

2004

More Poems

John Tagliabue

Steven Thomas Roberts

Robert Dorsett

Ken Carstens

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings

Recommended Citation

Tagliabue, John; Roberts, Steven Thomas; Dorsett, Robert; and Carstens, Ken (2004) "More Poems," *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society*. Vol. 13, Article 14.

Available at: https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings/vol13/iss1/14

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.

**Lighter and lighter it fell as
you slept**

John Tagliabue

That that the quietly it
fell fell newest the seemed
a upon snow lightest lighter
few the it snow
seconds newest continued as the
ago snow to it newest
the a fall grew snow
newest few all darker
snow seconds night
ago

soon it disappeared

They write and I think they're right

I heard in grammar school
more than 70 years ago some said
only God can
make a tree — and I now add — and
you and me
and creativity. Admiring that and each other
seeking to
respect protect it we let it come and go at that.

A paragraph
or any work of art or prayer, any act of devotion
respect can
seek to shelter it. With all due simplicity and
mystery.
Let's pat school and creative writing courses in
their
respectful and humorous places. Yes, Nietzsche, you're
right:
"Maturity is when we recover the seriousness of a
child at play";
and MacLeish said "a poem should not mean
but be";
and E. E. Cummings who urges us to play and sing
both tragedy
and comedy said "all which isn't singing is
mere talking
and all talking's talking to oneself."

For the September time Being Freshness is All

I find it one of the fortunes of my life, sitting on
beautiful American
campuses Fresh persons, young men and young women
from *all* over the
world arrive and arrive astounded and becoming more
astounded surprised
by Plato, E. E. Cummings and others, wet from more
than April showers,
from summer swimming, from rain which is the
quality of mercy;
young wet and wonderful, with energy, and somewhat
in a daze;
trailing clouds of glory they come with their
expensive books;
I tell you maturity can flower in due time. I tell
you we are
fortunate.

For those who ride along and follow

One word
after another
like one car after another
on a freight train; don't be
frightened, you are trained enough to ride on.
Don't feel you lack steam or dream, you seem to
me to be a kind of vital person who is kind who wants
to ride on to see the scenery, to feel like feeling kissing
the sleeping girl who is bouncing along by your sleepy side;
some things are hidden, some things are ridden, some things are
bidden; why are you nibbling at my ear? don't fear to touch the
rest of me, you carry on, you care and on and on and on we go, feeling
and caring all along. You sing and sing in my nibbled ear, there's nothing
wrong, another song another song, I touched your breast, we glide along
with many babies following us as we change positions, I follow you, you
follow me, you're warm all over, I am your lover. this is the song,
it's very long and to be continued.

—*Providence, RI*

Morning Poem

The grey dawn, stubbled as a chin,
grumbled once or twice,
scratched itself (yawning as it did),
grabbed a cup of coffee

and

S - T - R - E - T - C - H - E - D

across rooftops the

until it was a day.

Eurydice on Earth Day

the blood of a thousand angels
would I sacrifice
my Lady
to redeem a single smile
from Your most reluctant lips

and I would pledge
the promise of my own bright youth
if I could ransom laughter from
the white solemnity of Your throat

the sky has not eyes
as wide as Yours
nor a lily Your compassion

why are You so sorrowful
my Queen

(whom I crowned with the garland
of my own shy hopes
and secret dreams)

on this
the Greenest of all days
when the World
in joyful glad procession
around You its benefaction carousels ?

why must You long for bitter fruit
when I would bring You sweeter fare?

and why did You
O Goddess

(as surely You must be
now that You are sad no more)

confide in me
(who wanted merely to adore You)
there
amongst the dogwood
that You would choose to be

the solitary
leaf

which
falls
in
Spring?

— *Lagrangeville, NY*
srobe444@aol.com

A Corsage for the First Date

Robert Dorsett

These I offer:
Potato blossoms,
The bean,

Flowers
White or yellow,
The more

For being
Common, artichokes
And crude

Cucumber, a
Beauty proletariat
As water.

Echo Again

The blue was
Depth, a lowered sky,
Water-panel

Into which he
Leaned: pale-white of
Snow, and the

Broken petals so
Pitiable, as if a duck
Saw its own

Bill, soft curve of
Back, but couldn't
Touch and

Froze into a lotus,
That body baffled
Into flower.

To Converse with the Dead

Listen:
My language
Lingers,

Will not
Speak (shies)
(Perishes)

Leaves gaps
For your loss
To fill,

*

You clueless
Of the alluded, the
Abandoned,

The easily
Said (silent
Afterward) and

Lagging in
Poetry: words that
Conjure, let go.

—*Berkeley, CA*

E . E .

Ken Carstens

always a beginning

who is not frightened of
some supposed end
who dares to ask an answer
of this grand accident
who is certain (self-assuredly)
that someone will always answer
alone and beautiful
with open heart
and empty arms
who will always embrace Feel
to spite the treachery of Know
who is not afraid to hurl
a laughing glance at Death
and curse his nuisance
with spirit in sound
you are. . . . a song
of new beginning

now

—*Sioux Falls, SD*

bookstore graveyard -

Henry Denander

ten years ago i was living in new york off park
avenue in the upper east in a flat paid for by the
swedish embassy and i often strolled around there
even if i wasn't too fond of the area,i loved the village
more and every night we took a taxi down there for the
jazz clubs and the restaurants

the burlington bookshop was at 1082 madison
avenue,a beautiful small bookstore with a balcony
inside where I found a first edition of e.e.cummings
collected poems 1923-1954 and the only thing i knew
of cummings was a beautiful poem that michael caine
read for dianne wiest in hannah and her sisters,ending:
"...nobody,not even the rain,has such small hands"

when i held the heavy book it opened itself to the
page with just that beautiful poem and it was hardcover
and twenty dollars

the bookshop closed in 1993 the year after we
moved back to stockholm,maybe killed by barnes &
noble or some other major,who knows

—*Stockholm, Sweden*