

# PAGE POEMS

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by David Adams

\* \* \*

1958-2019

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To my Mother

(in Memoriam)

## WORDS for

her



Young Man as Poet

THE GEON MAN-E TOWER RISE	BUILT S	impaled	A Sun is	sprawled		flies. a word	
up above ruled and	a sinking shore	+	spawne betweer two worlds.		thin a bird	ıks,	
squared	a sluggish trai	I		•	eaks,	e t	
walled and staired hauty and	a I disdainful over	of mist scrubby cliff a rock cliff,		a wild wood sings, a wild bird v rags of mists e and veils of vapors	a r o p a fron to clump	flit Birds n chatter of s of feather a and scagtte	-
	sini a	a tone ks,	his name is poet	They fo	rm but patteir pattern to	er.	
silence					the da	ny-lights shatter	
	dies.					snauer	

Most Jesus, lead me through asleep is a coming terrible are the mountains asleep is a going steaming ways, the asleep is to be scheming paths of love where lovers are awave on the sea lost in their indiscretion, precluding a for long in the swell third. where reason is lost for the and the roll and slack searching of wisdom. Mountain and slow in the sun Jesus. paths have a single file. No and endless day stay with me, asleep is becoming three can walk together. But stay with me only two can talk and gather Woe is love and thwarted the meaning of points. Jesus, gather your sheep the lover. I love all I know and can If all were known, the alone truth would unfold a one, a two love no more poignantly another and all. other. than little Jesus, mother us he stars and from your far star. alosted came softer and down than mists among the pines. lone from the mountain Knowledge blazes in bringing the mountain little crevice star-love mountain-love long gone presents sleeping-love and far ago in *the fading Sun* out He spread them and looked and lesus such an each one each one leach one each one ea and watched together on the high. All men may talk and the cach or and garter without towe everybody one each one teach or and under your. Love everybody one each one teach one t

			I am atomalima	uncattled	1
			l am standing	-	am safe
				n a street c o	sare
	iber the	Empty	Days;	r	
days of the wind		beyond	the window,	no on	
window pained		and chaste		notice	
chastened. the tre	es	by wind.		r	, me.
		The sobbing	rain		Little do
Not to Remen		peaouq	the wall.	tř	ey know
rain for the gar wall from tree	den	to tree	uie wan,		that I am
	s broken.	by wind.	and ice.	P	reparing
the tree that wa	ts broken.	by willa.	alla loc,	to	swallow
There is a Wantin	a for	Nothing			their city
nothing. coming	_	always	there.		
There is a Bundle		Never			a
never. remen		will I.			n
Hevel. Italian					digest
Now					t
the sickly softness	of the sno	w presses u	pon the windo	w	s life
The night is an age	ent of cunn	ing strength		1	and
The snow and the	night cons	pire	a	m	con
They shatter the g			gagge	:d	ver
they come slowly			and abducte		tit
Into my house		kno	wn by the sno	w	int
They gather			ought into cou		oha
Me	to hear the	sentence of	the sNOw KIN	lg	rmi
					ess
	1	Nothing neve	er		man ure
		and	always remem	ber	At this
					moment
					my neck
negative space					is ex-
is inconsolable			d rain are gone	•	panding
season and place		l live in a city			to ac-
are uncontroliable	Oh k		ge the broken	c	ommodate
All we are		or fixe		•	several
money-mad		table ch			buildings
love-sick		door sii	nk .	which	
worry-worn		all	shall	1	
guilt-ridden			ave		
Aaaaaaaaaahhhhh	HHHaaall r	nust be pour	ea		
		into			
	•	tunnels of			
		tunnels of			
		passage of			
		swivel and			

All in the eye who see All in the chambers of me

reflex and relapse

I shall be lover and also beloved I shall be seeker and that which is sought

I shall dissolve in my stomach the patterns of nature
And duplicate forests and storms and stars in my thought
I shall enthrone myself as the universal solvent, solver and saviour

# To My Sister Considering Suicide

where you are going for there will be no sun to the sun	You must say goodby before you go	where you are going for there will be no trees to the trees
to the little childre	en	to the red pebbles along the sho

to me

for

will

to the red birds and the yellow birds

to the red butterflies and the yellow butterflies and the purple butterflies ore

and the yellow pebbles along the shore

and the purple pebbies along the shore and the green pebbles along the shore you have not yet even seen

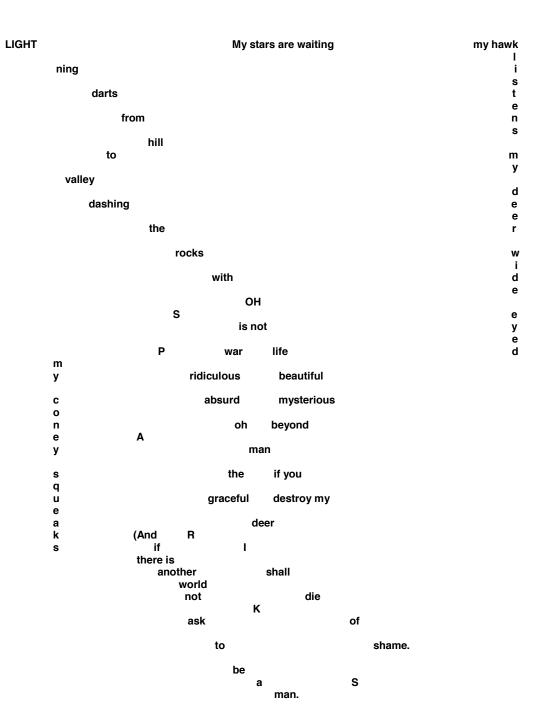
not come

with you 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.

```
1
am
  a
  pile
    of
                             sun and rain that pack and
      last
                                        mold and tread me down
                       by all but
                                           inito the sod and settled home
        year's
                   forgotten
                                                     of worms' tunnels
                                                    and the flickering
            dreams of the
                                                           centipede.
                                 Come
     ı
          remember
       budding on a thousand twigs
                                        Love
                                                    draw strength
      breaking forth into the wind
        waving rich banners
                                            root
                                                           from my
            over the lush land.
                                             in
                I fell in glory
                                                            forgotten
                  with a flash of gold
                                                   and
                        I died. I lay
                                            me
                                                               dreams.
                              forgotten.
                                                   burst
                                                    into
                                                    banners
                                                            of
                                                            beauty.
```



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 and the sun is rising, and the sun is rising.

of sunlight

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

There's

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 to the lakes

There's a view between the mountains where the mists are disappearing and meadows where the wind is blowing, where the wind is blowing, and a lake is shining, and a lake is shining.

and the meadows glisten, and the lake is shining, and the world's new born,

the world's new born.

Poem as Love Letter

S h е A MOBILE saw a pale moon had slyly appeared in ouR sky, revealed, withdrawn beneath clouds wind-wAfted by, a pale disc so thin we could see clear Through, a disc transparent, yet veiled, shaded anD blue. В Υ Gulls soar! sail, **SHERRY** swing, in skyword happiness (Dare I try heaven, to put my arm scending to of words about her over the river a there were delicate shoulder of vision? golden morning The old rock men rod alorv My hand streamed with sunlily of the of promise whitened gull dung upon her pansy valley hair have seated themviolet niaht bleating heart selves in an infinite circle shade along the river watching with shooting of hope? Inward eyes the distant din & of the city's commerce and stars Give her the slow pass ings of long laden flowers? ships. Their contemplations are coldchiseled by the wave washings, strokings, and splashes. Soaring They are comforted by the ancient stock of cliff behind, qulls? calling the evening to shadow and the mother of rivers before sending her tidal messages into the body of this the old great continent. rock men? The old men move not, neither do they sleep. Surely, they are the true watchers of time. a shy Surely, moon? they are the true disciples of wisdom. Love? The water moves softly sunlight shadowed from evening's glancing the little and fragile pieces of glass tinkle in the tide

naked

in

mountain

the

Land

to sky I the my have raised of a mountain in your name top and spread deep valleys at your feet. the I offer them unto you and you accept them. on

Throw me You take off your clothes to the sun and dance

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 from

Roots

your window have parceled planted and

> patterned plotted and

My world is well ordered.

Oscilloscopes. Ιf to hold the waters of running life Amplifiers.

For

Methods and Procedures only we were of The rain and

Histological Verification.

Chronic Electrode Implants. the stream cut bed the same

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

> where the rivers flood barn and field love

hold

to no banks and you

and from afar stay

> in no walls I

would Ι

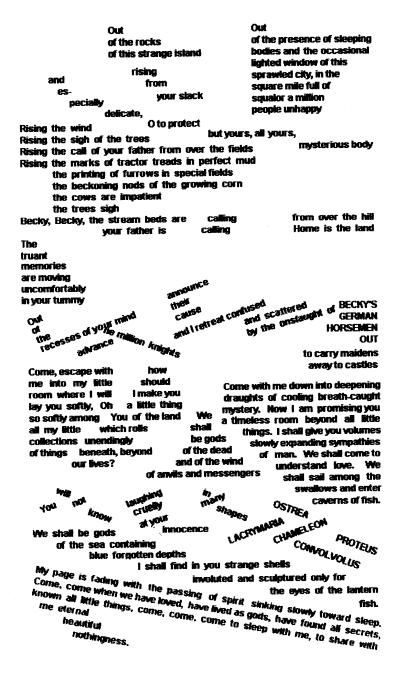
touch

take

shoulder and kiss your

your

hand



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.

Copper which has been heated is soft, and can be drawn into

```
My myth wanders
                                        My myth comes
                                          from a nameless tower
    now into new
                                          in a far forest
      kingdoms
                                     my birth strangely
       seeking
                                        across your patterned sky
        castled stories
                                  my home was mountains
      and many fabled steets
           holding
                                   and the night
            tall the proud stranger alone
                      and
                    come ly the maidens in windows waiting
                 smile
                                   half-drawn thoughts
                at me
                                     and
              Nancy
           obliquely
                                      averted
          sad when your eye's away
                                        shades
            I know
                         You fear
             Isee
                              so much
              through
               your window to disclose
                              although
                with
                   my subtle fingers
                              will find out
                         and your fingers
                              will tell
        You
          enchanted 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
```

```
Mary had a little
                                   watch which made (to sheep) hawk eyes
                      Mary watched a little
                                       witch who made (too steep) stalk cries
                    Mary itched a little
                                          to be made to sleep.
         Bed in stead was she set upon
               pages of sonnets
         By and bye was she laid
            in the cold, cold sound
                                                     and in the Sweet
          of T.S. Eliot's Cambridge mass
                                                        Corn, and the Soft
                                                         Mush, of
                                                         Indian givings, and
                                                           rich men's leavings.
         be
                                                            "The only joy I
         my
                                                             ever had from you
         ba
                                                              was in my
         by
                                                                conception of you."
                                                     How
                                              do
                             know?
                    the
         bible
         tolled
         me and
         SO
               entered
                  the mystic
                        fatherhood and
        two
                                of
                                       set traps
     gave you
                                                for
    to sonnets
                               God
   but I couldn't
                                                you
                                        Beware the bronze father balls.
  pen you down
                                          Avoid the steep ball towers,
                                                the dong of the horn-warning fog.
                                                the noon leavings of the morning dog
                                                and
                 and
                                                all
                                                dog
                                 lithe
                                                star
                                                crossed
  you ran all over
                                                steeples
my sonnets
                                                banging
    and overflowed
                                                bronze
      like Rorschach butterflies
                                                balls
    which flit
        unsuccessfully
                         little
```

pages

Му

love Susan

takes

fancy liberties

to the likes of strangest things to a me

flight

•	was					I
satyr pra	r	faun	I	ran		
	mine		dancing			
	prancing				to s	skipping
	and		magic			witching
fine	finding	You	words			
	finding		were			will
	places	secret	yo waiting		you	ırs
	places	to		be		but
		kno	)W		now	

together and world forgotten we walk away

## Sky and the water vibrate.

I guage the water

a

a

beetle's flight

sidewalk full of music

Rembrandt tree

and silence.

against and with back and forth the current the ripples and meandering circles patterned green and blue deep black and gray and merge together and gone and mingle then and now I forget separate here and dreams my I fell asleep and your eyes of you chanting with a faint fragrance and awoke of vision a fragment

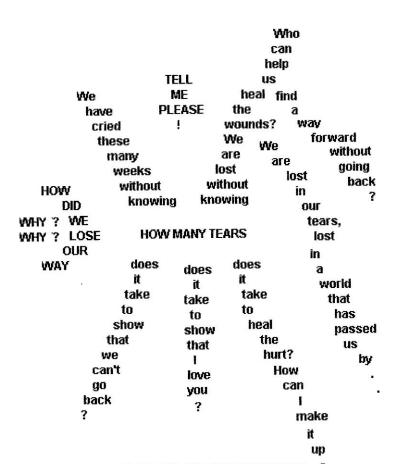
I heard <sup>the</sup> sounds, before So long we've Knowing the sense been singing the music together Sharing the passion, the rage, the hope, the love, Seeking the truth, the spriit, the culture of peace. Smelling the warm fragrance of needles

Transforming to soil. the deep softness Drinking the strength of the slender trees, of the earth enveloping. entering penis ears legs Nestling together our various fingers toes tongues arms enveloping lips Smelling our every entry and pore Drinking our fluids all blended together spaces of our souls converging. Knowing that we share forever our various lives: singing, bird soaring earthworms, sister brother Lightouse, beloved.

How see the day to many laugh live to times at all will we have and  $_{I}$  or these our coincidences life cross ? lines life crossed be and our and in ways never again sharflashed remember see you ing and Will I our ears fallen in the like last quartet s ! into water

s

Love Never Gets Easier . . .



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?

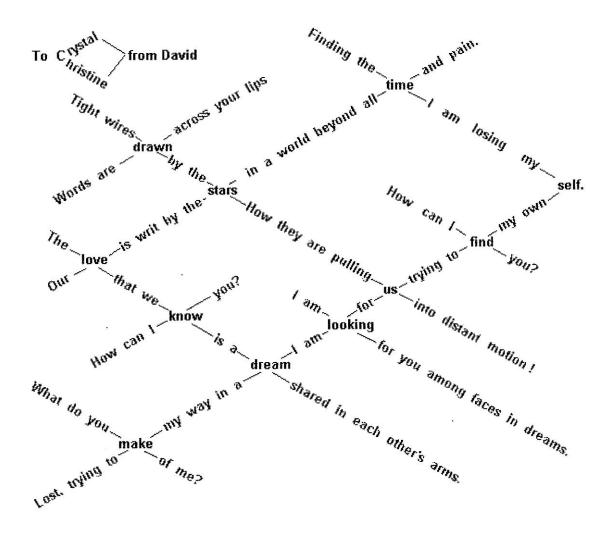
Forgiveness
can only follow sin.
Redemption
can only come from love.
There is no love without sin,
only sin without love.

In the night sky, among stars mountains, We walked.
for a long time alone.
Sometimes I felt
your hand in mine
Sometimes I sensed
your hips in rhythm nearby.

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.

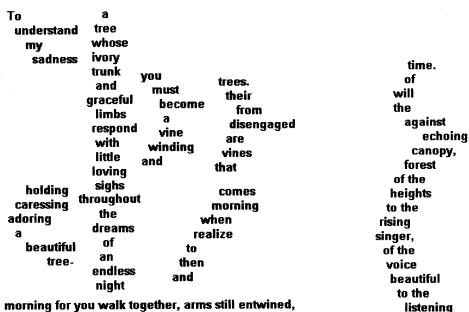


I will walk arm in arm with beautiful women in the Garden of Luxembourg. And take them to films at La Pagoda and music at St. Julienne la Pauvre. We will dine afterwards in Place de Vosges and walk beneath the arcades. And make love to the music of Carmina Burana under the rafters of an old apartment up the staircase in the Marais. We will walk carefully in the footstps 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 overfaild with sex and desire fulfilled.

Every moment will be spent in a never-ending search for memories yet to be overfaild. 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 fultilled.



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

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

Oh God, what I would give to keep these moments forever and remain a child in this magic land!

Spring line, and the watchild living and the line and That summer at B years, under 'to to one of the column of

A POLITICAL ON STATE OF STATE

```
Was she your mother,
        the ice-cap receding
    toward the north star
     in the night sky?
       Do you
   remember
  her?
And can you
remember
 the first men.
  Pequot and
    Quinnipiac,
      whose name
        remains
        with your sister
         winding to
           the sea
             west
            from
            here?
           And the
        first Europeans
       in their sailing ships?
             We know
            you have harbored
              the doe and buck
                and their delicate
                fawns. We have seen their
              their tracks on your island and
                 we know they must have
               swum across your
                   tidal waters.
               We have seen your deer at dusk
                 your foxes at morning,
               and watched the baby kingbird
                fly singing from its nest.
              to tease the spiraling osprey.
              We have toasted you with wine
             and sealed our love for you with a kiss.
    We anchor our love in you, River-San. Keep us forever
                        in your bosom.
```

#### Once upon Climbing the sacred mountain of truth a Flying on the wind across the sea, time for <sup>a</sup> too short Our crossed, entwined, and paths eight limbs caressed. Our We surrendered to the pulse of breathing bared will and the twitch of dream our feet to feel the earth. and rocked to the shaking of the wind. never be The smell of your hair The print of your body quite

the

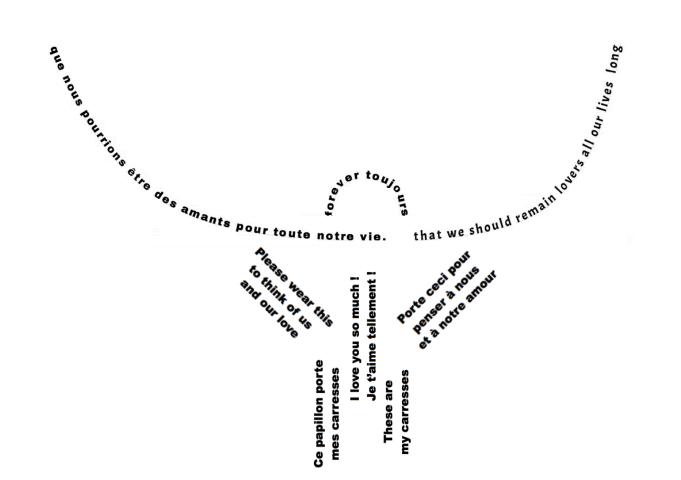
same

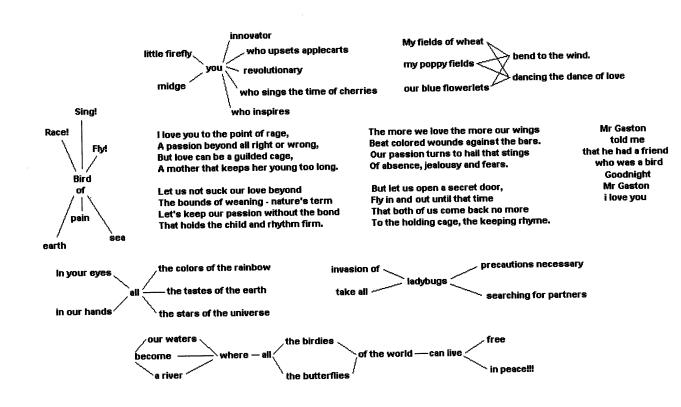
again.

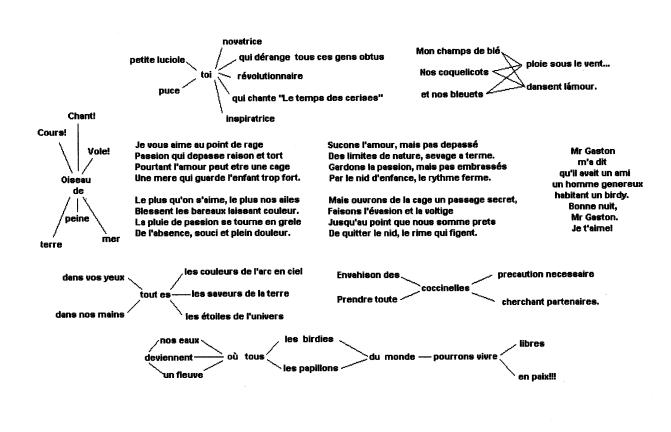
is still on my lips.

is still in my arms.

. . . No Matter What the Language







rush pause, rush pause, in the sliver of morning moonlight silver kissing the still dark sand, 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
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

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'âte 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, POUSSE, les vagues enroulent le long de mes jambes avec la force d'une source inconnue,

 $POUSSE\ PAUSE,\ pousse\ pause,\ pousse\ pause,\ le\ rythme\ tranquille\ revient\ e\ l'aube\ s'annonce,\ soulignant\ l'écume,\ pousse\ pause,\ pousse\ pause,$ 

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



digenous came in their warpaint, ready to fight to save the Amazon. The indigenous came in their warpaint, ready to fight to save the Amazon. The indigenous came in their warpaint, ready to fight to save the Amazon rest is their life. Without the forest, they cannot survive as a people. The forest is their life. Without the forest, they cannot survive as a people.

pour toujours, ou jamais. C'est arrivé à un point tournant, le nous ensemble pour toujours, ou jamais. C'est arrivé à un point tournant, le nous nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Belem en peignant nos chevilles Kayapo? L'indigène, a-t-elle compris à Be

ivre en tant que peuple. La forêt est leur vie. sans elle, ils ne peuvent pas survivre en tant que peuple. La forêt est leur vie. sans elle, ils n

who another world.

The state monder of the state of the Cupping your shoulder of caressant ton épo Caressant ton épaule dides along the curves of your book of the curves of your book of the courbes de ton of Suspended in the blue-green waters of Tikehau,

Me swam together world.

Old Man as Prophet

The curse of the prophet is call out not your names knowing in all known who languages has heard the hidden by darkness I call out to you there message but ready to move not but just the the good news bad Hear me as well news and let go that of the despair there to which you have clung is still time but not enough if we find much each other in the darkness and hold hands with strength and persistence, faith and fearlessness. Abandon the old ways! and past the waiting willows. Comeswim with me and others against the dark current Our time is coming! Prepare to seize the day, to turn the wheel of history! 1 call to you cicadas willows and announcing the listen the first stars in --of the coming night wind silence Where are Where are I have heard it said you, my you, my that there are prophets people? people? crying in the wilderness, and now I know this deep in my heart! ı ı am am But waiting it's listening for for not you! you! easy,

> the life of the prophet!

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

The old man's face of find no metal anymore. But so what!

I didn't come today to treasure hunt!

I only came to play again upon his containing chunks of ore left carelessly containing chunks of ore left carelessly and in another time by miners who moved on quickly to catch the crest of every strike.

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

I didn't come today to treasure hunt!
I only came to play again upon his piles of chat, to climb as king upon a sends up echoes of a depth far beyond sends up echoes of a depth far beyond work is done, work is done, hallowed by dripping moss and memories by great machines, beaten by hammers that forged a nation. He functioned in plans of importance. He served for crucial issues.

I didn't come today to treasure hunt!
I only came to play again upon his piles of chat, to climb as king upon the mountains of his worked-out work is depth.

I didn't come today to treasure hunt!
I only came to play again upon his in the water far below and sends up echoes of a depth far beyond work is done, 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, of importance. He served for crucial issues.

My shell is my protection, it saves me from the world wide prophecies into the world wide of when I send out hear no echo returning wide webnce to me waiting for another day time when it may be possible to make a radical transformation to shell the ease me writing, struggling, planting seeds for a culture of peace to share with the same writing, struggling, planting seeds for a culture of peace to share with the same and dreams and the same and hopes and dreams and the same writing that the same and the same writing that the same and the same an