

CLOSET MASTERPIECES (Book Five)

"DIARY of A FLOWER CHILD"
(Hippie Diary European "Hair Tour Winter, 1995)

BUS RIDE BLUES

A head tossed back in hearty laughter
Another bent low in self-mourning-

morning matters...

socks raised and crossed high above the seat back
Offer the pointed ple'a of a ballet
dancer.

A clear bottle raised to drain,
a liquid salvation to parched gypsy lips
wanderers who have no home
No main-station
No link to past but a hotel phone.

Or, an occasional envelope
filled with weak grammar and scribbled news
Held up at the front desk for days
Or weeks-the views
now old, or at least altered
Made impotent with new
problems, circumstances,
or lashing word.

The daily problem child
mosquito torment
The angst ridden moment-
Sharply disturbs any calm
or peaceful moment-
that dares sneak to in
another damn rodent-
crushed by someone feeling the low down
bus ride blues....

FRENCH BORDERS

We drove back
Into the cold heart of Germany
Further and further away
From the cool intoxication
Of those sunny French
Borders.

I felt such a powerful lure
along that faint foggy
map line...
A longing to float
over the Rhine-

And gather myself
Inside a musketeers tavern
Saluting erotica and passion
with French champagne
Chewing on a loaf of soft bread

tingling-
at the laughter of maidens
whose hearts are full like mine-
trickling across the senses and warming the blood wine
again, to the romance of life...

Precision-gone,
rigid obedience-gone,
micro attention to rule and ruthless order-
gone-gone-gone
my dream heart woke
panting- in the rushing stream of this pastoral vision

Only a dotted line away
but now, more than rules and laws
more than a seamless road or well kept
field-
tightly nestled bergs
stadts or trimmed black forests
something else lies between us-
something else that will not
yield.

That imposing granite statue of a German built
Superman-
still stands
firm. That grand idol
shows no cracks or signs
of falling...
even in Berlin-

The wild night city of German favor
still too reserved
in its so called progressive pace-
holds to its poker face
much too cool for me
No Paris indeed...

SCATTERBRAINS

There are no scatterbrains in Germany-
not like the American grown versions...

They demand focus in this precision paradise
beneath the calm white social fur
the German sleeps-
far away from his knowlede and clock-ticking clarity
another dimension is released
the order is gone-
Brings back the Vandal-
a wild one like the Indian in my blood
he has seen his savage
and rushes off to the market place
to escape its distant pull-
but while there in sleeps kingdom
it is possible to make amends.

in a no man's land of dream and dreamer...
there they can meet again
-as friends-

UNDERCOVER

Under the cover of a shadow of a smile
That was a shallow grave
Came the fear that spoke in dark corners...

but-
from the depths
Of multi-masked anguish
the singing voice of an angel
lonely but triumphant
as clear as a Tibetan mountain top
in the forecast-
.love.

The spell was broken
a small victory for true feeling
the ice melted off all of us for a moment
at least...

Til another curve in the road
saw fear stride back
aboard
bolder than before
like the oldest whore
not afraid, confident and sure
not under the seat
but right up here
grinning out the window
Under Cover
no more..

SPIES

Spies there are among you
Who will admit to it then?

Who?

The hour is like a disturbed hornets nest
we all suffer silent
from Hamlet stings and Lilliputan arrow bites
The pointed razors that slice
air and Egos alike
Some few are undaunted
more though are haunted
By the treachery that's left
that stilleto in so many backs...

The sensitive still bleed
as Macbeth's witch conjures up
more slime to throw on her enemies
deep down in her damp cave mind
mixes spells to the tv drone
In a closed coven closet room.

Casts them out in retaliation
mumbles the incantation
under poison breath
that will become
the twisted rumour death

to some
innocent like me...

Hides behind the curtain deceit
and hungers for a feeling she cannot remember
even remotely-
friends and foes
stray far from each other
flee-
like crows after the shot gun blast
mistrust is the reigning monarch
the taut cable of friendship has been
snapped
chawed in two by the ugly-

LIBERATION 1

It hovers like a helicopter angel
In a pensive cloud-
The air is gathering thick like crows-
into that black smoke stack
turmoil...

The nervous get more so-
The relieved stand aside and watch-
for the light to change.
I cannot cross over
Or even find my path
of bread crumbs-
so strange...

There is no one to help me
-here-
No female
breeder nor soul feeder
to smooth out rising psychic sores.
The lust and dung force
Have no access or entry
so the soil is barren and all
my juices dry-
I'm not the moist flow I was...
The Tribe
proves unfriendly
to the new blood supply -

-At first,
few will embrace you
they keep to their corners and
sing to the dirt
that is the sadness of their lot
I have- gotten over the shock-
but hitting that wall
did leave it's mark-
bounce off boy
like a pin ball wizard
and roll over
to the next
rock.

VIRGIN HIGHS

Highest on the third puff
the nicotine rush
has disarmed me and now all that is left
is the bluff-
there is not logic in here enough-
to count...friends
must build back a reality bridge strong and tough
enough
to stand on.
for now, I sink down and slither
off-
for a while
off-
to Moss Brothers lair-
the hermits cottage our personal mirage
full-
of the pagan ritual
that corrects the flaw-
in my face to face defense.

Meanwhile back...

In the dressing room-
Our unhappiness
flowed from the chambers like a dark syrup
an infected agent seeding other carriers of true love
the ebbs and tide a downward frown go,go,go,
get them
too-
we don't want to be the only
who-
fear-misery loves company it loves those-it can
seduce
quickly-in a haven of trust or it could
bust
all over some naive child-

man-like me
amnesia's just a puff away...

A FILM Over My FACE

Heads-black-shifting shadows
from behind-
cuts a row of broken mushroomed teeth
the outline
an aquarium shaped screen
filled with the light of a hollywood shaped myth
condones the moral bankruptcy as evolution
and progress is low fat popcorn-
I have consumed my share of both
have eaten at the table of narcilepsy many times-
sometimes several servings
-like tonight
the warmth of the inhale a glide into disengage
and cozy is the hour that falls like a couch
behind my back-
falls into the past like blown dead leaves
in the breeze

on an empty dirt road-
the noise
is an excuse for all of us
that need excuses
for all those lost hours
I won't apologise
it wasn't my idea,
or fault,
and I wasn't the only one watching actions
I might never take
anything might happen
but I probably wouldn't be the one to make
them happen...
so back to the film
the hero's puking again...

CLIMB-

Climb
Into the seat
you saved-
In back of your favorite sports car.

Climb
into the sailboat dream
sitting in the restful seamless water.

or far-

up the mountain side
steps of stone,
to a peak
you can only feel -
alone.

Climb
on top
of warm sticky rooftops
to bask in pigeon silence
a perfect city beach side sun
spot.

Climb
into the ear of your best friend
and tell him
you love him-
tell him
there is where real strength
rests...

RITUAL 1

That which prepares us for
the act that is our life-
habits formed in false starts
and lonely responses
most lead to flight...
furtive gestures molded into clay
harden into that heart which is man's loneliness
I am mine,
you are yours
you and I are the habits
that cross paths and make
the ritual dance dance drive
the ritual dance..
more than a circle
less than a cycle
groove upon groove around
the mental mile
on track.

LIBERATION 11

She still weeps and shudders at the blows
I no longer even notice...
a prayer-
for the dying idealism
that was in her gushing heart-
I will graft some of
my stubborn will to her own
and with elephant ears
heal her-as the words
fall like bricks from
her bleeding lips...

This is part of my own lingering debt
to build for her true foundations
as I have built mine.

a little raised above the flat souls
that see time here as a prison term-
instead of the song of life.

Melted wings are the symbol-
or frozen ash-
as the fairies are crushed
and the tarot cards shuffled
thrown around the room
burned for warmth
and the bath oils for wax
she is called Witch &
tied to martyred Claude's cross

The magical mystery tour
is a fantasy bluff
and the bus-
a work camp train
loaded with refugees-
all lured from English speaking nations
all tempted by
the fruit of the spotlight tree

branched out and clustered now
under the tent of desperation
all singing the songs of the ancient
ones who had a passion we cannot find...

SNOWBOUND

The window was smeared or smat upon-
By the rough road without sympathy or good manners
It framed here a forest
under albino lead-
Over there a town covered in candle wax and
december dread
all as stiff as the dead
as clean as a steam bath and probably
all warm in bed
I hear the relaxed mutterings after the gas up snack
distance discussions and the plotting like chess moves
once we're free of this metal cocoon
this steel wheeled crate that propels us into future
events
gripes or glory
i pray soon...
to continue the story that is our lives
a future when we'll arrive
somewhere inside high and dry
hugging the warmth of
a vanilla heater
plugging in stoves to save
us from starving
the feeder the eater
those hot plate miracle time speeders
unpack the Jesus loaves
the ceremonial wines
and the frozen liters
of milk, beer, coke
and in a few short hours
when we again climb aboard
(after a good smoke)
for wherever we are bound
it is assured
that sullen Mr. Winter
will be around
Encased as always
here I feel chiselled and Snowbound...

IMPOSTER SPRING

We rode into spring from
south to north-
the odd effect of a fickle sea wind
i suppose-
this sudden mild moment and
my clean window have
a profound lesson to teach
that a few miles or mere minutes
can alter destiny so
quickly and pleasantly-

True,
the orchards are still nothing but
clawed troll hands-
yet these broad rusty fields
are full of the guarantee-
the retreat
of the juggernaut winter,
marching off in defeat
still strong in the west,
a strong white spell overcast.

I had sworn off the joy
that now clambers up high in
my smoky ribbed cage...
sultry woman one sits behind,
serene and beautiful, next to the dark melancholic
both sitting so close to that deadly revolving wheel
now slapping the shark skin road-

These foreign horizons are wonderful
and to me
like a sweet tooth promise
from the lips of God-
that the thawing is for
the doubting "we"
and yet within me.

Another majestic miracle
another surprise gift for
sleeping men
those not too blind to see
its baked landscapes emerge like continents
from ocean snow
the trees like soldiers standing
most relaxed, some gleeful
their long season struggle
over for a time-
and soon
they'll be fed from Father sun's spirit
and mother earth's womb
the pines again stand tall, straight
not bent or crippled anymore
proclaim with a natural pride their heritage
birthplace in the steadfast
progress
of western civilizations Phyla, Class and Order.

So near in appearance to their brothers across the
water-

I see in them the roots
of my own blessed country
the beautiful slopes
great plains and forests of
my faded midwest...

I see all this-
stretch
before me and want to race
unto the half thawed dirt
like I did on my pappa's farm
so many years back

run wild and worry free
looking forward only to a wonderful dinner
tomorrow's hayride, or a sweet snack

and humankind is again linked by a
common thread-
sewn deep into a poet's heart.

LOVE'S SHADOW

Silent Film hero's grin
waiting for the pale faced
maiden to notice him...
if only I could burst
out of this captured cartoon pose
and swing into action and knock down
all foes-
in a single blow...
to rush off
....the page
to save the day
or at least myself
from this looped chapter
told and retold
like a weary Grimm Tale in a black forest without
my bread crumb trail to lead me out...
the witches spell that
holds so many of us...

THE HISTORY OF THE QUIET GIRL

No one knew much about her
and none of us
even the heathen
wanted to disrupt
that newborn smile-the ever present
sunshine that made the bus
so much longer, wider and warmer
for me and my companions
she definitely radiated
a quiet charm and the
spell seemed too fragile
to mess with-
The teacher
with the soft eyes got a
few bits after dinner and passed them on
to the rest-
but for the most part
the enigma was
still enclosed in its glory
case-
the smooth glass a dark
murky stain with no direct
view to the menagerie inside-
She had the laugh
of a beautiful child
raised on a country estate
who had had little contact with sorrow
an accent which suggested
an enthusiastic embracing of many languages
all wrapped in a thin nylon coat
and faded American blue jeans
the work of art in progress
the freshest newest cargo aboard the
sardine bus...

BUDA -PEST

Where east meets west
In Budapest
I met my sacred self.

Sitting crosslegged on an old wooden shelf
swelling up in a Turkish bath
the thick steam - rose
and for one instant
melted
all my american barriers down
to one silly prejudice-
exposed me, cornered me
In the earth dark deep mineral
water.

I saw history unfold
and the weak and tired
dragged off to die before gravity beat them
or be enslaved for a brief
lifetime they had
I could not be daydreaming
those visions were

as fluid as rain-
containing in them the plague germ
of freedom or destruction
dogs barked in the street with
children chased after and danced
in bare feet-
a Mideaval wagon rolled
along-heaped high with
straw and wheat-
the baker smiled because
many would eat-
the bread from his oven
and this thought and
the heat in his shop
made him happy
the heat make him happy
across the way the anvil shook
and the hammer pounded
out a long broad sword
a weapon for a strong arm
a protector of the tranquility
a warriors cross at one end
sure death at the other
to bring peace or war
back to the land
to make or charge the gate
in a final stand
Austrians conquered
made Maygarian slaves
Turks conquered
all came after the Romans
had their day
the walls were built and
the walls were felled
by a man with a shovel
who believed in his
Hell...

SHE RAT

I stand shivering,
alone on a dark continent
afraid to ask for directions back
to the core of humanity that briefly shone
like a sun for new faces-

Indeed,
all traces of that warmth burned off
we are beaten savage in the tempest
of one demons death struggle
frankenstien would'nt marry the scarred soul within
pity reaches for another dimension...

My hot tears want to fall
soft unto her face
to trace
the outline of forgiveness
like a river to the broken little girl inside
even rats get frightened-
by something as small
as thier own nervous shadows...

SPLENDID CHARACTERS

Splendid Characters
all have "this" in common-

They tickle the ear with the chimes of their voices
A toast within a riddle,
a funny line to keep you rolling
along a windy path -
skipping to keep up
right along side of them
though other voices tag along
and would climb aboard the gravy train -

No, No, No,
we the captive audience say -
Must be a charming one a social Son -
before we'll buzz around you
there no better show anywhere
the alpha wave screen gets the other half of attention -

split personalities side off
and God pity those on the sideline -
the ones who lack that charm
or a good hiding place like me...

BOY SCOUT

Because I was one...
Probably why I can stand it -
Because I was one....
Probably why they can't stand me -

Too moral or honest or scruple laden to play the game
The oh-so twisted game that leads you into
a cavern of shadows...
Then hands you a match that you must speak lies into
to keep lit -
So you in your own little flame contribute
to the bon-fire of vanities that clashing egos spark up...

This is no place for a BoyScout,
our motto was "Be Prepared"
But I must say mam'-
That never prepared me for This.

DIRECTOR MUSIKA

The Conductor had Python wit-
And really wild hair
that used to part itself into Billy Goat horns
both pointing at your shoulders.

He smiled as if he just heard a great joke
and was still replaying the punch line
to himself...

I liked him from the moment he spoke
with his strange Dutch accent
stresses falling oddly and all in the wrong tense-
In short, he was comfortable with this.

And He was - at all times -

Musical.

a brilliantly made instrument -

music flowed from him as naturally as waking up
even falling asleep he would slide into complicated
grand piano passages
Like a colorful snake sliding through tall grass-
Never flaunting his rich gift
graced with a sort of European humbleness
he made us all feel equal to him-
by his natural acceptance of that role

a great conductor -
without as within.

QUIET HOUR

(60 MINUTES To ponder the inevitable...)

A false serenity-
that the musicians ignored
6 inch vacuum layers were formed
sealing off all sound.

Blocking brave action
activating sly thought
I gulp in view after view
this kind of beauty can't be bought.

Some days breaking as slowly as the grass grows
Some days weeping into small drops the rain
Some days as high as the racing sun
Others have a pattern
you form your mind to fit
The hours are heavy or light
depending on what needs to be done.

Check out time is a mad dash or an interrogation
it's still very early
personalities haven't warmed up yet
The long night has stolen more
than its' fair share of laughter
The head count was a barracks bark off
somebody lost all patience taking another cold shower
Somebody might snap if the breakfast isn't any better
might snap under crushed seating and baggage
might snap if the perfume farts kill any more of the fresh
morning air
might snap if one more cigarette strangles my face...

THE ACTING COACH

The Acting Coach studied them
like rare works of Art-
Each piece demanding its own study
Each piece having a presence,
an aura and a resonance
not found in any other spot
in the Gallery of the World.

These were one of a kind
all of them
never to be reproduced or duplicated
Only copied in similar fashion from flesh ovens
brought forth in tears and joy
never to be caught in any other moment
or movement-

That is what art is after all
and we are God's perfect art
a history condensed, frozen animation forever captured
in a physics miracle
called you.

A person, a soul, a life
that moves through space holds outer form
and even grows inside

He crossed the room like a Thai Chi master
hearing the blood in our veins as loud and clear as a
rushing river
Then locking in on the pulses as if the alarms of anxiety
called to his ear-
He turned so suddenly toward these
that I am sure he frightened them
like mice from his sharp clawed cat
charging the actor to fight-
fight through the fear.

THE SPIRIT OF CONSTANTINE

(First Holy Roman Emperor)

This ancient Amphitheater was built
for public spectacles-
Speak from its center and a thousand ears will ring
As with Arthurs Round Table and King Loiuise' Golden
Halls-
All are equal in the percieving...

A tradition passed on from an old Greek Sophist
Who thought sacrifice a bloody practice
indeed-
and so conscripted the muse
to bring him fame and maybe a few
women...
He was heard and read over and over again
Long winded lines
falling from painted red Roman lips -
monologues that carved
the restless citizens into stone seats...

Long enough to give the Emperor a rest -
Constantine ruled here once and was blessed
His destiny and purpose all fused
in a family conversion -
From Heretic lion feeder
to bold Christian Leader.

The Roman Catholic Empire was born
in a single mind -
But it was NOT Constantines'

Any more than it was Pontias Pilates'
that placed Christ
upon the tree...

NURENBURG TRIALS

(Said to be Hitler's favorite city)
I took the stand for my Nurenburg Trial

The rubble of 1945-
Took 20 years to clear away...

Not long enough to forget the death of a city -
Whose soul had grown up from tiny burg to town
And flourished from a medieval sprout
Right near the river but not quite a port -
High rolling hills like camels humps
gave the castle builders something to smile about
To reach for and to mount
a few small paces to go but an easy climb
for the raising of their new King!
Bavaria never had it so good -
Neither did Nurenburg -
Til the trials of tribulation in 1933
fear and submission
became the new reigning monarchs
that trial may be over,
but Nurenburg will never be the same...

GERMAN IMPRESSIONISM

The Theme is deep and moody
but sometimes tries too hard
To be just that.

It just seems to lack - Something *soft*.

The powdered trees
that silently dream of a release
from the spell
The Grimm Witch Spell
to be thawed and green once again.

That subtle wind-stir wish for children
that laugh and smile and climb
like Elves and sing like sparrows
the rustic charm is all worn off
only the cold stones are left-
THAT'S the impression I get.

CLOSET MASTERPIECES (Book Five)

"LETTERS FROM IRELAND"

CLARE MORRIS

I crept away to a viking rock
cut in long boat teeth-
to loosen my will like a terry cloth shirt,
in the crow current breeze.

Sat silent for a time-
watching village drifters wind-
in and out like stray chickens
from the pen.

This jagged cut wall
my seat and throne
a miniature castle
a two hour home.

The humming electric pole my pillar-
to lean upon or hide behind
and catch the unscholarly road traffic murmur....

I soak in the rambling pitch of days end news
pairs of peasants and one car per hour-
My first taste of Irish Blues...

I leave the maidens to parade in town-
they have enough eyes to capture there
to raise them high above the lonely ground-
they have no need of mine.

So I'm off to chase other fairies
among these fields untrimmed and wild-
The sun-burnt fields
that line this countryside-
and hem in the tracks where a train sits cold and idle-

We are always welcome here-
far off from the cannon booming- of city life.
Among the rusted cars the fetal forest
the silent and the golden.

As if our thoughts were exiled here
just beyond the bursting streets
and the tiger woman's sharp,
dissecting gaze.

How busy now are those thoughts-
see how thick they grow?

True-
there are less bodies in motion
less of a commotion-
yes, but much more in emotion.

A mind resting but in focus
that conjures up and re-mystifies
a never ending nature's dream.

LADY PATRICIA

Even though the meeting
has a taste of sorrow
like this honey sweetened grape
I shall soon be crushed to the marrow.

Under the spell- of a weak hotel light
up very late again, not feeling well-
waiting for the present reigning King Sun
to rise on the crest of the 'morrow.

Remembering, through spitting lips
the mead drunk spirits who spoke nervously-
in harsh tones.

All voices, save hers,
do not matter.
They mingle in a mean chorus behind
like monosyllabic grunts in a guttural pagan chatter...

Compared to her song,
all the others have a pig-latin timbre.

Like ancient musical instruments
in the hands of untutored warriors
or modern savage children laughing
and kicking thru fallen ruins-
sounding like stones against a fortress wall-
that strike or scrape, empty and dull.

While she-
is a master harpist that plays
the march of the fairy princess-

My heart is her sole possession
held by a small face and a wide dress-
In the shackles of a minstrel maidens charm-
winding through hidden narrow passages
all leading to chambers fuzzy and warm.

All my cells vibrate as one bell-
held tenderly in a ivory white glove
a hopeful knoll- come to fill her temple
and the longing that is my love.

And there I shall worship as long as the view permits-
as long as her performance lasts-
at least for this night-
The feast before the fast.

The mourning-
Here i am a stranger in a strange land
and not wishing to remain so-
must return to the familiar, to rest in the routine.
Back to my big American bed
by my princely self- Without Thee.

HOSPITALITY

Irish mates that hand you coffee
while chatting ever pleasantly-
about the Soccer game, Yeats,
and swimming the cold Irish sea.

Can in that cheerful moment
plant the green seed-
plant it in your lean-
stressed out head.

Plant the green seed
their soft advice and council-
King George's revolutionary
braggarts and rivals-

those whispering heralding trumpets
resound both near and dear-
Universally sympathetic
the subtle warnings
nonetheless clear.

"Up the rebels!"
once the fervent cry
that broke the rock-
now all mossed over now
rained upon and fogged up.

Gather in small tin whistle bands-
who step gingerly
to Brian Burus sweet march
and other ancient strains-

Gushing in like an Atlantic wave
dashing the rocks of all Western
greed and bias-
sending it out with a friendly
pint of guinness-
a salute to the moderns
out with the tide...

JADE

When Ireland is at its fullest
and every pigment pours forth its
thick inky load-
of Jade and the green has no more voice
or room to grow-

Then you should drain your flask
and salute the senses
alive to it-
stand in the rain and plant fresh seeds
to springs new order
submit-

Freshen a cemented city mind
before it sets...

PROPERTY

There is no such thing as
a property condemned
in this moss-worn land.

The flattened field is at one
with the piled high castle
the monastery that sleeps
blessed and unburdened
in a veil of angels hair-

and the pony that munches
steadfastly upon all of it...
have each been born up here
together, have grown up here-

and have so lost all boundaries
all borders are gone...

All the seams have faded.

The coarse fly covered hides
and the wet jagged rock
and the earth from which they are
all made from,
live on or rot-

The property of one
Master-
who holds the deed and title
who has not yet returned....

IRISH LOVE INTEREST

It coats the soul like syrup
soothes and glistens like fresh rain
on a shamrock leaf-
a soul once hedged in by shackled up emotions
cold cobblestones and pillars of fire
for a sharp moment,
-finds relief.

Candid stares from cafe patronage
a lingering pause in the city stream-
the head a fortress weakened by constant invasion
of beautiful faces and dresses
from Italian dreams-
free flowing like jellyfish against freckled legs
smart thin and lean.

Stern faces follow nearby,
the serious Gaelic speaking
Mas and Das-
stiffen and smolder
the red heat of suspicion in their eyes-
I am a threat to their system and daughters
if they only Knew,
-they would probably have me Crucified.

TONGUES

They speak in tongues unknown to me
in languages that don't agree-
on where accents or stress should lie
on the proper use of lullabye.

but I-
having heard the wind cry
in a passion to the brook
cry-
a cradle nest song in the
warm voice of the thrushes
groan against the heaven that
floats silently
by-

I-
can tell the true meaning of a gesture
soft and slow-
not looking at the mouth
or its mystery-
but through freckled ivory breast
to the tell tale heart below.

GOTHIC GARDEN

I bend a tired head
to the blanket earth-
here in this Gothic Garden.

Gas lights are less effective
but more tourist pleasing
-stand like sentries
throughout the snake-curved paths.

Iron-wrought and ivy layered
trellises balconies and stairwells
climb skyward from out of the thick walled hotel.

I cannot yet comprehend or translate what this
well-kept turf whispers...
except that it is well fed and watered
like me,
and must be content also-
like me

resting-
Both staring inward-
Cradled in a Gothic Garden.

BILLY GOAT

Nestled like a gaunt billy goat
against this black rock-
the mountain at my back
feels strong and firm-
We watch the camera lasers
find their marks-
buttons are pushed arms raised pointing
and voices to match-
dreary echos that only annoy us.

A Tinker wind curiously plays
with pants and sweaters
and even replies amused
once in a while
to the silly riddles of men...

The bleating far off
of helpless or hungry sheep
short sobs between the shouts
of the two legged sheep.

The fresh painted tour bus is quiet
the big German engine cools
in an anonymous Irish mist-

This is the most joyous moment
of this days tumultuous scenic display
the cold crowded pause....

Before the dinner rush-
before the evening performance,
before the pounding glass mirth
of the ever popular pub-
I rest myself cooling,
Braced against the ever invading horde
High on a billy goat's
Bluff.

FAMILY MAN

Any poet that would find his own nature
must first come here...

To walk among these ruins
to sit silent in the gothic and roman altars
and meet his Family-

The Family of Man at peace and war
in a rough church not made with hands
the plow, the sword, the anvil and the pen
all leave such a faint imprint, not long to linger
compared to the new dung heap
of a Kerry calf or a Wicklow lamb.

Here on this wet ocean-sprayed rock
all are equal-
all are family-
and all are mine - once again...

TELEPHONE CALL

The Last Breech in
Communications
A Teleffone,
with two "ff"s
assisted
in the escape.

The fall of the receiver
soft upon the clip-
a slight hesitation
trembling lip-
a soft voice in a call
box.

Now, like a coffin enclosed
To meet the silent white wall
of an Irish toilet room
noticing dirty socks...

The mirror reflects the tufted hair
so in style here-
Peat-like and dug up from the nights gale
dreams that crawl out from under Celtic tombs
under Saint Kevin's church
without fear-

Our Lord and their Lady
whisper secrets of a long and powerful
history...
and the song of the Irish slave
drifts into my fitful American brain
dry and without
melody-

A sore cluttered brain
so used to modern form and symbols-

If feeling is comprehension
then this is one I haven't met-

I've had so many new feeling faces
I hadn't met anywhere
before-
Many more I can't ignore...

You meet them rounding scraggly hedges
and midget rock walls-
you meet them in the faces of young girls
handing you tea, keys
and soda bread-

You meet them in beautiful rolling valleys
atop ancient hotel chamber windows
you meet them in boundless ocean currents
viewed through plexiglass and dirty cottage windows-

They rest easy on my shoulder
penetrate a damp sweater and sink
through to a stiff collar bone-
finally resting on a flooded pump

that keeps me going and going-

Real rest is ample
in such a green state-
the green pastured, green wooded
and now green fenced heart.

Perhaps the green of my longing
has led me here-
far off and far away
while
all the time so near-
this mild meets wild
place.

A cozy little place-
where I still can't rest
not yet-
not this decade
or the next-

As there is much left to dig
more personal sod to overturn
in a deep black soil brain
still-
much to write about
that's rooted deep
in the turbulent icon violent
rasberry-stained-desert-oasis
shopping mall experience
America...

JAMES JOYCE

James Joyce went far away
far away to remember-
his gifts he brought with him
from anvil to feather-
The weight of them
his baggage and his lover...

To bound him and to lift him
a fairy dream of words
his only riches-
a stubborn Irish will his curse.

Abroad he sought the peace
No Irish have-
fused with the blessing of the restless-
That drove Yeats mad.

Joyce-
went blind and ranted-
Became an ink Messiah...

EDEN

Irish rain and gravity helps-
ballast the trapeze soaring soul
like a big green thumb pressed down hard-
inland
towards the gems core.

This is Europe's Eden
take it in greedily and peel off
those thick layers of city hide
worn thin and badly patched
and kneel-
to kiss the mother that still loves you
the Eve of your dreams.

Eyes rove like a camera
a clean sweep-
view of the perimeter
grazing shepherds under watchful
eyes that peep-
from behind the rock of Gibraltar
curious as to how-
these fractured farm crumbling
stone people grow-
so beautiful and strong.

Vulcan forged souls that seem to
flow out of paradises'
meadow-
shopkeepers, servants and ferrymen
daughters of maids not
long ago-
dead and buried in peaceful
fairy bed-
dead and buried with a prayer and the
mortgage paid.

For some-
Edens' debts are cleared.