

POETRY

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White paper
seeps
through
swirls
around black letter hummocks
Every page
an everglade

If about this work
Seems to some to lurk
Here and there a quirk
Or two for their ados
Sparkling ocean liners
Have their rodent crews

The tedium of time.
The stillness of death.
Fluorescent pallor.
Packaged.

the cooling touch of the wind

the light of life

warm

I've borne the woman's caress of the sun
Been wildered by the many-tongued waters
And thrilled to the child's prattling of the brook
Dispersed by a deer's leap

I cried and died in the stillness of a mountain meadow
Was resurrected by the angel music of insect wings
Punctuated by the electric chirps of birds' calls
And snuffled a laugh at the thump of mountain cat tracks
Printing the earth beside my curtain walls

I want to lay upon the earth
Watching mountains absorb sunlight
To hear, humming, birds above the spume
And, dinned by insects active in high meadow
To smell the pine and flowers' perfume upon the restless
air

May it please, Nature, thee me shall define

There are little places
Where one can lay at night
And laugh a little laugh
At the small joke he's playing
On the world
That he's on it
But not in it
And only he knows it

What separates a stage
From tavern, street, mill

Applause that rages
And you're not still

Weekly frolics succeed
Grade School conditioned
Responses to the
Human despoiling
Of man natural

Instead of Recess
It's called T G I F

Oriental Gallery

O P E N

An actor within

A setting

His cue

You

Hear the artist

Within a rock
I seek a block

Within a man
Without a plan
I often find

Pay me in kind

Sell the smartest

Red lights signalling
Subway tunneled eyes
Do not fret the mind

But, framed, these three stains
On artist's canvas
Intrigue humankind

No, no
We cannot see away
Smell or hear or
Taste but here
Nor deceive
Most intimate
Now

The sharpest eye
Can only discern
Data attentively received
Seeing what was
Unpiercingly

As artist,
My job
Is to make
Or break
Some part
That will persist
Credentially
As art

Here's a spot
I'll name a dot
It could be part
Of someone's art
A simple line
Or curved and fine
Perhaps a square
Or circle's there
Suppose it's cubed
A cone or sphere
And is it hard
Or soft as lard
Tall as Rainier
Or someone's ear
Where might it dwell
How does it spell
What has it done
How fast can run
Though it impart
All that's art
I cannot glean
One jot of green

There was a dot
I watched a lot
It needed framing
I soon was claiming
I took a square
And placed it there
Then a circle
Turned it purple

Clarion-voiced croupiers these couplets amassed

Tedious lines collectors have kept fitly
Companioned in cluttered profusion, passed

Over and over by well-ordered eyes seeking
Confusion, bold with delusion, outclassed

By precision on academic mission

Psychologists deploring their feeble tongues
Confer them catatonically rigid
As diddled as their science prestigious

Why mustn't they explore the religious

My love is universal,
In no way possessive,
Passively proffered
To pleasure all men.

But, don't you see,
Taking a lover
Without admitting
His separate self

Is exactly the same
As if you hadn't loved
Him, but had remained
Here with just me.

When you seek
Someone specially
Suited to your taste
You are seeking

To possess her,
However briefly.
Well, if just any
Man may service you

Who will passively,
Dispassionately,
Enact precisely
Your body's bidding,

Your want is to
Animate a dildo.
You hold each creature
A piece of ivory.

For lust you'd deny
Both selves emotion,
Reason, soul. How to this
Accustom heart?

Your love is selfish.
It wants me only
For its own pleasure.
It would deny me others.

If none can attain
An ethereal plane
Within your love's realm,
But reside equally,

Administered
Indiscriminately
For body's warmth,
Why chased you me
For two months or three?
What thought insisted
That I undergo
This sterile art for love?

Come to lecture
Please explain

Reading poetry
Is such a pain

new clear
reveals
nuclear
unclear

presents
anu-
clear new

clear
springs
mathematically
muddled
experientially

point
straight line
solid
continuous
infinite

Vague rants
Precise unrealities

numbers
numb
are in fact
numbers

A line loved
loosens sprightly

A poet's truth
Unswapt
by know bounded
storied 'ditions'
slowed flows,
science founded

Candle enshadow
Chiarascuro

Electricly glare
Strip all of what's fair

Knives with candles may never mix
Without fleet Cristo's fencing tricks

I see a man most every night
Whose aging face is all alight

All he's trying, he says, to do
Is tell the truth to all of us

And I don't want to make a fuss
But how could any man be right

Who starts out having to construe
All facts as red or white or blue

free and open
debate cannot be
nor the truth found
certainly
amid polite disorder
said and heard
always
imperfectly

debaters
proceed
as surely
to
truth
as jousters

And what if doctors object Quackery!
When apprised of these miraculous cures
Lay aside their symptomatology
And turn your reverence out of doors

O Doctor
You must hover
To discover
Become a lover

You urge that this man
Is fit for judging
The judges because
Of his fervent love
And deep respect for
Law. But I fear that
You will come to see
That, whatever his
Legal relations,
We're endangered should
His love and respect
Apply less equally
To those who graze him.

avoid
certainty
indubious
authority
endupably
cautions
precisely
muddled
classes

Much has been said
By those whose plight
Is to escape night

They seek the red
Of dawn's slow light

The cricket chirps
In the fields at night

Birds begin at
Day's first light

Antonio Stradivari (1644-1737)

I found you awaiting me with your
Violins, violoncellos, and violas,
With their secret irreducible
Varnish, soft in texture, shading from
Orange to red; named, with you. But only
The most famous, half a hundred or so.
And my spirit is exalted. Your perfection
Personifies man the magnificent.
Your work remains all that today's is not.
And I require a try at perfection.

I'm through throughout with muddling my self in
Intellectual, ineffectual pursuits;
I'm for the feel of things and their savor.
Like Melville's Captain Ahab, I'll not think.
I will only feel, feel, feel, and thrive
Upon the threshold of the real. And straightway
I observe my stirring spoon's light through the tea
Golden; and I gloriously revel
Within as the stayed spoon reveals the real
Beauty that is omnipresent when the
Eye within espies what is there without.

Translucent honey's jar, brazen door pull,
Rosewood cabinet and multitanned
Table present a study in brown which
Undulates the senses, calming as it
Bestirs. I exult in this grand life.
I've broken the frame; I've escaped the cue,
The hint, the signal. Authority's stayed;
Caged and covered. For the time I may stray.

do
writers painters
be
poets artists

I would not rob your
Eyes of their wonder
By leaving exposed
Thoughts rived, discomposed
In hallowed passion

I know the fashion:
To bare all, to shun
Secrecy. That pseudo
Technique: the thorough
Emission of one's hidden

As if all that's wooden
From amongst shavings
And chips, the savings
Of the bits of board
Could be restored

Others have crossed
This meadow
In like season.
The birds they heard
As simply sung;
Insects rumored.
Yet my wake's marks,
So rudely mown,
None here had known.
And paths they made
At their own pace,
Now overgrown,
Provide no trace.

I might worry
This clay over
To learn with certainty
To tread no others;
But in being
So absolute
And thorough,
In the crossing
I'd lose my way.

Majestic forests of the Olympic Northwest
Nurture their giants in dark seclusion

Tall Douglas fir and Sitka spruce
Giant sequoia too, mightily rise
From seed sustaining wooden corpses

Proudly displayed, their fame need never
Acknowledge its estate is one of grace
Earned or learned in rising from an ancestral base

Men, too, may in stature grow furthest
Escaping those awkward adjustments, conforming or
Counter, to salary learned appraisers

And spring with great genius from their nowheres
Into the public glare unblighted

Take all that dead wood
You've been given for good
In home or school or book
Wherever you mistook

Discard whatever's dross
And scrape away the moss
Silting each cell of mind
With perfectly defined
Microscopic marble

When your work is complete
You needn't be discreet
Section it, polish it
Place it on display

Perhaps it will endure
A day beyond your clay

Speech is muscle learning
Tactile data obscured

If you can speak easily
You can easily dance

A solitary syllable
My poem's a once struck kettledrum

a poem is

a poem is
the poet's

a poem is
the poet's
most precise
expression

in language

a poem is
the poet's
most precise
expression
in language

within the limits of his experience

a poem is
the poet's
most precise
expression
in language

within the limits of his experience

of his experience

the poet's
most precise
expression
in language
of his experience

in accord
with his need

the poet's
most precise
expression
in language
of his experience
in accord
with his need

enhanced by
poetic
form

the poet's
most precise
expression
in language
of his experience
in accord
with his need
enhanced by
poetic
form

within the limits

a poem is
the poet's
most precise
expression
in language

within the limits of his experience

in accord
with his need
enhanced by
poetic
form

poetic perfection
is
rigid rhyme
dandy diction
guiltless grammar
peerless punctuation
monotonous meter
artful alliteration
gratuitous graffiti
omnimportant originalness
not
but breath

poem
poet's
whelp
world
sired

One oft hears proclaimed
Fine words, purely framed;
To wit: All passions
Are to be construed
Within images;
Appropriated,
Ever new obstructions
Between what is said
And what is meant;
To which must be bent
Interpretations,
Incestuously bred
To extrapolate
Original intent
To yon firmament.

The wicked may curse
The piously perverse
Who interpolate
On jaunty rummings
The fruit of the lewd,
But their palavers
The readers have wooed.

To stifle hearers' yawns
In halls or out on lawns,
Some urge genitalia
In verbal regalia.
Others dismiss such zeal
Because it's not genteel,
And insert in their art
A fine classical part
(Something that has endured
To which we're not inured).
Though we're kind to excuse
This resort to a muse
Groping to invoke it
They barely provoke it.

Say it straight
Do not inflate
Not even to
Ingratiate

Meaning impure
Is often obscure

Though I may see critiques
And others may advise
I've said what I wanted
In ways I could devise

Though coming years advance
And I'll have garnered more
And so can render verse
From larger, finer store

Yet these will ever stay
In their present array
Can be no more perfect
Than in this their day

Tightrope walks precarious
Those times when selves emerge
Desert the socially gregarious

The merest separation
In time or place
Ensures infinite realities
Impossible to trace

A free imagination
Betrays no art or genius
Sleep itself achieves that much

The moon that can but faint appear
When viewed through skies of blue
Will blind the eye to darkness used

Art thrives in tended confines
Or weed-choked in gardens withers

Poetry neednt
Retain emotion

Merely invoke
Daring devotion

Words written plain remain till voice enhance
Perform therein the consensual dance

What of this self seems to have escaped
The die is the part I care for. Please
Don't cooky-cutter the me away

No, don't trim this immaterial
To fit even the nearest pattern

I'm all in the scraps. The scraps are
All the me I'm sacred about

I've never found the discourse so fluent
That to another's my mind became congruent

We most certainly shall remain as friends
If we consent that purpose does not attend

For some, freedom will ever reside
Outside of the bounds they find opposed

creatin
doin what you couldn
in a way you shouldn
an expert wouldn

I need to work
Something to do

A human quirk
Urging enticing
Man's earthly demise

Nature berserk

Oh, monstrous deed that fanatical madness
Urged upon that beauteous stone!
Where gather the sense to show our anguish?
What creature's nightmarish plight must we postpone?
The millions of souls burnt, splattered, scattered
By our volition in Vietnam?
The hundred daily twisting deaths in steel?
The agonies of asbestos diseased,
Carcinogen impregnated neighbors?
Emphysema doomed cosmopolitans?
The deadened seas? Daily rubble mountains?
The fused, diffused, scorched and battered earth?

Who dares to damn this momentary deed?
The bombardiers and artillerymen
Who levelled Hue? Hiroshima's heroes?
Aswan's builders? The myriad, meekly
Destroying through vibration and dissolving
Wastes, who to hasten their motions have
Dimmed the sun and diseased this very breath?
I gape at this hammer wielding lunatic;
In horrid awe I note therein us all.

What has this statue in human worth?
Who maintains spiritual thought less sacred,
And leaves unmolested what is composed?
Could else but wealth have urged its birth?
What has its art effected, other than
Defeating creation through its blinding
Perfection? Destroyed, from stone it may be
Recreated. Duplicated never.

Is the Pieta's worth the condor?
The whale? The eagle or the tiger?
Are man's works more wondrous than his creator's?
Who would someone he loves love better
Lifeless in marble?
Though hammered until its worth gold brought,
By time's alchemy all rock to earth is wrought.
Let hammer fall; empowdered eyeball fly!
Only let me the eagle soaring spy.
Let shattered nose catch in marble fold!
So leviathan's flukes amongst the froth be bold.
Let petrified arm sound the tiles floor!
If jungle's ears may learn how tigers roar.
Reverence that stone as art or craft,
But think not in it life's surpassed.

shark

hacked
chopped
hooked
gaffed
slashed
beaten
bashed

flesh of my flesh
lonely loved
writhing

Sudden movement, light
Too quick for delight

An atomical fright

angers

flashes

light the mindscape

revealing pathways

along which

timid thoughts fly

as light

fades

dies

Stealthy statesman sunning
Among tropic breezes
Lulled by ghostly gunning
Wage and price freezes
Plots football fantasias
Where in Snow White's dresses
He receives in servicing
His teams their genes

New York strumpets' cunning
Among sooty sneezes
Culled visions of gelt
Glistening midst flaccid thighs
Found legal ruses Whys
And Wherefores for getting
A grip on his anklets
While getters of gelt

Got that pelt of ermine
To cover his shame (from all
To whom mere wealth is all)
That pederast enthralled
Anticipates their calls
Mere wealth dictates all

some
can
fool
half
the people
and
I
all of the time
those
inside
confide
Buy U S
Quicklime

There isn't a man
There are only men

The Man is a lie
A cape drawing fools'
Charges for dashing
Matador's fame

Some have known the once
It cloaked impaling blade

Nice people manifest strange ways
While worshipping their many gods:
Beauty Fame Sensuality
Speed Wealth Power Security.
They profess their love just for one.
They have achieved death in life
And cling to it. Passionately.
Mortality can be deceived.
If only all things natural
Could be destroyed or screened from view.

I am the Lord, my god; thou shalt
Place no other kind before me!

Managers, matrimonially
Manufactured to maintain sovereignties
Of solvent trusts, aided by artful
Sophisticates smartly losing their lives
In a forest of correct responses,
Wallow in vagrant violences
Of virtues in riving their prizes

The corporate maws, mincing poor, pathetic,
Scholastically manufactured patriots,
Tolerate the sacrifice demanded

the mean spirited
demeaning their selves
in mean situations
search always for
elusive meaning

rise above the petty
attain dependence

fools fools fools
products of
schools schools schools
become ghouls
sucking stools
according
to the rules
rules rules fools

busy
ists
ness
ting
scient
ficklely
macadam
cliquely
bigot

bags of bodies
barren bones

Jimmy Uncle
Sammy Jones

Big Business urging sound economics
Feeds cities sugar-cube monstrosities
Consuming those greed governed diabetics

Their corpses, those bejeweled pomposities
Rotting, house humanity like vermin

Will the exterminator be germane

I came
to see
the bee
succeed
but paused
instead
for he
was dead
his home
of comb
contaminant

No man's an hypothesis
No action
No thought
Bought
Or unsought
Discredits him
Lost

man benign
your ignorant hand
in time
turns
speckled trout
sanguine

Lurid details impelled my spirit
To seek a private world, but lonely.
Better fairyland than barren land.
But to the scene was lent an osprey
Circling in prideful glides displaying
Entaloned the freshest fish wet plucked
From spring mad river, tandem held silver
Swimming beneath feathery whiteness.
A sign I took of hope; a command
To not surrender, but to cpe.

Who could wish to taste dead flesh
By planting lips on leaden brow

Some to curry favor savor
Such contact then rather than now

The woman drops bread upon the waters

Which are still.

Calm and empty, her face floats upon the

Slick of the surface.

Bread broken breaks the calm.

Her still face undulates upon the sullen waters.

I want to see you
I don't want to stare

Others may sense
You may not care

You seemed assertive
Yet here you are cold

Boldness fails me
We will not pair

Just a touch, even with the eye
Of your person in a way that you
Find pleasurable is really
All that I can speak for a start

You touched me

I laid my hand
Upon you and

You touched me

Can you tell me what are the stars

Could you show me please the constellations

Its a lovely night; I'd like to learn the stars

I left nothing loving unsaid to you
Though harsh with the hurt of my despair

I love what's never been there for you to live
Though you were kind to pretend
To find something like love
To please me with sometimes

But my love won't leave
Can't be driven away by knowing
Unkind acts or grievous imagined wrong

Secure
Your affection resides
Sand-castled
Fond of tides

I wake alone
With your remains
Christmas candies
A day of rain

Poetic curtain cannot rise
One
Dreaming certain
Carcassed carmine
Whole flocks enwinged

I reach about enclosing glass, book, shaker

Profoundly it comes to me: the knowledge
That except for grasping my act is
The passive awaiting of the object's touch

I grasp and await its special touch

And I delight in this discovery
Till I'm inclined to touch your thigh
And you're not by

Long before senility
Or other disability
Unfits us from the useful
We'll become learnedly confuseful

'fraid of aging
and declining
staid of raging
'duced to whining

Until it is all over
We can never be sure
That when it is all over
We shall be no more

from life
no I
gets
any
-one -thing

not ever

no
U's
wrong
if
every
I's
right

man,
raccoon in cage,
searches always, ever
for a way out;
the chance for
terror,
strangeness,
immersion into
active perpetual survival
necessitated always by
fringes
defining struggles
always fateful, critical
absorbing totally into
the totality
of what
Is. Eternal.

not
earning, yearning
but
living, loving, learning
loving learning, learning loving
loving to live
living to love
loving to learn