Page
Poems
by
David Adams
PAGE POEMS

***

by David Adams

***

1958-2019
(c) David Adams 2019

Text may be reproduced, providing full attribution is given

Contact david@cpnn-world.org

ISBN 1460912209
EAN-13-978-1460912201

Available for reading on-line at
http://culture-of-peace.info/books/pagepoems.pdf

Available for purchase at
https://www.amazon.com/dp/1460912209

Cover illustration by Isaac Canady
CONTENTS

To my Mother (in memoriam) ........................................ 4
Young Man as Poet .................................................. 6
Poem as Love Letter .................................................. 15
Love Never Gets Easier . . ............................................. 27
. . . No Matter What the Language................................. 36
Old Man as Prophet .................................................. 45
To my Mother
(in Memoriam)
WORDS
for
her
were danced
warp and
woof,
and
sang.

For
what
is

In talks
they struck sparks
and set friends thinking.

In choirs
they joined
harmonious anthems,

In children
they planted
the seeds of endeavors

In love,
yes always,
In love
they flowered!

For
that
she
shared gave
And for
us

our lives were her gift of love.
Let us give thanks together.
Young Man as Poet
A Sun is impaled sprawled a word thinks,

spawned between a bird two worlds.

speaks, e free.

walled and shroud of mist a wild wood or

stained sluggish trail flies.

walled and shroud of mist a wild wood or

hauty and disdainful over scrubby cliff where a wild bird from chatter of song

a rock cliff, rags of mists to clump of feather and

a stone his name is poet

sinks, veils of vapors they clump and scagitter.

With all their number

They form but patter.

Their pattern together,

their lump of slumber,

the day-lights shatter

a silence dies.
This painful experience had led to the point. His soul shivered each one time and each one felt each one felt each one time and each one felt each one time.

And then God walked with the sons of God. And Cain fertilized the earth. He planted vineyards and groves, and built houses and towns without God's help. And Adam and Eve were the first to feel the difference between life and death.

The sun set, and the moon rose. The stars shone in the sky, and the wind blew through the trees. The mountains echoed with the sound of the sea. And all was quiet in the world. There was no sound, no movement, no life.

Then, slowly, a light began to shine in the darkness. It was the light of knowledge. It was the light of wisdom. It was the light of truth.

And the mountains quaked as the light of knowledge blazed in the minds of the wise. And the winds howled as the light of wisdom scourged the hearts of the foolish.

And the sun rose again, and the moon set. And the stars fell away like leaves from the trees. And the mountains were still, and the sea was silent.

But the light of knowledge shone brighter than ever. And the light of wisdom burned hotter than ever. And the truth of the world was revealed.

And the mountains shook as the wind of knowledge blew through them. And the sea roared as the wave of wisdom crashed against the rocks.

And the sun set again, and the moon rose. And the stars shone in the night sky, and the winds blew through the trees. But the world was changed. And the mountains were different.

And the light of knowledge shone brighter than ever. And the light of wisdom burned hotter than ever. And the truth of the world was revealed.
negative space is inexorable. Days of the wind and rain are gone. The snow presses upon the window. I am standing unsettled. Nothing will return. The sobbing rain for the garden wall from the tree that was broken by wind and ice, and abducting me, known to Man. I shall dissolve in my stomach and stars in my thought. What is this that I am preparing to swallow. At this moment in neck, passing several buildings.

Now the slick softness of the snow, I shall not be what it is. My Chambers of me always remember and never. Nobody notices me. I am standing and Am standing on a tree. That I am preparing to swallow. There is a bundle of nothing coming, nothing. Remember the empty days of the wind and chance, the trees, by wind and chance, the trees.

All in the chambers of me I shall be seeker and that which is sought. All we are money madness. All the guilt, the table chair. Rotten must be poured into the broken sink.

Days of the wind and rain are gone. Oh let us submerge the broken sink and swivel and swerve in the passages of nerve and reflex and relapse. I shall dissolve in my stomach and stars in my thought what is this that I am preparing to swallow. At this moment in my neck, passing several buildings.
To My Sister
Considering Suicide

You must
say
goodbye before you go to the trees

where you are going for there will be no trees
to the sun
to the little children
to the red birds and the yellow birds
to the red butterflies and the yellow butterflies and the purple butterflies
to the red pebbles along the shore
and the yellow pebbles along the shore
and the purple pebbles along the shore
and the green pebbles along the shore you have not yet even seen

You must find them all to say goodbye.
For all of the pebbles not yet seen you must search to say goodbye.

For all the rest of your life you must linger to search for the pebbles along the shores of goodbye.
My stars are waiting

My hawk

I

Listen

To

My

Darting

From

Hill

to

Valley

Dashing

the

Rocks

with

OH

S

Is not

P

War

Life

My

Ridiculous

Beautiful

Absurd

Mysterious

Oh

Beyond

A

Man

The

If you

Graceful

Destroy my

deer

(And

If

There is

Another

World

Not

Die

Ask

of

To

Shame.

Be

A

Man.
Trying to cross to the other side without getting wet each stepping stone smaller than the last.
There are clouds between the mountains as the sun announces morning and the breeze awakens, and the breeze awakens.

There is fog across the valleys, but the mountaintops are showing a flood of sunlight and the sun is rising, and the sun is rising.

There's a fire on the mountain where the sun has set it glowing and the sky is trembling, and the sky is trembling.

There's a wind along the ridges where the mists are overflowing through the clouds and past the ridges and the fog is parting, the clouds are breaking.

There's a view between the mountains where the mists are disappearing to the lakes and meadows where the wind is blowing, and the meadows glisten, and the lake is shining, and the world's new born, the world's new born.
Poem as Love Letter
A MOBILE

Gulls soar!

sail,
swing,

in skyword happiness

(scending to

over the river a

there were
golden morning

rod glory

lily of the

pansy valley

violet night

shade of vision?

My hand of promise upon her bleating heart

delicate shoulder of hope?

(Dare I try to put my arm of words about her

The old rock men golden morning

streamed with sun-

whitened gull dung

hair have seated them-

selves in an infinite circle

along the river watching with

Inward eyes the distant din &

of the city's commerce and stars

the slow passings of long laden ships. Their contemplations are cold-

chiseled by the wave washings, strokings, and splashes.

They are comforted by the ancient stock of cliff behind,
calling the evening to shadow and the mother of rivers before sending her tidal messages into the body of this great continent.

The old men move not, neither do they sleep. Surely, they are the true watchers of time.

Surely, surely, they are the true disciples of wisdom.

Surely, surely, they are the true disciples of wisdom.

Surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, surely, sure...
The key

Every tree is your friend and you know each root in its turn
And I in return by each root know you.

The trees will never flee from you, nor will you be lost

Your

For roots in the land

Window have parceled and planted

Patterned and plotted

My world is well ordered.

Oscilloscopes. If to hold the waters of running life

Amplifiers. Only we were of the rain and

Methods and Procedures the same

Histological Verification. The stream cut bed

But born in a land and raised by a world I would twixt

Where the rivers flood love barn and field

Hold to no banks and you

Stay and from afar I

I would touch

Take your shoulder and kiss

Your hand
Out of the rocks of this strange island rising especially your slack delicate, to protect
Rising the wind the sigh of the trees but yours, all yours, mysterious body
Rising the call of your father from over the fields the printing of furrows in special fields
Rising the marks of tractor treads in perfect mud the beckoning nods of the growing corn
the cows are impatient the trees sigh Becky, Becky, the stream beds are calling from over the hill
your father is calling Home is the land

The truant memories are moving uncomfortably in your tummy
Out of the recesses of your mind announce their cause and I retreat confused and scattered by the onslaught of BECKY'S GERMAN HORSEMEN OUT to carry maidens away to castles

Come, escape with me into my little should room where I will lay you softly, Oh a little thing so softly among You of the land We all my little which rolls shall things. I shall give you volumes slowly expanding sympathies
collections unendingly of things beneath, beyond of the dead of man. We shall come to understand love. We shall sail among the swallows and enter caverns of fish.

We shall be gods of the sea containing blue forgotten depths I shall find in you strange shells involuted and sculptured only for the eyes of the lantern fish.

Come, come when we have loved, have lived as gods, have found all secrets, me eternal beautiful nothingness.
flying

colors

copper blown

and kite-strung in the sun-light

Brown brushed

and nest-soft in the twilight

nestling soft to the night

nestling

soft

goodnight.
My myth wanders
now into new
kingdoms
seeking
castled stories
and many fabled steets
holding
tall the proud stranger alone
and
comely the maidens in windows waiting
smile
at me
Nancy
obliquely
sad when your eye's away
I know
I see
You fear
through
your window
to disclose
with
although
my subtle fingers
will find out
and your fingers
will tell
You
enchantment
unclose YOUR MYTH as a small button
youngest among snobbish brothers
princess and Nancy-queen-to-be
where your father god
was never born
and a strange shadow
crosses the dying king
My love takes fancy liberties to the strangest things to a me flight.
I was faun ran satyr mine dancing skipping prancing to magic witching You words finding were secret waiting were magic to skipping to yours words will now to know be but together and world forgotten we walk away
Sky and the water vibrate,
I guage the water beetle's flight
back and forth against and with
the ripples and circles meandering
patterned deep green and blue
black and gray merge together and gone
and mingle then and now I forget
separate here and my dreams
I fell asleep of you and your eyes
chanting of a faint fragrance
and awoke with a sidewalk full of music
a fragment of vision
a Rembrandt tree
a and silence.
So long we've been singing the music together

Nesting together in the thick pines, transforming to soil.

Seeking the truth, the spirit, the culture of peace.

Sharing the rage, the hope, the love,
Nesting the strength of the slender trees,

Smelling the warm fragrance of needles,
Drinking the strength of the slender trees,

Ears, legs, entering penis
Arms, enveloping lips

Nestling together our various fingers, toes tongues

Knowing that we share forever our various lives:

Lighthouse,
bird soaring,
sister beloved,
brother, earthworms,
singing.

Smelling our every entry and pore
Drinking our fluids all blended together

the deep spaces of our souls converging.

So long we've been singing the music together

Nesting together in the thick pines, transforming to soil.

Seeking the truth, the spirit, the culture of peace.

Sharing the rage, the hope, the love,
Nesting the strength of the slender trees,

Smelling the warm fragrance of needles,
Drinking the strength of the slender trees,

Ears, legs, entering penis
Arms, enveloping lips

Nestling together our various fingers, toes tongues

Knowing that we share forever our various lives:

Lighthouse,
bird soaring,
sister beloved,
brother, earthworms,
singing.

Smelling our every entry and pore
Drinking our fluids all blended together

the deep spaces of our souls converging.

Will I see you again and our life lines crossed and flashed like in the last quartet, our ears fallen into water? And how many times have we lived at all these coincidences?
Love Never Gets Easier . . .
Who can help us find the way?

We have cried these many weeks without knowing in our tears, lost in a world that has passed us.

How did it take to show that we can't go back? How can I make it up?

Tell me please, how many tears does it take to heal the hurt by us?

How can our hurt be healed?
In the Shadow of Sainte Clotilde

Redemption.
But have we sinned?
Sainte Clotilde,
puzzled, waited for us to think about it.
Have you not sinned,
my children,
my ados?

 Forgiveness
 can only follow sin.
 Redemption
 can only come from love.
 There is no love without sin,
 only sin without love.

 We walked.
 for a long time alone.
 Sometimes I felt
 your hand in mine
 Sometimes I sensed
 your hips in rhythm nearby.

 In the night sky,
 among stars
 mountains,
 sea,
 it was important that we were together,
 even in the darkness of eternity.

 It is good that we shared the first sin –
 the apple,
 the snake,
 the tree,
 the wind.

 I shall die with my hand on your moving hips,
 with my hand on the nape of your graceful neck,
 my hand between your strong thighs,
 and content,
 that we will be redeemed,
 together
 in love.
To Crystal from David

Finding the time and pain.

Tight wires drawn across your lips

Words are by the stars in a world beyond all. I am losing my self.

How can I find you?

The love is writ by the stars. How they are pulling us trying to find you?

Our that we know you?

I am for you among faces in dreams.

What do you make of me?

Lost, trying to make my way in a shared in each other's arms.

I am looking for a dream.
I will walk arm in arm with beautiful women in the Garden of Luxembourg. And take them to films at La Pagoda and music at St. Julienne la Pauvre. We will dine afterwards in Place de Vosges and walk beneath the arcades. And make love to the music of Carmina Burana under the rafters of an old apartment up the staircase in the Marais. We will walk carefully in the footsteps where your hips swayed and invited me to follow. The music will be loud and strong, drowning out the soft tunes that you hum when we are together. In an old car we will pass you at breakneck speed through Trocadero past Murs Libres. Every memory will be overlaid with sex and desire fulfilled. Every moment will be spent in a never-ending search for memories yet to be overlaid.

Being hurt when you passed me by, I decided to plot an ELABORATE REVENGE

For all the rest of my life I will seek for the memories yet to be found and women will come to know you as they drown out your music and walk in your footsteps and overlay your image with sex and desire fulfilled.

And still the rain will bite into my face!
Oh God, what I would give to keep these moments forever and remain a child in this magic land!

You are not sad in the morning for you walk together, arms still entwined, and kissing at every turn of the page, though the city who opens to you like a woman kept just for love. You seek, you find, to keep your ties by going to the great cathedrals.

But even the song eventually disappears and with it the morning sun and the walking arm-in-arm.

To understand my sadness, you tree of my trunk, whose graceful limbs must become disengaged and must end their night's journey through the dreams when the morning comes again. And when the singer's voice rises to the heights of the forest canopy, I will echo against the falling leaves.

holding, sighs, loving, little winds and then one day realize that.
caressing throughout the adoring tree. an endless night.

responding with a wounded little that.

and Commons
We anchor our love in you, River-San. Keep us forever in your bosom.

And the first Europeans in their sailing ships? Do you remember the first men, Pequot and Quinnipiac, whose name remains with your sister winding to the sea west from here? Can you remember her? Do you remember the ice-cap receding in the night sky?

We have toasted you with wine and sealed our love for you with a kiss. We have seen your deer at dusk and your foxes at morning, flying singing from its nest. We have seen their tracks on your island and we know they must have swum across your tidal waters.

We have seen the baby kingbird and the doe and buck and their delicate fawns. We have harbored the spiraling osprey, teasing from its nest.

Was she your mother, the ice-cap receding in the night sky?
The smell of your hair is still on my lips. The print of your body is still in my arms. Our paths crossed, for a too short time. We surrendered to the pulse of breathing and the twitch of dream and rocked to the shaking of the wind.

Our eight limbs entwined, and caressed. Our feet, never bared, will to feel the earth. Once upon a sacred mountain of truth, flying on the wind across the sea,

Once again.
... No Matter What the Language
que nous pourrions être des amants pour toute notre vie.

forever toujours

Please wear this to think of us and our love

Porte ceci pour penser à nous et à notre amour

Je t'aime tellement !

I love you so much !

These are my carresses

Ce papillon porte mes carresses
I love you to the point of rage,
A passion beyond all right or wrong,
But love can be a guided cage,
A mother that keeps her young too long.

Let us not suck our love beyond
The bounds of weaning - nature's term
Let's keep our passion without the bond
That holds the child and rhythm firm.

Race!
Fly!
Sing!

My fields of wheat
bend to the wind.
My poppy fields
dancing the dance of love
our blue flowerlets

In your eyes
the colors of the rainbow
in our hands
all - the tastes of the earth
the stars of the universe

Mr Gaston told me
that he had a friend
who was a bird
Goodnight
Mr Gaston
i love you

The more we love the more our wings
Beat colored wounds against the bars.
Our passion turns to hail that stings
Of absence, jealousy and fears.

But let us open a secret door,
Fly in and out until that time
That both of us come back no more
To the holding cage, the keeping rhyme.

Our waters become
where - all
a river
the birdies
of the world - can live
free
in peace!!!
Je vous aime au point de rage
Passion qui dépasse raison et tort
Pourtant l'amour peut être une cage
Une mere qui gueride l'enfant trop fort.

Le plus qu'on s'aime, le plus nos ailes
Blessent les barreaux laissant couleur.
La pluie de passion se tourne en grele
De l'absence, souci et plein douleur.

Dans vos yeux
les couleurs de l'arc en ciel
tout es
les saveurs de la terre
dans nos mains
les étoiles de l'univers

dans nos eaux
deviennent
un fleuve
où tous
les birdies
du monde — pourrons vivre
libres

Mon champs de blé
ploie sous le vent...
Nos coquelicots
dansent l'amour.

Mr Gaston
m'a dit
qu'il avait un ami
un homme généreux
habitant un birdy.
Bonne nuit,
Mr Gaston.
Je t'aime!

Envoûson des
coccinelles
precaution nécessaire
Prendre toute
cherchant partenaires.

Les papillons
du monde — pourrons vivre
en paix!!!
rush pause, rush pause, in the sliver of morning moonlight silver kissing the still dark sand, rush pause, rush pause, rush pause, rush

I take off my shoes and I wade in your cool caress, rush pause, drawing energy from your throbbing rhythm rush pause, rush pause, RUSH PAUSE RUSH PAUSE waves lap higher on my legs with force coming from some source unknown RUSH PAUSE, rush pause, the quiet rhythm returns, and the dawn begins to show the foam rush pause rush pause rush

I wonder if you are walking now along the strand and connected to me by endless caressing rush pause rush pause rush

rush pause rush pause it goes on forever rush pause rush pause connecting us to all who ever lived and loved rush pause and all who will come to live and love rush pause rush pause RUSH PAUSE RUSH PAUSE rush pause rush pause rush
Pousse pause, pousse pause, le ruban d’argent du clair de lune enlace le sable foncé de la plage, tranquille, pousse pause, pousse pause, pousse,

J’ôte mes chaussures et je marche dans vos fraîches caresses, pousse pause, puisant l’énergie de votre rythme palpitant, incessant, pousse pause,

Pousse pause, POUSSE PAUSE, POUSSE PAUSE, POUSSE, les vagues enroulent le long de mes jambes avec la force d’une source inconnue,

POUSSE PAUSE, pousse pause, pousse pause, le rythme tranquille revient e l’aube s’anonce, soulignant l’écume, pousse pause, pousse pause,

Est-ce que toi aussi, tu marches maintenant le long d’une plage, reliée à moi par les mêmes caresses infinies, pousse pause, POUSSE PAUSE,

Pousse pause, pousse pause, partout des vagues roulant vers l’infini, pousse pause, reliant en va-et-vient tous ceux qui ont vécu et qui ont aimé...

Et tous ceux qui vivront et qui aimeront, pousse pause, pousse pause, POUSSE PAUSE, POUSSE PAUSE, pousse pause, pousse pause, pousse
They tie us forever to each other
You bought a sarbacane

In 2003, World Social Forum was in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio? Did she understand there, in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio? Did she understand there in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio?

They tie us forever to each other
You bought a sarbacane

The indigenous came in their warpaint, ready to fight to save the Amazon. From a warrior with all of the paraphernalia did she come and paint her body with oil and paint? She was a woman of the Amazon. The forest is their life, without the forest, they cannot survive as a people. They tied us forever to each other.

In 2003, World Social Forum was in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio? Did she understand there, in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio? Did she understand there in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio?

They tie us forever to each other
You bought a sarbacane

They tie us forever to each other
You bought a sarbacane

In 2003, World Social Forum was in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio? Did she understand there, in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio? Did she understand there in Belém, as she painted our ankles Kapaio?
En 2009 le forum mondial était à Belem. Les indigènes sont venus avec leur peinture de guerre, luttant pour l’Amazonie. La forêt est leur vie. Sans elle, ils ne peuvent pas survivre en tant que peuple. La forêt est leur vie. Sans elle, ils ne...
My hand glides along the curves of your body, suspended in the blue-green waters of Tikehau.

we followed her as she glided with slow silent waves.

We swam together into another world.

nous avons nagé dans un autre monde.

nous la suivions alors qu’elles glissait en lentes vagues.

cupping your shoulder with her tattoo.

ma main glisse le long des courbes de ton corps,

caressant ton épaule avec son tatouage.
Old Man as Prophet
Abandon the old ways!
and past the waiting willows.

Come swim with me and others against the dark current.
Our time is coming. Prepare to seize the day; to turn the wheel of history!

I have heard it said,
you, my dear...
...where are we going?
...waiting for you!
But it's not easy,
the life of the prophet!

I wait...
I listen... you, my people?
where are the cicadas...announcing the first stars of the coming night?

...wind in the willows...you, my people?
...silence...
Our generation
is worked out. There are
lots of critiques but no new
initiatives. Where is a new
generation? Africa is a disaster.
Look at Libya, at South Sudan,
across the water, our brothers
in Yemen. There are now
American bases in
almost every
African country.
We cannot advance
in Africa until the USA changes.

Yes, America will
change. It will change
by crashing. I saw how
the Soviet empire crashed
from inside. Now, America is
"deja vu," looking like the end
of the Roman empire. We
even have an emperor
Caligula. Is there a
new generation?
Youth promise
to write for CPNN
but then nothing arrives.

Two old men, tired from lifetimes of struggle for a better world, despair that all
is going down hill and disintegrating, and we cannot find a new generation to
move forward. Is this simply the end of two lives, or is it the end of civilization?
How can we distinguish between these two alternatives. They will die, but what
will remain? Who will remain to read these words? Who will remain to read . .
I study
his face, lined
by things not done, and I
find no metal anymore. But so what!
I didn’t come today to treasure hunt!
I only came to play again upon his
A stone
I drop plunks softly
in the water far below and
sends up echoes of a depth far beyond
my ken. So now I gaze down into his soul,
Am I worked out?
hallowed by dripping moss and memories
by years of excruciating labor, and I stumble on
a legacy more precious that the very work he did,
but now it is I who have grown old.
the dignity of having served and being now at rest.

The old man's face
was like a worked-out mine,
it's chert and limestone crevices still
containing chunks of ore left carelessly
in another time by miners who moved on
quickly to catch the crest of every strike.

His metal was taken and poured and cast
by great machines, beaten by hammers
that forged a nation. He functioned in plans
of importance. He served for crucial issues.

I wrote this many years ago,
but now it is I who have grown old.

His will is done, the education of a nation. His life stands stacked in a corner.

I went down into the earth where
once men toiled in search of wealth
and now there remains but quiet
pools of dark, mysterious water.
My shell is my protection, it saves me from the pain of silence
when I send out prophecies into the world wide web
and I hear no echo returning
to me

It keeps me waiting for another day

THE TURTLE
LIVES TWIXT
PLATED DECKS

another time when it may be possible to make a radical transformation

CONCEAL ITS SEX. I THINK IT'S CLEVER OF THE TURTLE TO BE SO
IN SUCH A FIX

FERTILE.

I come out of my shell
to share with you all my
and hopes and dreams and life's ambition