

lucas mulder / EIGHT POEMS

autumnal poem

for my mother

the wind.

fallen in the
garden,
content to sit
(for hours perhaps)

then up
carried by the

breath
th

t
t
huh, huh,

breathing.

the rake, working,
then the wheelbarrow:

hard.

rip up the last
of this years beets, the potatoes
(some leaves here, too)
“this’ll put an end to these calluses
for sure”

it all
gets burnt,

gets slowly

gone.

pulling in. the breadth of
land: the furrow, detailed
in frost. latticed
on the window's pane, too.

 the bedroom
 beyond,
and moreover:
the warm hand. placed
lovingly to head,
brushing the hair
away.

her complexion that of frost
 (no! too romantic.
 so i write:)

'when she sleeps
her complexion that
of a sleeping
woman,
in this: an
old farmhouse with
little heat,
too.

ii.

brown
and mud
and brown, rich

this is the way
of home.

fragrant to the ear: the river in the distance

i know that it is wrong to speak of both the ear and the river thus
do not worry, it shall sort its own self out.

iii.

careful to describe it
right.

the fresh cedar, cut. deer-
shit on the leaves on the earth-
steaming.

careful to get it just
right

the detail, so lovely.

iv.

noiseless.

it happens just like that.

“it is in response to an ever deepening cold!”

*

the heart. apart

and before you.

the capacity for

caring, so much so,

you make the sacrifice

without

thinking.

the autumn wind.

here a good friend

has written:

‘the chestnut leaves

gather.’

awe expressed through fingers tips (so gently at first

sunlight.
tenuous.
a ring.
filled w/ the breath
of ivy
and the waver
of night
arising.

'o, the heat
from this wall . . .
still,

still:

ringing:

the song of
crickets
arising
tenuo/
us then
so
crisp and clear.

o'

the moon, too
beginning to
 whis-
per in the
grass.

three polaroid poems of wales
for Owen Jones

o

HIKERS:
Please Shut Gate.

on _____ mountain
light begins to mottle the bark:
 douglas fir
 larch, some oak
 & holly
mixed forest
 ? a fruit tree

the trail blurs
becomes hesitant:

a garden path
 (is this the right way?)

suddenly a cottage & an old woman smiling

that's how it was:

a pause : plum or crab apple

a pause : with hand on the latch

(*'is this* the right way?')

a pause : the cottage/ the old woman already smiling

a pause : before i too began to smile

o

t b h l e u e w s i h n e d d b l o w s

i l n o c f k r e o d m t t i n g e h t s e a

o an instructional
for dylan thomas

sit on a hill overlooking the river

watch the sea birds circle

let all thots go

experience, first hand, the line:
'now the heron grieves in the weeded verge.'

balance

¹ rain) *the street is drying*

² $\overline{\text{rain}}$ (ing *the street is dry*

whereas ¹ is the result of mild precipitation (or precipitation recently ended) in combination with heat, i.e. sunshine, or wind; while ² is without the presence of precipitation, though the possibility of such is suggested.

*for roy kiyooka

silent of the voice
singing, 'sing-
ing'

(that is
to say:)

semen

falling
on
my

belly

*the shine. the
shine of a
glistening.*

day the shine. the
(and) shine of a
night glistening.
in the shine. the
(each) shine of a
light glistening.

might the shine. the
(undo) shine of a
light glistening.
day the shine. the
evening shine of a
rolling. glistening.

untitled, or impetus

1.

in the next room: the television on and you r 'r' 'r' 'r'
ricochets, makes its way through space, falls
into my ear

now, inside, becomes what i call 'laughter'

'laughter' itself laughs!
sits down crooked on the page

2.
the bowl, she
hands me
is no-
thing but space
which tea has filled, space
which slowly we empty

a rim of laughter shared
between us

slowly, slow

l
y

tea's gone.

-emptiness shining

3.
in this small room-

my 2 feet
move
back & forth,
searching
out a place
to put these words.

4.
you, that is, her & me:

...Γ.....Γ.....Γ.....Γ.....
.....Γ.....Γ.....
.....Γ.....
.....Γ.....Γ.....Γ.....
.....Γ.Γ.....Γ.....
.....Γ.....Γ
.....

6.

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