

Think

Top

BY

POETRY

Eraltic and Eraltique

stuff 'n' such





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Nothing to see here.
Move along.



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Nothing here either. Try the next page, please.



Avec Villon

It's a lovely day for Spring
To melt the winter's hold
And any pleasures it may bring

The winter weather has its sting
And still, in spite of blowing cold,
It's a lovely day for Spring

I love the song that Winters sin,
On moonlit night of crystal cold
And any pleasures it may bring,

But, too, I like to hear Spring sing
And see her songs push back the cold;
It's a lovely day for Spring,

Because rebirth is just the thing
To quicken life, and love unfold,
And any pleasures it may being.

As Winter leaves, I welcome Spring.
I won't be long out in the cold.
It's a lovely day for Spring,
And any pleasures it may bring.

March 1963



Premier Aprile

Courant,
je trouve
que la monde
fasset marché
et la joie
de mon courant
est vide.

Rirant,
Je voit
Bouches enfiées
Qui disent,
"Tout le monde,
La vie plaissante
est vide."

Aimant,
Ma couer
Trébuches sur
les mots
je parlant
car mon esprit
est vide.

Aprile, je t'ai aimé.



L'oiseau amère

Dîtes moi pourquoi,
petite oiseau,
tu n'aimes pas
l'eau claire et chaud.
Tu chantes aussi douce
qu'un pomplemousse
quand la mer
toi nourrice.

Est-ce pare-ce-que
de tous-en-tous
tue te fâches
d'une vie doublée?
Du courage!
Tu n'es pas seul.

Dec 21, 1967

The sequined bodice
of night glitters through
a lacey cape of young trees

A moon slips slowly
From the quiet sea
Hanging lanterns on the waves.

The garden is lost
in white, and gray stalks
point up like old dead fingers.



My Etruscan Mistress

In these times
too much is "quaint,"
too much is trite,
and too little done
to find out why.

There was a time
when any Muse of the Nine
and any man of any time
could have a love affair,
of sorts, make history
and pass, heroically
into oblivion quite stoically.

But, that has been done
too often now.
The Friends of men
are no longer called upon,
are even frowned upon,
by those who need
their friendship most.
To remember them is
nearly heretical. To mention
them, utterly forgettable.
Nonetheless, they visit me
especially Erato and Euterpe,
Clio, and Calliope.

Of these four, I love the first
as much as my own members,
as poetess, companion
lover, friend, my mistress,
succubus in my best dreams,
Priestess of Eryx, Arsinoe, in
No uncertain Turns.



Topaz

The same gem displays
tones of sun, rain, sky, and earth
equidistantly.

There is a doorway
beyond the circle of flame
where none leave the same.

At the center of
the farthest place. We are near.
There fire is remade.

The power is deep.
Surrounded fire is passed flame.
It laughs and dances.

The fire slowly pales.
Intense beauty circles out.
The goddess loves on.



Precious' memories

Precious, are the memories worth
the pain of remembering the
dismembering fire and certainty
that would make it gloriously fulfilling
to make love on the kitchen floor,
have done with it,
and still want more?
I want it, I do.

Your hands on my breasts filled my mind.
I cannot blink, no, without seeing the swollen
areolas and hard, dark nipples
aching for your tongue, and me, willing
to open my legs to you,
and feel your hardened flesh slide through,
so fulfilling, making pleasure ripples.
You want it, don't you?

I never happened,
just narrowly missed,
the tits got kissed. The
timing was wrong, the
build-up too long, the
tension too great,
the offer too late,
the offering softening
much too soon,
but the blinking,
the thinking,
about that afternoon
still turns me on.

Let's try it again.
We died too soon.



As The Goddess Loves On

Make my heart sing like the surf sounds
every morning as it gently, firmly, lustily
laps and licks the seashores I explore
in all my very best fantasies about running
nude through the spray and foam, collecting
dozens of bird feathers and sea shells to sell
as a cowl for the pilgrim, a veil for the shrine;

in the morning, the, I say,
sing my heart away.

All tha I ask is to be
redoubtable in her heart,
she needs that from someone
in these days of haste,
no longer just a stopping place,
or even worse, no place at all
except within the crack through which I fall.



My Last Villanelle

I just can't write a villanelle
And make it sound the way it should. I try and try, but what the hell!

I always start of fairly well
And find that though I thought I could
I just can't write a villanelle

By stanza three, I try to quell
Frustration, but it does no good.
I try and try, but what the hell!

The rhyme and sense just never gel.
It's not that I misunderstood,
I just can't write a villanelle.

By now I need a padded cell.
This sounds like trash; I knew it would.
I try and try, but what the hell!

You've read through this and now can tell
I've been quite honest – as I should.
I just can't write a villanelle.
I try and try, but what the hell!



Fare Well!

Does the sun go up
and come down?
Does the Spring dawn?
Does the Summer bloom?
Does the sky up?
Does the ground dirt?
Does this make sense?

No. But time does,
and time is mime
set to rhythm or rhyme.

Does the son come up
and go down?
No. The son grows up
and throws down.

Learn this and
nothing can harm you.
Live this and
nothing can alarm you.
You are whole.
You are soul.
You are.
You are.

You have it.
You must use it.
Don't abuse it
What have I?

I have lost
a thousand years
of my own time
but it is
unimportant
because I have
much more time
than that.

When I am over time
or even on time
it matters little
since there is
not time except
in the hearts of
those who fear death.



I do not.
I *am* death.

And even I fear,
but not myself. I
fear you who
do not know me.
When we are friends
we will walk together
and find freedom;
freedom in death.

We will not walk alone.
I want to go, but I must stay
to help you find me.
When all of you have fond me,
none of us will be lost
and the ninety-and-nine
will have cause to rejoice
for the One who left us
to return to
green pastures.

So I have said.
So let it be written.
With remorse I am smitten
like the first little kitten
who lost one mitten.
El gato con guantes
el raton no teme;
mi alma me deja
pero, "No es nada"
El Señor gritó.

Wait! What happened?
Who did that?
Don't nobody tell!
My words are insane,
my history fell,
my motives are harmless
my hands are farmless.
I'm counterproductive
and anti-seductive.

Turn me loose and
I swear I'll trade
the jewel in the lotus



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for a necklace of jade, a
cup of tea (Jasmine),
and my brother.
He has died.

I have tried
to no avail, I tried.
Good God! I cried!
So I have spoken,
so let it be written.
The Spell? It is broken!
The Poem? It's a token.

This and thirty-five cents
will take you downtown
if you ride the bus;
but, look out for us!
We are waiting.
Our hunger
when younger,
 (what,
 am I
 to feel
 you cry?)
was made for sating.
Too bad.
I'm had.
Good-bye!
I'm !!
Fare ye well!



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The Strong

The man of least strength
surrounds himself with weaklings.

The man of great strength
surrounds himself with other men of great strength.

The man of greatest strength
surrounds himself with truth and humility and
shares the strength with others



Pray For Peace

I took my little one up the stairs
Sat down beside her
To hear her prayers.
She knelt down there and bowed her head
And I felt so proud of her when she said,

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I ask the Lord my soul to take."

When she said these words, she was so sincere.
Her simple faith made the meaning clear
I thought she had finished, but there she stayed,
And tears filled my eyes at the words she prayed.

"But if by Grace I pass the night
I pray tomorrow that I might
Walk beside you all the day
And show your love in every way.

"God bless Mama and Daddy
And Speckles – our dog –
Our President, Astronauts,
And soldiers abroad
And there's one more thing I'd ask you please
Give us all enough faith to pray for Peace. Amen."

I tucked her in and I kissed her goodnight
Left the door open and turned out the light
And prayed in my heart, "O Dear God, *please*
Give us ***all*** enough Faith to pray for Peace ... "

Melody and Lyrics by Chick Todd – © 1969



To Alastair Reid

for *Oddments, inklings, omens, moments: Poems by Alastair Reid*

There is a mirror in my house
and when I look in it,
I see what the mirror sees.
I see cats and books
with occasional ghosts
and strange-looking birds
flapping through the forest.

But my mirror listens, too.
What sounds can a mirror hear?
Only the sounds that pass
like a scurry of lizards,
or the melody of a fountain
reflecting a crystal angel.
These are the moments of sound,
reflections of silence.

Other times my mirror
ticks and twitters
as if it knew
something special could happen
any minute now;
something odd and stirring
that will tumble like children
across the lawn of memory.

And in these inklings
there is an excitement
that promises Gypsy dancers
in mysterious places
whirling wonders out of
something quieter than good sleep.
There is a hint of love
and goodness as the mirror
lightens the light, and with it,
changes the weather.

The mirror also shows
what I cannot see
except I ask to look.

Standing before it so,
it opens to me stories of
old men, and beautiful women,
talking about the artist



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who has a glass eye
he keeps locked up
in case he ever needs it.

These omens of unseen things
are seen in the mirror
by one who has gazed into
the eyes that my mirror has.

The reflections there
show things as they are.
The difference is in
how we see them.



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