

Victor Coleman/TWO POEMS

BRIEF GAUDY HOUR

As we leave eternity behind us,
living only for the moment,
the future becomes tangible,
all the mystery is past.

The seasons are trapped in their gardens
& History grows on trees.
The battlefield is strewn with little farms
bought by the loyal & patriotic.

In the hills the renegades plot their retreat.
Undefeated, they withdraw, secure
in the knowledge of their own mortality,
while the armies of authority lay down

their laws, then their arms, then their souls
at the feet of Time, the new dictator.
There is no moment that is not filled
with all moments, pure information

that blocks all that negative speculation
leaving only poetry & hand signals,
unilateral passages, no second guesses,
insurance against the Millenium.

Having never arrived, we assumed
there was no place to go, so we stayed.

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THE SWIMMING POOL

Mike likes small capitol cities best
they remind him of his childhood
He's sorry now he turned the furnace off
& because small children keep moving,
they fall off, their big heads bob
above their little bods: incipient topple!

They make him, moving as they do all the time,
uncomfortable, awkward as a child himself,
obsessed by his memory & the future's blank stare
He doesn't want to change he wants to
tell them all to go away, go play, no way
you're gonna dominate *my* life forever!

I feel this way about the swimming pool, far off,
into which I hurl myself with such conviction,
the empty pool of your arms, a sustenance—
recipients, givers & takers, lovers & fakers,
Celtics & Lakers, poets all, in the Romantic Tra-
jectory of seed on the breast of the Way!

A distance beckons, folds its fingers
repeatedly over its palms, come hither, come
soon, as hands & arms perform swan dives,
glaring rebuffs from the surface, where the shimmer
of no water is unemployment, poverty,
no more hotel rooms, ballrooms, living rooms!

As the concrete rushes up to meet me
I can hear the brass band of abandonment
creaking some dirge in some antic anticipation,
syncopation, psycho patient — are these *my* hands
I see before me, reaching for the bottom,
the very edge of the continent?

But now there stands before me a Royal Oak
with bark that bites & social interaction
& few altercations of the fisticuffs variety,
which turns me on in a small capitol way,
but the Royal Oak is just a wayside
on my plummet to your body!

Eros entertains with elemental tricks, picks
pockets of people, popular people, with measure
& minds of their own, sacrosanct bodies
who only belong to their seams, healed wounds
where the arrow's pierced the flesh, red tears
barely visible in the rush of satisfaction.

Psyche braves a winter rain to meet with
Ecstasy at the Royal Oak, there to consume
the night, without forethought, though planned,
they tread softly through the dark wood
into the cool pool lighting of an empty swim
Ming vase . late ring . a marriage

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