

making noise

new poems

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*For those who dare to speak out against injustice,
for those who actively practice the arts,
and for those not afraid to express gratitude,
my thanks.*

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silence revisited

(or: ode to my beloved country)

*if you can't say something nice,
don't say nothin' at all*

like the squatter morning glory vine
yielding pink and purple posies of promise
our bitter silence sends out relentless tendril roots
invading every corner of serenity's garden

silence is golden

rings of silence as daunting as barbed wire
imprison both sides

with shroud of silence
shall we cover the unflattering nakedness
of our outrage
while, masquerading as the cloak of civility,
our stillness, whether soft or steely,
is finally buried with us in mass graves of apathy
with no other companion
than our covenant of quiet?

make noise
make every day new year's eve,
clattering on the brink
of something hopeful

make noise
like the women taking back the night
like the bonus army insisting on their due
say your piece
like rachel carson martin luther king mahatma ghandi
pete seeger dmitri shostakovitch lenore kandel
mort sahl george carlin deep throat
project censored the wisconsin 14
like all the unnamed truth-tellers

like the canary in the coal-mine
sing as if your life depends on it

before words

in the soft mists before time began
 you knew only the sense of things:
 the warmth of wet: cradle of fluid
 floating you on its currents your currents
 freedom of not knowing whence you came
 wither you journey
 only freedom peace warm wetness
 you learned many dances twirls spins
 slides jumps indistinguishable from any you-ness
 you the dance

movement genius that you were
 tethered now somehow to somewhere
 you felt how you were pushed pulled
 rough or caught safe or scary
 you learned love-pats from thumps
 you being danced

eons of time worlds of change
 before the music would come
 quietly at first soft shirring sounds
 wetness slurring against the skin of your vessel
 moving in the swift and whisp'ring currents
 that carried you shielded you
 you sounding resounding
 you the music

and around you then, rhythms textures of sound
 soon you learned lullabies from shrieks
 love-songs from sirens
 you being sounded

for miniscule centuries of time
 those ribbons of sensory chiffon
 twirled interwove on the platform of your being
 music and dance intercoursing
 music-dance dancemusic
 the only language you knew
 learned them well and forever

music manuscripts

scouting the museum anterooms
 I find the exhibit I came to see
 music manuscripts writ in their very hand

Beethoven Chopin Mozart

sheets of paper left behind
 beyond the flesh that once fashioned phrases
 channeled direct from soul's ear to fingertip
 to pen to paper that we might hear
 what came to them original

here is more than music
 here is the body's dance
 the rush of life revealing what the melody cannot
 betraying daily habit pattern character

Chopin's notes precisely patterned
 like tatted lace on page
 delicately set out, neat, exact
 as unblemished as a Victorian bosom
 clothed with fragile embellishment
 transparently revealing all

Beethoven's pages betraying brashness
 spattered with stain coffee tears blood
 impatient ink spots forced by inspiration
 vulgar power exposing a brutal beauty
 and secret senses pulsed and pushed
 to unabashed immortality
 as if to outpace the coming silence

and there, **Mozart's** strokes
 slanting forward like a lithe and limber runner
 darting among the melodies
 rapid sure and confident
 scribing a master faster than himself
 the final note in sight of the first
 the course known from the beginning
 the flesh unable to outrun time
 the music flashing through eternity