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SCRAPBOOK: POEMS

BY AUSTIN GRAY

PRESENTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF FINE ARTS

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

1973

APPROVED BY:

CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF EXAMINERS

DEAN, GRADUATE SCHOOL

DATE
'Post Viet Syndrome': grief, guilt, numbness

By LEE SMITH

"The bathroom turned into fields of Vietnamese I had killed and all I could see was blood all over the walls and the floor, and the bodies of gooks grinning at me." The Vietnam veteran who spoke those words, quoted in the Aug. 28 New York Times, was describing what happened to him when he took mescaline for the first time a few nights before he tried to kill himself with an overdose of sleeping pills.

Sonny, as the Times identified him, is one of the more extreme victims of PVS (Post Vietnam Syndrome), a catch-all phrase for the emotional pain that crop up with full force back in the states may first show in Vietnam. "I have strong feelings that drug-taking behavior prevented psychiatric casualties that otherwise would have been manifested in more traditional ways," he told the Times. "Heroin is a powerful tranquilizer."

Others interviewed by the Times suggested that the methods now used to treat "nervous exhaustion" at the front—a brief rest in bed near the front with the GI made aware he will soon return to combat—reduce the number of breakdowns but may have effects that show up later.

Antiwar GIs and vets demonstrate against war Nov. 6, 1971, in Atlanta, Ga. For many Vietnam vets, horror of Vietnam service leads to political protest.

But however true it may be that
Easter

Icy wind tears the caved-in roof.
I return to your broken tomb to clean
dead weeds and snow from the crypt.
I prayed once to forget you died. I fled
the dark, stubbled mile beyond Gethsthemane.
Ice cakes the steps...fresh tracks...
Who's been here, disturbed this hidden place?
Years you lay here dead but your body's gone.
Who left the guttering light?
Out of a dark recess...steps...a settling of wings.
"Who are you?" He smiles, takes off gardening gloves,
lays down a hoe. "It's winter." He points
to a blue sky and, peering over the edge of the roof,
lilies, daffodils, and a curious swan.
Saint Ignatius  The Second Exercise

I. Let us go to God's house
and at the answered door
the Angel with a corn-shuck broom says,
"He's busy in the upstairs river,
boats are moving there."
And I said, "Please Sir,
May We Play With The Monsters?"

II. Ordinary girl underneath me:
off-blue eyes, nose hooked,
dull hair, flat on the back of the skull
and flat bust, a pimple
on your left breast. Woman,
I love you less than I fear,
after your meant well, whispered,
"I want you, not your finger," that
the thought of a man's what makes me
hard. I fail by my fright if I fill
your cunt, and fail if I don’t, gone soft.
The Baal or Angel I am not
drives me, coaxes me to his crotch.
Him I want like a gold medallion
that covers me, spelling: WINNER.

Abba, Papa, please give me my cup, not,
what Father I didn’t have to imitate, and me,
habituated to wet dreams, a creamed fist,
caresses of my own body, me as another,
clandestine seduction, myself as my lover.

III.

Dresden cracks on the yew wood table...
Sahara and Arctic of the afternoon
whist game and gossip column.
Cats bat the petit-fours and leave.
Looney queens never talk
about their Generals or the clock
stopped in the baroque room of the modern me.
Me, frivolous as a rouged corpse
or toys buried with a dead poodle.
Like sick leaves the conversation turns
to neon, careens like a suicide from help
and stumbles twenty floors with a bored giggle.
Tea? Please, with two lumps of panacea.
I am an antique shop. My house
is a Louis the Fourteenth snuff box,
my life a collection of lacquer sneezes.

IV. "I will judge myself," man said, and God knew well
the crooked mirror would show all he meant.

V. I know sex like the Great Books:
drop the names and get your degree.
Ordinary thoughts, ordinary dreams
won't do for the smart-ass, hot-shot,
(Go son go.)
o,o,O, so talented, puritan me.

I get hard when I envy men.
I'm the tolerated joke-butt runt
with cash for booze and marijuana.
I tag in the dust of a tough gang,
souvenir old rubbers and poloroid shots.
I’m left at the gate when the girls get free.
Fissed and blind, I love the hard-fist power
and the sex as power: cars or money.
I win no women in the hid-hand shuffle, chicken-run,
so I idolize what I think men need:
cocks as big as a souped-up Chevy:
Daddy in the shower underneath my sheets.

I rise and race for the morning matins.
poems rust like displaced locks.
Flaccid pen and a watery chant
escape to the dungeon of a nine-tails tongue.

I whip all the bastards who danger my "self":
the bag-eyed queen who asked about the The Bars,
asked me, who desperately dream
sex with every woman on the streets I've seen;
the pimply-puss, fat-ass, (me at thirteen)
prissy as a Junior Miss (Don’t talk, shit, or scratch
your crotch.); the ex-drunk depressive
who'd fucked so much the Rorschach man
got stumped, who'd punched-out the cops and
done all the things a tough man does
gentle with an ordinary woman.

Lord Jesus, I am a Lamb and you are worms.
Fill your belly, warm your skin
on my eyes, bones, guts. Eat my brain
and walk my bridge to the green fields
and still water. Come to my valley of death.

VI.

Father's sex slapped hard.
Mother's sex deceived first,
softened the slap and then said:
"Men don't bawl and come to me.
You'll fail, we all know,
but that's what we expect,
when you try to be a Father.
Why try? The failure might bend
a slapped face and limp cock
to choose the full-loaded Russian Roulette:
dress designing or being a cop."
The Health Reform Movement (HRM) began in 1992. The first wave of HRMs (1992 to 1994) was characterized by the emergence of new labor unions and the growth of the union movement. The HRM was driven by a combination of factors, including the power of workers, the decline of the middle class, and the rise of globalization. The HRM was also influenced by the work of scholars such as Stephen Toteff, who argued that the HRM was a result of the intersection of labor, politics, and culture.

The HRM was characterized by a focus on workplace issues, including wages, benefits, and working conditions. The HRM also sought to address broader social issues, such as health care and education. The HRM was successful in organizing workers, and it led to a number of significant victories for workers, including the passage of the Affordable Care Act in 2010.

The HRM is not over, however, and there are still many challenges facing workers today. The HRM has demonstrated that it is possible to organize workers and to make significant gains for workers. The HRM has also shown that workers can organize in new and innovative ways, and it has demonstrated that the power of workers can be harnessed to create a better world for all.
"You'll fail at art or heavy equipment. 
For that you need balls and can't fear jail.
Tough men buck, like christ in the temple, 
Pharisees and Money-changers, but also dear, 
they obey any Facist King I please.
Love is fine but what about 
my Frigidaire Cosmopolitan Cunt?
All my things take money and fear 
and you say you thirst for the Lord like a deer!"

VII. 
All the health in me decrees, 
why not be fat for that cuts out 
funny stuff with girls on a bed? 
Why not be gay, then for sure 
the ordinary, kitchen-garden girl hits 
absolute and sister zero? 
Why not try to live up to the king, 
Laius, Hamlet's Papa, Charles or Jack? 
They know you can't but that's O.K., 
the Golden Calves need a new high priest.
VIII. Mother-fucking-son's-of-a-bitch-
Puritan-hate-your-cock-bastards-Aunt-and-Uncle
kill me like cancer in the bone, or
trichinosis spirochetes. They're
part of me like my bad teeth, old socks, balls
hung for safe keeping in a holy ark.
"We know, Austin, that you'll fail
to make me come, to satisfy
my rightful needs or what I demand.
Your Father was sick. He failed.
But he was better than you can be."

IX. I'm sick. This poem is pills. Sick
drilled in my head by a jaundiced me. Love
smears me like emergency tar daubed
slap-dash on a caving-in dam.
Rain, run-off, glacier-melt-swollen,
my sex, my love, my want to be needed and need,
to be ordinary Adam and love ordinary Eve: Lake,
crash barriers and be.

Balloon with a leak, rotten log,
Issued 37 indictments last week on charges for a rebellion at Attica state prison in New York.

Days after the sealed indictments were issued, many and others were expected to be taken into custody and others were expected to be be taken into custody and others were expected to be taken into custody.

All of those arrested are ex-inmates. One ex-prisoner called "a Nazi roundup," the police said after the Attica rebellion.

On the political scene, the unions and leftist groups and some of the national organizations and political repression and political repression.

A conference called by the Angela Davis and others on Dec. 16 to form a united front became a main theme.

A grand jury was set up last fall in New York, N.Y., special grand jury was set up last fall to investigate the deaths of 43 people.

Two were shot and killed when police and state guards fired indiscriminately. The state commission which delivered its report three days after the rebellion focused the groups on the issue of political repression and political repression.

The jury was to investigate the deaths of 43 people.

Because the indictments are sealed, charges against 18 of those arrested so far are not yet revealed. Two men, Charles Pernasilice and John ed of fatally beating prison guard William R. Eastman, died of fatally beating prison guard William R. Eastman.

A third man, Mariano Gon- ed of fatally stabbing fellow inmate Michael. Inmates are accused of assault, coercion and other violations. All of those arrested are ex-inmates, but only 10 were arraigned.

Committee, the Survivors Committee and others have demanded since the grand jury that no indictments be issued. The investigating body could not be expected to treat the indictments themselves, comments from...
sand castle in the waves, broken levee:
I try too hard and fail: role
habituated to a prissy kid,
old queen on the make for studs,
jealous coach on the side of the court,
self-sufficient monk with a castrated dream.
I squelch my dream of kids for a trumped-up cross:
Jesus hung like a Fire Island stud.
Not what I am or what can be,
but the could-be habit if I can't undo
the cheap, seductive manacles
I've grown on my dreams.
Tide I haven't ridden on the crest,
Flood I haven't become your sea, come, swell
the baptism to drown me free
for the ordinary Beatrice and Eve.
Jesus, help me find your house.
Help me find the woman vine
I'll plant by myself, love, feed.
Help me stand with an honest soul
and not try to be the dream I'm not.
Kill me into the dream I hope
to the Bride and the Bridegroom
in your ordinary house.

Guide my hand with a lathe and paint.
Guide my hoe and guide my body:
lock, stock, barrel and cock
as the unified bodying forth of my soul,
sacrament, like the burdock and bugs
of God, like you, my Jesus, Love.

Come, eat my garden Lord:
burn the fruitful vine and the olive shoots,
and me the cancerted, healed olive tree.
Feast on us for what we have,
for all we can have is what you dream.
Get a handsome Caravelle Sea Hunter Watch by Bulova like he's wearing for free B&W Raleigh coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Belair.

To see over 1000 other valuable gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12.
Saint George

"Lady, Lady, Look, a Dragon
behind the door... under the bed.
Last night he ate my panda bear,
tore my sheets, and demanded you."

Locked in my head, forbidden schemes:
all the Dragon's shaving things
and Lady's wedding dress.

She smiles, flash, like a Dragon claws,
disappears to a downstairs burrow.
Daddy's a wooing worm from hell.

Saint, scuttling like a mouse through my bones,
you kill Dragons, live through car wrecks,
tell the weatherman, make cyclones.
The key is in the lock. They won't know.
Take my hand.
Winter snow covers the tracks inside my head.
Letter

Father, the news you sent:
trivial, like toys with a breakfast cereal:
one sentence stuck between crop reports,
the natural cunning of malignant bass,
how a Mississippi flood starts high with a raindrop.
Smack dab in the middle of her guts
one lump crawls like a spawning toad.
during Advent

empty
Letter

Father, the news you trivial, like toys with one sentence stuck the natural cunning, how a Mississippi Wake-up. Get-up. June 10. Hot wind. Smack dab in the m' one lump crawls like
Reading St. Ignatius' First Exercise during Advent

May my love be yours Christ, freely admitting you love through me: electric through dull insulation. May all intention, action, all the artifacts of my love: poems, be channeled into praise of you and your available majesty.

In barren fields through broken gates November and the deer fall, sap falls, everything in nature goes dead to a beginning. The last birds are calling in the wind, "Go south, go south." Voices crying in this wilderness leave trees empty for an advent and in my heart, buried under harvest dust, a voice is crying in my wilderness, "Make a path straight for your Lord."
Prepare a way open to your heart."

Late in a still white country day
I cross the evening fields.
A light snow stings my face.
I seem warm but am cold,
afraid of the dying year
when hungry coyotes prowl,
wounded deer rot,
my bitterness ignores my heart.
Birth is confounded in death.

Christ, how do I find You?
On what path will You be,
what tree will show Your death as birth,
both the manger and the cross?
Oh Lord, may I be baptized there,
find life in autumn: this dying
of my life: body broken like the gate
and spirit barren as a stubbled field
and love a kernal so hidden in chaff
it will never fall and die in Your ground.
Oh Lord, not yet born to me, You must live.
I only see your death, not birth, on bare trees
as I return from hunting.
I hunt You in myself
and I would drag You home and feast
on Love like I drag home a deer.
But even on these open fields
and in the clear forests I am blind.
You've stripped Yourself of the bright leaves,
masks of summer and spring.
The only life in wilderness is You
but I will not see, and echoes of my hunting
rattle like a skeleton,
ricochet off granite cliffs
and fall into my waste.
On the river

No banjoes from logger’s bars.  
No half-breed whores.  No medicine gin  
turned his face the colour of carp  
belly-up in the poisoned water.  
That was last year’s act.  
Showboat breaks from the higher ground.

Passenger sits magnetized  
by cloud, escape and mirror water,  
opens the prop box, hypnotized  
by the strumming rhythm of the boatmen’s oars.

He’s about to rehearse a death:  
well known death but the sets are new.  
The spotlight’s dropped, spun drunk  
from the sky behind the Wilderness Bluffs.  
Night falls with the stagnant grunt,  
the limp jump of a lazy bass  
slapping back at the mothering slough.
Black as the soot from his kerosene mind,
swamp fog creeps along
slow as the last house-light goes out.

"Daddy was the fairy king," he weeps.
Weeds twine the gold-leaf orchids.
Porcelain birds and faience ladies
scrounge for grub in the boxwood mazes,
starve in the jasmine grove, moan
sad reproach to the servants packing.
The King's dead. The land's broke.

Thunder. Enter stage center:
The Mad Infanta gets his neck.
She's a schizophrenic out of purdah.
Nothing connects on her empty terraces.
He's lost in the boxwood maze of her head.
She plays nines with his broken corpse's
head, heart, soul and body.

Here in the lowest desert
deep at the end of Crooked Street,
Mirage of the Alien Madman splits:
two women, stage left, stage right:
one in silk, one in flesh,
they kill for each other the opposite.

Friend, my friend without a face,
your Bastille's the fixed roulette
life built in syncopation.
Blueprints lost, mis-read, ignored;
this tumbled court of a scared kid's vaudeville
like Emperor's New Clothes, won't fit.

"Remember Jacques. Remember Jacques,"
shrieks the rebel estate without a flag,
shrieks a kid beside the Parade.
Shriek him mad. Defy his traps,
tricks in the boxwood stage of his head's
"ancien regime", his Carthaginian peace
of dialectic opposites.
Still life

Pear between my teeth,
do I kiss her hand
that touched you, balanced you
with plums and nectarines
in a blue delft bowl?
Invitation

Late, my unused bed ticks.
Carefully violet gestures fade
in the afternoon of beige clocks.

Hay lies cut in the steady rain
and in this garden, plums sick
with the festering kisses of bees, rot.

"A simple lunch?" "I regret..."
Tea rose petals drop to the table.
Tic-toc, the vesper's clock...

Stone cupids in the pool ignore
the rustle as your silks-fall:
a potpourri through aimless hands.
From Persian Miniatures and Manuscripts, 17th century: leaf from a Bestiary and Herbal—birds and plants with Persian text. Colors and gilt on polished paper. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wolfe, 1965
View in the afternoon

Out my bedroom window
dogwood blossom dull white crosses.
Heaven assumes earth
and smells of cut crysanthemums
rise like the birds.
Over the yard, morning doves spin arcs
cut short, elliptical through window bars.
We love like this late snow falls,
transient, unsure, our clothes half-on.
Clouds mumble a slight pink and pass.
Chancy sex instead of the picnic.
Marry a scout and pitch a wedding.
Baby pounds steel tent pegs.
We were eagles then turned wolf.
Bourbon sunset...campfire...
The day’s always drunk:
you, slack lipped on the couch,
guzzling scotch...me in a ditch.
We hate in medias res like good plays,
pounce blame, never flash back:
blind cubs nosing love like a trap.
At the Piano

Courtesy, The Taft Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio

JULY

10  11  12  13  14  15
MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

16  17  18  19  20  21  22

Monastery

Storm black petrels dive through sleet,
scream through the boarded resort.
With spear and a savage kick
I turn wrack cast by the storm tide,
jab wet bones the birds drop.

August, I watched two lovers summer
make-believe marriage and swear
they proved a ring through their guts.
I devoured their hot bodies...
threshed that scene like a flail does wheat.

Here, in the ice of a cloistered winter,
loves boil up the cracked skeletons:
those pen-speared, August dreams.
Here, in the vaults of a deep museum,
girls die in the archives.
Snuff-box

Sunday is an acid day. The world's bent
in my head like braids, or a river meandering,
split and broke, over a flood stripped plain.
Nothing to do but pop pills, slosh gin,
lick the clammy sweat from my lips.
Chandeliers in the mirrored hall don't glitter
at this a.m. All the stairs are cataracts. Dark
narrow to a shoal. The fish in my head won't spawn.
The pools in my head are stagnant with guts.
The Lady with the Doves flies knit
in the back of the silk settee, between
two classical fag putti,
hovering like crows.
Pontius Pilate

Fetid sun upper-cuts
off the slick tile.
My jaw unwinds to bitter wine.
Yellow birds of paradise
cackle off pink walls.
Should I dress, kill myself
or fornicate with the cockatoo
that just hopped off the coffee pot?
My dogs yap harsh vendettas
at clouds blacking the ninth hour.
I can’t remember life to do, pull
down the shades and pen elegant
apologies to god.
"Beside the streams of Babylon
we sat and wept
at the memory of Zion,
leaving our harps
hanging on the poplars."

Satan was the first rich man
who bought a dream of heaven.
A sound like a broken string dies out.
Lopahin came tonight and cried.

I.
The Kelley compound sprawls for acres, bought
with a stolen Rhinegold: copper gouged
from Butte or Chile. The curse still howls.
Drunk, Charlie Russell buys booze, pays with
sentimental Indians for rich friends.
The Blackfeet fell. Kelley stalks chief.
Russell, below the Imperial salt, grins,
chucks the conquered on the silk napkins.


III. German mixes with the drumming rain. I sing Ave Marias, entertain new gods, their empire: spruce. No guns, no bombs, but Kelley's woods and compound fell in pride to the strumming saws. Stolen gold buys my scotch. I float, chalk-white, through drawing rooms, howl lineage of former gods, geneology of faded pictures sketched on rags. Nothing's left but ghost's polite applause, expensive dust, rain slicking the walks of empty summer homes.
The First Estate

Tonight we booze past small talk.
The drawing room fills with ghosts:
Blackfoot chiefs and robber barons;
Anaconda crooks and loggers.
Who bought whom? They whisper
hot-catch, gin, necktie deals:
the gangster power around this lake.
That's been paid. But see
the hot bombed blood turn gin bright pink.
Pillows are bodies. Jewels are gut.
Dead live in our dumb drunk memory,
own our tonights like a noose does necks.
We live raw where our hands won't wash,
years beyond the woodwork rotting,
years beyond your death and mine.
holiday outside
the unused time
and bright green wheat
flourishes above this stage.

egg porcelain vases
for yellow days
the steady dust.
"Parasol."
the gambler's clock.

telegram lies
and die
pressing room I use.
will too soon,
it in a June dust.

nel no rain.
the sleigh-horse dray,
Matinees

I.

April rain on the holiday outside
falls like dust from the unused time
of brilliant azaleas and bright green wheat
hanging in darkness above this stage.

Orchids in robin's-egg porcelain vases
wilt on the pastel yellow days
cues come slow in the steady dust.
"Maybe?" "What?" "Parasol."
She ticks red to the gambler's clock.

Bundles of lies and telegram lies
rave, congratulate and die
in the breast hot dressing room I use.
Easily pleased, skull too soon,
crowds clap drought in a June dust.

Trot down left. Feel no rain.
Blinders flap on the sleigh-horse dray,
cutting off vision: peripheral daffodils.
Ten points April: mix blue/yellow.
"Why don't you live," Jesus said,
"barefoot by the Caribbean?"

II.
Too late waiting applause,
we dabble the icy edge of the house,
knowing our joke's too skull too soon.

Cracks in the robin's-egg porcelain crowd
aren't smiles but the spider webs
catching the dust between our cues.

We've been dancing twenty-six years.
Our doorstep sprouts the unread news.
Hard facts star for the worms.

After afternoons of playing without,
we ask, violets carelessly stuffed
in our yellow lapel, for script, steps
and a side-kick fool.
Blackjack Mammy in the upstairs locket
guesses her reviews like a print struck Broadway,
straps on snakes and bites like a critic.
Showboat fuels at a gambler's stop.

Sleep now, fury, divide and snow
among the sockets of all my skulls.
Cover your dead in a Chinese mourning.
Who wears white here? Where? Why?
The postulant applies

Dear Abbot:

God shot, boom, from the roman cannon.
I the checkered trampoline that ripped.
Christ... he’s got me: skit, eclectic
vaudeville, joke, fake make-up job

of

I got facts: jazz, bats, helmholtz
resonators when I'm flat. Jesus, man,
I'm the common garden snake got dizzy,
dropped my skin and froze in the privvy.
All my friends booze "Gawd-what-a-pity,
talent like that's a full-house flush."

God's too fat. I gotta be too much. Quits:
top gone bananas, gyroscope on a my-age-bash:
built:

The house caves in

from the U-

I got spirit

vocally,
I get laid on the B.V.'s bed, not
Oedipal, incestuous, sick, just quilt:
Patchwork Me, late of scrap. 26
with underground drip. Boom. The house caves-in
like a featherbed,

and

You get my heart, balls,
the two degree, jacked-off rig from the U-
ner-sit-down-and-dreamed guts got spirit
but bawled, baby, balled. Sincerely,

The Side-Show Manichee
Noviated Syreeeeeen
Thebes in my head

I should be Aegisthus?
Die, false woman.
Left arch, mountains; right arch, sea.
Beneath Electra and the central arch,
Claudius and Gertrude bleed.
Home is intense with stage hands
photographing bodies, fixing snakes,
changing the rigs for the off-stage Furies.
The rotten state is tucked in me.
Sister, let us change parts.
I am a stranger in this country,
you know escape, where to find boats or paths.
The fallen sparrow's got torn feet.
Colonnus is far away.
Lady, help me, I did wrong.
Three Graces walk with the birds.
Let be.
Prayer

I. Jesus give me gentleness, waves, a rhythmic pulse.
   At night a gorgeous fish, at morning a dove
   flies out, up, and in, through
   the sky and ocean. Let me feel
   Noah’s dove, the river, the woman I love.
   Start my rhythm out again. Play,
   play, play amen.

II. To wait, quiet, not bovine,
    but silent, radiating tension to be,
    do, reciprocate, humble like the stallion
    who breaks his electric charge on the fields,
    waits for his nickering, stumbling son.
    God poised in a green field, wait for me,
    me for me. Liminal synthesis.
    Dunce becoming. No clamour for a certainty.
    Jesus, to hold my own and trust she
will play her part in harmony.
Two solitudes who build each other.
No guaranty, just deep, enthusiastic bliss, bitter willingness
to do and suffer anything.
Prayer

In towns of tongue stilettos and bent mothers,
through the valley of the shadow of death,
what table? Where? Before what me?
Father, give me emptiness, prayer's
zero center of a broken compass.
But you have given and I refuse.
You have redeemed and I forget
your way in me is not
a perfect phrase, the insane cadenza,
porcelain roses that fool rich ladies.
So graveyards deep in my desert of towns
bloom with a jungle of wheat and grapes,
rise to the voice of the turtle dove, ask,
"Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?"
After hours

Mary's peeling robe, dust streaked, rustles under her painted hands. Mothers and tired kids yawn in the church museum. Pale snow and angels prowl the woodlot pines around the crèche, chase alien hunters over cliffs. A janitor, me, slops by, chases the stragglers out to city slush. The stone nave is empty, desolate, cold. In the lower corner of the faded triptych shows the rough, bullet-pocked wayside shrine. Disguised, God traps the road, wrapped in doves, chickadees and flame. Every Christmas he stops and kisses alive his freezing sons.
March Sunday

After a wet, late, scudding snow,
gentle rain falls from heaven...
Fat snow cracks the flowering plum.
Damn rain. My garden washed out.
Seed on the ground means nothing alive.
July, my plants bloom on the Delta
and someone's cabbages fill my plot.
August,
the plum tree bears.