

John Pass / TWO POEMS

Raspberries, Roses

Come into the huge and intractable beauty
of what I thought I knew, dumbfounded

at the lucent breadth
of uninhabited context, immense locality

where self's wisp just reminded whispers, *oh*
the terrible artifice of human thought.

I was at that creek-mouth

of which I had written and remembered
so much . . . all sloughed away, overwhelmed
in an instant was the desperate, puny array

of particulars. But for their history so belittled
or because of that (my surprised relief)
I was satisfied, speechless. But eager to say

what it was gave body, tradition, happiness, depth
of field to the moment you'll appreciate

my difficulty. Later I looked at the fingerless palms
of nasturtium leaves outstretched from a low planter

with needy recognition, a stupefied receiving presence
out of hand as on the first day

of summer vacation I turned away
from the raspberries, roses, reaching
under the sky's blue bowl
for mine.

Trumpet Vine

Here was clamour and occasion.
Brash embellishment. Here at the horizon
of accomplishment trumpets nodded

abreast the green surf of foliage
about the eaves. Unfinished hang

celebratory notes, the fanfare
thread of the dark in the throat

of each bloom tugged
from the earth and under-earth
of its birth. Unfinished hangs

each muted self stepping
back from, swept
out of its solo.

Its Jericho.
At the spot-lit core of sunlit world

a played-out hand over the heart cradles
its spilled horn, garland.
Phantom fingers twitching after

leading intricacies, intimacies of extended
melody (attachments chill and stringy)
pull closer

the duvet of November fog those mornings
light seems to push from within
the downcast leaves, their brasses
and umbers gleaming.