dropping metal shores in  
Sidelight's shadow across this  
hand writing now, slap of waves  
mute in this stillness of knees.

So lend a darkness to gardens,  
ancient pattern of a breast,  
cloth lightly lifting, black on black.

From Her chest reveal a slenderer throat  
that nods when she swallows  
and names her peace.

The delicate will not pass away just yet.

Great Seamstress of Space

sew, please,

with fingers of dew.

Warren Falcon

## **Suturas Surrealista De La Virgen De Acetileno**

Mire a la sangre, uso de esta palabra  
en relación con los sueños o flores  
mientras que la plata que corre por las venas  
son por lo general las calles o las vides.

Pechos, hombres y mujeres,  
son estrellas, tienen que ver con  
un puñado o de los pies a palmo.

El abdomen, entonces, es una gran  
Láctea reunión Camino,  
tenencia, la expulsión de los cometas,  
tarareando villancicos dos puntos '.

El bazo son los huesos  
para recoger los dientes con los dientes  
que son, por supuesto,  
caballitos de mar o lápidas  
imágenes con la flagrante  
Corazón de domar este lugar  
de yeso y piedra, de encanto  
en la garganta cortada violín canta  
se despierta, un pecho negro  
fuera de sus mares veces bofetadas de metal  
contra la desertión de metal en las costas  
Sombra de luz de posición a través de este  
la escritura a mano ahora, bofetada de las ondas  
silencio en esta quietud de las rodillas.

Así que darle una oscuridad a los jardines,  
antiguo patrón de un pecho,  
pañó ligeramente elevación, negro sobre negro.

De su pecho revelan una garganta esbelta  
que asiente con la cabeza cuando se traga  
y los nombres de su paz.

La delicada que no pasará por el momento.

Costurera gran cantidad de espacio  
cosa, por favor,  
con los dedos de rocío.

Warren Falcon

## **Swoons In The Liquor Of Splash**

Long in exile,  
dizzy with The Path,  
human beauty broken there beside,  
in every field shy flowers want all  
our windows and stoops to proudly  
present themselves upon.

This only now but happy do I discover.

And I am old, my scent upon the wind  
down human lanes where even dogs  
take pleasure from the air, where  
children play and narrow water flows  
and petal by petal night and day the  
joyous moon swoons in the liquor of  
splash upon stones happy to be worn.

Warren Falcon

**tell me now**

tell me now  
glass-handled knives  
I'm not clear where we started

- from Where Dispose Of The Joke Of Bones - Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes  
Metaphysical. W. Falcon

Warren Falcon

## Temple Ruin Haiku

broken tower bell,

no tongue, the recluse spider  
shapes its uniform prayer

Warren Falcon

## **That Salt Adheres**

for Karthik

that salt adheres to the palm  
proclaiming only this  
that purchase requires both  
sweat and the one hidden pearl  
of scraped touch

much there is in the hand  
bequeathed;  
beneath the thigh the grit  
burns smooth the groove  
where you lay

tapered fingers flame  
that these lips may chaff/  
chafe more the love  
from the grain which  
skin frames from  
cloudless scansions

Kindled limbs  
do not go out  
do not ash hot  
to powder  
nor the colder grow  
though each is made distinct,  
distinguished,

though each  
is extended, extinguished in  
the other's contradiction  
neither brother or lover

but both  
be perseverance  
of palms,  
of salt  
Preserve.

Warren Falcon

## That We Can Be Broken - A Bird Spirit Speaks Of Beginnings

Citizen! What have they done with all the air? - Victor Serge

1

I began

a bird flown down a chimney,  
an empty house hidden in a  
mountain valley, a night time  
fire upon surrounding hills,  
a moonshine still's signal flame,  
a bootlegger's warning,  
a silent spirit conjuring  
drip by drip  
metal and grain.

No blue fire therein.

Suddenly spun,  
some beckoning thing  
wings between night's crumbled  
brick and rusted tin,  
white rock and  
a wide sky,  
braced by  
a  
closed  
encircling valley.

2

Here  
is a Presence  
beyond illicit fires  
bearing witness to evidence found,  
remains of flight, contrived escapes  
stopped by panes,  
walls striped in ramming panic,  
of ritual and a broken neck,  
petrified wings displaced.  
Now remote is the open space  
they once could range.

3

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal  
for what has become a destined association,  
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,  
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this  
once sentinel house long remote to men and  
as present as God, my own presence is bound  
to his who stands confounded now as three,  
one above grave, one within it, and me  
in between, one eye upon him, the other  
upon sagging dirt where bones and a  
ragged shirt share an unexpected  
moment of veils confused in sunlight's  
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and  
shadows frozen there, not breathing  
for us all in un-storied astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.  
Upon weathered stones are  
only creases where once were  
names, dates, even God's Word,  
chiseled by a now unknown hand,  
an impression only, one among many,  
reduced to no plot but that of Providence  
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic  
flies proving only flesh and only blood,  
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,  
and exhaling still, waiting beside  
a white rock with wings,  
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

4

There are uses for wings -

thoughts,  
ramming walls,  
and panes,  
earnest though  
contrived escapes.

At first midnight in stillness,

wait.

A white rock,  
wings,  
a still,  
ignorant fires,  
illicit spirits  
lean into changes.

5

In arms  
we carried It  
as one does  
a child

yet it was  
He who carried us,  
both bird and man,

who cried  
openly  
on the way

for our presence  
solid in his arms,

he who did not care  
who saw his tears shed,  
head down,  
beneath spring blossoms,

living presences  
within bestowing  
strength,  
order  
from  
stone and remnant wings.

6

How all this will turn.  
I do not burn to know.

I only yearn here,  
air and more,  
of air now air  
all the more  
in sustained  
moments

without height.

Something returns  
or turns inward  
that may be climbed  
to rest upon

or fall again to  
some chimney  
life to be found,  
itself a winged burden.

.

Warren Falcon

## **The Abject Ones, Six Falling—Nightingale Confesses Into Straighter Teeth**

The term Abjection literally means 'the state of being cast off.' In usage it has connotations of degradation, baseness and abasement of spirit.

'...descend and of the curviship lend a myth to God.' - from 'To Brooklyn Bridge'

The boys, six falling: Tyler Clementi, Raymond Chase, Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh, Justin Aaberg

'What does a man come to with his virility gone? ' - Walt Whitman

'He sought for his beautiful body  
and encountered his opened blood  
Do not ask me to see it! ' - Federico Garcia Lorca\*

My Dearest Valdosta,

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.

One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who have taken their own lives publicly on our behalf, for untold scores gone before them with broken hearts enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded world which, one of them, one of the public ones, in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous dark alleys bitter in the pitch in the hateful American Twentieth Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba meets the lipping sea, took his tongue away which sang to us of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose spans still freely splinter light returning hungover from night wharves' grottoes and denim grasps, World Wars' industrial embraces crushing every man, and now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling, o scattering light, takes flight from ledges to edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden—

And so it was I entered the broken world to trace the visionary company of love... - Hart Crane

I am at the 'Way of Peace Bistro, ' not your favorite place I remember—unkind to queens and 'Miss Things'—but the server whose cousins are the famous Wolf Boys in Jalisco, Mexico, hirsute himself, gives me free double espressos for very large tips, of course, and it is not as populated here on Saturdays with the braying brunch crowds, their hammers for pinkies poised...besides, the server just yesterday came out to me in my confessional booth here at the perpetually wobbly table in the far corner at the cracked window rocking with Hart's un-confessed bones wrapped in soothing silt which he now dreams to be his silken pall. Life is indeed strange above the veiled bottom. I do receive confessions here p.r.n. ('as needed, ' in medical jargon) and at my other, now, confessional spots, the usual cafes I weekly haunt for chasing down dreams, waves, receding horizons...why, I wonder, is each window where I sit cracked?

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts. Suffering 'congregants' (servers, busboys, cooks, regulars forlorn over their starfish and soup) , when their fellows are removed to basement or kitchen or groceries, come to me, ask about a dream, confess to some anguish or other, ask what should be done or undone. I consult espresso foam, open the nearest book willy nilly to see what advice or wisdom might be gained from that Eternal Logos sustaining us all here straining after some meaningful thing to

keep us going when Hart and those too recent others obey some impulse to place at last the final period, reifying the punctuate though unrepentant ending of this too too long run-on sentence of hate. One hopes this period holds fast, that Logos/meaning is somehow, plates of starfish with fork and knife beside, true or truing, at least.

One serves where needed. And when. So come unto me you 'sad young men...All the news is bad again so kiss your dreams goodbye.'

Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the gay boys of late who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced, diced their sad and abused compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears, eyes ablaze in thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the violent hunt which always ends with a death, bequeathing these chopped bits to me and those others like me who remain at table, plates before, to stare at what is there to be later scattered, sown, those pieces in and for Love-without-name or, if named, is still a stain upon confused local deities, their wide-eyed supplicants, but there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea. The compliant sky is not confused, neither is all that is between confused, allowing birth and blessing, passing of all kinds in all manner of motive and motion. But in the human world, distressing, there will be more boys, more men growing up as from the very beginning where earliest enmity mythically grew strong before shoes, before hearts were capable of breaking before turgid theological floods spilled blood of brother by brother turning witness stones toward silence, echoing lamenting Federico:

Do not ask me to see it! I don't want to see it. I will not see it!

But I, but perhaps we, who remain to plant these petaled parts of these unwitting scapegoats whose eyes are milk now forever, we must bar sentimentality, must move toward genuine knowing which comes from the long hard stare beyond Milky Ways at the way things still inexorably are. Was it Fritz Perls who said, "Nothing gets better (or changes for the better) until it is what it is"? But gay folk know what the 'is' is of the matter...it is the others, too many of them, who don't (or won't) know, who willingly refuse to see 'what is' in order to reach beyond the collective 'Nazi/NOT SEE-solutions' of heteronormative culture/religion.

Perhaps even in the deepest fault of the ocean that very visionary company in league with stuporous pigeons, a mourning dove, me here who remains, not-yet-remains, tearful over my espresso looking for signs, finding only an endlessly fracturing rainbow, remembering, too, the murmuring secrets of wharves and co-mingled breath—that very visionary company traces all the sunken ones, the jumping ones, those with other means for departure by their own hands empty now of demands for love.

Here I sit with my arthritic living hands still demanding, remembering full of past and present griefs the Violin with a cut throat in a youthful suicide note I once wrote years ago, hidden, hiding out, refusing to shout my rage and despair to almighty 'Nothing But':

Do not hear nothing but the cabin walls,  
do not hear nothing but the late summer roses  
petal by petal leaping from the still too white trellises,  
leaping pinkly, redly, memory to breezes,  
overwhelmed by trellises snagged with cut sleeves.

But not me. Not yet. I don't want to see it! I will not see it.

I wrote it all on the mute page—the Violin refusing to sing, in love with García Lorca, the goring horn of the Bull, the destined cornada, each and all appalling, commanding me to write during long nights working at the facility where the mentally ill wandered with me, the keys ironically in my hand, in the yellowing hallways with even more ironic EXIT signs brightly RED above the locked doors, silent companions somnolent but for the jangling joke of keys.

Still, I have now these better days in the Village, broke or near to it, with eggs and beans, cheap but edible things. An epicurean after all, I do luxuriously head to the Polish butcher shop nearby to gather meat but not any of the young butchers want to be gathered, too Catholic, for Poland is 'passing strange' with bad teeth, fingers stained with nicotine. Or is it rust from cast-off Iron Curtains, or the Blood of the Acetylene Virgin?

...but back to the meat...I get my meat, cook my greens, have good-enough feasts for garlic and the right spice make grander the demanded abstemiousness of current coinage. I steal my pleasure during eats in my dirty yet happy apron with a good aria on the radio to salt my food with tears, a blubbering fool beside his one low watt lamp, darkness too too comfortable like a pooch or cat at feet. What is that bleating in the darker corner? I shall wait for daylight to see what it can be. And if I can, I shall free it from its trap and in doing so perhaps free me from all this, all this witnessing as life demands I must, of young ones setting themselves 'free' because they are forced to do so by collective psychopathology now rendered even more effective and efficient via technology, via internet, emphasis upon the 'net, ' where the ills set free from Pandora's Modem have only begun to be revealed.

But I shall use that 'net' and my still goodly paper and goodly pen to dim whatever ill tides there are and to come, as they surely will in spite of low wattage. I'll jangle keys on the night watches, reading my mystic books, making my prayers with roamers of wards and wharves glancing up considering bridges, edges, silty bottoms. The tides are here even now. But right now I wish to sing a lullaby in protest to those hurting departed, even to those coming ills, that I may sing innocence dumbly back to those who may come ashore again more gently having forgotten enforcing depths insisting them toward resistant yet resolved embraces...

...So breech then, waves. Feet first. Heads in the brine. I shall keep time on your wrinkled toes sticking up from the sand, play peek-a-boo. Then while you sleep I shall harvest gently, place them firmly in that old woman's shoe with 'so many children she didn't know what to do.'

She may yet have learned what to by now. I haven't.

I remain bitter. Abject, too, from the senseless loss of cast off young men who could not endure the flame, the rust, no fault of their own, who leap blasted from bridges, forced by killing human edges, who are broken open within and by hateful, fearful others forgetting, if ever had, those restorative burning constancies of a Mother's loving hand upon them.

I have placed their names and images upon my altar beside García Lorca's portrait, and Hart Crane's young face, an image of a sweet Christ holding a lamb in perpetua,

and the yellowed newspaper clipping from Spain of the Matador's death, all who have joined or will join Hart becoming ghostly visionary company. They now remain forever chaste not having lived long enough to be wasted, to be emptied loving deeply out into Love for more, endlessly bleeding out as Lorca, a corrida of laurel encircling his head no longer remembering but only one sound, guns exploding outward, extending, bullets, petals, one by one beyond the wall where he stood before the obedient squad stunned, 'how young and handsome are the assassins' faces.' Obedient to projectiles and projections he flew backward into the restraining wall, his brave shadow and blood, then fell, a last poem frozen upon lips but for circling birds, spirits, carrion or both, arriving after the blood wedding. I believe he fell hard, for life demands it as does death which will continue its duende.

Reduced to foolish whispers, restoring moments, patient hidden gods, human hearts and bodies remove themselves from the potter's wheel too early broken, too tired, too alone to try to shape love from Love from the tiny shard, the remnant bone of the ancient mastodon, the last one, dreaming within each heart of that Love which all Nature yearns for.

Inherited brood of brothers wherever you may sway remember to be gay for all the gray afternoons in this sad but forgiving confessional while not forgetting mine and the cock's quarrel with life in the booth by the cracked window near the corner of 7th and Second.

Trembling,

Nightingale

Warren Falcon

## **The Case For Love As Storm**

for Crimson Love

This can only go well.

I hold your hand  
throughout the storm.

We swell together.  
Two seeds break open.

I day your arbor.  
You arbor my need.

Let us not plead our  
case for love as storm.

Here we are warm in the park after  
dark beneath the newspaper wet.

Stained with ink we are that fading  
photograph of the bride and groom.

We are marked most likely  
to flower in any season.

Caution thrown to wind,  
blind lightning stabs the dark.

Sparks kindle perimeter pines.  
The park is aflame.

The music of the gazebo gutter  
waltzes clumsily on.

We make a run for it.

The dance is close.

It is now.

It is ours.

Warren Falcon

## **The Cracked Cup, Somewhat Shakespherical**

for Michael Malek  
'where'ere he be, his love for 'the Bard' '

Could I but hold within in spite of crack  
the strength of flavors, send vapors up  
for sweet orders at once telling of earth, of loam, of comet;

In my form, though cracked, could I but  
mold this world unfurling before me its  
viscous flag, whirl it round, a jelling wind in love with sorrow;

Could I but borrow this shape though  
marred and gather all morrows to me,  
their bitter drafts drink down to make  
merry marrow sink stars to knees,

Heaven's burning flashing mystery full;

could I but crack the Vault above, vanish, soiled,  
to reappear, here, an apparition in insubstantial  
hands, this cup, this man, this room, all one  
and same but claiming separate faces;

Could all this be true I would hasten the Potter  
to His shapening art, take this bell-kissed form  
and, rift, singing, depart.

Warren Falcon

## **The Empress of Contrails Writes Upon Darkness - Anxiety of Influence**

for Anthros Del Mar

I, on the other hand,  
have lain down with  
countless thousands.  
My tent is worn out.  
Love cries some blood  
where tongues are root-ground,  
utterance hard pounded,  
soft tissue torn letter by letter,  
tender verbs opened to pain,  
that which is paid for more  
than alabaster embraces  
and this strangling of waists.

My tent has drained more  
of love's body than a mortuary.  
Spikenard scented oils taint  
fabric folds and flesh. Rote,  
worn pillows are hourly turned  
for teeth or coins hoping  
to find one true word for  
'love without name',  
moths repelled instead by flame,  
pillows revealing nothing yet.  
I turn them still.

Have I not spoken of tears  
subtle parentheses of blame,  
brine outlines punctuated,  
thinly silked, easily taken  
for wing-laced salt maps,  
tongue lick sighs grown  
weary with enunciating.

Nightly misspoken, the  
flagons are tossed down.  
Pleading echoes, the tents  
are packed. Forgiving camels,  
commas nailed to each hoof,  
tread into cool unread darkness,  
all that is within it -  
a history of wax seals,  
once important names,  
broken pledges, lies still smooth,  
their nuance-scripted smiles crisp,  
predictable riffled pages  
intent on cool gain upon  
desert's shifting floor.

Oasis and cloaca,  
love birds parched,  
now moves caravansary

toward Heart's always  
edited horizons.  
There are many redactions  
before the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes  
before me, my 'press',  
the Empress of Contrails -  
peacocks, accountants  
in tow trailing tallies,  
unsettled scores,  
arrivals, departures,  
ejaculations, rejections,  
all faces hands have held  
and, yearning beyond possibility,  
hesitant dawn's mourning dove.

Men cry, 'Return, ' yet burns  
no desert impervious to heat of  
all kinds, even human, excepting  
the heart, its capacities to startle.  
Its dunes in vast stretches beat  
for what moonlight cannot  
index but only suggest,  
breviaries, endless recounting  
of causes - neglect, curses,

justifications, worst cases all,  
just 'tent talk' to scorpions  
scribbling in silver shadows,  
pitying serpents smug in their ability  
to recite every skin they have shed  
without regret unlike the men in veils;  
their profane winds, lightly perfumed,  
do the work of erasure well,  
absolving memory.

What lies ahead shuffles in  
cursives of sound confusing  
the ear, a solitary traveler  
compulsive for solar winds,  
tumbles it's own way.

No pressure for accuracy  
nor to lose plume and ink  
hiding what cannot be unwritten  
A trail of brocaded skulls in time  
returns to sand. One cannot see,  
waving its goodbyes, the concealing  
tint and quill.

Through ages, upon human vellum,  
through cycles unending and same,

what heart heat bids, I write best  
upon darkness, eyes closed, tent  
opened to all who may, suppliant,  
come wandering in.

\*

Warren Falcon

## **The Empress of Contrails Writes Upon Darkness - Anxiety of Influence - Original Version**

for Anthros Del Mar

I, on the other hand,  
have lain down with  
countless thousands.  
My tent is worn out.  
Stains mark love-cries,  
some blood where tongues  
were ground down to root words,  
utterance hard pounded,  
soft tissue torn letter by letter,  
tender verbs opened to pain,  
that which is paid for more  
than alabaster embraces  
and this strangling of waists

My tent has drained more  
of love's body than a mortuary.  
Spikenard scented oils taint  
fabric folds and flesh. Rote,  
worn pillows are daily, sometimes  
hourly turned where I half expect  
to find teeth or coins,  
hoping still for one true word for  
love without name else it flies,  
moths repelled instead by flame,

pillows revealing nothing  
but I turn them still.

Oasis and cloaca,  
love birds parched,  
now moves caravansary  
toward heart's always  
winking horizons.

There are many before  
the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes  
before me, my 'press',  
Empress of Contrails,  
peacocks in tow,  
trailing tallies, scores,  
arrivals, departures,  
ejaculations, rejections,  
all faces hands have held,  
and yearning beyond possibility  
hesitant dawn's mourning doves.

Recall how hot winds blow loudly  
as do I, billowing the tent. Men cry  
mad for my return yet burns no desert  
impervious to heat of all kinds,  
even human, excepting the heart,  
its capacities to startle,

its dunes in vast stretches  
beat, beat for what moonlight  
can only suggest to scorpions  
in silver shadows, pitying serpents  
coiled smug in their ability  
to shed skin,  
unlike veiled men.

Hide what cannot be unwritten  
though this trail of brocaded  
skulls in time returns to sand.

One cannot see this hand  
waving its goodbyes, the other  
concealing tint and quill.

I have written upon human  
vellum through ages,  
through cycles unending  
and same. I cannot cease  
doing what Heart heat  
bids though I also  
write upon darkness,  
eyes closed,  
tent flap opened  
to all thirsters  
who may,  
supplicant,

come wandering in.

Warren Falcon

## **The Icarus Of Housewives, Circa 1981**

From ashtrays he rises  
when birds in backyards  
have been fed their seed,  
a dove amid the starlings.  
In smoke filled stupor we stare.

Icarus climbs our stairs,  
waves his muscled arms  
in doorways mimicking  
the starlings in stocking feet.  
He feels his way blindly  
down hallways, a whirlwind  
of feathers trailing behind.

And one day like any other day,  
bedroom windows open,  
he is gone into the sun to  
make his movements golden,  
to steel his flight a monument  
of silver in the sky over Cleveland,  
over Chicago, the Dakota plains.

And we are still reeling.

Come back.  
Come back, Icarus.  
Plead our case to the sun  
but do not fly too close.

And it is a day like any other day  
we lose him to a solar flare.  
All our litigation cannot raise him up again,  
our curtains closed in protest to the sun.

Warren Falcon

## **The Idea Of 'Pear Tree'**

for Robin Blaser

a pear tree forgets only itself as  
an audacity

limbs recall themselves

appear to reach

one cannot see them  
reaching

they may be silent but  
we cannot know that toward  
later sweetness they yearn  
then seed a still dirt around

content to lie down  
the idea of 'pear tree'  
reduces to all sparks

yet

no illusion of darkness  
hastens the pear

but O it tastes

Warren Falcon

## **The Lesson Book Of Weather - 2 Thigh-ku**

\*

Beyond Manhattan Bridge

sudden heat lightning

a good night with cool rain

\*

Old vinyl Nyro\*\*

needle scratches

done with song

\*\*Laura Nyro, singer

Warren Falcon

## **The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 1**

Watching the storm pass over  
know the tornado  
cloud by heart.

Easy.

Warren Falcon

## **The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 2**

Just after hard rain  
in the wet grass boys play ball -

far away

thunder.

Warren Falcon

### **The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 3**

From the porch, high wind.  
The moon, a corner of it,  
rides comfortably in clouds.

Warren Falcon

## **The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 4**

·  
Clouds moving over mountains,  
their night work -  
some rain in the buckets.

Warren Falcon

## **The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 5**

·  
Bestowing order,  
things feel their boundaries,  
robes of autumn rain.

Warren Falcon

## The LoRuhamah Poems - Her Death Discordant

for Judy Asher, killed at age 21

These meditations/laments are set in  
Appalachian mountains and towns of  
North American Southern states, circa mid1960's

[The name, LoRuhamah, means 'not loved']

Hosea 1: 6 - 'And she conceived again, and bare a daughter.  
And God said unto him, Call her name LoRuhamah' for I will  
no more have mercy on the house of Israel, but will utterly take  
them away.'

### Part One

1

O rue rue LaRue among the ginkgoes  
cloven leaves all fallen whose burnished berries  
yellow late melon sweetness of Autumn days

O rue rue LaRue among the boxwoods  
evergreen for no good phlox.  
Blooded leaves settle upon golden flax of weeds  
seeding the chilling ground receiving soundless  
lips of grain enduring ice and ice again

O rue rue LaRue amidst the sortilege  
Coo of pigeons in the distant spired village  
low of legion cattle turning toward evening millet  
mow of fringing grain chafing toward winter silos

O rue rue LaRue  
Blue waters at a distance  
blue the tails of otters  
blue the eyelids of sleeping beasts  
nested beneath the earth

Distant crows sound the morning field beyond pasture  
Dew murmurs names upon passing grasses  
Echoing wood gold where below the stream's gash  
furthers along slowly murdering dimensions of  
width and depth

Remembered gait of young ponies toward  
the spring's sweet water

Remembered laughter of the frail daughter there  
beside the fields sweet grasses

The daughter, as the water, passes into silence

Laughter remembered beside the old well of the woods

2

Unearthing the old dwelling  
found glass bottles  
rusted ancient tins of talcum  
utensils grimed which once fed mouths  
a comb sadly saving some long  
uncaressed and beloved white hair  
a rusty chain for what purpose used  
then discarded

Overturning stones  
reveals a child's gum  
machine trinket ring

O the lovely hand of the long grown daughter  
remembered in the plastic ring hole full of dirt  
caked jewel of childhood, innocent, cool  
in this finder's keeping

Rest o daughter  
slumber in the dark palm of the grave  
We are slave to suffering  
but the little ring you lost  
or bitterly tossed away  
when its small circle's promise  
outgrew you  
is here  
in the sunlight again  
in a stranger's hand  
standing where the gate allowed  
entrance to the once beautiful yard

Brief the rediscovered  
for all of us are soon  
gone under the hill

The ring dear lost dead thing  
once human and frail will endure  
beyond our bones.  
It's promise is safe

I wish I knew your name, dear one

O rue rue LaRue...

3

Spittle on the chin

stubble upon the cheek  
she met her love beside the creek

Turned in her sleep  
the calling heat gathered  
the steep bank in the wood

then fell

as water will

forgetting the blood's

first stain on the long discarded sheet

A woman now she fled toward love

and fed there but

famished still

died there...

4

...there that little greensward swath of green grass  
and leaf and limb and tree in that little crook nook  
of vale dark there and sky gimleted on each blade  
and leaf hover myriad in air...

Part Two

'Her death discordant...'

'Birds must sing to keep from asphyxiating.' - Mircea Eliade

1

Then died there the rose beside the house of tin.  
The track bore no train for years.  
Weeds traveled tendriled and  
yellow rooted between trestles.  
Broken vessels whistled through  
shattered teeth of glass.  
Only wind and no rusted train passed.

Though the scene bears dislocation,  
though the brain remembers station and motion  
of steam engine and iron wheel rotation  
the places of old gone passing  
bear no malice toward stillness.

All around mute remains remind the  
occasional passer of former days;

an old snuff tin crumbled in a reverent hand  
longs for the woman grasping then,  
holds sweet dust beneath her tongue  
as the land must hold her now where is  
no whisper but sleep beyond sleep.

Weeds to the eye are sad between rails  
but listening to their green and yellow belles  
the rightness of their swaying displaces all sorrow.  
Their distance is a distance one cannot know  
but only borrow in imagination by extension  
of miles, their reach is ours then, translated  
green and longing, their leaves throng the  
evening air, in silent clamor fling down seed  
to summer's blundering prayer.

2

Discovering a small print of Degas' painting,  
'The Singer In Green', on the day of her death,  
sending it to her best friend, saying:

This reminds me of her,  
her features, the beauty of implied song,  
a tenderness, and sadness,  
head tilted back in order to lift her voice,  
crooked hand above breasts gesturing  
in physical song, green light bathing  
the mortal scene.

Was this not her  
green with life,  
woman prime,  
taken into the vast green  
of the earth during Spring?

She sings still.  
In memory we hear the literal voice,  
see her gesture, catch her fading laughter.

2

Go out into some silent space  
of green world then. Sit. Listen.  
Muted voices and motion are greater there  
than any little pocket of earth that our  
body or grave can hold.  
She dies into the world which  
is always alive

and Mystery.

So the singer has become the green light  
which bathes her, her life signaling toward it,  
her death become it which is greater music still.

Be sad, as we will, but know  
she is now where the Green is -

in woods,  
in the world,  
in memory in  
hearts and minds  
we but borrow it while alive and return  
to the Green source with our passing.

3

O rue rue LaRue it's here

this space between the gate and the lovely garden  
is here everywhere in the ring in the hand in the dirt  
within the hole of the ring in the breath flung in  
and out the grave house underneath  
the dirt's coolth and dank breath

thank the air and pass the leaves  
the hand of the digger becomes the tree  
becomes the sign upon which all breathing things  
shall hang language surpasses itself breaks  
upon its own weight like the empty shell of the beetle  
little is the frame we live within this tiny world  
the walk upon Vast the space it partakes of making  
the wave of the wind ripple in the mind and Mind  
turns to the dropp of rain the flaked paint of the  
barn side the vague window pane opening upon  
the eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread

the living the dead artifacts

All

4

That green has grown.  
Leaves have darkened  
deepening shadow and hue of green  
and so, imagining, walking through,  
has her death.  
I walk through that, too,  
wonder how she fares,  
silent lady of dirt  
having lost at last  
the hurting care of the world,

and we, green and growing,  
curl above her dark place,  
sure sometime of our grave  
as sure as we are now of hers.

5

Scattering wind over bending blades,  
I grieve still her leaving,  
feel its weight as I see scattered ones  
on benches in the park, asleep,  
one wretched man huddling where  
a band of young musicians tune  
their instruments for song.  
Disparate images entwine -

gone man,  
gone band,  
and her death discordant -

the living die  
the dead somehow live  
singing in the sometime green.

As green returns  
so she will in silent memory,  
in waves of wind  
which is only wind.  
We will change but not as she  
so changed to every possibility of song.

6

It appears to be ended

but as grass shows there is  
a forming wisdom and the same,

Desire.

The fire in our house of living rages  
and we cannot come out of our own accord.  
The event of her going is a beckoning  
to see the flame leaping so let's creep  
toward the Green and be silent  
but if we cannot be then let us be as she,  
frail and tender, lifting voices up  
in the greening shadow

7.

Dear one.

Dear one.

They've mown the hill.

The grass remains.

Modern scythe and sickle  
felled the frailer blades but  
stained their metals  
green with your name.

The sun shines,  
burns that hewn spot where I first  
learned to love your passing,  
where I watched your leaving  
grow wild and lovely,  
untamed beside the street,  
learned to hear the quiet there  
where now a cycle is begun.

A new season of your death  
is running rampant again to know  
the blades of time and men.

8

Among oaks the fallen do not speak.  
The dirt upon which they lay is hard.

Hard earth.  
Cold earth.  
Need us here  
spoken for nothing.

We scratch our mouths  
across the scar of land,  
wait in the black sun,  
pray to break apart.

A bird with injured wing  
sits among the yellow leaves.

It's wild hurt flays the sky.

Warren Falcon

## The Nyro Poems - Majestic

for His Winking Majesty

1

'Tornado spawn, ' he said,  
gesturing to ourselves and  
laughing, 'chapter and verse,

'The storm darkens us around.'

We took cover from God under a  
broad-leaf, low-lying rhododendron,  
hunched over a hand-rolled cigarette  
thumbs could touch but not each  
other. Shivering every toke all  
reaches curtailed beneath chaste hail.

In mud gulch, percussive rain on  
sheltering leaves, we sang Nyro  
(I could hit the high notes then) ,  
as frightened of each other as we  
were of the gale - the sermons  
remained between us unspoken  
but for thunder.

'Stoned Soul Picnic', 'Timer',  
calmed or tired our terror  
now Lear-caged in storm sheer,  
odors of tobacco, sweat, of loam,  
and lust hair-wet, heady.

Biblical fear - nostrils flared,  
smells pungent, sweet -  
punished flesh leaned into ground.  
Our roots were ungrieved,  
and are ungrieved still.

Ah, Laura of the soulful trills...

the years have spilled out since  
Tennessee mountain torments  
reigned where he was once and  
only a Monday king after all,  
a god of storms, chased downhill  
to shaken limbs, prophetic stumps  
triumphantly singing to leaves.

Now where are you?  
What of your harlequin shoes,  
those suicidal crocuses, ?

I remain stuck in King James, entangled  
in lyrical tongues, Revelation's old virgin.  
I stink still of sweat having long forsaken  
Jesus, though I'm told I am not 'by Him forsaken'.  
I've sworn off cigarettes, a penance long overdue,  
hand-rolling old fears, instead, in onion skins brittle.  
Remembering thumbs' refrains I am ill now, this  
Nyro song here to calm me praying for another storm...

2

backyard empty clothesline

silk slip,  
one pin down,  
dips shyly in  
brick shadows,  
pornographic breezes.

I sing to my knees now.

when did I marry Lonely?  
can't recall but fell kid-hard

Beyond Manhattan Bridge  
sudden heat lightening  
a good night with cool rain  
old vinyl - Nyro

needle scratches

done with song

\*\*Laura Nyro (October 18,1947 April 8,1997)  
lyricist, singer and pianist

was an American composer,

Warren Falcon

## The Nyro Poems - Majestic, Reprise

Recall floods,  
florid days/nights.

Planet 'UnRequitia'  
spins not,

only mulls over,  
over again,

again relentless  
descanting,

'red rover  
red rover,

just send...'

Still, now,  
remembering  
feels right,  
riches gained  
by memory as  
only memory  
miracles can make:

Old Razor Burn,  
his 'Empty-Moon' bottles,  
molotovs thrown skyward  
at dusk.

He insisted lab coats be worn  
distributed ritually before  
silver-painted matchboxes  
opened, blessed with his spit -  
impatiently explaining  
(I always fled falling fire  
and glass) -

'Such concussion  
upon night sky brings  
deeper stars to surface,  
the more easily gathered,

Flash of Fish Star,  
Formalhaut, brightest,  
belly up for hands to grab,  
abhorring steeples.'

Swollen Liver, his mad dashes -  
we were always fleeing valley's  
venial back doors then in the

name of Jesus and gin.

All this, more, an Aeon's end  
is not easily outrun checking  
gun splintered thumbs at portals  
beyond Finned Star's shining reversals.

Gladly, Astonished Grace,

I address 'She of the Yellow Rose, '

Her stone lantern paper thin -

abounds in now/then pomes,

always in hearts made gentler

by breaks,

their simpler majesties ever within reach.

.

Warren Falcon

## **The Offered Bird Of Aris Moore**

Now that day has come  
I reach for the sketch  
numinous in its plain  
simple gesture -

straightforward humble Valentine of  
the offered bird, embraced,  
not captured.

Another dawn blizzard empties last crystals,  
draws heavy curtains tighter -

shut out the City, the light.

Sudden the mourning dove sings  
patient between notes as if  
reading music, whole notes,  
minor keys, long pauses -

Repeat.

How I have needed to hear the song dove again,  
feel the companion tree, climb up to,  
and embraced would be by wind swayed  
soothed a boy away from the brown  
house on the high hill of the dark wood-  
sorrow is of that home made still.

I dare not open the curtain for fear of losing the dove.

Later see a few crests of down  
pressed in snow pure upon the escape,  
calligraphed signature of tiny feet,  
little gestures of affection left  
upon the metal grate -  
  
names I cannot pronounce but only sing.  
Warren Falcon

## **The Pope In Italian Miniatures, A Mystery**

The pope in Italian  
exclaims, 'Bring me! '  
and the echoes bring to him  
all his bounded wants.

The pope in Italian  
twirls his fake mustache, hides behind curtains layered  
thick, plots the Blessed Virgin tied upon the tracks, his  
dramatic rescue of Her, the imagined headline, Greatest Of Popes.

The pope in Italian  
embraces a Statue of St. Micheal when the  
guards are not looking, whispers the hour of  
the deed, pleads for advancement of the plot.

The pope in Italian  
blesses conspiring shadows in mirrored tiles reflecting back, the  
guards pretend not to notice his continual muttering, the halting gait,  
the concealed silk handkerchief purposefully dropped, they wink at each other.

The pope in Italian  
drunk with authority privately erases Sacred Texts with  
a child's thick pencil, pardons his large fines for overdue books,  
cancels the Vatican subscription to Mystery Magazine.

The pope in Italian  
questions Michelangelo 'of hammers, of stone and nakedness,  
the heart of the matter, ' whistles when the Artist answers,  
and looks away, fingers crossed.

The pope in Italian  
wears a black beret, feels his tragedy,  
'another fig in hand, ' refills his goblet,  
calls for a clean ashtray, another pack of Gauloises.\*

The pope in Italian  
feeling frisky, ice skates, holds high  
his brocaded robes revealing the boyish legs, white,  
they are so white, like necks of swans.

The pope in Italian  
dreams again he is a young  
bomber pilot dropping heavy kisses  
backed up in the bomb-bay.

The pope in Italian  
hides sullen behind the Golden Chair, carves his  
initials there, the fateful date in Roman numerals, and  
QUID EST QUOD OMNES PEGGY LEE (Is that all there is, Peggy Lee?) .

The pope in Italian  
refusing all sherry before lunch, will not walk past the tapestries,

'The unicorns hate me, ' he whispers, suspicious, bitterly so,  
reminds himself, 'Stop trying so hard.'

The pope in Italian  
tries too hard, resets the Grandfather Clock of Ages, counts  
the coins of childhood, forgets time, the ancient schemes, and dines  
outside disguised as Saint Joan of Arc in Flames.

The pope in Italian  
stands very still, Romanesque in Night's central fountain,  
goes unnoticed but for the corners of his mouth  
bleeding verdigris, and the faint smell of smoke.

The pope in Italian  
practices his hands in the dark, genuflecting, blessing,  
rehearses the pertinent Charlie Chaplin scene alone, the worn  
piano roll in his head unraveling before the hastily scattered Host.

The pope in Italian  
spies the 'end run, ' tries his hand at cards and whiskey,  
bets the entire assembled Holy Guard in full dress 'all the  
Church's gold and then some' on a run of Jacks.

The pope in Italian  
turns the last page in the Papal Chapel, licks chapped, broken lips too long  
at prayer, the votives sputtered at long last, feels his way out backwards,  
steps upon the last crack and the Madonna's back is finally broken.

\*\*Famous French unfiltered cigarettes known for their strong tobacco flavor.

\*\*\*Venus of Eryx', from Sicily, brought to Rome, she embodies 'impure' love, and is  
the patron goddess of prostitutes

Warren Falcon

## **The Smarter Cat, Postmodern Theology - Most Scatalogical - Without Apology To Christopher Smart**

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.  
For he is the servant of the Living God...  
For by stroking of him I have found out electricity.

- from 'Jubilate Agno' by Christopher Smart

Forget Jeoffry.

Consider the Cat Oliver  
asleep upon the journal's  
leather, old ink and think  
enclosed, weighted as  
only Cat-weight weighs in  
upon all things, pink-eared.  
A Poem of Itself possessed,  
Cat-self, He's but a winking  
Dream only Paws may seize.

He speaks:

Please the dust in corners,  
I'd rather nod.  
Let others consider god.  
I shall consider Me,  
the better of the two,  
furred things being best.

I shall not raise a tail to human  
deity, that brute untamed,  
clumsy, no sense of balance.  
Rather, the human being is

My mastery. I have trained  
some few of them well which  
pleases Me and greatly them  
though I shall appear indifferent  
as I ever am.

Clever me.

I will the sun up and down,  
daily annunciation of tin cans,  
humming humans whose  
voices are the softer for  
My Presence, O bringest  
thou me now the tuna.

And their laughter I patiently  
endure. They think Me silly  
but Trickster is an arse on purpose.  
I take their picture with Mine.  
Eternally.

But not now.

I repose.

Every moment is a pose,  
each still gesture appears  
insignificant, a supposition.

Consider.

Warren Falcon

## The Sorrow and the Pretty - A Proem 'Upon Trampled Chrysanthemums'

Chrysanthemum in hand  
clutched for support:  
the pale boy silently leaps. - Warren Falcon, inspired by Basho

They spoke no word,  
The host, the guest,  
And the white chrysanthemum. - Ryota, haiku master

for the young gay suicides:

escape to chrysanthemum clouds  
now too too crowded

On the edge over the bee-loud Blue Ridge valley all apples and manure shining, flashing of green-tailed flies, before further exile, I escaped nightly to work, late ward sits as an attendant at the local psychiatric hospital, wee hours reading poets of the world who like Liu Tsung-yuan - 'just give me fine wine and friends who will often help me pour' - turned woes into ancient hymns and overtones. After one fateful graveyard shift all night reading Basho Matsuo's Narrow Road to the Deep North, in dawn's hut I begot to stumble-bed visions of pagodas and temples, fog-draped mountain passes, high peaks - names like Dismal Crouch and Turn Around Fool - spare anthems such are haiku, chrysanthemums in my head 8 a.m - 'chysanthemum' means 'golden flower, 'gold' = chrysos, and 'anthemum' = 'flower' which, by the way, holds an anthem within - with such a mind full I dreamed a Great Mountain voice shouting, 'Go away!' and that was enough for me. Where I'm not wanted I don't stay so I made plans to flee. I followed my exiled self into further exile, Deep North, a symbolic defiant suicide-by-New-York-City.

All this the above said may make me sound like I was a bad-ass but that's not true. Irreverent, yes. And bluster. Bluster counts here as disguise for I was pretty. Not handsome. Prettiness counts for much in youth, in older age it is (sadly) sacrificed for Beauty.. A necessary assault in order to grow wise. Wisdom comes from loss and blood, always of the Moon.. Even gorgeous buds must go. Nature says it so. And we can and should protest their going but in older age one loses energy to fight so gives in to what is 'just so.' In sorrow sore, in broken mendicant hearts, having touched tenderly and tasted the binding buds, wisdom is born.

But pretty boys make for an awful confusion amongst men, a real trouble, and, yes, violence verily. Men like pretty in their women but find it most disturbing in boys and young men. Then Golden Flowers are crushed, 'righteously' so. Chapter and Verse. Sanctified wrath against sublime wraiths-most-lovely wars and destroys. It is by polite and holy society 'of the male born' considered a duty harsh, justified, manly and rushed, that the feminine is preserved and men are saved from tempting male beauty.

In most forbearing mountains thus I hid my blushing pretty at war with myself (having internalized the Christian cultural fulminant Funda-fomentalism) . But one must not in mountain world surpass even their beauty, or their pretty. They win such wars by time which wears down flesh and minds. Respectful of this then, and gladly, while in their secure embrace, I cultivated both god and verse hunkering down in remote cabin shade. There I braved the pretty and the beautiful by day - the bluet, the rhododendron, the trillium, the mountain laurel - to boldly reveal them ahead of the

inexorable shadows that mountains make because that one and only golden Sun, ours, flowers only-danced in shortened pretty skies bluet-blue, because those who know mountains true know that valleys are king and sunlight is brief tip to top, and in the between-brief span brightness stops both Sun and seer mid-afternoons.

And obedient, some of us, the pretty ones (then) , to the sheltering darkness get. Much may be done between 10 a.m and 4 but then shuts the revelation door, the valley/the veil resumes its reign. There both pretty and beauty pander to stained human palettes painfully returning as did I to fire or bulb light for all Beauty burns away to shadow (only in memory Beauty stays) . One develops night vision to see it. Thus did I work the night surrounded by others tears, lost their pretty selves the youths of wards and afterwards, and also those in tenements the old, the homeless Good Will-ed, for such now my verse is bestowal most holy gentle upon their sleeping faces, chrysanthemums each a pretty a beauty, black buds made mad with themselves the blunted social world could not contain.

Warren Falcon

## **The Vein Trace - Of Eros Deconstructionists At Work In Bed**

1 Systole

to return to

the simplicity

of the body

that IS the body

filigree surface

of hairs

of skin

the mottled where

the vein trace there

precludes entrance of

major sort though

absorptions

always claim

final victory

we are

dear

naked

before me

absorbed ourselves

absolution resolute

in threads fraying

these (whose are?)

these fingers splayed  
as in these (whose?)  
scratches  
you leave

my back

teeth marks

the bruises  
we are each  
weeding cell  
by cell

of swollen need  
frighten  
but  
do not stop us  
the unappeasable  
silver scar-and-tell

show the  
swelling  
space that  
(spills)  
is around  
bodies

that they can

be all things

from

nails to

teeth

a wreath

ammonia bone

lace

delight

the rounded

space

the trace

our constrained

embrace prays to be

O pray the bed

may hold the

weighted curve

the emboldened

release strained out

from the

out-rubbed O

O all

that excretions  
exude  
presuming breath

## 2 Diastole

exhume the  
bellows such are  
the breasts shells  
beneath each our  
own which come to  
us ancestrally  
as spectral  
steam near  
panes upon  
which

promiscuous

sheer

admit all  
entrance what  
passes through  
you dear

naked

before me  
and an equally

naked

me

unframed upon

once-time of

exodic

morphic wander

geography's the

more simpler made by tongue

buds

taste the

finger

all things that

grasp sublingually

the sucking smile

lips bent forward

into each the

tongue the pearl

turned round

and round

the dark

chamber of

the mouth

the lung petal  
floreys there  
their little  
mouths too  
gulp/gape  
also wet  
seeking too  
the pearl

heart drum  
skin stretch  
(systole) you  
hum me I hum  
you (diastole)  
the near panes

O

open

here

we pour in  
air

the street  
below from  
where were  
we once mutual

liquidity

now

turned out

out wrung

surpassing

bodies

denatured of

but not at all to belabor the obvious

but not at all to argue the

point finally taken over at

last tremblingly overtaken

Warren Falcon

## **The Year I Almost Became A Catholic by Raul Voz**

(translated from the Spanish by Warren Falcon)

The year I almost became a Catholic  
5 stars rose from your breasts in Spring.  
My nest was a sudden disturbance in blue.

A veil

a floating head

bleeding thorns

adorned your white throat.

I fled from my boat after one  
long night of fishing only to  
arrive ashore with torn nets  
and apparitions upon my knees.

Without will my cursing ceased.

I discovered I was speechless.

I learned to speak with my hands.  
Curious circular clouds surrounded  
particular heads without logic.

Genuflections strange rearranged  
the air in front of my chest while I  
sat upon or hid my left hand.

Purple became everything dear.

Roses diminished before your  
bare feet treading upon a serpent,  
a tourniquet of gold each ankle  
entwining.

Virgin stars minus 5 surrounded  
your curved shape defiant of robes  
meant to convey the holy restraining  
in my groin.

Odd collections mounted in the attic  
where I retired to cloister and wait.

Leaden pilgrimage up and down pointless  
stairs accumulated distance.

My beard became a convention of lepers and bells.

Fingernail parings

clumps of hair

bits of flesh

sacks of ears

all were relics in the making.

I became an accountant listing and numbering each holy scrap.

I tried not to be critical but my eyes lied.

I could not confess except by pencil,  
leaving notes and grease stains  
for the priest to interpret.

Absolution my hope,  
a mute vow was my prosthesis.

Then Spring returned.

My boat sank. All mended nets,  
a year's work, were lost.

Nothing to do.

I return to you, a parenthesis in the sea of loneliness.

Each star, each breast, you have removed  
in my absence, mourning made permanent,  
scars upon your throat oddly fish-shaped.

Astonished, my voice returns, curses then caresses,  
withered left hand free to unravel regret nerve for  
nerve, the only net worth mending.

I reserve this one strange act from a year of orthodoxy,  
to anoint your feet with tears.

I dry them with my hair, your outstretched arms  
a beseeching beyond emptiness, your chest barren  
but for my hands remembering the uses of prayer,  
kisses but murmurs, rumored stars where swollen sails had been.

Warren Falcon

## **'There are times when one must play the gallena to the cock but Mr. Straw pricks' - A Rumble About Critics, Rhyme & Bad Poetry**

Dear Mr. Milnieves,

You are quite welcome regarding my taking old Straw to task in his criticisms of Paul Dunbar. I am rare to pen such things to writers/poets but Mr. Straw pissed me off...I do have a VERY mean streak, suffer arrogance, hubris, and assorted puffed-up top gallo tendencies but have battled enough in coop, front stoop and arena (the word used in the both English and the Spanish meaning, sand, 'place of combat, ' from L. harena 'place of combat, 'originally 'sand, sandy place, ' The central stages of Roman amphitheaters were strewn with sand to soak up the blood) bloody enough to know that there are times when one must play the gallena to the cock...but Mr. Straw pricks, and straw's a prominent feature of hen houses, prick Straw laid an smelly egg and, well, my ire came out of retirement for a stuffy Brit to go after one of our own, honorable Dunbar...e brung out the warrior spurs hid in my claws which would rather write poems or caress a bony bonny love.

Such a stupid 'review' he gave, Straw, so uninformed, as if Dunbar was still alive and penning mere froth which, having read at Straw's 'fodder poems' they are indeed pompously foam and form words, poorly so. I mightily spit at his muffin self. And mimic his own style henceforth and here froth polyglotally.

So much for my humility as I counseled to Mr. Straw, about an old saint calling his life work of writing, 'Straw. All Straw.' That goodly Saint Aquinas sits on my stooped shoulder whispering. Fortunately my good ear is on the other side. I've no pretensions to sainthood. Just plain 'hood' 'scribes me. Every sinner knows the good is in the steerage and not what is pushed out front ahead. But the best listeners are the bad guys, I've found. I can't shake the good from my head as much as I try. Good sticks. Bad pricks. Or is it the other way round? Still, either or both, each to each depends.

Having said all this and that, I try to keep silent but for my pen, try to be humble enough, not be too 'god a'mighty' who, in spite of press otherwise, does indeed suffers fools, and a goodly or badly amount at that, of which I am one, perhaps chief though to say so is a conceit bare, deserving of an eye roll. But being chief one is most certainly chaffed which is a form of chastening, yes? Raw in the crotch one's gait is wide though 'narrow is the Way unto the Pearly Gate' where hopefully talcum waits for soothing. Hallelujahs then shall be all the louder for the relief, belief rewarded at last not discounting scratching.

I have read some of your work and find much therein to like. And I am a happy sucker for a limerick, one of the greatest art forms ever. As a bored waiter in my wayward 'yoot' (as they still say here in New York City, in some parts of it...I am of South Carolina born but none too proud of that) always waiting for deliverance (usually meaning, a good lay) , I and my fellow waiters would compose dirty limericks the shift entire much to the anger of managers who did have to laugh when I raised a filthy ditty loudly over their 'be good' din, 'Are we not all horny men? ' I'd scream, 'And god's very own? ' A pink slip to me was given. But pink was the horny point, I thought. The limericks pinkly did not stop.

I am particularly fond of your poem tribute to beloved parents intent on warming a child, body and soul. Seems you've made good from what I read in your biography, and read in your poetry. In the boxcar car poem I found a little haiku (there are more)

and please forgive if I o're step my poetic bounds. (Sic) the hounds on me if need be:

### Little Birds

Just inside on the rafter studs  
Hundreds of them coming in  
From the cold.

And Old Uncle Walt (Whitman) would give thee embrace for rhyming is no disgrace and spring does winter thaw, season after season follows in time, thus does rhyme imitate. Old Graybeard would sit at your campfire, or crawl through your window and take inspiration. But I'd tell him to wash his beard, his playing too much the Bard with his obscene 'yawp'. Things can stink hard so I'd send him to a sink with soap in hand, tell him to scrub fiercely as if his very poem depended on it. What might fall out of that beard the more? True the air would be all the better for the foaming soap.

As I told Straw, old stagger-puss of the halt rhyme, said rhyme is a difficult thing to pull off artfully, and free verse can oft amount to what Truman Capote accused poet Charles Bukowski of, 'He just types.' Art, or ars poetica, to get fancy, is that Drive (one must produce drivel on the way to better, not purer, forms) and the comely shaping of that impelling thrust which hopefully does not call too too much attention to itself but, rather, to its saying/song. Any fool can push and pull but there's more to poetry, writing, than that. But much bull is gained as byproduct. Good poets like good farmers know what to do and make use of such and become, one hopes, the better, more skillful 'shaper' from the barnyard or pastoral nutrient.

Dr. Seuss is one of my favorite rhymers who actually teaches, perhaps unknowingly, happy surrealism to children which is often enough where they live, and why not? green eggs and ham a feast do make. Along with some of your abuela's solidly pressed empanadas, sweet pumpkin made the more savory by her constancy...

Here's to your continued feasting. And fie on Straw.

Warren Falcon

## **This Space Between the Gate, the Garden Lovely - Eternal Rounds of Determined Variations**

.  
...variations determined of rounds eternal -  
lovely garden the gate  
the between space  
this...

All

this space between the gate and the garden lovely  
within the hole of the ring in the breath flung in  
the dirt's cool dank breath  
the hand of the digger becomes the tree  
shall hang  
language surpasses itself breaks  
upon its own weight like the empty shell of the beetle  
little is the frame we live within the tiny world  
the wave of the wind ripple in the mind and Mind  
the barn side the vague window pane opening upon  
the living the dead artifacts

All

All

is here everywhere in the ring in the hand in the dirt  
and out the grave house underneath  
thanks the air and pass the leaves  
becomes the sign upon which all breathing things  
upon its own weight like the empty shell of the beetle  
walks upon Vast the space it partakes of making  
turns to the dropp of rain the flaked paint of the  
eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread

All

All

the living the dead artifacts  
the barn side the vague window pane opening upon  
the wave of the wind ripple in the mind and Mind  
little is the frame we live within the tiny world  
shall hang language shall surpass itself break  
the hand of the digger become the tree  
the dirt's cool dank breath  
within the hole of the ring in the breath flung in  
this space between the gate and the garden lovely

All

All

eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread  
turns to the dropp of rain the flaked paint  
walks upon Vast the space it partakes of making  
upon its own weight the empty shell of the beetle  
becomes the sign upon which all breathing things  
thanks the air and pass the leaves  
and out the grave house underneath

All

All

this space between the gate and the garden lovely  
is here everywhere in the ring in the hand in the dirt  
the living the dead artifacts

eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread

eternal rounds of determined variations...

Warren Falcon

## Three For Cemetery Statues By The Atlantic, Falmouth, Massachusetts 1977

These three  
being of stone  
or steel...

### Figure 1

An old woman, never married,  
speaks among the dunes:

I am the older sister, and ugly.

I watch the sea by the wall,  
yearn for each tide's return.

I walk the surf in all weather  
and spend myself amidst

the sea wrack screaming  
with the tern and the dove.

I count my white hairs by the  
sea weighing each for love.

...wear your love, my sister.  
Carry your breasts white and full  
to his hands, the mouth of the sea.  
Breathe deeply the salt sea air,  
fill them each for his warm mouth to take...

I will taste brine  
and fill each old breast  
with sand.

I will taste brine  
and fill them each,  
each, with sand.

They fall deeply  
into my ribs in  
the windy dunes  
soon, soon to be  
swallowed by  
the fish and the crab.

### Figure 2

Looming over a family plot,  
A figure of Biblical Cain:

Ground my face in the world's crotch  
I'll never do though I wish it.  
Closest I'll ever come be the day

I lay my thumbs beneath the dirt  
and fish for an earthworm's eye.

Soft skin I'll never touch  
'cept mine own hard flesh  
with thumb-less caress.  
What thigh shall ever be mine?  
And no man lip touch, ever,  
him I've slain,  
nor womankind want,  
I hate my mother's name.

To fold the soil or sever  
muscle with the teeth, spit  
seed to the wind or dribble  
praises manfully down the cheek,  
ah, heady sin! Tears!

The silt of September's enough!  
Hard clay of October be bust!  
A fist to the day's end,  
black blade pierce the heart  
if I cannot kiss you, oh Mud,  
cannot push my face into  
your belly moaning thick-  
love of the world,  
eating fossil and coal,  
drinking ancient tar  
and artesian melt-  
if I cannot have it then  
I have not known the Jehovah Man.  
I have breathed salt for nothing,  
taken all words for fool's  
bedding, crushed them  
like my brother, flung them  
over fences, slain them  
all to the last letter,  
each a shattered stilt.

Even upon the word of my name  
I bring down the stone.  
But in vain. Each blow  
cannot crush it. No end.  
No prayer.

Black night descends.

The dark well screams

Figure 3

A scholar with a book sits

just within the cemetery gate:

And so, green statue with  
your large hand on your book,  
don't look so foolish  
with snow on your head.

When did you last come  
to sit beside the dogwood  
growing a shadow over the dead?

Death is a deed.  
Death is a clean sorrow.  
It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.

Warren Falcon

## Three Tracing Infinite Musings

1

Striven from  
white rock  
a wider sky

2

Here is a presence  
something returning  
in spite of melting clocks

3

Beside hewn stones  
on rotting plots  
an unseen Chiseler  
Warren Falcon

## Tio Tangles For Love

the love-mad one  
in piss pants  
sways embraced of  
the Woman Tree  
reunites vistas  
seen above  
tearing opposites  
of the seen world  
mean in over  
extended glory

coagulates  
the promised  
black boots  
of State

Unpersuaded he

in primordial arms  
innocent  
returns to life

wants a wife  
or lover

lightens his load  
throws stones from  
threadbare

pockets full o full  
upon the glass house  
the loo-loo world

spread out beneath him  
a 'pisciatoio de nero'\*\*  
in Zero world.

\*\*Italian for 'black pissoir'

Warren Falcon

## **Tio, Losing His Sums, Ontologizes 'What Has Become of Me'**

[translated from the Spanish of Raul Voz]

'The world of dew is  
a world of dew...  
and yet...  
and yet...' - Issa

Y que? Yet what?

I am a cabin

some woods

Tio's Tree

a crotch mountain  
in Mexico

I am drawn water from  
artesian deep well

I am a bath with night stars

I am swelling in night-mirage

I am heat vectors from  
day-heated earth making

I am giddier star dance

bathing  
on the porch at night  
(so the shy mountain  
cannot see)

I am rain water  
gathered rhythmically  
from the tin roof tonal  
toks  
glocks in pots all kinds) ...

I am

porch sit  
write again  
pick up  
paints again  
seek the missing

EAR

hike/walk/wobble  
a patch of canvas  
dirt squabble  
(I am) the 3-legged  
dog his name  
is Trip  
(the missing leg)  
whose meanness  
recognizes evil  
stumbles when he  
sees me

me (I am) neck hairs  
fiercely rising  
I am gums drawn  
exposed teeth  
the terrible tongue  
sound of fear  
the hunger pit  
the stomach wants  
wants  
the burn there  
the dejected bone  
tossed to the heap  
the creeping past  
the field's edge  
the burning stalks  
the tin can bent  
beneath a child's  
bare feet playing  
the brown eyes do  
not see

the worn chain red  
brittle in dust lost  
without locking  
embrace of gates  
doors the sweet  
child whose name  
is known only  
from her smile  
the bruises  
her arms tell  
something of  
what is sheltered

the squat house  
always smokes

the valley

the dry arroyo

trace

snake crawl and  
vermin chase

I am the food chain  
NOT rusted  
brittle the war  
is on unseen  
real beyond the  
porch the tin  
above groaning  
witness for me  
asleep

the hammock  
leaves grids  
on naked skin

I am the dead  
weight the  
sleight-of-hand  
of eyes shut  
the unseen battle  
only a dream I am

the wasted

the water gathered  
from dew the few  
drops winking  
in the web

and yet the  
black spider and  
yet the dawn  
and yet still...still  
it (I am)

yet waiting

as such  
state old men are or  
soon to be,  
arrive  
their ire in retire  
crow songs  
strong for not  
too much longer  
pour out red wine  
hiss at the intrusive  
mouse herald of

The End in  
alto sung (I am)  
an old man tin-can  
spit-cup in hand

can without  
doing harm chew  
a niggardly weed  
skunk tobacco  
growing wild(I  
am) in ditch  
and dale  
cogitation to  
more write

I am cooked simple fare  
the raised corn  
the little hay the locals  
play that itch of skin for  
skin embrace Tio's  
primal call to sin over  
into (I am) the blurring sanity  
of digitally hog-tied  
corralled world too  
easily pixilating O dust  
to dust after

all is said/done I

am and so run on

over-strung/wrought-out  
(as is this poem) I will  
yes yes my love  
listen will yes  
recover such enough  
air around to go on  
sing my song  
a tio-tangle in  
treelimbs the kind  
Van Gogh still somewhere  
paints

I am knees sore

now and always  
a call  
to prayer  
to woo in  
old boots  
worn leather  
weak knees

make me to  
existence/being  
adore

to which I

have only

just

in a

dream

renewed my wedding vows

Warren Falcon

## To An Old Philosopher Of Religion

'Dear incomprehension, it's thanks to you I'll be myself, in the end.' - Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable

'Here is one more system of philosophy. If the reader is tempted to smile, I can assure him that I smile with him...I am merely trying to express for the reader the principles to which he appeals when he smiles.' - Georges Santayana

A penny for a wet tongue.  
All's a seeming washed in blood.

Old Friend, I've been reading of Zen,  
the Death Poems, and from the Middle East,  
Sayings of the Desert Fathers.

One can still lift a head up  
amongst the stars while  
swatting at flies counseling

'be silly lumps in solidity'

'not yet, not yet, ' they contradictorily bray

The whole of matter, the 'Matter'  
is summed when one withered heresiarch\*\*  
on desert knees prayed

'Here's breath for you'

Yet in odd limbo there  
always trail reluctant murmurers,  
each day a scrape in the tents.

Mistaken people thinner than  
scripture loudly make and stake  
claims of deity in long meander.

Still all's a seeming washed in blood.  
Of that hung up crowd I am forced to flee.

I think of you often, your books,  
the signifying smile, the twitch  
of thought, the eye patch a black  
Job with halting speech, the good  
eye the tears the well where, old  
now, I yet hang up my life harping  
on and on in old Zion song, a dry  
tongue still clinging to the roof  
of my mouth.

\*\*heresiarch - a noun that refers both to the originator of heretical doctrine, and to the founder of a sect that sustains such a doctrine

- Norman Nightingale, from Bucolic Bouncers At The Belly Dancers Ball, The  
Cathected\*\* Poems of Norman Nightingale

\*\*cathected - to inject with libidinal energy; to invest emotion or feeling in an idea,  
object, or another person.

Warren Falcon

## **tore carefully the edge, open, of the thing**

1

a New York, perhaps, story

drunken, again, postmaster/  
mistress deposits, months,  
your long sent gift into the wrong  
mailbox downstairs, tenant of  
said mailbox on vacation long away

only just arrived from Barcelona  
only just got to his mail, found your  
gift for me delivered at my surprised,  
happily, door only this dull morning  
making/waking up the coffee cup  
which, too, was flat until the surprise  
knocked, arrived, tore carefully the  
edge of the thing, which  
brought/brings me still surprise,  
joy, eyes, scanning in the images/words

and I am greatly in the  
entrance/in-trance of the  
unfolding  
and elusive eventing of it.

Thank you.

2

Just let you know:

I have written, angry, a note  
to the post office, this, late  
gift arriving not on time but  
timely, blame is no good thing,  
yes, to waste on minor salvation  
at the door

when two filthy floors below,  
just, a note post haste, landlord's,  
on tenant door, yellowed paper,  
scribbled, declaring, now premised,

**BED BUGS**

such tenement woes,

now go forth, I, afraid to  
touch walls, fast walk

wide away, around, from  
it, hard done,  
the narrow  
stair too  
close it is,  
fearing what  
lives, skin  
crawl, therein  
and creeping

up,

now,

the

stair

3

That said, nearby flit,

I am in a thorough, now,  
(enough) read/study of that  
your arrival which would have  
eluded me as, once, a young  
man, now, yields if one can get  
through the densities and  
immense, his own, narcissism

but there is, clear, some  
greatness therein, it, yielding,  
for which Narcissus can  
justly be stroked and fond-ed.

Warren Falcon

## **Totem Last Night With Us Walked - A Verbal Sculpture**

In arms we carried It as  
one does a child yet it was  
He who carried us both bird  
and man who cried openly  
along the way entire for our  
presence solid in His arms.

He did not care who saw  
these shed tears, head down  
beneath spring blossoms -

Dogon warrior standing tall  
with his staff and carved horn.

Warren Falcon

## **Toward Erasure No Longer Effortful**

That one day the book shall be written,  
Odysseus come smiling through the door.  
That I shall live forevermore free of provision,  
be delivered presently into good, rich life  
and unto the richer world, my Lover so long  
turning turning turning in distance away from,  
yet to manage a caress, a smooch which  
neither dismisses nor fully embraces.  
It is I that am and shall be erased into this  
Love which shall then in time be erased  
as well in the greater Sun and that Shining,  
too, shall be erased. Then we shall all be  
scattered, or I shall be only, embrace by  
embrace, toward erasure no longer effortful.

I sift draft by draft rough toward world  
now slowing in spite of parentheses these  
provisional postulations of 'the good life'  
to come. Eventually. There is only this  
that I am living now. And my hands feel,  
even perhaps are, strapped to this wheel  
that turns me as turns Beloved Earth,  
the Sun, too, each dreaming  
near to but apart from each.

My reach is  
here on my tongue,  
in my fingers here  
grasping words from mind.  
I am ever behind in this chase,  
now am further from Love,  
space, than ever  
though my heart  
is swollen from  
wanting It.

Still, world, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings.

Warren Falcon

## **Transparencies: Lovers Sing To Each, Death The Veil Between Them, After Japanese Noh Theater**

.for Father William Rowell

### Act 1

Each stanza is a scene or theatrical screen in which the drama is eternally unfolding...

O each eye holds a temple.  
Each eye curves away from each.  
Each knee contains a hidden country -

paddies are green now and ready for gleaning.

Green now and ready for gleaning,  
each breath moves in rhythm.  
Other's hands burn the thick rushes-

Go ghostly to ashes.

Go ghostly to ashes;  
an obi, a sash opening.  
Slash of swords and tongue  
now lashes between laps  
twain to twain, torches kneel

twining knots each to each.

Twining knots each to each,  
reach arms toward dormant summits.  
Adore. Summon. Rumor either  
to either -

That other snows are melting besides Fuji's.

That other snows are melting besides Fuji's  
rush fevers to still lips grown bluer.  
Blow warmly then, Awakening Fire.  
Blue blushes to purple -

grapes swell in ripening arbors, the quiet pond reflecting.

Ripening arbors the quiet pond reflecting,  
a pair of swans leans forward into water  
through mirrored peaks rippling there,  
stippled plumes chasing after -

a tickle of down pillows breaks lovers to laughter.

A tickle breaks lovers to laughter.  
Temple rafters playfully cover joyous  
mouths, insistent, surging tongues -

such portals fill gardens green with seethe and seed.

Gardens green with seethe and seed  
need now sun and rain,  
each for each embroiling-

On monks' sills peaches soften in wooden bowls.

On monks' sills in wooden bowls  
there swells grain,  
stone, seed drifting now  
to fruit and flower,  
to sword and power -

Word has come, Master, that the gods have lifted clouds from Fuji.

Act 2

The lovers speak to each other...

That the gods have lifted clouds from Fuji  
is no wonder. That you have lifted these  
sighs from me here on this pallet is wonder -

enough for me to turn beneath you to earth,  
to be dirt that you may sow again,  
renew tendrils entwining each spring  
that you may lay your leaves upon  
fading clover, us the shivering autumn,  
ours the promised bestowal -

us to be done over in six moons.

To be done over in six moons  
boats gently sift waters  
wearing thin transparencies -

suns, moons, stars jeweled facets,  
and your face leaning beside the bank  
fishing smooth stones to s\*ck

for silver. Winter your need in me,  
mine to lay crystal against crystal and flesh -  
a fine mesh of stars now strains the river.

A fine mesh of stars now strains the river.  
What catches in this net, Love, cannot be  
spoken or named even when at highest peak  
when blood flames and spills all barriers -

renders each soft murmur, Master, to silence and motion.

To silence and motion these veils  
lift away. Swift currents flee toward  
that reddening Sun-Sea once our divinity

now distant, far, far from this our dripping village of vapors.

From this our dripping village of vapors  
hide me, Love, hold me harder. I fear  
dawn when the peacocks cry fanning  
mist from boiling waters.

Act 3

Green now and ready for gleaning

Go ghostly to ashes

Turning knots each to each

That other snows are melting besides Fuji's

Beside the pond reflecting

A tickle breaks lovers to laughter

Gardens green with seethe and seed

On monk's sills in wooden bowls

That gods have lifted clouds from Fuji

To be done over in six moons

A fine mesh of stars now strains the river

To silence and motion these veils lift away  
From this dripping village of vapors  
Peacocks cry fanning mist from boiling waters

O each eye holds a temple

Warren Falcon

## Turning Thighs To Diamonds

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught,  
a floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.  
Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.  
Each base of cardboard weighted with stone  
is still our house; a bat, a ball, a mitt,  
hard rules of the game to undo all lust for  
dark heaven which shuns shining girls.

I was reaching for god then - not your fault - a lavender  
boy early befriended by crows, already resigned to what  
was given and what was to come, a softball between the  
eyes, your attempt to guide me toward those diamond  
thighs which, you often repeated, were everywhere waiting.

I blink still before you, head down, focused on 'Lion's Teeth.' \*\*  
I am your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I am fat  
and cannot round the bases quick. I am your inherited meek,  
a burden to shake into a sliding man furious for home.

At four I pluck a wild strawberry you point to,  
all authority and accidental grace, revealing much,  
still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening sourness  
deserving my frown. You laugh at my dawning smile  
for its sweetness slowly yields, a surprise gift for  
what will always unite us, your fear that I will suffer,  
too, your fate, untended desire gone to wildness  
brought low beneath branches, slow embrace of  
cradle-gentle boughs entangling legs and light  
between the greater shadows,

and shadows shall win the day.

In them yearning grows yet, remains for that of edges,  
what is beyond, or beneath, for planets arcing and comets  
rare, trailing lovers to come but meteors, not the appointed  
stars of permanence allowed to some men's hands,  
and never to the fallen.

Still, these essential things are caught  
for all our wasted days of practice,

wild sweetness is a stolen base,  
the tongue is an untended garden.

There is a burning soft hands can know  
which shall finally run some headlong  
for home at the end, an inherited circle,

a latter-day glad son gathering berries from shadows.

\*\*Dandelion

Warren Falcon

## Turning Thighs to Diamonds - Alchemical Passes For Father and Son

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

\*

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught.

A floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.

Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.

Each base of cardboard weighted with stone is still our house.

A bat, a ball, a mitt, hard rules of the game,

undo all lust for dark heaven shunning shining girls.

\*\*

A lavender boy early befriended by crows.

A softball between the eyes guides.

Diamond thighs everywhere waiting.

\*\*\*

Before you, head down, focused on 'Lion's Teeth'\*\*, I am a hard mystery,

and soft, not so fast for I am fat and cannot round the bases quick.

I, your inherited meek, am a burden to shake, a sliding man furious for home.

\*\*\*\*\*

I pluck wild strawberries,  
You, all authority and  
accidental grace, reveal too much,  
dew wet, still sticky to the touch.

Opening sourness deserves a frown.  
Sweetness slowly yields  
surprise for what always  
unites father/son -

untended desire  
gone to wildness  
brought low  
beneath branches,

slow embrace of  
cradle-gentle boughs  
entangling legs and  
light between the  
greater shadows.

And shadows shall win the day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Planets arc  
and comets rare  
trail lovers.

Meteors are  
not appointed  
permanent stars  
allowed to some  
men's hands,

and never to the fallen

caught for mostly  
wasted days.

\*\*\*\*\*

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.

That the tongue is an untended garden.  
That there is a burning soft hands can know.

\*\*\*\*\*

Finally runs something headlong  
sliding for home  
inheriting circles latter-day.

Glad sons (are)  
berries from  
shadows gathered.

\*\*Dandelion

Warren Falcon

## Two Alchemical Passes for Father and Son - Turning Thighs to Diamonds

FIRST PASS - The Flying-Away Boy

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

No blame shall stain us now, father.

Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.  
Each base of cardboard weighted with stone  
is still our house; a bat, a ball and mitt, hard rules  
of the game, were meant to undo my lust for dark  
heaven shunning shining girls.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught,  
a floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.  
I was reaching for god then - it's not your fault -  
a lavender boy early befriended by crows,  
already resigned to what was given and what  
was to come, a softball between the eyes,  
your attempt to guide me toward those  
diamond thighs which you often repeated,  
'were everywhere waiting.'

I blinked before you, head down, focused on 'Lion's Teeth'\*\*.  
I was your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I was fat  
and could not round the bases quick. I was your inherited  
meek, a burden to shake, a sliding man furious for home.

At four I plucked wild strawberries you pointed to,  
all authority and accidental grace, revealing much,  
still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening sourness  
deserving my frown. You laughed at my dawning smile  
for their sweetness slowly yielded, a surprise gift for what  
would always unite us, your fear that I would suffer, too,  
your fate, untended desire gone to wildness brought  
low beneath branches, slow embrace of cradle-gentle boughs  
entangling legs and light between the greater shadows,  
and shadows shall win the day. In them my yearning  
grew yet, remained for that of edges, what is beyond  
them, or beneath, for planets arcing and comets rare,  
trailing lovers to come but meteors, not the appointed  
stars of permanence allowed to some men's hands,  
and never to the fallen.

Grounding balls is the only thing to do so I did,  
repeatedly. Still, these essential things were caught  
for our mostly wasted days of practice,

wild sweetness is a stolen base,

the tongue is an untended garden.

There is a burning that soft hands can know  
which shall finally run some headlong for  
an inherited circle home at the end,  
a latter-day glad son gathering berries from shadows.

\*\*Dandelion

SECOND PASS - Glad Son Gathered

Turning Thighs to Diamonds - Alchemical Passes for Father and Son

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son  
shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

\*

No blame shall stain us now, father.

Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.

Each base of cardboard weighted with stone is still our house.

A bat, a ball and mitt, hard rules of the game,

the heavy ball you hit to me is never caught.

A floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.

\*\*

A lavender boy early  
befriended by crows

A softball between  
the eyes guides

Diamond thighs  
everywhere waiting

\*\*\*

But before you, head down,  
focused on 'Lion's Teeth'\*\*,  
I am a hard mystery,

and soft, not so fast for I  
am fat and cannot round  
the bases quick.

I am your inherited meek,  
a burden to shake,  
a sliding man  
furious for home.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wild strawberries,  
all authority and  
accidental grace,  
you reveal too much,  
dew wet, still sticky  
to the touch.

Opening sourness  
deserves a frown.  
Sweetness slowly  
yields surprise for  
what always unites -

untended desire  
gone to wildness  
brought low  
beneath branches,

slow embrace of  
cradle boughs,  
entangled legs  
and light.

And shadows shall win the day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Planets arc  
and comets rare  
trail lovers.

Meteors are

not appointed  
permanent stars  
allowed to some  
men's hands,

and never to the fallen

caught for mostly  
wasted days.

\*\*\*\*\*

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.

That the tongue is an untended garden.

That there is a burning soft hands can know.

\*\*\*\*\*

Finally runs something headlong

sliding for homeinheriting

circles latter-day.

Glad sons (are)

berries from

shadows gathered.

\*\*Dandelion

Warren Falcon

## **Two For Nimal**

for Nimal Dunuhinga

Cracked Song For Dirty Boots

This tree  
grows still  
a child's mind  
a bedroom window

This house  
this window  
gone but for  
frames crater  
now  
once was  
home memory's  
red dirt

O stand radiant-starred late afternoon  
O stained stark shadows' black frieze

astonished stooped man  
time's wee piss-boy  
damp bunk-bed mattress fears

O stand glazed from edges  
gaze to bark  
vine maps of escape.

Iron shadows

impress long into  
wet pit

sun shards  
spy glass  
throat sore

cracked song for dirty boots

\*\*

Older Age, Basho In Mind

Road gets narrower  
eyesight dims  
even signs wave

Basho's ghost  
guides with ink

HERE NOT HERE

Can't ever cross  
Rainbow Bridge

Beneath it  
a billet of mist  
Warren Falcon

## Two Haiku Deconstructing Themselves & A Pear Tree

1

so many pages torn out  
a pear tree forgets only itself as  
an audacity

2

no illusion of darkness  
hastens the pear

But O it tastes

Warren Falcon

## **Two Poems, Remembering Barnardsville Days, Blue Ridge Mountains, North Carolina**

1

Uses For Wings - Variations From 'We Can Be Broken' & Other Discarded Poems

'It means so much that we can be broken.' - from an early poem, 1978

for Tien Ho, departed,  
and Michael carving  
the empty space  
of her leaving still

\*

Here is a Presence beyond  
illicit fires bearing witness  
to evidence, remains of flight,  
contrived escapes blocked by panes,  
walls striped in ramming panic,  
of ritual and a broken neck,  
petrified wings placed in open  
spaces they once could range.

\*

I began

a bird flown down a chimney  
dying in an empty house,  
a hidden mountain valley,  
night time fires upon surrounding  
hills, moonshine stills signaling  
flame warnings, bootleggers' silent  
spirits conjuring drip by drip  
metal and grain.

\*

Here are uses for wings:

something returning,  
or turning inward

eventually climbed,  
rested upon,

or fallen to some chimney life.

\*

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal,  
what has become a destined association,  
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,  
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this  
once sentinel house long remote to men,  
as present as God. My own presence is bound  
to his who stands confounded now as three,  
one above grave, one within it, and me  
in between, one eye upon him, the other  
upon sagging dirt where bones and a  
ragged shirt share an unexpected  
moment of veils confused in sunlight's  
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and  
shadows frozen there, not breathing  
for us all in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.  
Upon weathered stones  
are only creases for once were  
names, dates, even God's Word,  
chiseled by a now unknown hand,  
an impression only, one among many,  
reduced to no plot but that of Providence  
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic  
flies proving only flesh and only blood,  
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,  
and exhaling still, waiting beside  
a white rock with wings,  
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

2

What Is Revealed Side-By-Side

....recalling Barnardsville days  
in the Blue Ridge, North Carolina

1

Silent, side-by-side, reading.  
An occasional 'hear this then. '

Read aloud, words, bread, jam;  
familiar tarnished knives spreading;

wedding set, grandmother's, all hands  
forget intent on feeding, reading to each  
gathered mouth.

Heads nod agreement.  
Backs of hands and books  
as napkins. Smiles all  
around.

## 2 - What Is Read Out Loud

Beneath witnessed wheels  
dancing stars gather stones at dusk,  
pockets fill climbing World Tree to

apogee

then downward turn,  
stones flung low to dawn,  
that largest sun stumbles  
alone to blue, screaming,

## I WANT A WOMAN

heat enough to reveal morning's dove-blind croon,  
burnt crow, having no use for light, missing  
a leg, perches hard against solar winds.

Sun's call, different as bird and star, discloses.

3

What is revealed:

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole.

how the serpent's tail shimmers when tossed  
out the door -

## BE GONE

how one has learned to shake the sheet,  
the pants, the socks, the heel-worn boots  
before the getting-into, the putting on,

for even a snake loves a warm bed,  
a pillow for its head - found once a  
skin shed on my flower patterned  
pillowcase, fleecy lambs forever silently  
bleat as the cloth thins slowly slowly  
from head wear, dream wear

because I was once a sleeping man.

Warren Falcon

## **Unexpected Fire, A Son's Cycle**

for my father,  
Major Warren Falcon, Sr.

Of Childhood Lamenting - Song of Experience

Might I sing it then?

How many stones he hauled

Not bidden but rough forced

Hand by hand from coagulate soil,

A boy's red wagon rusting

Full of spilled tumble-stones -

Unyielding stars between the rows, silent.

Brooding father with

His hoe to weed or ridge

To row or brow to strike

Made of a boy a mule and plow

At Earth's farthest Edge

Too ill-tilled to nurture

But more to fracture.

Land and the boy turned by his

Father's bad blood to waste.

Both boy and corn obedient

To his And Greater Hand grew tall.

He hid there late summers in

Fateful stalks, grew small on

Shadowed afternoons reading of

Exiled, royal Odysseus and scores

More, native born and slave, driven  
From homing soil beyond surf, beyond tall  
Mountains and fragrances desert-walled.

He waited, a stone for a small boy's hand,  
Or a God's, to haul him or throw,  
But it was his father's.

I often stare now at my own to know the difference...

\*

Adolescence - Praising.

Cleaning Fish On Good Friday,1966

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand  
hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.  
His knife scores firm flesh yielding  
beneath freshly limp gills - there is an  
instrument made just for this, pincher-pliers  
for catfish skin - he grips and tears,  
uses his weight down-stripping smoothly  
bare to such luscience little ribs of roseate flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face  
whiskered within gilded monstrosity,  
remain pure to form, thin-lipped and  
mocking, restrained by depth pressures,  
sustained on surface trash, dead things  
that sink down it's treasures.

Tenderly sing, then, to a nail  
a boy's blood catechism -  
hands, minds, meant to be stained,  
mercy's quality unstrained  
neither by will nor gill.  
Scavenging flocks gladly fill their  
gullets inhaling entrails tossed  
in supplicant bins.

In unison Gregorian they scream:

There is a nail for me  
plain, a chorus of barks\*\* -

splintered lips  
punctuated surprise,

glossolalia of rivers  
now given weight.

One can only will  
praise to 'The End',

and spill, after pliers,  
one's silken guts in offering.

\*\*A catfish when brought to shore barks, a rasping, barking discharge of air.

\*

Middle Age - Awareness of Mortality Sure

## Our Mutual Confession

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal  
for what has become a destined association,  
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,  
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this  
once sentinel house long remote to men and  
as present as God, my own presence is bound  
to his who stands confounded now as three,  
one above grave, one within it, and me  
in between, one eye upon him, the other  
upon sagging dirt where bones and a  
ragged shirt share an unexpected  
moment of veils confused in sunlight's  
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and  
shadows frozen there, not breathing  
for us all in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.  
Upon weathered stones are  
only creases where once were  
names, dates, even God's Word,  
chiseled by a now unknown hand,  
an impression only, one among many,  
reduced to no plot but that of Providence  
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic  
flies proving only flesh and only blood,  
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,  
and exhaling still, waiting beside  
a white rock with wings,  
ignoring fire,

leaning into changes.

\*

Middle-Age - Acceptance - Forgiveness

Repose Of Needles

For Sanju,

If you need to stand or lie  
in the shade for awhile then  
do so as farmers do, as does

my father who farms his despair  
in hot sun then lays beneath  
pines in cooler shade to rest,  
to dream that activity between  
dirt and sky means some lasting  
thing in its doing even though  
his ruined life cannot make  
it right between clouds and  
his obsession with weeds.

Between the garden and the  
un-tilled woods he rests,  
repose of needles and bark,  
mid-day sun insisting its  
question slowly. Night dawning  
he at last in darkness stands  
returned from day, a practical  
vision of green shoots to come  
from blistered hands.

Up hill to the colder house,  
he wills himself to life enough,  
speaks some words to wife,  
arcs widely around silent wary  
children and lives to be old.  
His loss of memory leaves it  
for others to forgive, to live on  
in the rich rot of that ongoing  
question which nurtures his  
memory haltingly, gracefully, on.

Astonished, I have arrived at  
love for him who hurt me most,  
have learned to obey the odor  
of decaying things compelling  
hands to dirt. Within the dream  
of staying, the tendril and the heart,  
my aging body takes on my  
father's form; I, too, like him,  
am a farmer when I note how  
it moves in its winding reach,  
rooting, rising, giving horizon.

\*

Reconciliation - Radiance:

Psalm

What can I bring to harvest but these  
bruised hands, these cracked stones?

Praise to the fruit tree long untended  
beneath mendicant stars.

A boy above, his Radio flyer\*\* lightening full,  
Reaches to me now en exilio, the farther flung.

Father, my most difficult, most diffident friend,  
My most loving curse,  
A strange and fragrant Grace arrives -

Look.

From unexpected fire  
comes frail, brief blossoms.

\*William Shakespeare

\*\*Radio Flyer is a toy company, famous for it's red wagons.  
The company opened in 1917, the year of my father's birth.

Warren Falcon

## **Upon Finding A Book Of John Berryman Poems On A Street Corner Manhattan Lower East - A Shabbos Poem**

for Gerald & Shirah Kober Zeller

'Lord, lord...why are our finest always dead? ' - Louis Zukovsky

from traffic onto street corner  
1st Ave and St. Marks now here  
Berryman is lifted up from a corner  
not yet 'spiffied' the works gummed  
up literally spit out for years  
countless Chicklets spat  
2-per-box-a-nickle a lover's  
quarrel with the shoe-and-should  
what good come of the chewing  
masses hurrying home or to ferry  
over river/bay to old brick  
even the convent on the hill  
just up from the undocking  
crowd is dark for want of mercy

two Hassids young bring candles for  
Shabbas only a few hours till inflamed  
prayer begins as strong sun sinks to night

prayer is oil the dead come home to

perhaps even in this cafe they  
watch the books gather on the familiar  
corner where shopkeepers' decades pass  
hurry home before dark with candles  
and cares, the wares of religion, the  
Book & dream, a distant land made close  
by old songs kindled, 'finest ones'  
still kindred made the stronger by  
fire and voices-one mingled with  
Mendelssohn and the later oranges

this East Village once brined  
now lost savor/salt an altogether  
godless waste spreading over  
once-was-more-temple than what  
is now mere shopping-mall hype

ramparts lift by Chambers above  
African graves, the slaves of  
South Ferry sentinel terminal  
near ferries toil as lower Manhattan

lights a menorah towering despite  
what is now worshiped there knowing  
that home, the one sought (even now)  
more resides in words aflame reciting  
the Name, One alone, then of  
patriarchs/saints the bearded whole  
lot of them who murmur still for all  
our want and next year next year shall  
be different for we will no longer be  
here but in Holy City finally gathered

cabs blur yellow/gypsy  
in angular winter light  
now dazzle before Spring  
when raises dead bulbs to jonquils  
potted pretty in windows, on stoops  
and, wild, strayed in parks

do not, O, pass us by or over  
for all our patient harping

come morrows under willows yet  
we shall hang up our loves again

get back to work  
honest scrub and  
clean beside the avenue  
stand recalling willows  
never seen

and grieve still an old yet present  
eviction in the cities of men

Warren Falcon

## Upon Kingfisher Wings - Letter 1 From Minimus Cast Out Into Space Praying Net Or Nest Catches

'The kingfishers! who cares for their feathers now? ' - Charles Olson

1

I, Minimus, launch forth regardless.

I have right to dare my feeble casting  
forth, and off, of fetters, the jellies of  
sin, and sally, well, if not sally, to jostle  
the crowd in the bus station to purchase  
my escape to spacious...what? Space,  
I guess, to dream outside of who I am or  
of what I have become and can see in-  
ex-or-ably, ably, I hope, written in stars  
or just desserts, just well-dressed guesses  
derived from stormy Herald's blurting,  
O winking paradiso, distant still,

'To become men and not destroyers of the world'\*\*

I take my Pound with, old cantor,  
no longer cantering but for us both  
I now swagger, not to stake a grand  
claim in turning the race, the species  
other than to what it always was, ever  
will be, grandiose, verbose, polyglottal  
babblers rebutting halitose Death,  
how big is the universe,  
how we are all so small  
sings it well,

'The ant's a centaur in his own dragon world.'

2

I live in presumptions of other life  
that I will eventually live or be living  
aware that I live presently as if this  
being-lived life now is provisional,  
that I shall one day be traveling or  
well-traveled, living in some other land,  
culture, having planted Odysseus's  
oar there, fluent in tongue and lovers  
of said land or if now said then perhaps  
I may sing and say, bring new ships  
into the leaner bay loaded with exotica  
to otherwise, o land-locked, Reason,

'to begin with a swelled head and end with swelled feet.'

3

That one day the book shall be written,  
Odysseus come smiling through the door.  
That I shall live forevermore free of provisions,  
be delivered presently into good, rich life  
and unto the richer world, my Lover, so long  
turning turning turning in distance away from,  
yet I manage a caress, a smooch which  
neither dismisses nor fully embraces and  
it is I that is and shall be erased into this Love  
which shall then in time be erased as well  
in the greater Sun and that Shining, too, shall  
be erased. Then we shall all be scattered,  
or I shall be only, embrace by embrace,  
toward erasure no longer effortful.

I soft sift draft by draft rough toward world  
now slowing in spite of parentheses these  
provisional postulations of 'the good life'  
to come. Eventually. There is only this  
that I am living now. And my hands feel,  
even perhaps are, strapped to this wheel  
that turns me as turns Beloved Earth,  
the Sun, too, each dreaming  
near to but apart from each.

My reach is  
here on my tongue,  
in my fingers here  
grasping words from mind.  
I am ever behind in this chase,  
now am further from Love,  
space, than ever  
though my heart  
is swollen from  
wanting It.

Still, world, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings.

[All quotations in closed quotes are of Ezra Pound]

Warren Falcon

## **Upon Reading Naseer Ahmed Nasir's 'Don't Ever Come, O December'**

'Deserts unnumbered have expanded in me.' - Naseer Ahmed Nasir'

A slight sigh moves sand  
though a complete desert  
may not notice being fluid  
as a river yet static as the  
Milky Way where your words pray,

'Fill distance with light. Make me limitless..'

Deserts, limitless, too, each grain a star,  
each-as-One, refer to Referring Fire.

We must quarrel with December,  
enumerate our grievances to angels  
of every month,

'Who will knit dreamlike sweaters?  
Who will pick snowflakes falling in the soul? '

To see and experience all or each  
from Light's perspective,  
particle and wave -

All graves shall then be opened.

Warren Falcon

## Upon This Wide Water, For Staten Island Ferry, circa 1985, Manhattan

'On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross,  
returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,  
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are  
more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.'  
- Walt Whitman, from 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry'

1

Upon this wide water, Whitman's bay, wandering  
outward toward Eastward windings -

Upon this white-starred charted bay we ride  
gray with midnight leaning toward the Towers\*\*  
distant growing, stalking, yellow and glowing,  
mimicing the stars -

Our eyes stare tearing,  
seawind pushes lids to slits.  
We glimmer. Lights shimmer  
ahead and above,  
and still we cry -

the wind.

The ferry, furtive, floats the edge of Manhatta.  
There's power pushing against the bow,  
riptides to the rear, but we go on,  
approach sleepily, enamored of gin and  
the beds we will make again and again  
pulling sheets tighter. This stretching water  
safe-keeps the light of eyes and the city there-

Upon the water's wide skirt one will, quiet,  
lift up a hand to the spray, sway for love,  
and pray for the world -

A dark tern unfurls from the sail  
of a starboard yacht, flirts once with  
the silhouette extended upon the wave,  
then leaves, an under-turning rail or rudder  
sinking in the ferrier's wake.

Each night there must be one, out there,  
on the deck, supplicating in boozy tongue,  
oozing heart-love all over, spurning the way  
things go down in the world, cheap spindrift  
the cranes know of, dipping their bloated beaks  
to the waves. And he must dip his head, braying,  
with his hands motioning to the night -

Away! Away!

[\*\*World Trade Towers]

Warren Falcon

**Upon This Wide Water, On Our Broken Boat - Two For Staten Island Ferry,  
circa 1985 Manhattan**

'On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross,  
returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,  
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are  
more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.'  
- Walt Whitman, from 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry'

1

Upon this wide water, Whitman's bay, wandering  
outward toward Eastward windings -

Upon this white-starred charted bay we ride  
gray with midnight leaning toward the Towers\*\*  
distant growing, stalking, yellow and glowing,  
mimicing the stars -

Our eyes stare tearing,  
seawind pushes lids to slits.  
We glimmer. Lights shimmer  
ahead and above,  
and still we cry -

the wind.

The ferry, furtive, floats the edge of Manhatta.  
There's power pushing against the bow,  
riptides to the rear, but we go on,  
approach sleepily, enamored of gin and  
the beds we will make again and again  
pulling sheets tighter. This stretching water  
safe-keeps the light of eyes and the city there-

Upon the water's wide skirt one will, quiet,  
lift up a hand to the spray, sway for love,  
and pray for the world -

A dark tern unfurls from the sail  
of a starboard yacht, flirts once with  
the silhouette extended upon the wave,  
then leaves, an under-turning rail or rudder  
sinking in the ferrier's wake.

Each night there must be one, out there,  
on the deck, supplicating in boozy tongue,  
oozing heart-love all over, spurning the way  
things go down in the world, cheap spindrift  
the cranes know of, dipping their bloated beaks  
to the waves. And he must dip his head, braying,  
with his hands motioning to the night -

Away! Away!

[\*\*World Trade Towers]

2

'Others the same - others who look back on me because I look'd forward to them,  
What is it then between us? ...What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years  
between us? ' - Walt Whitman

On our broken boat the harsh light will not break.  
We see our day clearly as we can.  
Tell the night, now it's here to stay, that

once I glanced the sleeping youth, legs against the wall,  
felt a pall descend upon us here,  
this boat lancing the bay waters darkly.

Some to books then, the priest to his sad, effeminate stare.  
I can no longer envy those of the black cloth  
so bend and tie the shoe.  
We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,  
eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.  
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.

Warren Falcon

## **Upon Viewing Hiroshige Winter Prints After A Snowstorm**

After snow

on top steps

wet shoes full of wind

Warren Falcon

## Uses For Wings - Variations From 'We Can Be Broken' & Other Discarded Poems

'It means so much that we can be broken.' - from an early poem, 1978

For Tien Ho, departed,  
and Michael R.  
carving the empty space  
of her leaving still

\*

Here is a Presence beyond  
illicit fires bearing witness  
to evidence, remains of flight,  
contrived escapes blocked by panes,  
walls striped in ramming panic,  
of ritual and a broken neck,  
petrified wings placed in open  
spaces they once could range.

\*

I began

a bird flown down a chimney  
dying in an empty house,  
a hidden mountain valley,  
night time fires upon surrounding  
hills, moonshine stills signaling  
flame warnings, bootleggers' silent  
spirits conjuring drip by drip  
metal and grain.

\*

Here are uses for wings:

something returning,  
or turning inward

eventually climbed,  
rested upon,

or fallen to some chimney life.

\*

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal  
for what has become a destined association,  
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,  
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this

once sentinel house long remote to men,  
as present as God. My own presence is bound  
to his who stands confounded now as three,  
one above grave, one within it, and me  
in between, one eye upon him, the other  
upon sagging dirt where bones and a  
ragged shirt share an unexpected  
moment of veils confused in sunlight's  
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and  
shadows frozen there, not breathing  
for us all in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.  
Upon weathered stones  
are only creases for once were  
names, dates, even God's Word,  
chiseled by a now unknown hand,  
an impression only, one among many,  
reduced to no plot but that of Providence  
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic  
flies proving only flesh and only blood,  
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,  
and exhaling still, waiting beside  
a white rock with wings,  
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

\*

Warren Falcon

## Wallace Steven's Florida of the Mind

iniquitous pines  
sordid sop  
concupiscent taters

elusive Palms  
without skirts  
furtive in purple light

night gators  
blue guitars  
Cuban bars

counted days  
well spent in  
bluer shade

Warren Falcon

**What Bells & Sex Have To Do With Each Other, A Mythic Rendering From Ancient Texts & Dreams, circa 1981**

'The bells, I say, the bells outbreak their towers...  
- Hart Crane, from 'The Broken Tower'

For Marianne Annur

...I will tell you of Fatima.

She is the bell,  
The tintinabulum,  
The veil and the will.

Then take me to her.  
You can have the tapestry of streets,  
The bowls of tint.

Shade the surface black  
And she will emerge  
The river,  
The bead upon the throat,  
The bread swelling,  
Lifting up,

The Fertile Crescent...

1

Between the breasts and  
Most of the moving parts  
While she crossed the threshold  
She was quite badly torn

Fatima had clusters  
Mounted solidly of bronze

She said it hurt terribly

2

Fatima opened her dark eyes

...If they were with the tide  
From top to lip...

She escorted me to an inner room  
Where was an intricate carillon music  
It is the inevitable accompaniment  
She said pointing below  
Come in here, my little eye  
I did where she remembered, ululating  
With plump cushions where it rotates

Of the tintinabulum  
A change of waist  
Iron or steel bars  
To the edge of the lip

At the advent  
I nibbled salted melon seeds  
For this is the Lailet el Henna

3

In the towers are the reproducers

Within the clean bronze  
Their walls were stood  
Ready to receive her  
And later became all  
Of the intricate trills

She pushed her way through  
The pivot points  
A deep lactation  
In the most ravishing shades

Simulate the Pleiades  
The rich magenta

Running water is much the best  
Whether she wept as she then drew out  
Watering the date gardens

She stepped over warm spurting blood

You should have heard her cry  
'Ya Ali' and her loud hell-hella

4

A sheep was slaughtered

The physical vibrating movements  
For anything tinkling  
On the palms and the fingernails  
At the point of clapper impact

And on the pillow  
She drew out  
For the rhythmic accompaniment  
And then put it while it was hot  
Up inside

A folded piece of bread

5

What did she vow at the Saint's tomb?

6

The Henna Night was celebrated

Metal was added to the lip  
Placenta and puella runs  
And full harmony that are familiar to lovers

Before Fatima's face  
A knife had been placed  
Between the upper and  
Lower big sprigs of myrtle

The waist almost became  
Through the flattening of the crown  
Similarly beautiful  
And took out of the outside skin  
Alone in thousands of towers  
Between legs  
A tiny triangle where several seams met  
Variations in the walls thickness  
When the bride's hands were hennaed  
Had very slow pains  
Prayers were said while the metal was  
Poured into the molds  
An opaque black veil over  
The bells of Nimrud

This thickening of the lip  
Straight and pot like  
To the chanting  
Gave it rhythm and balance

7

Fatima was propped up on pillows  
On her big bed  
She had a large round silver box  
Heavily embossed  
The shape of the bell  
The same thickness  
A push button that rings arpeggios

Carelessly she pulled out  
Before I went into  
...Joining in refrains...  
Into the modern bell

Recast it for tuning again  
Thick and ornamented with gold  
Paint and Flowers  
As it unfolded her pains  
Hell-hella  
Delicately through the dark and silent  
Just as the rope that swings  
Scarely noticed

8

Did you have a hard time of it, Fatima?

9

The large brass bedstead

Lighted candles

Their walls were  
All primitive forms  
Although she put on the veil  
A delight to the senses

10

Mohammad came  
As fast as the  
Vibrating bars that  
Generate blows  
I kept on my ornaments  
I rubbed her abdomen with a knife  
Tore in two a flap of bread  
Pink gauze curtains

Wheat and salt were scattered  
None has been found  
Fatima had donned the veil

Iron, steel, gold  
Silver, zinc and lead  
Which is formed by the squaring  
Of the shoulders

Small bells began  
Were shortened  
Reduced the muscular effort  
Needed to swing...

11

And then went in to his bride

With mounds of henna paste  
All from silver containers

Plus hundreds of single bells and peals  
A time indicator  
Anything set with precious stones  
I put this on his navel  
All with small finger loops on top

The idea of the clapper  
To fall back into position  
To crack  
The thickness of the lip

12

A call to worship was lost  
When rings were cast around  
The hinges and locks  
The soles of her feet  
A beehive in shape  
Close to the vibrating  
Enveloped in a black coat

And my dear whispered  
It must be completely consumed  
Must be in the open  
From the top

There bury it face up  
With votive rags  
Of the Tigris and Euphrates  
The opal and the navel

Watched with deep  
Or Henna Night

13

The only remedy is to melt it down  
Fatima to me as she lifted the heavy lid

A naked sword was laid  
Evolved  
Came into being

As a warning signal  
There would be a loud burst of  
The piercing, high pitched  
Trilling ululation  
Into tiny handle-less cups

A deep lactation  
Fatima's milk

The gradually inward sloping sides

Fatima to me as she lifted the heavy box

Drink

It is the Henna Night

Drink

It is the parting of veils

She pointed downward,

Disrobing in the darkness,

The lantern light of the street

Rubbing against her

Fatima to me as she lifted the heavy box

...To dip your fingers in seven colors...

Fatima opened her dark eyes

Fatima to me

She lifted it up

The heavy hennaed night ringing

Hell-hella

\*\*\*\*\*

'Sympathizing with an experiment, we yet need not venerate the result.'  
- Marianne Moore, *The Complete Prose of Marianne Moore* (Penguin, 1987) , p.586

[This poem arrived literally out of a shoe box. Experimenting with cut-up poetic technique as propounded by William Burroughs, in the mid-1970's in my little cabin on Huckleberry Mountain in the North Carolina mountains I cut up phrases from several dreams I'd had along with xeroxed (photo copied) essays from an encyclopedia on the history of bells and bell making, and one on the rituals and traditions of Henna night in Islamic countries. My choices of essays were random. I just opened the encyclopedia and these were the essays I opened to. I cut up phrases from each, added them to the shoe box along with my dream fragments, and thoroughly

shaken (not stirred) pulled out phrase by phrase what became this poem. This was my most successful attempt of many with this technique. What I found was that, especially when seized up in writer's block, the 'accidental' or chance juxtaposition of images, phrases, caesuras in content, contexts and voicings along with disparity of logical connection between topics (bells, metalurgy, Henna rituals for women, wedding nights, sexual attraction and consumation) sometimes created not only astonishing images and poetry but re-tuned my own consciousness to function in this non-linear associative way as a poet and now, importantly, in my creative work as a psychotherapeutic counselor with others. I recommend this technique for all poets or aspiring poets for much is to be learned with perhaps the greatest discovery being that there is another Mind/Hand/Source involved in the craft of poetry, of all writing, guiding the quotidian course of our lives, paying attention first and foremost with a willingness to leave known territory while not devaluing that territory at all. Immediate and tangible foundations are supported by unseen and assumed greater, deeper, older and stronger ones. From this rich arche-techtonic structure, hold and mold our lives and our creativity rise.]

Warren Falcon

## **What Is Allowed Lace Of Vision**

[the opening line is by John Berryman's]

Childness let's have us honey,  
flame intended, names smeared  
upon the glass, an accidental  
pane, hands touching it delicate  
as trespass, what is allowed  
lace of vision.

Warren Falcon

## **What Is Known Is Variable and Dependent Upon Available Light - Instants of Darkness Yielding Into Present Glory**

'I am old enough now to realize we are all trying to live sufficiently long to see the self come true. None of us is likely to make it. Therefore we invent selves, we prance and pose and dream and labor, confirming what we might be by what others think we are and by what we see we have been.'

- Dave Smith, 'A Secret You Can't Break Free

'We go towards something that is not yet, and we come from something that is no more. We are what we are by what we came from. We have a beginning as we have an end. There was a time that was not our time. We hear of it from those who are older than we; we read about it in history books...It is hard for us to imagine our 'being-no-more.' It is equally difficult to imagine our 'being-not-yet'. ' - Paul Tillich

The day before I moved to New York City after being kicked out of North Carolina by the Blue Ridge mountains Greybeard, Looking Glass, Shining Rock, Chimney Rock, the diminutive Huckleberry, the myopic Lookout and Height Enough, and from over the border in South Carolina, the mountain of my childhood, Roper, which swallowed Wickerbill the best hunting dog in the world ever in its red clay maw, thus was confirmed my non-negotiable eviction. One does not argue with mountains especially when they are right. I was broken, a miasmic meanderer along cone-strewn hiking trails flailing loudly at schist, thrusts of snowy quartz and invisible judges, those hold over Puritans still adamantly flinging hell and grace thickly about and I eventually came undone, psychologically wasted, pooped, popped, in what is nowadays called a state of 'spiritual emergency.' I had been reduced by these Buckle Toes - a friend's moniker for the self-appointed heavily-godded Christian ones (though I later discovered the 'buckle toes syndrome' in a New Age community complete with witch trials without legal representation) spread spewing out from Salem through the land to even a mountain in Tennessee. Rather than being an obedient follower I apparently only excelled at flunking 'bleat' - deacon, sanyasin, chela, devotee, all the 'spiritual diminutives' related to being a lowly 'follower.' I was also most morose over not being able to get one, ye gods and little fishes, just one good poem written. Never mind the usual common-to-everyone maladies, the maladjusted scraps and scrambles of human relationships bungled, mangled in all flavors of tango and tangle, and the immense social pressure to conform to group mind and coersions which as Jung says 'are always breeding grounds of psychic epidemics.' And hysteria. Thus Salem. Thus New Age circle jerks. Thus, alas, myself.

All this and more bored even the solitude of patient mountains, their constancy challenged by my morass on the moraine and the harlequin heart's staggers - this is a prideful statement but it must be said to make a point, I felt at the time as an absolute truth that I could sway even the mountains where pre-eviction I hermit-ed in rhododendron-wrapped prison walls of books and empty wine bottles. Each book, each bottle, a prayer to the 'God who was supposedly there' but I never saw Him or, rather, occasionally caught an almost indisputable glimpse but could not give a good description of Him to the God Protectors, the Infidel Police, since my description or approximation (which they ALL really are, right?) did not match their True God profile and fingerprints codified in The Book, their reserving all rights and authority about what is True and not True about the Almighty's apparitions and whereabouts, 'Nope, sonny boy...not Him'...apparently I had only misperceived something out of the corner of my thigh mistaken for merriment most forbidden. I was with Nietzsche by then, 'I could never worship a god who did not dance.' I had tried all my youth long to worship a barnacle pier God. But no more. Dance I did in the mountain glades and trails when

the trevails of mind did not so much prevail. In the travail the dances continued. Silent. Heavy. The nearby stream offered it's massive wet stones as a dance partner.

This God of the Magician's Hat - now you see Him, now you don't - revealed Himself most to me via Meister Eckhart's Via Negativa which remains the natural way of my soul's stumble through wilderness stretches and wine wretches, instantly spiritually orienting on the knees shouting 'please please' to tree limbs, what they perpetually pointed to always swaying swaying. Barring remote spiritual cures and pathetic prayer the 'hair of the Wickerbill' served - a triple Alka Seltzer shot with a local 'moon' chaser, a homeopathic remedy derived from ghostly hidden fires, copper spirits coiling alchemically in night tree tops (now pointing downward) easily mistaken for Moon shyness, never mind the lead and rust infused. After those wasted moments I recovered on the front porch with bitter espresso, some Gregorian chant wafting through the screen door, a car battery powering the record player stacked with chants and such to soothe the burning stomach, the shaking hands, a view of the apple orchard in the valley below, an old cedar in the sloping yard just a few yards ahead made of once were two saplings which had early entwined, now-years-wound, creaking into one massive trunk, such a groan it made with the high wind crushing shrilly down from Mount Mitchell's dark hover behind the hut, or valley gales rushing up from fallen apples and Barron's Creek to my perch settled in without electricity, the cedar's drone become a home to nestle a sore head upon and within; therein I turned to Chinese poets of old to savor, one now a thoughtful lifelong companion through all cycles so far lived, Liu Tsung-yuan (773 - 819) , a homing device, an in-the-moment course correction when intercourse with the world, and my pitiable self, was just too too much to bear. Old Lui would lift me out of pathetic self muck, gather my scattered bones from the sandy bottom by the creek as he did the bones of old Heng the hired hand whose name means 'persevering, ' and orient me toward the western woods, 'I only wish for fine wine and friends who will often help me pour. Now that spring is drawing to a close and peach and plum produce abundant shade and far, far, the homeward goose cries, I step outside, greeting those I love, and climb to the western woods with the aid of my staff. Singing out loud is enough to cheer me up; the ancient hymns have overtones.'

On the edge over the bee-loud Blue Ridge valley all apples and manure shining with green-tailed flies, before further exile, I escaped nightly to work, late ward sits as an attendant at the local psychiatric hospital, wee hours reading Hopkins, Rimbaud, Rilke, Lorca, Berryman, Roethke, many other poets of the world who like Liu Tsung-yuan turned woes into ancient hymns and overtones. After one fateful graveyard shift all night reading Basho Matsuo's Narrow Road to the Deep North, in dawn's hut I begot to stumble-bed visions of pagodas and temples, fog-draped mountain passes, high peaks - names like Dismal Crouch and Turn Around Fool - spare anthems, such are haiku, of chrysanthemums in my head 8 a.m - 'chrysanthemum' means 'golden flower, ' 'gold' = chrysos, and 'anthemum' = 'flower' which, by the way, 'anthemum' is where the word 'anthem' derives - with such a mind full I dreamed a Great Mountain's voice shouting, 'Go away! ' and that was enough for me. Where I'm not wanted I don't stay so I made plans to flee. I followed my exiled self into further exile, Deep North, a symbolic defiant suicide-by-New-York-City.

I followed my exiled self into further exile, Deep North, a symbolic defiant suicide-by-New-York-City. Someone or some malformed thing in me had to go, to flower-wither, to summarily croak, so plans were made whence and whither, lodgings

arranged, Harlem 1980, Dinkins era, the internal wilderness wander further ensuing urbanly hardcore, Basho's book in my coat pocket just in case I needed a reminding map, in upper-upper Manhattan where mad Garcia Lorca once fled the sorrowful fountains of Spain to roam awhile before his return to yellow feathered assassins and an invisible grave, 'some say the crime was in Granada.'

Like Lorca I was enchanted by old bricks squalid beauty, each a story told, a private gesture witnessed and stored, mud memory mute and chrysolite, sonambulant subway pitches forward, graffiti scrawls clutching after a bit of fame or notoriety into what was still a pandemonium most pentacostal long ranting after dark, jazz, salsa, merengue nights gore and glory dispatched from cars, windows, stoops, sidewalks, 'Thriller' and Tina Turner's question 'what's love got tah do with it' - the new enforced mountain-exile meditation - children's play all ages 3 a.m. hydrant fountains bodies hot hard in lamp glow orange apocalypse by river curl following apparitions' native barks and Dutch long ships sails-full passing West 142nd, Cathedral Divine, Saint John's hang, just beyond reach of workers, trabajadores, immigrants occupants north of 116th street much as Gothic gargoyles can relate or earnestly try to migrating joys' few coins rolling in gutters, millions passed and passing by overlooking the Christ of the hungry and abject slogging for the American dream, 'I have the money and can pay for the past.'

Wasn't all this redeemed/revalued a long Palestine ago? The chrysolite of Church and churches remains more that of fools and not of the Christos. There's much to blame. Still, I'm a gargoyle perched-a-ledge, mis-churched and worn, God of the Western and American world stuck in my craw, a lightning bolt bolted to my left paw. I'm with near-dead Aquinas-Saint about himself/his work lifelong, the Summa and more - I think twas the Church he had more in mind in terms of real worth - 'All straw! All straw!' For this reason though, post-Christian, pre-Manhattan, I had hid, nay, sequestered mad enough in mountains tall, stalled, a being-not-yet. Bequestered and confundicated. Hiding out in Nature's beauty was all I then could do. So I waited for Mister Godot. Until He showed up, a cheap bordeaux would do. And reading the nights through.

Till the 'Go way' notice came.

### The Sorrow and the Pretty

All this the above said may make me sound like I was a bad-ass but that's not true. Irreverent, yes. And bluster. Bluster counts here as disguise for I was pretty. Not handsome. Prettiness counts for much in youth, in older age it is (sadly) sacrificed for Beauty.. A necessary assault in order to grow wise. Wisdom comes from loss and blood, always of the Moon.. Even gorgeous buds must go. Nature says it so. And we can and should protest their going but in older age one loses energy to fight so gives in to what is 'just so.' In sorrow sore, in broken mendicant hearts, having touched tenderly and tasted the binding buds, wisdom is born.

But pretty boys make for an awful confusion amongst men, a real trouble, and, yes, violence verily. Men like pretty in their women but find it most disturbing in boys and young men. Then Golden Flowers are crushed, 'righteously' so. Chapter and Verse. Sanctified wrath against sublime wraiths-most-lovely wars and destroys. It is by polite and holy society 'of the male born' considered a duty harsh, justified, manly and

rushed, that the feminine is preserved and men are saved from tempting male beauty.

In most forbearing mountains thus I hid my blushing pretty at war with myself (having internalized the Christian cultural fulminant Funda-fomentalism) . But one must not in mountain world surpass even their beauty, or their pretty. They win such wars by time which wears down flesh and minds. Respectful of this then, and gladly, while in their secure embrace, I cultivated both god and verse hunkering down in remote cabin shade. There I braved the pretty and the beautiful by day - the bluet, the rhododendron, the trillium, the mountain laurel - to boldly reveal them ahead of the inexorable shadows that mountains make because that one and only golden Sun, ours, flowers only-danced in shortened pretty skies bluet-blue, because those who know mountains true know that valleys are king and sunlight is brief tip to top, and in the between-brief span brightness stops both Sun and seer mid-afternoons.

And obedient, some of us, the pretty ones (then) , to the sheltering darkness get. Much may be done between 10 a.m and 4 but then shuts the revelation door, the valley/the veil resumes its reign. There both pretty and beauty pander to stained human palettes painfully returning as did I to fire or bulb light for all Beauty burns away to shadow (only in memory Beauty stays) . One develops night vision to see it. Thus did I work the night surrounded by others tears, lost their pretty selves the youths of wards and afterwards, and also those in tenements the old, the homeless Good Will-ed, for such now my verse is bestowal most holy gentle upon their sleeping faces, chrysanthemums each a pretty a beauty, black buds made mad with themselves the blunted social world could not contain.

Toward 'Being-Not-Yet' A Mountain Self Is Reborn

One more day in Carolina before leaving the spurnful mounts, Tillich's 'being-no-more' chased hotly from behind pushing me compellingly toward 'being-not-yet, ' I gathered myself inwardly for the journey with a friend, Asa, a missionary kid who grew up in South Korea. He was newly married to a woman named Dahlia who, too, had grown up in Korea, also a missionary kid. Asa was living in Dahlia's family home where they were both taking care of her grandmother who had spent her entire life as a missionary in Korea until retiring to the North Carolina village mostly occupied by retired missionaries and ministers of her particular denomination.

Grandmother, in advanced old age, a hundred years old, was beginning to 'lose it' mentally. Her room was a dark one, small, cramped, musty with old yet well cared for black lacquered chests from Korea. Exquisitely designed, balanced, ornate but not precious, these ornaments were shining presences from an era of the Hermit Kingdom now rapidly receding into the past yet resonate and alive in the dark space that grandmother's long, richly occupied and fruitful life was now confined to. A small window with a single homemade faded curtain, white, obviously hand sewn Korean lace delicate at the bottom hem, was, too, darkened by the mountain hill within arm's reach just outside the house perched high on a severe grade of the house-resistant mountainside, perhaps a symbol of the immense effort needed to transplant an alien religion in Korean native soil which somehow took root, held on, and now flourishes in the southern half of the Korean peninsula.

The drive to Manhattan would begin very early in the morning with Asa bound to see a brother living in Harlem, a Korean Studies student with a Korean wife, many of her family living there as well in the renovated brownstone near the Hudson. This was to

be my home for six years. Totally other cultural immersion. In Harlem at that. Suicide by New York, indeed. Just what I needed.

I rested in the small guest room beside grandmother's. Asa would touch my door all too early so I retired to bed earlier than usual in order to get up in the pre-dawn for the long drive north. Sleepily writing in my journal, reading Four Quartets by T.S. Eliot which had become my 'Bible, ' a post-Christian guide in mine own 'dark night, ' I would soon hear Dahlia enter grandmother's room. Grandmother will have called out in her frail voice, a voice laced as the curtain hem was laced, a voice hanging in dimmed stillness at the top of the stair, traces of an old order still alive in a voice woven with manners and bearing of a gracious Southern woman who had managed to live an most unusual life, a non-traditional life, a life that most Southern white women were not allowed to live, indeed dared not live nor, frankly, cared to as it was a life of hardship, alienation, determination built upon steely will and Biblical vision, dependent totally upon Holy Spirit and spit. And palpable grace.

Times enough that that grace seemed to be muted, remote in what was perceived as obstinate darkness of minds, 'pagan' minds to be harvested for God's kingdom but rejecting or at least strongly resisting that unsought for and proffered missionary grace. Still, grace was present as anchoring thought often unfelt/unseen and thus was clung tightly to in underscored and memorized Bible passages, desperate/obstinate/woeful/hopeful knees-worn prayer, and a growing steely capacity, a sure sign of grace and adaptation, for living in the absurd contradiction and presumption needed to impose an alien belief system sincerely believed in native inhabitants who owned their own spiritual soil, a people content enough with their own root belief systems formed of their local earth, river, sea, sky, history, their unique soul and spirit inherent in whatever combinations of all these elements and more which make a people and a nation, whose religions are containers of their ultimate values and concerns. When the first missionaries arrived disease and poverty were rampant. Of such is a soil made ready - and also souls care-worn and hard laboring against regressive forces of nature and overweening foreign power usurping land and leadership - for strange nurture bearing strange fruit but barely, tree by tree, so please the patient Fructive Power.

Spirit-seed, new stuff, no matter how foreign and other in earthen veils variant, can adopt, take root, then adapt and uniquely grow though that original seed has been altered by the old indigenous gods/seeds. And the missionaries, too, are worked-upon within and by the land and culture they pilgrim-roam preaching through becoming more like the new soil and soul that they've transplanted themselves upon. As one religion professor once told me, 'In the history of religions, when an old religion transplants itself in a new land with its own religions and gods, within a generation or two the old gods have their way with the new ones and the new ones, too, are transformed.' And so religion wags on.

Grandmother politely called finally out, 'Dear? Dear? o Deeeaaarrrr? ' a lilting child's singsong, a voice of charm endearing the heart. Upon the hearing I was struck by a deep resonant and somehow reverant (almost wrote 'revenant') sadness. A natural sadness. Of the end of the road, the end of a toiling-for-the-Kingdom life, of having pursued and been pursued by a profound sense of calling, of mission, new seeds in an old soil made of all common and excruciating givens which form human suffering, the patient (and impatient) yearning toward immediate surcease as well as hopeful

increase of one's own children and the generations to come. For grandmother, having 'run her God's race, ' the finish-line human and divine was near, dire, but tinged with the smoke of Pentecostal fire now dampered down in her to simple kindnesses bestowed in gentle smiles, a soft yet ripened presence atop a stair in a dwelling hard-pressed into an begrudging mountain.

I, on the other hand, had no clear sense of calling or mission. For me was only a gripping desire and devotion, a lifelong draw toward the arts, toward writing, toward poetry, which would thus redeem my existence from the mundane failures of being 'human, all too human.' If like Eliot, like Lorca, like Rilke and so many others, I could follow 'the draw' and sew a hem of words for the window soul of some single reader in need of companionship and presence, of revelation, even if only that image mundane of dancing dust 'caught' in a shaft of sunlight (Eliot's image) then that would be satisfaction enough for me in my own 'craft and sullen art' outborne, 'Exercised in the still night / When only the moon rages / And the lovers lie abed' (Dylan Thomas) , a grandmother patiently dying in her own vision bed of an older time 2000 years followed/lived and lived out into a personal harvest nigh..

I heard the young granddaughter's feet upon the old stairs as she ascended to attend to frail grandmother's beseeching in a voice a century old. I listened in the dark, the mountain's palpable gloom in my small window, too, matching the darkness within myself having lost available light but for that orienting flicker of Eliot's Quartets and a blar smear in the coming dawn toward the American northeast whose bricks and steal I would soon enough founder upon, stalled again. Apalled. Yet enthralled by the spanses of bridges spiring horizontally over rivers which below carved spaces their own like those manmade above - out from mountains and beside rivers could I enter those spaces of shapely air and be at last reborn?

I then heard the tender door-knock, the muted creak of an opening, a soft entrance into the ruminant room, 'I'm here, grandmother. Here I am. Your Dahlia. What may I do for you, dear? ' Silence. 'How may I be of help to you before eventide and slumber? '

What world had I been so fortunate to stumble into to hear such eloquence voiced from a genteel time passed on in inherited speech to a granddaughter just launching into her own young life of vision and fire?

Silence. Then frail, polite, a voice, the voice of bearing, of manners, of divine mission heeded, obeyed, answered, done, responded, 'I need to know, Sweetness, do please tell. Is your handsome Asa doing a beautiful thing? Is he? Is he doing a most beautiful thing? '

Stunned.

A beautiful thing? a most beautiful thing? a doing of beauty or beauty in the doing? Deep emotion sudden-rushes up from remote recesses within me, lifegiving waters up and outspring, so much so that I wrack, wrecked, sob unrestrained into a pillow infolded in a delicate handmade Korean pillowcase too perfect and silken for my rough, irreverent, indelicate American tears. Here was a reversal of mission fields, Korean pillow-grace receiving torrent tears, a post-Christian son of the South's 'Christ-haunted landscape, ' sheening darkly wet, outlines shown upon silk, blindsided

by unexpected flash..

Available light. More than available light. Grace sear and sheer. Surprising. Invasive. Breakthrough hard layers, years accretions, fortress fears against inner and outer longing, aspiring, failing, 'Jesu' greatly desiring, but unsaid, unstated, unseen but intuited, felt, not known, suddenly collapsing within and crumbling down upon a gentle question innocently, earnestly, asked,

Is Warren doing a beautiful thing? Is HE doing a most beautiful thing?

This question then (and now) was (is) more than orienting. Immediately upon hearing it Vocation was finally named, attained and mine. From a dying grandmother who was dead within weeks of my arrival in New York, whose legacy to me and, I'm sure, many, is Beauty, 'a beautiful thing, ' a doing of beauty. I keep repeating this now to remind me in this Advent season verging on the personal advent of my official and all too real old age, the need to keep being awed, and doing, for grandmother, lovers and loves, for, as the Buddhists say, 'all sentient beings, ' and as the Psalmist says, 'all creatures great and small, ' as the Cristos says, 'for the least of these...the last shall be first, ' and as Dylan Thomas circumscribes the doing for those 'human, all too human' all and awe, 'With all their griefs in their arms, /I labour by singing light/Not for ambition or bread/Or the strut and trade of charms/On the ivory stages/But for the common wages/Of their most secret heart.'

And secret no longer, it is Beauty pursues me. Beautiful things. The doing of them.

It is Beauty then, a containing event, a force, a hint, where all things, good, evil, the gray and in between, and always fragmenting things, the frailty and the reforming of what remains even if just another slant of light casting shard moments in ways that are revelation, revealing Beauty's doing - it is then both perceiver and that which is perceived together comprise a witnessed thing most fine and consonant (even if plain by daily eyes/ears) hitherto unseen/unheard or non-existent but born from the union of the knower and the known, and born even from known me, the useless one, the lazy one (my father's voice) trailing books, words, misused and broken relationships, wary of people-as-paths, the pricks and pieces, all promises of things sucked dry to skins, my skin now, o thin thin. Yet singing.

One framing question and a cosmos is created then. Out of darkness, light. God, I believe, still speaks worlds into being. And what is uttered is a question, a question of 'Beauty's doing' and that hidden 'Self' of and in matter within matter not-yet-fully-mattered sudden startle-bursts into grateful, stunned existence resonating, breaking things into further opening, unveiling, yielding, God-question quakes into trembling, yielding revelators.

And trembling, finite, we, revelators all, return to solidity as gift. Our being in finity. And God sees that which is created and declares (surprised, too, and known newly by what is perceived and responding, gazing, speaking back) , 'It is good.'

Pressed against a mountain steep in a hamlet of august Presbyterians Calvin-severe, many of them returned from the Hermit Kingdom driven there and back by King James Word fires, conjurers of a Shining Stranger's irresistible Grace, I find myself alien and broken there again upon a silk pillow in tears, 'a word, a question, fitly spoken'

wringing forth one odd salvation managed for even me in the narrowing Carolina valley of what then was a yet to be lived and uttered life beholden to a first bridge, a dying gracious lady, a grandmother questioning and in that question a new being come in from Kingdom exile newly standing in kind and canyon light, Evocation leading to Vocation.

And Beauty is the Name derived from both depth and height.

What is known is variable and dependent upon available light.

Warren Falcon

## What Is Revealed

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole,  
how the serpent's tail shimmers as one has  
tossed it with a very long stick out the door  
shouting - the door shouts too - 'be gone!  
no more! ' one has learned to shake the  
sheets, the pants, the socks, the topsy  
turvy heel-worn shoes before the getting  
into because scorpions and spiders dwell  
therein and even a snake loves a warm bed,  
my pillow for its head, found once a skin  
shed on a flower-patterned pillow case  
where fleecy lambs forever pink silently  
low as the cloth grows thin from head wear,  
dream wear, because I was once a sleeping man

Warren Falcon

## **What Is Revealed In Two**

Now here must stop  
in what is remaining light to cook

must bend to the purple cabbage at hand,  
the helpful drive of hunger  
the courage of the knife

marvel yet again it's faceted pattern when  
halved, same as the onion, the leek

Such facets in me too reveal when  
I dare to be loved in two

Warren Falcon

## What Is Revealed Side-By-Side

Recalling Barnardsville days in the Blue Ridge

1

Silent, side-by-side, reading.  
An occasional 'hear this then. '

Read aloud, words, bread, jam;  
familiar tarnished knives spreading;

wedding set, grandmother's, all hands  
forget intent on feeding, reading to each  
gathered mouth.

Heads nod.  
Backs of hands and books  
are napkins. Smiles all  
around.

2 - What Is Read Out Loud

Beneath witnessed wheels  
dancing stars gather stones at dusk,  
pockets fill climbing World Tree to

apogee

then downward turn,  
stones flung low to dawn,  
that largest sun stumbles  
alone to blue, screaming,

I WANT A WOMAN

heat enough to reveal morning's dove-blind croon,  
burnt crow, having no use for light, missing  
a leg, perches hard against the solar wind.

Sun's call, different as bird and star, discloses.

3

What is revealed:

the mouse in the hole that loves the hole.

How the serpent's tail shimmers when tossed  
out the door -

BE GONE

How one has learned to shake the sheet,

the pants, the socks, the heel-worn boots  
before the getting-into, the putting on,

for even a snake loves a warm bed,  
a pillow for its head - found once a  
skin shed on my flower patterned  
pillowcase, fleecy lambs forever silently  
bleat as the cloth thins slowly slowly  
from head wear, dream wear

because I was once a sleeping man.

Warren Falcon

## What Is Revealed, Variation

side by side  
silent reading

occasional  
'hear this then'

something read aloud  
becomes bread

heads nod agreement  
smiles and meals beneath  
the witnessed reel of  
glancing stars

gather their  
stones at dusk

fill their pockets own  
climbing World Tree at

apogee

then downward turn  
they fling themselves  
low toward dawn-stumbling  
Sun alone

fire seeking  
fire

VOGLIO UNA DONNA!

I WANT A WOMAN!

such male heat  
alight Light cries  
up/reveals -

the morning  
dove the crow their  
sonorous response  
to Sun's Call,  
different as they  
are unconcealed...

what is revealed:

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole,  
how the serpent's tail shimmers as one has  
tossed it with a very long stick out the door  
shouting - the door shouts too - 'be gone!

no more! ' one has learned to shake the  
sheets, the pants, the socks, the topsy  
turvy heel-worn shoes before the getting  
into because scorpions and spiders dwell  
therein and even a snake loves a warm bed,  
my pillow for its head, found a skin shed  
on a flower-patterned pillow case where  
fleecy lambs forever pink silently bleat  
as the cloth grows thin from head wear  
dream wear because I was once a sleeping man

Warren Falcon

## **What Is Seen**

a fly  
strolls a realm  
just on the other  
side of light

only silhouettes  
guesses thrills  
motion so  
slight framed in  
window gray

in love with  
small things  
keep what  
is seen where  
hides the wind

Warren Falcon

## **What Is Seen - Harlem Tenement**

Old women  
lean out windows

swaying between  
backyard buildings  
old clothes lines

gray string

thin

thin

Purple flower boxes

a woman's hands  
folding letters

sweet soap smells

on top steps  
wet shoes full of wind

Warren Falcon

## What Pablo Saw In His Final Dream - Una Cancion Por Pablo Neruda

for Jose - 'now he is with the Lamb'

translated from the Spanish of Raul Voz

'The fact is that until I fall asleep,  
in some magnetic way I move in  
the university of the waves.' - Pablo Neruda

'Power at its best is love seeking justice.' - a radical priest

When love  
finally came  
two birds  
one near  
one far

each my eyes  
saw

one cawed  
one was still

waves below  
shook the high

rock from which  
my house was wrest

Making my bed,  
that grand ship of  
many seas, its feminine  
sails billowing in  
salt winds out of  
season, soldiers,  
young, false with  
righteousness not  
their own, blew  
in and frightened  
the birds away

they did not come close

they were afraid of  
their own guns

But not me

fearless I faced  
pale young faces

the bullets tore  
them more than me

their flesh being  
bread still fresh,  
oven warm (white  
flour smeared upon  
their reckless cheeks  
crushed too soon  
by women's hands  
to dutifully bake)

and mine - flesh - mine  
of the mountain patch  
formed of Woman's hands

far where my Mother  
toiled with me safe  
upon Her back, my first  
keel, the bow upon which  
I first learned to kneel  
to earth, to sea

I rocked in Her motion  
rowing the faithful Earth  
the yielding softness of  
She to me (shipwrecking  
all my my future hardness  
eventually) my boy hands  
not yet bleeding with pens  
and poems

She fed me Her workers'  
songs, of earth, songs  
of fragrant sweat, bitter  
herbs beneath Her feet  
of copper and jade,  
the little potatoes  
yellow and purple ones  
flavored stones softened  
by Her presence, Her  
sure toil, lullabies wooing  
endless sky into each  
tuber-swell shaping

clouds for Her eyes to  
see to shade Her from the  
intemperate sun to cool  
the hard soles of Her bare  
feet, no pesetas, only  
songs, for shoes

The rich cords, veins  
of the sun and the moon,  
conjoined in Her labor,  
hardened into the lead  
of my first pencil,

the lap of my first page

And conspiring late  
within me ran the black ink  
of Her relentless tenderness

Never then broken by  
threat of oiled guns  
shining, the radiant  
beauty darkening before  
me of a sparkling morning  
born of soft woolen waves  
shyly attended by youths  
too frail, too dispirited  
to know what bullets really  
mean, their bare feet soft  
with obedience, their  
leather boots polished,  
lined up at the General's  
door, another morning's  
cruel ablation

Never then by black  
boots broken, but broken  
only by the poor, my poor,  
the mountain patch without  
voice or even these  
two last birds of  
shattered brine

Only I could see  
behind frightened  
faces beneath their  
soldiers' caps  
tilted to lure  
forgetfulness

and sleep never  
to be confessed

that my hands  
little birds too  
were extended to  
them in welcome

my words to them  
only seconds to go  
(the waves were  
counting on their fingers)  
fire and smoke fierce in  
little round mouths,  
perfect circles,  
rehearsals, the  
barrels opening  
theirs to mine

'Lads, aim for the silver  
pen, the Pole Star of my  
shirt pocket where you may  
always kindly find the  
Heart'

that one bird  
for each their  
tearful eyes  
was yellow and  
the other red  
half-closed to  
aim well at the  
weft of cloth woven  
of my Mother's earth  
Her relentless tenderness  
almost freed

song  
of sea  
of stone

of my  
house  
violently  
untethered  
from noun  
and verb

foundered at  
last without  
pen and ink

done with 'say'

little sheep  
of childhood play  
the toy  
tiny wheels

rolling waves

for feet fade

when love

finally came

two birds

one near

one far

each my eyes  
saw

one cawed

one was still

waves below  
shook the high

rock from which  
my house was wrest

Warren Falcon

## **What Remains, Remains**

Stricken with 'arrhythmia',  
or so my doctor do say which,  
the name of an ancient queen, Ethiopian,  
first century, leads caravansary into  
dunes and what remains undisclosed  
beyond weighted horizon,  
to Her I yield my heart no  
matter its many loans overdue.

Here is my trifle then in  
earnest, a release.

Call in the priest  
whose ancient hand's  
most unsteady,  
a lifetime of withholding.

I remain for the moment free.

Between St. Marks and the horizon my fingers still work.

Warren Falcon

## **What the Orphan Knows About Light**

for Anna Kamienska\*\*

'I don't believe in the other world  
...But I don't believe in this one either  
unless it's pierced by light.' - A. Kamienska

Hidden behind a star  
the ash sings without self-pity -

stake your claim in Beauty.

Jab the mausoleum  
majesty of State  
in the eye.

Here is your key, little one.  
Now run quickly home.

\*\*[Some poems of Anna Kamienska:

[http: //www.ap.krakow.pl/nkja/literature/polpoet/kamienska.htm](http://www.ap.krakow.pl/nkja/literature/polpoet/kamienska.htm)]

Warren Falcon

## Whatever It Is, A Mariner's Tale

[the Martin guitar is considered by aficionados to be the best in the world]

Whatever it is  
the Martin reshapes  
itself as do waves  
upon which we once  
sailed the ark the  
boat we once steered  
you awkward with  
ropes/sails no  
tongue for 'lanyard'  
or 'bow' though  
clumsy same fingers  
fumble jib then  
chord strum without  
stumble pluck strings  
breeze confess what  
then is obvious  
sunlight burned into  
each body (whose)  
your legs easily  
bend forming each  
yielding bow upon  
themselves

I am the twine  
the Martin knot  
forgetting you/  
me tying patiently  
holding form  
whatever it is  
that allows each  
countless wave  
to shape break  
as did we also  
break wherever  
legs insist as  
they do (and lips)  
(tongues) betide  
we lash (the  
eyes) tied flood  
ebb breathe all  
sleep beyond  
coral carefully  
traced around  
(all those countless  
mouths beneath)  
strange or familiar  
sound as is the  
Martin formed

whatever it is  
womb once found

or/and tomb found/  
lost again foregoing  
guiding star exchanged  
for adamant dark  
whatever is apparent  
in all storms heart  
eye and after

Each chord questions  
Each wave beseeches  
yearns as does tide  
yearn for moon/I/we  
can be, or try (we  
want) such turning  
bestowals:

tattered sail

frayed rope

barnacle

bent wood

arcs

points

guides only  
a blonde  
smile placed  
upon knees  
each our lips  
pretended shores  
whatever can be  
more than what  
empties and shapes  
the sky we will  
become flung  
beyond breakers

Warren Falcon

**Where Dispose Of The Joke Of Bones - Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes  
Metaphysical, circa 1981**

For two:

Agnes Martin, American artist,  
minimalist painter extraordinaire

Elaine Bellezza, artist, too,  
and traveler,  
and early Anima-as-Fate,  
and 'eye giver'

'Is that dance slowing in the mind of man  
that made him think the universe could hum?' - Theodore Roethke

1

off the square  
in the darkest cell  
where darkness is at its deepest -

some sense of home

those forms bursting forth

2

seal us in  
ascetic fire -

and the cave become a dissonance  
the lament on your face of saffron reddening

3

but the grids never are  
little girls jumping rope

challenge circle words,

the self of rings

like a brown back

the empty form goes

extends outward

yet these words do not contain you

4

you have an 'element'

the word is ugly too  
dearer than a son  
cut cut cut out  
the heart that lies

walking seems to cover time

the summit is rounded

outline of a foot on a rock

5

you speak in circles  
though loving squares

when I cover squares clad in ashes  
are all questions then mother of pearl

6

the pilaster speaks  
loudly of days

dearer than wealth  
the silence on the floor

7

discover the last image

how skim the ocean of brine  
you wear on your face  
that gray weight

die for more

this is life

8

the plain can do almost  
nothing but weep

to turn my eyes away  
destroys its power

the untamed fire

9

between the rain  
whose throat is blue  
like a wild fern is clear

I am sad when I see you

10

your letters arrive fat  
swollen with human form

they fly out from my palms

look around you

11

mind now  
mistaken

dying flowers  
not traceable

instead -

believe the sky is not so wide

it reaches forward

(let us pass)

it is a far cry

is pervasive

get rid of everything

only see in me a part

12

tell me now  
glass-handled knives  
I'm not clear where we started

13

the pagoda and the spire

poke the eye  
I once understood you as  
articulate who couldn't stand  
  
now knowledge is less and less to  
  
me  
  
and a clear mind -

the rose  
are squared

white edge  
of the world

ugly

sitting in  
snow

14

where dispose of the joke of bones

one must feel the forms  
bursting in the tranquil shade  
the reality of virtual form  
sitting in said snow

the beat of a wing we grieve  
certain words repeating -

the world 'ugly'

and just is the 'plain'

what becomes of skin

what becomes of a lotus petal

it tears apart

15

believe the streets are blistering

Nature is the wheel

settle for less  
some sense of home  
  
those forms bursting forth  
between the rain  
whose throat is blue  
like a wild fern is clear  
  
they fly out from my palms  
  
look around you  
Warren Falcon

## **Whose Form Is This Haiku**

before the pine door -

stooped body like these wooden  
planks

more knots than wood

Warren Falcon

## **With Marigolds The Sun Breaks Through Las Grutas De San Sebastian**

...return in storm, mudslide, road  
flood, rental car a flotation device,  
somehow make it to las grutas on  
the way just in time discover old  
chapel small, worn, sweet against  
a hill firm from slides, rushets

...quiet blue interior, Our Lady stands  
firm too, graceful, veiled, lightning  
strike all around, roars outside nothing  
against palpable blue softness, Host -  
firm suchness upon Old World table, flowers  
fresh poised in ecstatic trance, golden  
mouth Chalice open full of shadow,  
hungry mouths to feed

...enter a child a school boy soaked  
bare feet uniform darker blue stain run  
rain wind storm sheltered now the Virgin  
place cool upon feet, where is this school  
unseen on only road the way to las grutas

...bow before the Host, genuflect small  
delicate hands palms white kneel on creaking  
wood kneeler kiss fingers holy traces  
his prayer

...I have come from afar  
from godless City enveloped in  
my own importance trapped my own  
motions no purpose knees or hands  
now come to monstrance find this  
muddy miracle with marigolds

...sun breaks through, child walks  
tio's house I follow tongueless, a  
burro 2 miles mud, flood, to caves,  
springs, boy Anselmo out front, little  
heels press little pony grey, one  
eye brown the other blue, Golondrina,  
his name, The Swallow, do not ask why  
beneath the bluing sky flush with bird  
song in waters red we tread on  
me a distance behind

...arrive tearing springs caves erupt  
full dark overhang a place for prayer  
not for my knees but Anselmo's on black  
root kneel holds hard to a limb 'don't  
fall in' I shout suddenly shaken nothing  
within to hold to

All are barefoot there beasts, boy

...returned little chapel blue  
an offering for Our Lady, muddy  
shoes receive all things arms  
outward extend blessing blue cool  
shadows quiet there where mud may  
me dry

In chipped vases  
altar flowers bright

Done with City,  
with self

Which goes first?

No matter,  
the All Blue

chooses

Warren Falcon

## **With Spring Arrives Blossoms, Bridges, And Old Kobayashi**

What a strange thing!  
to be alive  
beneath cherry blossoms. - Kobayashi Issa

1

In my case, dear Kobayashi Issa,  
old master -  
'above blossoms' of all kinds

A window view -

on the street below  
each pedestrian suddenly  
prances

the mourning dove flutes sadly  
to keep away the 'Evil Eye'

the sun and I are not fooled  
in spite of ourselves we sing of love

2

From my roof tonight  
sighing after Brooklyn Bridge  
and that Other so  
close beside

blue curves shape  
city-glow orange into pink into  
rose

Emboldened, letting down their  
girders they follow me to my little  
room at last

the bare bulb astonished  
brightens

after all the years they have  
winked from tenement distances  
over rooftops disturbing only  
the prudish pigeons

through my open window  
they with their faithful light

have finally arrived

this night the wavering curtains  
hold their breath

3

This night

I recline then

stuporous on the sag

worn sofa beside

the black mirror

evening air heavy

semen smell pungent

from certain blossoms

Kobayashi? does 'stain' rhyme with 'Spring'?

Can 'Spring' rhyme with 'screen' or 'crane'?

4

One touches the other who touches me

I am become a massive bird  
bent backwards

a wobbling kite of tallow and tin  
a bruised three-blade fan

petroleum kisses over  
massive cables between coiled

mortal legs, those others,  
of mortar, of metal

the handsome welder, masked, sings  
to the retina of his dark glass -

...tangles filaments

iron spines/hairs scrapes/hands

...chafe lips, gently, the  
many necks curved of alloy  
million-groined choking...'

torqued memory's incandescent blue  
flames through, the welder sings still -

'...silver, shards, filigree, sinew...  
...rivets/limbs rhythms wheels all kinds...'

Reach metal form/frame fuse this me  
now 'a strange thing' entwined with bridges

just one more bloated Balthus\* drunk on blossoms.

5

I was young once

pranced

easily seduced by birds and bridges

Nothing's changed about me now

that the ginkgoes are surprised by

It is spring

Nothing to do Mr. Kobayashi

but to open the worn book with

your name upon it and try again,

like you, to be a mensch \*\*

\*Balthus - Balthasar Klossowski (or Kłossowski) de Rola (February 29,1908 in Paris – February 18,2001 in Rossinière, Switzerland) , best known as Balthus, was an esteemed but controversial Polish-French modern artist. One of his most famous paintings is of a young woman languidly reclining on a sofa gazing into a hand mirror. This as well as many Balthus paintings are saturated with mystery, isolation, existential malaise and longing against all odds.

The poet has this 'woman on the sofa' painting in mind (as well as Le Chambre) only the character in the poem above is an old man remembering his youthful beauty, now ill, out of shape, probably alcoholic, 'aging badly' (not at peace with it) in relation to both beauty and sadness evoked by exquisite, brazen spring blossoms and Kobayashi Issa's all-too-human haiku.

\*\*mensch - a yiddish word for a person of integrity and honor.

Warren Falcon

## **Words of an Old Poet to the Younger**

try not to startle morning  
doves from their patient  
gentle songs

listen carefully  
do not tear the wind

a wild stallion  
counts his sins  
in mares

for Seyed Morteza, singer  
Warren Falcon

## **Woven Little Mouths Many**

You emerge  
from the bath  
reaching for the  
towel, soft, obeying  
daily habit, wipes you dry,  
each cleft, the pit of my  
longing rubbed without  
caution.

I am caught up in this  
vision without glasses  
squinting for what is  
real or not though you  
are faced to mine as I  
obediently move my  
shaking hand to your  
belly, the scar there,  
edges still hot  
to the touch.

Much there is I will  
make of this moment,  
drying your back as I  
have daily done - once  
began the rite  
first night, gathering  
now the last one  
o when  
the towel easily un-  
folded, drank

woven  
little mouths many

deeply  
into what  
has become  
natural in me  
with the wiping.

In this  
I am become  
free now of  
thinking intent  
to this my task  
to last, this minute  
or two, to linger,

each is  
become a touch  
this one.  
and this,

without  
decimals.

Warren Falcon

## **Y U Blokt Me? A Website Romance Untimely Ended**

Y cuz I'm a fool  
Was a mistake  
without glasses  
made and here  
I am unlaid but  
for want of thee  
yer masculinity  
yer male beauty  
O God

Warren Falcon

## **Your Letters Arrive Fat**

your letters arrive fat  
swollen with human form

they fly out from my palms

look around you

- from Where Dispose Of The Joke Of Bones - Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes  
Metaphysical. W. Falcon

Warren Falcon

## **Your Throat Oddly Fish-Shaped - Making Amends**

I return to you, a parenthesis in the sea of loneliness.

Each star, each breast, you have removed  
in my absence, mourning made permanent,  
scars upon your throat oddly fish-shaped.

Astonished, my voice returns, curses, then caresses,  
withered left hand free to unravel regret nerve for  
nerve, the only net worth mending.

I reserve this one strange act from a year of orthodoxy,  
to anoint your feet with tears.

I dry them with my hair, your outstretched arms  
a beseeching beyond emptiness, your chest barren  
but for my hands remembering the uses of prayer,  
kisses but murmurs, rumored stars where swollen sails had been.

Warren Falcon