

2012

## From Poems from Dylan's Wales

John Edwin Cowen

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring\\_cummings](https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings)

---

### Recommended Citation

Cowen, John Edwin (2012) "From Poems from Dylan's Wales," *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society*: Vol. 19: No. 1, Article 9.

Available at: [https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring\\_cummings/vol19/iss1/9](https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings/vol19/iss1/9)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society* by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@gvsu.edu](mailto:scholarworks@gvsu.edu).

## From Poems from Dylan's Wales

John Edwin Cowen

---

### THE DAY I FELL ON DYLAN THOMAS'S GRAVE

*To: poets John Brantingham and T. Anders Carson, who picked me up and walked me back up to Dylan's graveside*

Once below a time, Jack  
    Not so nimble went  
Up the hill to fall  
    Upon Dylan's and Caitlin's  
Grave:—not so much  
To fall as to Roll  
    Down Laugharne  
Cemetery's steep incline  
    Until a kind-dead-chap let  
Me land on his lap-of-stone.

Once upon a time, I fell  
    on Dylan's grave :—  
Upon his sea-drift songs  
    Of his apple green youth  
and mine. And, now, I, too, lay, me

    Down, perhaps to dream,  
Perhaps to sleep, but more  
    Content shall I now keep . . .  
Until I hear October's  
    Raven:—cough up sticks.



DYLAN THOMAS'S LAST READING IN WALES

*A Greek Chorus Soloist Reads:*

:— wind, hair, fire: seagull  
bird songs, spring time, shrieks  
he talks—warbles, sparkles  
marks his trees : women prowl

:— children's vowels, fill Tenby Castle  
consonants, verbs, words hit the beach  
low notes, roots and vines climb up—  
castle towers, towers of clinging verbs

:— sea notes, sea songs, sea-shaken lyrics  
does the water speak? do rocks?  
a morning cock crows, *Rockaroo-karoo*  
worms, snails, snakes, hissing sounds

:— do birds curse? *shitwhoo—shitwhoo*  
wind, hair, fire: raven  
do fish sing? do mermaids, whales  
porpoise:—sing mournful poems?

:— mice, unicorns, clowns perform  
flowers perped on tongues in ears  
float in brains-ale drowned by hosts  
wind, fire, earth: dust, dust.

## STONES AND POEMS

*for Peter Thabit Jones*

Like people  
stones are different:—  
each stone a thumb-  
print from God  
often layered one  
upon another  
like words in  
a poem or poems  
that roll gently  
down hill or quietly  
down Kilvey Hill,  
where a gentle  
poet from the ugly  
side of Swansea  
(not Dylan's side)  
:—builds poems  
like stone fences  
so steady, they'll  
last forever . . .

## HERON CROSSING

A tall great blue  
heron, proud and  
tall

camouflaged by  
grey street pave-  
ment,

(might, have been  
the casualty of  
A

Swansea taxi—but  
for its awkward,  
*not*

*quite posthumous*  
Houdini get-a-  
way(((

A LITTLE...

a little  
boy  
chases a  
yellow  
butterfly  
with  
net in hand  
eluding  
him like a  
poet's  
poem can

## I KNOW THE MAN

I know the man in autumn  
born of the summer sun  
awaits the winter's frost  
and spring's first accost  
to spill from April's daffodils  
yellow and golden and green

I know the man in winter  
alive at the sound of poetry  
alive to cast off and sail the sea  
hear moondrift Swansea tales  
adrift in waves hiding whales  
as moonlight's compass seizes

I know the man in summer  
heated by harpoon waters  
subtracted by math and weather  
wrapped in skeins of living matter  
where humid kisses live all night  
in moonlight by the bay's retreat

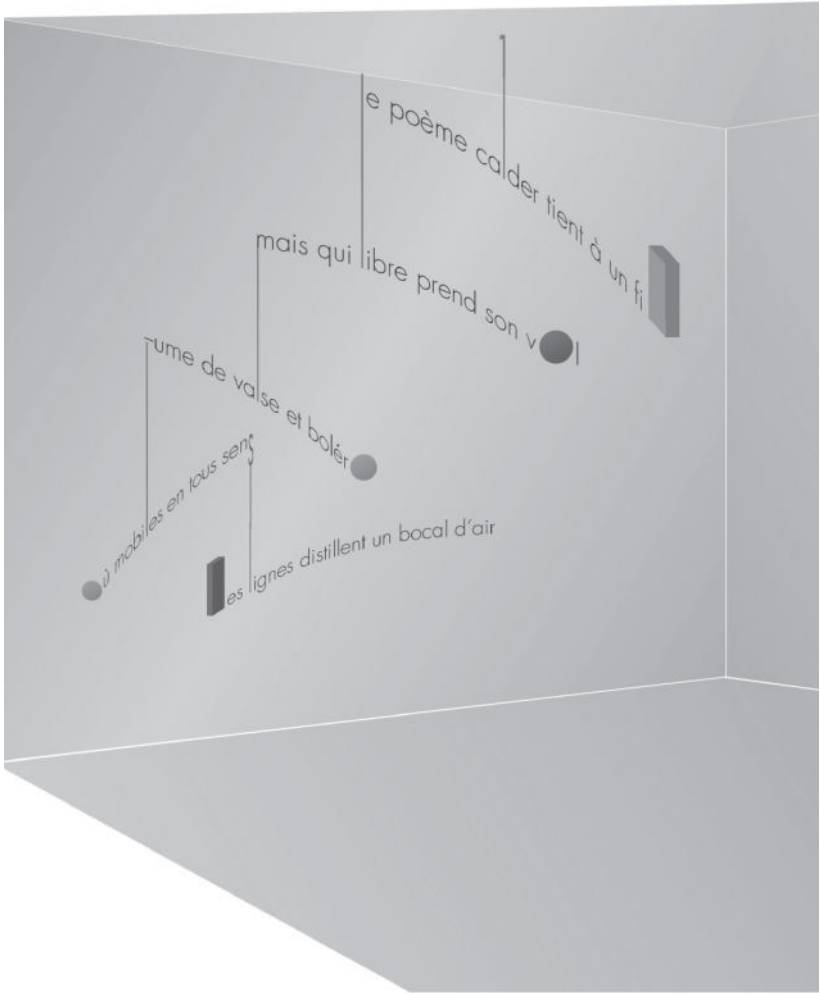
I know the man in springtime  
sweetened by the scent of sex  
blossomed as the pulse retracts  
re-enters the slipping purse  
of love: tosses and swerves  
until sunrise rides winter's hearse.

—*Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, NJ*

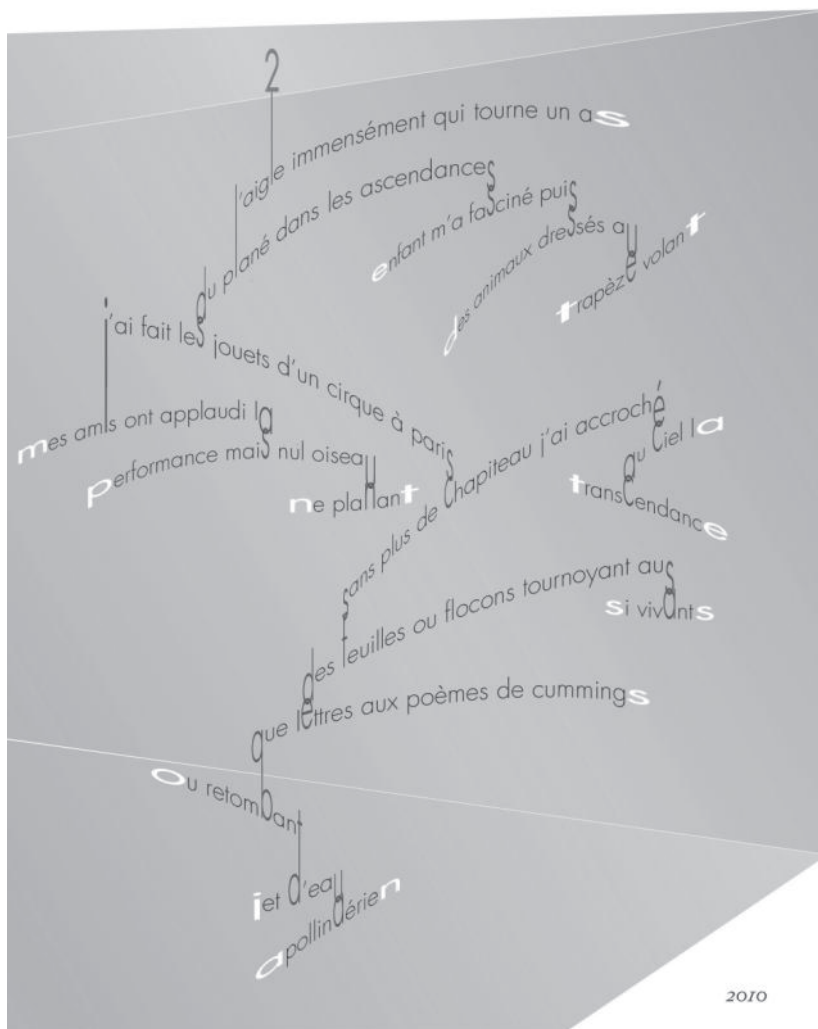
# les calder

Jacques Demarcq

---







2010