

Think

Top

BY

POETRY

Eraltic and Eraltique

stuff 'n' such





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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



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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