

2 poems

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Shards



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Shards I

scarcely into spring
the fields attempt to dredge
the embedded frost
entwined icy vines
roots and fallen branches
begin their bottom-heavy drip

when I drive along the road
fallow fields remind me of
winter shepherding in highlands
where ancestors broke earth
as if it were unleavened bread
where sheep scampered
waded and slept on
composted shards

those broken pots were vessels of cities
combined with street waste thrown
from windows, doors
mansions and hovels

snips of textile, twigs, wood chips
all blended to enable
arable land to perpetuate

each day I trekked over history
glimpses of life flashed before me
among thrown beet balls, neaps, cabbages
which lambs, ewes, rams and
even the rare goat welcomed
although attempts to find ancient ancestors
defy me, I can feel protuberances
see branding in the flotsam of ticks
within my feet , head , heart

jetsam in the lost thoughts
I want to find the fork to lift them
examine each particle of porcelain
within eyes
the outer shell of thought patterns

to thank those who have empowered me to be
on this late-winter's early night
I know the road ahead
will become very different
from the small highway my life
is becoming

but these shards created me to know
the vast routes behind.

Shards
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Shards II

Shards are the markings of broken parts
on the fields and moors of our dreams

from the refuse of ancient city lanes
trudged up from carts and box cars
thrown onto soil
composted to create us

sheep, goats and cattle continually
kick up ceramic pieces of molded clay, tools, toys
even cloth, plants poke through them
to be digested back for years of cover.

in my wilderness walks among crowds
woods, galleries and halls
small remnants reveal
brands segmented in faces
hardwired tread patterns
mask fragility behind them

while I steer my paces around them
my feet reveal imprints
of genomes- wild imps of
zygotic play, to thrust me against
my own depression

having crossed oceans
the cisterns of time
reveal underground chasms
within dreams awaken
fragile realities stacked
against the sediment
of recorded memories

these are the memes, the grail
which erupts real life
it is within those darkrooms
in which the last images
are developed
the first poems made

and the true flowering begins
as yet unfinished



Shards III

Museum Pieces

within aboriginal museums
chipped shapes react to multifaceted
chiaroscuros of day

encased, visitors gaze at them as foreign objects
particles in the eye once removed;
is labeled as a sliver in the hand
is examined
these shards were not merely parts of bowls,
but in hands, mouths, homes
of those who made them, from the clay and minerals
of elements which have created us

their ions attracted sub objects
made tools to empower us, as much as
recycled cloth, metals and seeds create
our clothes, cars and fuel

they are not more ancient or foreign than our
archetypal mother, for she-black, beautiful
and eternal
is always within us.

Her shards, shredded for us
are the grail which holds us, as we
the ions of particles of genomes
of her

as we gaze on cracked chips
realizing it is only a glass
which separates us.



Shards IV

Sharing the Shard

even the blue of it
cannot mend the broken pieces

but, after being found
snatched from earth's pouch
fondled, concealed and transported
it has acquired magic

more than patina, it glows from
oil in the hands; its flowering trees greening
in the blue air -a hologram of rose wreaths
not returned

its smooth border plaits a story through
family streams, bent and dented
it, obedient to the shape of work

this chip, upon examination
is porous on many sides
is there a synecdoche for believing
in the whole from the part?

the underside reveals a different
scene within
a sky is glimpsed-a vastness more inspiring
than all the perfect detail possible
in a leaf

like those beloved, it is chipped to us
one broken piece; a remnant of the world
yet shared, cherished and embraced
fully, it can become the whole
of which each of our broken hearts
is mended.



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The day I send my mother

large print books

I'll know I've failed

even the novel of her

I've yet to write

will not make her immortal

Sometimes she sends me coupons
are they the valentines she cannot utter?

is it by her cataracts

I see Jesus through other eyes?

Her martyrdom consumes me

she still expects I can rise again

from her ashes

instead I am suspended in

the Great Divide

of faith and doubt

and linger in the time zone

of integration and despair

In some respects she is still

the saga of World War I

wanting to re-edit

the epic of World War II



About North Wind Press

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