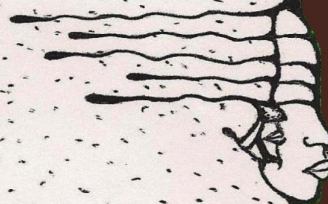
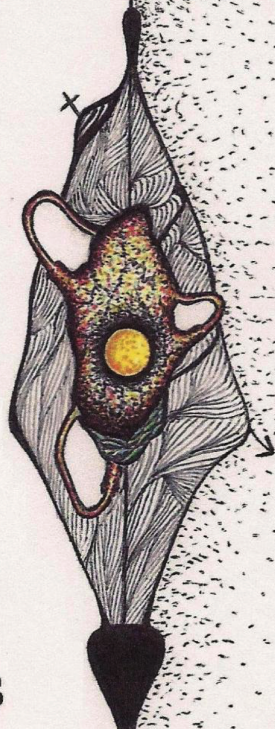


Page  
Poems

by

David  
Adams



PAGE POEMS

\* \* \*

by David Adams

\* \* \*

1958-2019

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## 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 and  
woof, sang.

**For  
what  
is**

In talks  
they struck sparks  
and set friends thinking.

life love  
if if  
it it  
is is  
not not  
given shared  
? ?

In choirs  
they joined  
harmonious anthems,

**For  
that  
she**

In children  
they planted  
the seeds of endeavors

shared gave

In love,  
yes always,

And  
for  
us

In love  
they flowered!

our lives were her gift of love.  
Let us give thanks together.

Words  
were  
games  
and  
friends  
to  
play,  
names  
for  
b and b  
i u  
r t  
d e  
s r  
f  
l  
i  
e  
s

Y  
a  
r  
n  
s  
to  
k  
n  
i  
t  
doors  
to  
enter  
and  
trails  
to  
follow,

T  
h  
r  
e  
a  
d  
s  
for  
w  
e  
a  
v  
i  
n  
g  
and  
books  
to  
come  
home  
to  
time  
and  
a  
g  
a  
i  
n

## Young Man as Poet

THE  
GEOMETRIC  
MAN-BUILT  
TOWERS  
RISE

up  
above  
a  
ruled  
and  
squared  
a  
sinking shore  
a  
sluggish trail  
a  
walled  
and  
staired  
a  
haughty and disdainful over  
scrubby cliff where  
a  
rock cliff,  
a  
stone  
sinks,  
a  
silence  
dies.

impaled  
sprawled

A  
Sun  
is  
spawned  
between  
two  
worlds.

flies.  
a word  
thinks,  
a bird  
speaks,  
e  
a wild wood  
t  
sings,  
r  
a  
Birds  
p  
a  
from chatter of song  
v  
rags of mists<sup>e</sup>  
and  
veils of vapors  
to clump of feather  
they clump and scagtter.  
With all their number  
They form but patter.  
Their pattern together,  
their lump of slumber,  
the  
day-lights  
shatter



Jesus, lead me through **Most** **terrible** asleep is a coming  
 steaming ways, the **are the mountains** asleep is a going  
 scheming paths **of love where lovers are** asleep is to be  
 precluding a **lost in their indiscretion,** awake on the sea  
 third. **where reason is lost for the** for long in the swell  
**searching of wisdom.** and the roll and slack

Jesus, **Mountain** and slow in the sun  
 stay with me, **paths have a single file. No** and endless day  
 stay with me only **three can walk together. But** asleep is becoming  
**two can talk and gather**

Woe is love and thwarted **the meaning of points.** Jesus, gather  
 the lover. I love all **your sheep**  
 I know and can **If all were known, the** alone  
 love no **truth would unfold** a one, a two  
 other. **more poignantly** another and all.  
**than little** Jesus, mother us

alosted **he** stars and **from your far star.**  
 and **came** softer  
 lone **down** than mists among the pines.  
**from**

**the mountain** **Knowledge blazes in**  
**bringing** **the mountain**  
**little** **crevice**

**star-love**  
 presents of **mountain-love** long gone  
**sleeping-love** and far  
 ago

He spread them out in **the fading sun**  
 and looked

and watched  
 and waited  
 and

His pupils expanded  
 and lost the point. His  
 mind filled with the sense of  
 the common. All men may walk  
 together on the plain. All men may talk  
 and gather without pain. And Jesus said, "I.O. Go  
 I say under your Love everybody over the world. Go  
 Ye overall and each one teach one each one teach one each one  
 and  
 followed by multitudes  
 not pass close to the sea on  
 action of all lines will aid in fixing  
 Jesus now goes up into a mountain to pray  
 near Capernaum. He chooses the twelve and d  
 mount to them as recorded by Matthew, after which  
 n the plain and repeats it as recorded by Luke. # 44. He t.

fainted with crying  
 for loss of it all

			I am standing unsettled on a street c	I am safe
Not to days of the wind window chastened.	Remember the wind pained the trees	Empty beyond and chaste by wind.	Days; the window,	o r no one notices me. r
Not to rain for wall from the tree	Remember the garden tree that was broken.	The sobbing rain beyond to tree by wind.	the wall, and ice,	Little do they know that I am preparing to swallow their city
There is a nothing. There is a never.	Waiting for coming and Bundle of remember.	Nothing always Never will I.	there.	a n digest t

Now

the sickly softness of the snow	presses upon the window			s life
The night is an agent of cunning strength			I	and
The snow and the night conspire			am	con
They shatter the glass			gagged	ver
they come slowly			and abducted	tit
Into my house			known by the snow	int
They gather			and brought into court	oha
Me	to hear the sentence of the sNOw KING			rml
				ess
		Nothing never		man
		and always remember		ure

negative space		Days of the wind and rain are gone		At this
is inconsolable		I live in a city room		moment
season and place		Oh let us submerge the broken		my neck
are uncontrollable		or fixed		is ex-
All we are		table chair		panding
money-mad		door sink		to ac-
love-sick		all		commodate
worry-worn		be have shall	I	several
guilt-ridden		must be poured		buildings
AaaaaaaaahhhhhHHHaaall		into		which
		tunnels of blood		
		tunnels of nerve		
		passage of synapse		
		swivel and swerve		
		reflex and relapse		

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

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  
goodbye  
before  
you  
go

where you are going  
for there will be no trees  
to the trees

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  
me  
for  
I  
will  
not  
come  
with  
you  
.

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.*

I  
am  
a  
pile  
of

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

LIGHT

My stars are waiting

my hawk

ning

l  
i  
s  
t  
e  
n  
s

darts

from

hill

to

valley

m  
y

dashing

d  
e  
e  
r

the

rocks

with

w  
i  
d  
e

OH

S

is not

e  
y  
e  
d

P

war

life

m  
y

ridiculous

beautiful

c  
o  
n  
e  
y

absurd

mysterious

A

oh

beyond

man

s  
q  
u  
e  
a  
k  
s

the

if you

graceful

destroy my

deer

(And

R

I

if

there is

shall

another

world

die

not

K

ask

of

to

shame.

be

a

S

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  
There's 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.  
through the clouds

There's a wind along the ridges where the mists are overflowing  
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 and a lake is shining, and a lake is shining.  
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



s  
h  
e

saw

A MOBILE

C

a pale moon had slyly appeared in our sky,

E

revealed, withdrawn beneath clouds wind-wafted by,  
a pale disc so thin we could see clear through,

E

a disc transparent, yet veiled, shaded and blue.

B

Y

Gulls

soar!

sail,

swing,

SHERRY

in skyward happiness

heaven,

ascending to

over the river a

(Dare I try  
to put my arm

of words

about her  
delicate shoulder  
of vision?

My hand  
of promise

upon her  
bleating heart

of hope?

Give her  
flowers?

Soaring  
gulls?

the old  
rock men?

a shy  
moon?

Love?

The old rock men  
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  
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.

there were  
golden morning  
rod glory  
lily of the  
pansy valley  
violet night

shade  
shooting  
&  
stars

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

Surely,

they are the true disciples of wisdom.

The water moves softly  
shadowed from evening's glancing sunlight  
and the little fragile pieces  
of glass tinkle in the tide

infinitesimally

naked  
 mountain  
 to sky  
 I my the  
 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  
 from 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.  
 Methods and Procedures only we were of The rain and  
 Histological Verification.  
 Chronic Electrode Implants. the same 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  
 in no walls I  
 I would touch  
 take your shoulder and kiss  
 your hand

Out  
of the rocks  
of this strange island

Out  
of the presence of sleeping  
bodies and the occasional  
lighted window of this  
sprawled city, in the  
square mile full of  
squalor a million  
people unhappy

and  
es-  
pecially  
rising  
from  
your slack  
delicate,

Rising the wind  
Rising the sigh of the trees  
Rising the call of your father from over the fields  
Rising the marks of tractor treads in perfect mud  
the printing of furrows in special fields  
the beckoning nods of the growing corn  
the cows are impatient  
the trees sigh  
Becky, Becky, the stream beds are  
your father is  
O to protect  
but yours, all yours,  
mysterious body  
calling  
calling  
from over the hill  
Home is the land

The  
truant  
memories  
are moving  
uncomfortably  
in your tummy

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  
room where I will  
lay you softly, Oh  
so softly among  
all my little  
collections unendingly  
of things beneath, beyond  
our lives?  
how  
should  
I make you  
a little thing  
You of the land  
which rolls  
beneath, beyond  
of anvils and messengers  
We  
shall  
be gods  
of the dead  
and of the wind  
of man. We shall come to  
understand love. We  
shall sail among the  
swallows and enter  
caverns of fish.

will  
not  
know  
laughing  
cruelly  
at your  
innocence  
in many  
shapes  
LACRYMARIA  
CHAMELEON  
OSTREA  
PROTEUS  
CONVOLVULUS

We shall be gods  
of the sea containing  
blue forgotten depths  
I shall find in you strange shells  
involute and sculptured only for  
the eyes of the lantern  
fish.  
My page is fading with the passing of spirit  
Come, come when we have loved, have lived as gods, have found all secrets,  
known all little things, come, come, come to sleep with me, to share with  
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.**

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

My myth wanders  
now into new  
kingdoms  
seeking  
castled stories  
and many fabled steeds  
holding  
tall the proud stranger alone  
and  
come ly the maidens in windows waiting  
smile with  
at me half-drawn thoughts  
Nancy and  
obliquely averted  
sad when your eye's away shades  
I know  
I see You fear  
through so much  
your window to disclose  
with although  
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  
of T.S. Eliot's Cambridge mass

and in the Sweet  
Corn, and the Soft  
Mush, of  
Indian givings, and  
rich men's leavings.  
"The only joy I  
ever had from you  
was in my  
conception of you:"

be  
my  
ba  
by

How

do

I

know?

the

bible  
told  
me and  
so I

entered

the mystic

fatherhood and

of  
God

set traps

for  
you

Beware the bronze father balls.

Avoid the steep ball towers,  
the dong of the horn-warning fog.  
the noon leavings of the morning dog

nimble

and

lithe

you ran all over  
my sonnets  
and overflowed  
like Rorschach butterflies  
which flit  
unsuccessfully

little

pages

and  
all  
dog  
star  
crossed  
steeple  
banging  
bronze  
balls

My

love Susan

takes

fancy liberties

to the likes of  
strangest to a me  
things

flight

I  
was  
satyr  
prancing  
and  
finding  
places  
to  
know  
together and world forgotten we walk away

I  
faun  
mine  
dancing  
magic  
were  
waiting  
be  
now

I  
ran  
skipping  
to  
witching  
words  
will  
yours  
but



Sky and the water vibrate.

I gauge the water beetle's flight  
back and forth against and with  
the ripples and the current  
patterned circles meandering  
black and gray and deep green and blue  
mingle and merge together and gone  
separate here and then and now I forget  
my dreams  
I fell asleep chanting of you and your eyes  
and awoke with a faint fragrance  
a fragment of vision  
a sidewalk full of music  
a Rembrandt tree  
and silence.

So long we've been knowing the sense before I heard the sounds,  
singing the music together  
Sharing the passion, the rage, the hope, the love,  
Seeking the truth, the spirit, the culture of peace.

Nesting together in the thick pines,  
Smelling the warm fragrance of needles transforming to soil.  
the deep softness of the earth enveloping.  
Drinking the strength of the slender trees,  
ears legs entering penis

Nestling together our various fingers toes tongues  
arms enveloping lips  
Smelling our every entry and pore  
Drinking our fluids all blended together

the deep spaces of our souls converging.  
Knowing that we share forever our various lives:  
singing,  
bird  
soaring  
earthworms, sister  
brother  
Lighthouse, beloved.

How many times have our life lines crossed and / or will we see the day to laugh at all these coincidences?  
and our life crossed and be in ways we can never remember  
again shar- ing our ears the quartet  
see you Will I in last the quartet!  
and flashed and fallen like s P a r k s  
into water

Love Never Gets Easier . . .

Who  
can  
help  
us  
heal  
find  
a  
way  
forward  
without  
going  
back  
?

TELL  
ME  
PLEASE  
!

We  
have  
cried  
these  
many  
weeks  
without  
knowing

without  
knowing

lost  
without  
knowing

lost  
in  
our  
tears,  
lost  
in  
a  
world  
that  
has  
passed  
us  
by

HOW DID  
WHY ? WE  
WHY ? LOSE  
OUR  
WAY

does  
it  
take  
to  
show  
that  
we  
can't  
go  
back  
?

does  
it  
take  
to  
show  
that  
I  
love  
you  
?

does  
it  
take  
to  
heal  
the  
hurt?  
How  
can  
I  
make  
it  
up

HOW MANY TEARS

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,

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.

We walked.  
for a long time alone.

Sometimes I felt  
your hand in mine  
Sometimes I sensed  
your hips in rhythm nearby.

To Crystal  
Christine } from David

Tight wires drawn across your lips  
Words are drawn by the stars in a world beyond all time and pain.  
Finding the time I am losing my self.

The love is writ by the stars how they are pulling us trying to find my own you?  
Our love is writ by the stars how they are pulling us trying to find my own you?

How can I know you?  
I am looking for us into distant motion!

What do you make my way in a dream I am looking for you among faces in dreams.  
Lost, trying to make of me? shared in each other's arms.

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 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 !



To understand my sadness  
 a tree whose ivory trunk and graceful limbs respond with little loving sighs throughout the dreams of an endless night  
 you must become a vine winding and  
 trees. their from disengaged are vines that  
 comes morning when realize to then and  
 time. of will the against echoing canopy, forest of the heights to the rising singer, of the voice beautiful to the listening cathedrals

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 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!



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  
Climbing the sacred mountain of truth upon  
Flying on the wind across the sea, a time  
Our paths crossed, for a too short  
eight limbs entwined, and caressed.  
Our bared We surrendered to the pulse of breathing  
our feet will and the twitch of dream  
to feel the earth. never and rocked to the shaking of the wind.  
The smell of your hair be  
is still on my lips. quite The print of your body  
the is still in my arms .  
same  
again.

. . . No Matter What the Language

que nous pourrions être des amants pour toute notre vie.

forever toujours

that we should remain lovers all our lives long

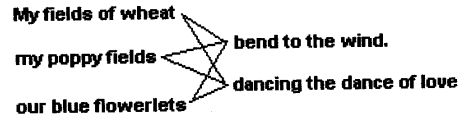
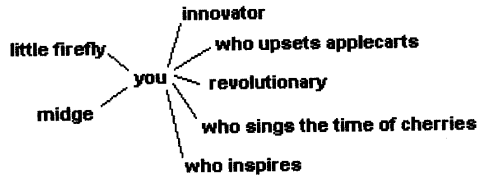
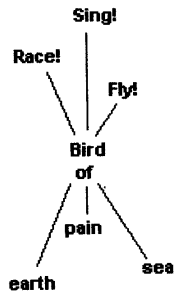
Please wear this  
to think of us  
and our love

Ce papillon porte  
mes carresses

I love you so much !  
Je t'aime tellement !

These are  
my carresses

Porte ceci pour  
penser à nous  
et à notre amour



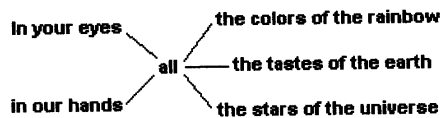
I love you to the point of rage,  
A passion beyond all right or wrong,  
But love can be a guided cage,  
A mother that keeps her young too long.

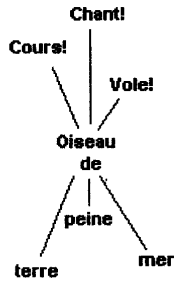
Let us not suck our love beyond  
The bounds of weaning - nature's term  
Let's keep our passion without the bond  
That holds the child and rhythm firm.

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.

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





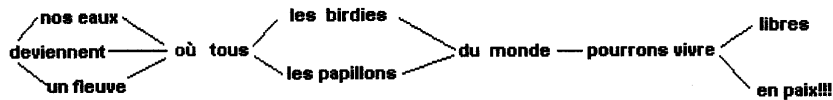
Je vous aime au point de rage  
 Passion qui dépasse raison et tort  
 Pourtant l'amour peut être une cage  
 Une mère qui garde l'enfant trop fort.

Sucons l'amour, mais pas dépassé  
 Des limites de nature, sauvage à ferme.  
 Gardons la passion, mais pas embrassés  
 Par le nid d'enfance, le rythme ferme.

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

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.

Mais ouvrons de la cage un passage secret,  
 Faisons l'évasion et la voltige  
 Jusqu'au point que nous sommes prêts  
 De quitter le nid, le rime qui figent.





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 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'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

s, it came at a turning point. It was together forever, now, or never. For us, it came at a turning point. It was together forever, now, or never. For us, it came at a turning point. It was together forever, now, or never.

Did she understand, there in Belem, as she painted our ankles Kayapo? Did she understand, there in Belem, as she painted our ankles Kayapo? Did she understand, there in Belem, as she painted our ankles Kayapo?

They commit us forever to saving the Amazon from a warrior with all of the paraphernalia but left the curare with him  
 They commit us forever to saving the Amazon from a warrior with all of the paraphernalia but left the curare with him  
 They commit us forever to saving the Amazon from a warrior with all of the paraphernalia but left the curare with him

They tie us forever to each other  
 You bought a sarbacane  
 You bought a sarbacane  
 You bought a sarbacane

They came by bus  
 They came by bus  
 They came by bus

They came from all the Amazon  
 They came from all the Amazon  
 They came from all the Amazon

Kamayurá  
 Kamayurá  
 Kamayurá

Mundurukú  
 Mundurukú  
 Mundurukú

Nambikwara  
 Nambikwara  
 Nambikwara

Kayapo  
 Kayapo  
 Kayapo

Makuxi  
 Makuxi  
 Makuxi

Awá  
 Awá  
 Awá

Paraná  
 Paraná  
 Paraná

Yanomami  
 Yanomami  
 Yanomami

Sateré-Mawé  
 Sateré-Mawé  
 Sateré-Mawé

Ticuna  
 Ticuna  
 Ticuna

Kubéo  
 Kubéo  
 Kubéo

Tupí  
 Tupí  
 Tupí

In 2009, World Social Forum was in Belem  
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<http://cpnn-world.org/cgi-bin/read/articlepage.cgi?ViewArticle=432>  
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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. 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. The forest is their life. Without the forest, they cannot survive as a people.

pour toujours, ou jamais.  
nos chevilles Kayapo?  
à sauver l'Amazonie  
avec tout l'attirail

semaines  
Panará  
Yanomami  
Sateré-Mawé  
Ticuna  
Kubéo  
Tupí

le dessin nous proclamant Kayapo  
laissant le curare avec lui

C'est arrivé à un point tournant, le nous ensemble pour toujours, ou jamais.  
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?  
Ils nous engagent à sauver l'Amazonie  
d'un guerrier Kayapo avec tout l'attirail

ils nous attachent l'un à l'autre.  
Tu as acheté une sarbacane  
Ils nous engagent à sauver l'Amazonie  
d'un guerrier Kayapo avec tout l'attirail  
Ils venaient de toute l'Amazonie  
Kamayura  
Munduruki  
Nambikwara  
Kayapo  
Makuxi  
Awá  
voyageant souvent des  
semaines  
Panará  
Yanomami  
Sateré-Mawé  
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luttant pour l'Amazonie.  
ivre en tant que peuple.

En 2009 le forum mondial était à Belem  
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La forêt est leur vie. sans elle, ils ne peuvent pas survivre en tant que peuple.

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My hand glides along the curves of your body,  
ma main glisse le long des courbes de ton corps,

Suspended in the blue-green waters of Tikehau,  
suspendus dans les eaux bleu-vert de Tikehau,

We swam together into another world.  
nous avons nagé dans un autre monde.

cupping your shoulder with her tattoo.  
caressant ton épaule avec son tatouage.

we followed her as she glided with slow silent waves.  
nous la suivions alors qu'elle glissait en lentes vagues.

Old Man as Prophet

The curse  
 of the  
 prophet  
 is  
 not  
 knowing  
 who  
 has  
 heard  
 the  
 message

I call out to you there  
 hidden by darkness  
 but ready to move

not but  
 just the  
 the bad news  
 that there  
 is still  
 time  
 not  
 much

good  
 news  
 as well  
 but  
 enough if we find  
 each other in the darkness and hold hands  
 with strength and persistence,  
 faith and fearlessness.

Abandon the old ways!  
 Comeswim with me and others against the dark current  
 Our time is coming! Prepare to seize the day, to turn the wheel of history!

and past the waiting willows.

I  
 call  
 to  
 you  
 and  
 listen

willows  
 the  
 in  
 wind

cicadas  
 announcing  
 the first stars  
 of the coming night

...  
 silence  
 ...

Where are  
 you, my  
 people?

I have heard it said  
 that there are prophets  
 crying in the wilderness,  
 and now I know this deep  
 in my heart!

Where are  
 you, my  
 people?

I  
 am  
 waiting  
 for  
 you!

But  
 it's  
 not  
 easy,  
 the life  
 of the  
 prophet!

I  
 am  
 listening  
 for  
 you!

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.

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 . . .

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.



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!  
 A stone I drop plunks softly  
 I only came to play again upon his  
 in the water far below and  
 piles of chat, to climb as king upon  
 sends up echoes of a depth far beyond  
 the mountains of his worked-out  
 my ken. So now I gaze down into his soul,  
 stone, to contemplate the depths  
 His work is done, hallowed by dripping moss and memories  
 going down into the earth where  
 by years of excruciating labor, and I stumble on  
 once men toiled in search of wealth  
 thoughts of thousands.  
 His will is done, the education of  
 a legacy more precious than the very work he did,  
 and now there remains but quiet  
 His life stands stacked in a corner.  
 the dignity of having served and being now at rest.  
 pools of dark, mysterious water.

*I wrote this many years ago,*  
*but now it is I who have grown old.*  
*Am I worked out?*

The  
 old man's face  
 was like a worked-out mine,  
 its 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.

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

THE TURTLE It keeps me waiting for another day  
another time when it may be possible to make a radical transformation

LIVES TWIXT It keeps me writing, struggling, planting seeds for a culture of peace.  
PLATED DECKS  
WHICH PRACTICALLY CONCEAL ITS SEX. I THINK IT'S CLEVER OF THE TURTLE

TO BE SO FERTILE!  
IN SUCH A FIX

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