

Postscript for Locke

The poet had written so much, so much, so much,
Far back as tabula rasa where the first stylus moved —
Every piece of paper in the world had felt his touch.

In desk and closet, under the bed in old suitcases full of
manuscript —
The evolutionary style, now a legend in its time, moved on
And so did the futuristic roller of pulp, endlessly equipped.

Much more static, outside the window, his own beckoning blue
spring
Paused, posed, like the one gorgeous, ineffable peacock
Which cawed and cawed in the scratching pen and could not
be made to sing.

And there, just a little further on from where he sat,
Like Tom Thumb who never got a franchise in his life,
The topaz blisters in the golf course were soothed and soothed
to emerald matte.

He closed the window, pulled the shades down to no avail:
There was a shimmering green glow along the wall,
The spots before his eyes were taken from the peacock's tail.

Is this then one of long, long writing's basic laws? —
The blue spring gets into the ink, emeralds come down from the
wall and seep across the floor,
The lyric lingers, lingers on the page, the peacock caws.

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