

The Wild Space

BARRY KRUSCH

© 1994 by Barry Krusch **A Public Domain Work**

This document may be freely re-transmitted and republished in its entirety and without alteration by any person or body for any and all purposes.

LAST UPDATED: October 31, 1994

The latest version of this document may be obtained at www.krusch.com.

Table of Contents

<i>Fragments</i>	3
<i>Logger</i>	4
<i>13 Short Poems</i>	5
<i>Meeting My Thoughts</i>	7
<i>Pieces</i>	8
<i>I Fell Into the Word Radiance</i>	9
<i>Open Wide Ended Columns</i>	10
<i>Green-Charged Daylight</i>	11
<i>The Jerking is Growing</i>	12
<i>Judge Not</i>	14
<i>Animal</i>	15
<i>Plan</i>	16
<i>Poem Written After Reading Rilke</i>	17
<i>Beware the Air</i>	26
<i>On a Barren Planet</i>	27
<i>Keep Your Eyes Too Closed</i>	38
<i>A Propos</i>	39

Fragments

Reality is nightmare wallpaper.
Like a toothbrush made of iron bristles.
A snarling world.
A high standard of dying.
The beauty of the bones.
The onslaught of his life.
The wild space.
Bred for violence.
Geographic compassion.
Culture victim.
Polluted by history.
The credibility of the actual.
Affirmation through apathy.
Passive criminals.
The set of lines.
The recirculation of illusions.
The price of fear.
A spine of flesh.
Tired of hope.
Starved for the event.
More than a cog.
Questions borne of enthusiasm.
The pleasure is torture.
Tormented by my potential.
The pull that moves the world.

Logger

Sawed wind
Sawed ocean

Man and his
stack of
amputee concepts
piled high

13 Short Poems

I

You think we like this music.
This music is necessary.

II

Punchlines alone
aren't funny

III

They make you
think it's important

IV

They're happy
But I'm not.

V

Programmed to
think short
thoughts

VI

Programmed to
look random

VII

Not important
music flowing with images

Too bad
TV killed us

VIII

If evil were in
possession of the
world, would we
call it reality?

IX

He hated his
relapse

X

They laughed
But it was over

XI

Before there was ether
there were dentists

XII

Flag over coffin
patriotism covering up death

XIII

Lots of laughing
not much to laugh at

Meeting My Thoughts

Marvelous to meet my thoughts
I'd never known they were there
but there they were
Friendly, waiting to be petted
They came up for air

Pieces

Look at the connections

- 1) Don't peer back
 - 2) Peer forward, but don't fall in
 - 3) Sit at the foot of the
mountain, and listen to
the prophet at the top
 - 4) Religion lost its soul!!
- ↑
- 5) The cry before the random event

I Fell Into the Word Radiance

I fell into the word radiance
and looked around
noticed the shiny walls
on the inside
the cement walls
on the outside
the center gleamed to the core
And at this center was a
whirlwind of shifting space
the center shifted with the space
and the true center was everywhere
I stepped outside the word
It wasn't quite the same

Open Wide Ended Columns

Open wide ended
columns of pristine night

Gazing into six stuck colored
figures angled into each
other in a limpid light

Green -Charged Daylight

The green — charged daylight
slowly wandering into
melting and shimmering
slowly silent seas.

Yellow night
Bringing into angled passages
Blue — strewn messages of disbelief.

Wandering slowly
A melty slippery feeling
drifts out and under
the curving rocks.

Winding into blue pools
of waitening metal
Bring forth
the charges of elephantine herds
Brummeling Bristling
Ever forth pounding and glimmering
supercharged seas

Out of metallic night
a point
needle star
sticks out and pierces a white moon

Draws red blood
And goes sifting home.

The Jerking is Growing

The jerking is growing
Faster
It's snowing
And light the light belight
it shines

Pleasant starnet
Fanned the feet
As delicate twinkling gazes
danced about
the
street

As a momentary stillness
hushed the sound
A tremoling pound
Pounding & Pounding &
Pounding the doors

As possessed
He threw out into
the night
several modern pounds
of illuminated
sharp-sting passages

Understand
that the brilliance of
the winding
blue-dee-ing
blackened
sky
twirled down &
down
&
effortlessly down

As those from
another world moved his
hand in motion

Without a sound
As if possessed

untressed
the vibrating coils
plunged out into
the night
the verses of Delight

Slow down
without a sound
the frightening moment
as
he hoped it was
to pass

ENOUGH

Judge Not

Judge not, lest ye be
judged
As the faint voice yells
“you came out too far —
go back, go back”
As the fog cleared
what we thought was light
was night
As the mind clears
it sees less

Animal

Animal

the
humanness
is too much
for you too
bear

Better study your chemicals

Nothing
else can
help you

your romantic
notions
fly
out the window
And
soon you
find that it is all real
after all —
no illusion!

God is too cruel for
THAT!

Life
Life as we live it —

even though you can make it, you
don't know what it means

Plan

And
mark over
the plan
you made
out of
the situation
in which
we placed ourselves
we glanced at the moon

“It is white tonight.”

“Yes, it is.”

“We stare at it, and none of it appears to our glances.”

OK,
stop the racket
talk of it
somewhere else
Now I
know how
to plan —

OMIT WHAT YOU KNOW.

Poem Written After Reading Rilke

*the following poem was inspired by the following poems by Rilke
Lament, Autumn Day, The Solitary, The Angels, Memory, Solitude
(contained in MacIntyre's RILKE: SELECTED POEMS)*

I'll spring for this poem
I'll plunge into the
depths & search out
the bones of meaning
The inadequate lands in
place
situates itself squarely to
be seen

A failure to grasp
the expression, and a failure
to grasp what to express

Oh there's steps
all right
But I have no feet —

I can't describe my feelings
of failure to describe.

The De — scribe.
He writes to tell nothing.

Does he lie —
no
he only aims and misses

But to break it out
you need stones of gold
not mortar —

There's precious little with
what to construct

To build a pyramid of
platinum with bricks
of tin

And yet here — in the
cog of the wheel —
drinking grease —
I lack the mortar

I strive —
I aim

And in missing,
who's to blame?

The pyramids of tin —
or was it brick?

II

Meaning must be grasped
to be spit out across the

chasm —
Go for the gulf —

Try for it —
A lack of sense comes
from an inability to
do needlework

Hear needlework,
think thread
hear thread,
think connection

Now you're on the track —

Hear track — think
path
Hear path,
think "way,"
hear "way,"
think "how?"

Now you're on the track!

You'll do it yet

Confidence —
You can stream too —
be on the opposite end
of a new point of view

So rare — so true

We're finding it —
we're beginning to put 2 & 2
together

We're beginning
Now finally
& the steps are greased!

A bonus — now
we have feet —
and the light's at the
end of the tunnel —

Dante, and all those of noble
birth furnished the funnel —

Oh, we're enjoying the sweet smell of muscle

We're going, going
"Come back soon!
Be sure to right! Write!"

"Sure Ma."
If only I could —
need my wings —
the metaphysical blender
mixing
won't say it now
again the experiment —
see if you remember
metaphors¹
There's your clue —


¹ Metaphors We Live By, p. 145 (Lakoff and Johnson)

"New metaphors have the power to create a new reality. This can begin to happen when we start to comprehend our experience in terms of a metaphor, and it becomes a deeper reality when we begin to act in terms of it. If a new metaphor enters the conceptual system that we base our actions on, it will alter that conceptual system and the perceptions and actions that the system gives rise to. Much of cultural change arises from the introduction of new metaphorical concepts and the loss of old ones."

A critic looks from
the outside in — the artist,
from the inside out —
how can the critic
 see the light,
looking on the dark
end of the beam?

III

The form of chains
 will mix here
 The form of chains,
 greased with the light at
 the edge of the beam
 wind up the spiral

 there's your key

steps and jumps into the
 rain —

Evaporate — where'd he
 get that reference



Cosmopolitan critics
 will tell you —
 for a price

Selling knowledge?
 Like selling a glimpse of the
 moon?

Give it away
 Think now
 Hear beggar,
 think dumb,
 Hear scientist,
 think philanthropist —
 hear gardener,
 think it's about time —
 hear evaporation
 think seems impossible,
 but it happens in unfavorable
 climes.

Now take a test,
 and see if blue and
 brown transfixed

meet east and west.

See mirror
Think the threads are
coming unglued —

To have been pursued —
you should have given up —

losing contact?

Well — it's a problem bred
in our genes
Genes
Nah, can't be true —
but if it's what God wants
to do, it's true.

Truth = God's actions



Dependent on a MAJOR premise²

Why does he who claims
existence
resort to matter to
achieve his goals?

A question worth thinking
about



An exclamation worth
questioning

The secret, friends, is
in the circle —
call it fourth dimensional
continuum —
attach your phonology
to the core

² December 7, 1981 (nine days after this poem was written) *Atlanta Journal*, p. 18-A

“Even if some of its minor premises look, smell, taste, feel, and sound scientific, it's major premise – God – is not subject to testing or disproof . . .”

whatever —

but the circle is
around us and
moving in fast
But we're moving out
fast — See the light?

(Hear light
think this is tired

indeed but) when light comes
streaming in we wake
up

Wow! What a rest!
Hey Ma! What's for
breakfast!

Sorry, Finnegan, dad's at
the golf course you mixed

Aw buckums — I mean
shuckumsmapa —
What's your name?

Look — I understand I'm
late — I'm willing
To learn — let me
earn my keep.

Go back to sleep.

Oh world — it's lovely
to see you in your
stamping tramping
metaphysical flying
beaming
Those asleep need to
wake up and start
dreaming —

You got to move out of
bed and grasp a star

hold on tight

Choose the best next line:

- A) But don't put out the light
- B) feels good, feels right
- C) Give me my eyesight back oh you, maker of the glass eye —

Now, before I go back to
bed, we'll put some eye
and though (thou)
into this mixture and
come up with a result
sure to please my
friends

Wow got the thread
wrapped round my
cornea and
rarin to go

IV

We meet, alast, on
a cold cool day
The signposts point both
one and one-way

The rows of trees —
indeed —
indelibly indeed
they symmetrically
swim in a
sea of fir
green

Aesthetic harmony —

Going for the roots
Pile them high —

The last fruit to open on
the vine
And fruit is what's at

the end —
remember to go out on
that gaping wooden
limb where that luscious
gum chewy sweet
stuff is

Now — a
commentary.

The thread is bare.
Give it something to wind around
It'll come through
Its up there —
the steps exist
(Dali to the contrary)
Oh, some painting!

But the light only
attracts the moths
so if your body
has sloth for
marrow
And your bones are
nothing to wrap
thread around
Remember this

Light and sound are similar —
one repels (when delivered
from an improper source)
and one brings you there
faster than the speed of.

Trying to make sense
out of the calling,
the coming,
and the going —
we flex our muscles and pull just a little weight —
as a race,
we'd win,
if, going faster, we
pulled the right
strings.

And crossed the line
which represented
the backbone of our
mind —

But, enough —

It's a stuff
stuffed
packed in —
hope it unravels for
you — all of you —
the not-me — the
future-me, and the
past-me —

These gasps, Man,
take in with heavy
breaths

This air exhaled from
your fellow miners often
contains gold
But you got to pick
the wheat from the
chaff, &
spin yourself a gold
necklace from a
Platonic pattern.

Beware the Air

Beware
the air
the air that you breathe
the swim
it flows through
your lungs
it tastes good
it feeds you
life
the air
it feeds
you life
You can't doubt it
we breathe
the sound
And note
that it
is no louder
than usual

On a Barren Planet

On a barren planet
on a sandy beach

No sounds were heard
the air was quiet
the sand didn't stir

A cactus grew, but was ignored

In this desert
plans were made

Insects scurried
across the blazing plains
only seven days away
from death

but the ants had
a story

"Don't blame us —
we have no other route."

It was true
The ants, in the hill,
had no other purpose

What's our excuse?

Nothing grew under the torrid sun
but horns honked
honked forever

Traffic battled music
Traffic won

No words exist to describe the true

Failure is not a word
because failure doesn't describe
the event
Tragedy is not a word

because tragedy does not describe
the possible
Fury is not a word
because fury doesn't even hint
at the emotion
of the one
who's waiting for us
on the other side
of the door

Whoops
Should we have rewound the
tape?
Yes, we should have

But in those days
the VCR hadn't been
invented

Now there are many techniques
designed to manipulate time

Time was patient

It was her finest quality

And she waited
And she waited

But we didn't come through

And higher and higher
the sky was pierced

with a dozen miles
of debris

arranged in orderly fashion

The architects had done wonders

The building was secure
no one would know

And as twenty birds

plotted
behind their clouds

to rid the world of urban blight

Two architects had a plan

“We know how to improve this.”

Of course they knew
In that framework
that way of seeing

they DEFINED the meaning of
“improvement”

Our TVs, tuned in to Channel
Thirteen,
(what else did you expect?)
Got the message

“Message received!”

That’s the message
we have sent for eons

We’re a one-trick pony

Our kazoo needs a tune-up.

Alas, the kazoo
is the only instrument
we’ll be playing for awhile

The oboes, violins, and cellos
are in the hands of the
Masters
And the Servants are fixing
the Eggs

“How do you like your eggs, Sir?”

“Scrambled, Jeeves.”

“Sir, I only aim to please. It’s
what I’m here for.”

“Jeeves, now I know why I hired you!”

“I love it when you call me Jeeves, Sir.”
“And now I know why I call you Jeeves.”

The Eggs were getting cold
Molly, half stewardess,
half maid
was worried

In her mind were a
million beautiful
symphonies
blossoming
thirty gorgeous poems
fighting for air

But the Eggs were getting cold.

“Does Master want ketchup
on his eggs?”
“You know all the right words.
At this point it doesn’t matter.”

Away from the estate
the young were playing
cricket

The crickets were imitating
machines

And the Queen
was Manning the Hive

In the old days,
the Hive was ruled by
Bohr and Fermi

These days,
the Queen ruled the Roost

Call her Mother Hen

She sat on her eggs,
hatched about ten billion
Wasps
and about three

Lambs

Now, I only have one question
Who inverted the
laws of probability?

If the Dice were loaded
we'd blame it on Satan

But Satan says
"Don't look at me!"

It's his favorite line.

A pitchfork here
a pitchfork there

And you got yourselves
one
Hell
of a problem!

Youth
something in the meaning
is eternal
Square
something in the meaning
is fighting amongst
themselves
Torrents
something we see when
the clouds are tired

We're putting it together
Humpty Dumpty
and the Big Bang
were proof
that when Art
met
Science

All Hell would break loose!

Humpty Dumpty
was an Egg

And a good Egg,
at that
the British would say so,
so would the "Queen"
(Snort)
And the Hive buzzed
"Doesn't that make it
true?"

Lots of pieces under the
Wall

And all the King's Horses,
and all the Jeeves' efforts

couldn't make Humpty
stop

the birds were scared
clouds, no cover

Humpty fell
pieces everywhere

There's no problem
with the concept
of the
Jigsaw

but who's going to
fit together the puzzle

This is it, folks

Let's roll the cartoons
because the
main feature
is here to stay

Delay the inevitable?
Let's hope it's not our
only chance.

But you-know-who
gives you a whole

arsenal of chances

In this forest
trees make no noise
when they fall

Violating the laws
of a metaphysical
Physics

Only they understand

Under the stars,
we look at the constellations
circling
several planets bow to
a blue
serene emotion

And wild minds
inspire a breath,
a feeling,
here in circling spheres
are many pieces

We call them asteroids.
They pelt the planet.

A triangle here,
a piece of debris there

As the landfill grows
something unique is
inspired

yes, it's small
yes, it's narrow
yes, it's weak
yes, it's almost hopeless

but in the geometry
of battles
the clash of polygons

something must fall

Call it the chip
off the Master's workbench

A violin plays,
and with it, a
strumpet

Here's music for
their Fears!

If he's a great musician,
a great artist

Three chances come to view

- 1) 180°
- 2) 360°
- 3) 1°



Here's a chance!

Camouflage,
Identity,
and just a bit of a shift

We can make
mountains
out of these
molehills

if we can dig through
the morass

There's a bird or two
wants to get by

here's our chance to
help

Someone's on the
Endangered Species List
and it's no Species
we've ever heard of

But roll the dice
and, at some point,
double 7's come up!

Double 7's!
Yes, it didn't seem
possible
But it was,
it was,
it WAS!

You haven't rolled
enough dice

To you, the possible
is impossible
but here's the news
the possible
happens every day!

And now the violins
play a melody
or two

And now the orchestra
tunes up for their
final rehearsal

The concert is only a day
away
Who's conducting?
someone you know

And as the baton is lifted
among the buzzing
hordes

We finally realize

"Here's our chance!"
"Here's what we were
here for,
and hear for!"

Stars hover only at night
Birds hide behind clouds

All's right with the world

Jeeves knows his place
The maids do the cleaning

We watch silently
as the desecration continues

But even a pair of loaded
dice,
one day,
will float us all to eternity

Sorry it took so long

But, as Dante said,
it's a one-way
road

And the way's been blocked
by endless construction,
let's call it corruption

But manholes,
MANHOLES!
There's the trick!

No road can stop us!

Go underground
there the gold is found

Hovering over
are clouds we call
cover

sometimes rain is made
sometimes we make rain

But the sun is part of
the equation
we call it

EVAPORATION

Weather doesn't mess around,
there's more than one sunset,
and sunrise,
round the horizon

Here in the geometry of
forms
certain insects are plotting
a plan
they call it,
EVOLUTION

Here in the Hive,
there's buzzing alright,
but there's Honey too.

Loaded dice?
Not nice.

But at least we have dice.

"It coulda been worse,"
as Rocky might have said.

Here there are
no more words

Here there's only
a
crumb, a
rat, a
bone, a
chance, a
feeling

Not enough?
No, not enough.

But the youth play on
the playground

there's a tautology
there's no denying!

The bullies sulk
while the band
plays on

the swings swing
the merry
goes round

ants on the playground?
children with loaded dice
on the sandlot?

Pick up the pieces
there's a couple left
a square here
an ant there
a triangle north
a buzzing hive south

No more chances?
A dozen more + one
loaded dice!

Sweet dreams,
and blow the trumpets!

The birds have descended
They laid an Egg
They built a Nest

Now it's up to you.

Keep Your Eyes Too Closed

Keep your eyes too closed
to see me
And tell what you finally see.

A Propos

In this altered state of
consciousness (appeal to the
thought of the movie) your
dependence on these logical
thoughts to clear, at least
to our eye (ear).
Who could say? Do you know
it — the way? Why
Generate the multitudes of
familiar labels
They breed at us
and we breed back
countering their ecstatic manipulations
for a trip at the carnival
fair
Peer out
and look into the eyes of the
blind
they lie to you

As you watch the sun setting
on a horizon none too clear
Notice the failure of the
Successful machinations
As they plunged absolute beauty
into a sea of
absolute shit.

Ponder this gentlemen. As we held
this meeting, we looked at our
world — deemed it good — but
the assonance doesn't lead it into
validity.

Oh, use the passions
Yoke 'em to your soul
Swing with a partner
and smell the sweet air
What are we doing

Peer into the music
See what it has to say
Listen to the smells of laughter

They smell like tasting honey

Hey — I know what you need
A seed — A seed of
contentment that doesn't bear
bitter fruit

Notice your position
doggie submission
doggerel eating
slime-muck growing.

Clear it away
for the central metaphor
Pull out the
Hey — the stops — Don't stop — hey
We looked inside
It slithered out
opened its mouth
screeched "Assonance!"

Bil inqual pallor
we tender no malice
we swing with our partners
round and round
(The color of his prose[?])
vomit/yells a sound)




It affects the senses
plunges you into the image
wonder — A soaring searing
mass of slythering tentacles
peering the best of you
in
semi-swelled
seedlands
They bother the masses
Who live in weedland
(Fie! tis an unweeded
garden which grows to seed)

Thus do the only sounds
we hear come from the sounds

we've heard,
it all,
don't fall
for it!

To master the complexity,
Take Sominexity!

( A message for our time
hopefully, no other)

Use the individual
and reap the reward (?)
Sounds like award
Don't be fooled
Its no level
not neither a rough-hewn rock
Could you swing for the Bill?

Not a problem
yet
but get
yet but get this.

This is the problem — translation.

Deciding on whether to
accept the invalid word
But invalid to who?
Note where you came from, my friend,
the means,
not the end

Now get this
We hear on this ship a' steering
aground
Got to discover the way to
be found
Got to discover the hope that
is there
But is it . . .
There.

The dilemma poses what is
known as the four-headed

obelisk

↖
A sentence not unlike
one in Finnegans Wake

↖
A good, multi-colored
sentence

The problem with words
is the language we use
to define them,
thus, to find them.

A good metaphysical construct
is just this
“Use what you know, and know
what you piss.”

Now to follow this
well would lead to perfect serenity
Like a leaf planted
under the May
in the rosy woods
of wetness day

Sauntering, swimming,
in faint pools of love
Quietly resting
along the slowly shifting banks.

A “bank” to a man is
just natural, a “bank” to a
banker “perverse” (though
he may not think it so)

Ponder the usage
and wonder how it serves to
show

Collect all the quietly
sifting
Adrift in the drink of a
pool


Mellowing lightly a lofting
aneath the yellow spool

Squander your love,
O potentials —
Break out the series of
“essentials”

What you view as the
needed and keen
is seldom seen
in the metaphysical world.

Moving from light to dark
Cold to warm
(Opposition + denial)
Then yell it out!

Praise it —
Lords —
You potentials of endless infinity
Cry for the good

 Judge not this bad

Which vainly attempts to
capture the good times you had
But haven't we all!

The fall —

thundred word

II

Go ahead
 Model it after Finnegans Wake —
 I hope for your sake
 All is not done for
 you
 to do
 what you plan, Oh yes let's
 hope we hope to plan
 you do



Sense the excitement of that
 which is above us?
 The stanza and the lord

Let all the businessmen
 smell the swell
 the swill
 excuse me
 They'll give it to their sons
 in their will — who wish
 their pops would kick off —
 & this is the world we let exist?

Ponder the modern my
 loved ones
 Ponder the future we plan
 evading caverns measureless to
 man
 descending into pits

Wandering the seas of
 loneliness
 pondering islands amiss

Oh yes

I am grateful for what I
 have been given
 The prior words have been
 handed down to me from
 heaven

No not what you think
Not the heavens known by
 them
but the heavens done by
 us

But we did it with aid
some lucked onto the turn
of the spade

O poetry! Yell to me!

Listen to its voice
It calls so loud & clear
But they need ears with
which to hear!

Give them the ears?
Unshackle their infinite minds
the mighty bulls in the
rodeo pen
Caged in a lion's den!

Indeed
what we need
is not the seed
we have planted

The central problem
(talking now on a literal
level for those just like me
who cannot hear without hearing aids)
The central problem is
I
for . . . by, not get.
fooled ya!

The evasion
is this all there is?

III

Modeled after Finnegans Wake
again

Smell my doctor
 this plan!!
 It oozes the truth
 points out the complex
 dilemmas we faced in our
 youth
 (and became mature to forget)
 Now the old problems come back
 and what is the method of
 attack?

But we can face the problem.
 Aren't we humans
 And isn't there God —
 & why do we fail to
 carry out the plans we need!

Clumsy
 But true
 & the truth must get out
 at all cost & no cost to you.



Psychological Financial

Listen to this marigold tail
 the time the lie that never
 failed was told to us

In central scenery
 did a flower appear
 was told that he was
 what the people wanted to hear
 Fooled by this lie
 He tried making a plan
 by which to die
 He couldn't handle the lie.

But someone up above
 an idea or God I cannot
 prove —
 Platonic or St. Peter-sonic
 No one can say

But in this scene
this flowing fruit
did try to tell his views
But the weeds would not
concede his view.

(Oh for insecticide!
But nuclear bombs will never
be used
the automatons would be
too confused)

IV

The point was essentially this —
what have our people missed?
And how did this
ultimate problem
jump on us

(Don't expect the best
If the best is what
you want to hear
Listen to Eliot — to Joyce —
to Einstein — Bernstein)

These crystalline powers
glitter above
shine on us their light
of love
Point out to us their
significance
&
their triumph

Here's the central tale
told in bad poetry
Thus does the bad form
not equal good content
is this the problem of our age
which
makes us
age.

And I apologize
Not Eliot's are my eyes
not Joyce's
My voices ring not as loud
But do not judge a shroud
By the cover it keeps
Look to the power of
the minds down under
which would fight to
the surface with a
voluminous
thunder —
Yet under the quicksand the
people, they laid.

& were laid.
Another symptom.

Laid.
Not loved.

Look,
those of you who
adjust our antennae,
& tune it
to *your* ears —
listen to us
not to you

Well
where do I begin?
Off the track for so long —
Thus does our culture
win

But only
temporarily

They can't keep out
the fighters
the ones who join
hands against
the vipers.

Smell assonance?

V

The time draws near
Is our problem clear
development of a theme
on which to impose
variations.

The central problem confronts
us
it breeds at us slime
and — do I have to say
pus?

We know it exists!
But we just lift our
pants legs & walk
through the mire
when our minds would
even take us higher!!!!

Could the old guys
those still among us
whom we call “classics”
could they have delivered to
us the solutions
to our task?

"No," he said, puzzled.

Those most brilliant among
us
have still not shown us the
way —
but maybe! Yes! Maybe the
wall is ten feet high — But the
shoulder is five feet
short
Maybe with enough climbing
we could reach it!!
Would the brightness blind us

always?

Shifting the problem to
others
who,
essentially,
are your brothers

But as in the civil war
no longer brothers they
become
when opposing ideologies
spoil the conjoining
One

Brothers oppose brother
over abstractions
conceived by another

Could anything so tragic
be
posited for
man?

VI

Wonder about it
the thoughts travel upward
too deeply

Once, in some time, some
place,
some being understood this
comprehended the meaning
yet he was not destined
to understand
so universally
again.

But at least this poem
& this moment.

The understanding of minds
different from ours

is our albatross
Cut it off — But do not
cut your neck

Time
she runs away
comes back
plays with us
the day before tomorrow &
after today
& the day before today

She covers it all
Time
smiling grimly
watching the fall

Ho!
Don't listen to the pessimist
Those who cyntificate
just
don't
rate

We of us here on
the shoulders of giants
like this here
durn view
The skys are too blue
the leaves, too green

Seldom was seen
such a sight

VII

This is the poem that
will end
on the random event
expect no big finish
This too is a product of
our past.
Some old soldiers die,

& some just fizz away

So expect the abrupt
end of the turn of the dice —
But don't blame the dice!
They gave you a try
Your problem was —
you played their
game

The central problem
(fellow humans)
is this
the ultimate solution
the ultimate knowledge
can only be communicated
by this
the ultimate language

The literal mode
can only do the 100 yard in
15.5
we need a seven second
runner
& this is it
But who would teach
you to speak the language
we use
and only if you could use
it could you see our views?

How could we tell you
the problems we've seen
using the language that
caused the problems
we've seen?

Thus are we forced to
talk about it ourselves
to ourselves
with no one to hear
The brains used by
our drug abusers
(happiness & psycho-active)

are not good enough.

How can we teach you our
language?

We don't speak yours
only with patient effort
could the knowledge be
poured
only with gentle prodding
togetherness
symbol identifying
only then could we
achieve the goal
but no
the fantasy is too old

We need a new one!
Come on
Break the ice
You only live twice

Don't understand it
No problem
I'm fighting to race the
clock
to
get out these views
That random event
is no news to me!

VIII

Do I hear the sound
of that which
leaps and pounds on our door
(of perception)
Had to stick that in to
make it clear
for those of us who cannot
hear
This is it.

Saunter into paradise
And not with a pair of dice!!!

Bring your computer
and throw away the tarot card
we are on a new frontier
the chuckwagon can't make
the pass.

New problems call for
new solutions
But some people, who are
still confronting old problems,
do not understand the
new solutions
because they never
understood the
problems

Fighting hard to spit it
out — gathering strength

As time ticks on
we thank the Almighty
who made us
the first time *and* the
second time
(You only live twice)

Who is out there to here?
As we jump from islands
near, far, away, far away
from us.

Can't you plan an attack
on which to confront
the problem
of how to make yourself
a better man

And its not a
new Mercedes-Benz

IX

To be the ultimate being

how could you be nothing —
Necessary
Take a breath
& give the cool water a shot

There's hope
for the future AND
for the past
Don't worry about the future
its the past that needs
help
the future can take care of itself
mend your past
in this way you make the
happiness first, not last

Juggle
independent time frames
with independent
metaphysical notions

Notice the crisp air
the golden, golden sun
the shinying rednning flowers
growing & shining
glowing & growing
blasting our senses with
beauty

Heaven is so nice
Why don't you go there?
Only a
momentary trip in the cold
air
Once there, you then meet
those you once condemned
knowing only that which was told
to you by the societally condoned

Ignore those voices in
your past
the speed of the sound can
not possibly last

Look up

up & up & higher
In this context,
contemplate the spires
we have wrought

X

The death of the
spires
caused by our wallowing
headfirst in the mire

Don't doubt it
we let the beauty slip from
our pig-greased fingers

Look people
Grab at the strings
which hold you to
the ground
Helium balloon!

Cut those ropes
& fly up
meet your contemporaries
with whom you intellectually sup

Weak, I know —
It just goes to show
That none can survive
the onslaught
of stupidity
It surrounds us
gets in our ears
we use our Q-tips to clean
But the materials can not
help us hear

What we need is a plan?

Well, as the random event
has not yet come —
Maybe this problem
can be solved at home

“Yes! *You* can solve your
problem at home. Send
\$10.00!”

This is our problem
Selling the mouths to
the voices of
croaking frogs

Oh for the pearly
tones of
a Perlman
or Price

Pinza or Caruso
even Hendrix

But know
we listen to the frogs at
night
And day as well.

Once a swan floats in
But the brown, vile
mass covers it
Greases it
melts the oil off its body
it dies of cold

So another metaphor abounds
The oil slick
which comes to ALL our
shores

XI

Still here?
Then still you can hear
Those of you who
can listen
will hear the sounds
of one
who's seen a prison
and broke into the

light
escaped into the night,
he did
but daylight came,
sometimes a little rain —
but
more often,
the sun would show

It came from the ability
to know

Sell your soul?
No price exists that could
buy an herb we knew
so precious

But some gave in
Too many
surrounded by
the soulless ones
with artificial aids
we attempt to find home

What can we do?
Is the valley and the
mountain —
Rather — ARE — both these things
obscured from our view?

How could we
pose
such a problem
at least we
are not posing
in the less justifiable sense

Come
Give the *good* a break
the bad would not
die for your sake!
Bad is only the self
While good is the both self
as combined-yoked *self*
The self of our race

Could this truth be faced?

XII

And now
A Breather

XIII

Thus the number thirteen
come in
unlike apartment owners
we leave it in
it is a part of the
ascent as well

XIV

Well — tore the sheet
almost a random
event
Yet it lacks the sweet

Well, the
calling is growing
fainter
the threads of philosophy
get daintier.
& daintier.

To fail is human — To err
divine

Thus does the human
cross over that line

Hope exists yet
Do not despair
Our task that unfolds
will get you out of your chair
& into the streets

Join us

The spirit is sweet