

Poetry Series

Vincent St. Clare
- poems -

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Vincent St. Clare(September 16,1991)

I'm a part-time, professional asshole; irresponsible eremite; half-baked mystagogue; and catatonic amateur philosopher. I've got a heart on fire and a head screwed on backwards. I am an attempt at the everyman, philosophus and Fool, a lover of fate, strung by my toes, a boiler room hierophant, and world on wheels. I am an ever-transforming universalist and perennialist seeking the interpenetration of the mundane and mystical. I try my hand at humility in the midst of self-promotion. I devote myself to the wind, neither coming nor going. That's all there is at the end of the day.

Moment And Memory

I like long walks on the beach,
Total enlightenment,
Licorice, and whisky
I am one with the universe
In tossing the old bocce ball
Through the long stretch of crab grass
Knocked the kingpin off its hinges
The horse shoe head landing in the dirt
A sign of the times, reducing earth and god
And us to
Everything

Scotch Plains, New Jersey
Scotch indeed! Or was it wine
That spilled over and into the street
Like rain rattling and trailing in residual little
Momentary lines through leaf and dirt and
Into the gutters gurgling and glistening and

Crying out to the long-dead lights,
"I am here! I am here now! "
The stars, they say, hear even the muffled
Screams of water and earth and man and
Time, even the mean tabby cat that glides along
The carpet in the twilight

We played horse shoes and bocce and sometimes chess
We watched old family tapes
And walked on the beach, and I hated licorice
Never had whisky

But damn me if it's no different now
Between the times and signs and then
Sitting in the crab grass, drinking and dying and seeing and
Being and living and lying and I
Imagine the fine engraving
Left by a horse shoe head

Vincent St. Clare

Night Over Lower Manhattan

The paved beige stretched over, beneath
The careless sky, didn't you see the street
Ran with cheap beer and perennial philosophy?

When that poor sod couldn't even shuffle his way to work
Amid the signs and sights of this cold city

Nero's circus wasn't always round, and when it was there was far more blood.
I knew. I know. A thief in the night
—The uncarved Wall stands between me and the street—
He's pocketing here and there, this and that, beast and birthright

But nobody told you he could climb; everyone at this open-air party
Sulks and skulks and trudges the timid notion that even Heaven plays

In tune with those double-dealers that straddle the sidewalks, selling
Souls and organic salads and plastic-wrapped theodicies.
Ninety-eight ways to go out with a bang in the televised jungle,

But you've stuck it to him, haven't ya?
Our supple bodies stuck to the storm drains

A trillion lives and miles disgraced by everything under Heaven,
And among toils and boiling Heads that roll and rage below the quiet stars,

I've cast my vote to the thoughtless wide,
the careless Sky and the barren streets

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