

Sea's Blue Voice
(Dear Xndra)

"Everything bears the stamp of the presence of a hidden God." (Pascal)

Listening to your singing of the present as
past, I realize neither of us has
a home poem, your own
being in process.
I could write yours, as you, mine
and yes by staying
one harvests
the blue of home's sun
moon

needing
no gorge bridging
where wandering
distances friends
family;

yes, I did journey
leaving returning leaving
during stormiest days
nights
sound's sense
enduring sea god's
fury. Outside that Base during those 'Fifties
we boomers scoffed tides' wrenching

the first teens to focus
the world unto our selves
creating
free time
hanging out
sport centered lives
celebrating victories, losses
jiving to jazz on forty-fives.

The 'Sixties echo travel's
rudiments: the Americans to Southeast Asia
we
east
west

posing as a Rochdale student
I was greeted at subway's
edge by Tiresias

heard poets from Provence
enchanted Dionysus

paleontologists
crying for
earth's healing.

Standing nightly with my hat on the ground
next to Moore's full-bodied figurine
I listened as Huck and Holden
disguised their day with night

rebels with heroes
dissent
ascent
singing themselves
myself
new.

Returning to my island
I found fellows robed in reds
purples, greens, rich with briny
accent but no longer of the sea,
their simple presence heralded as
magistrate, preacher, teacher, entrepreneur
living not among but between rich and poor
and I sustained my wayfaring from dune to down
Valley to Towne
hearing
saddlebacks ravens geese

(shouts from an older brother
my barely holding onto a half-fallen
birch which leaned over the flowing water
a three-prong jigger
rows of salmon
my seventh summer
river murmured
murmurs still by the meadow
down alongside that town:
waiting within the shadows of evening
waiting within the wreaths of waiting
waiting to become one with the shadows
before jigging the flesh of innocent salmon)

birds
screaming

stretching out as pale
shadows in the infinite
sky over
pans slush
growlers
where predators crawl across icy underbellies
feeding on predators.

An afternoon, maybe a midnight
I met heard sensed
though as love is bestowed
given may be the more enlightened word
a voice as clear, distinct
as blue-eyed as sea's
sky: she or I held that one hug
an instant longer than what friends allow
forcing our escape from staid rhyme.
I followed her rock-climbing over the young
craggs surrounding Bonne Bay

we biked along the Celtic Loop
scaled Single Hill's fault -

kayaking to the Baccalieu
shearing birds flying around us
swooping over us

sealight let me
feel how she moved
the colours of morning
evening day night
charging
all things as tomorrow
charges spring dared onward
outward
I returned.
Yes, those wall images
hail that stay:
a composite of a worn-down limestone
breakwater and a rusting fighter jet

ubiquitous beach - stones
moving into, away from cold
bay waters

three butterflies
garden's depth
breath

a little brown bear squatting
peacefully inside a yellow vase
teddy
who crouched with me
hiding for hours
evenings in a darkest corner of the
attic inside my Father's
house. I was five, six, seven, eight

we hid
waiting until he was
maddeningly taken from me
cast into the family's cozy Findlay.

Wall-pictures do not tell
a hometown story

its spring dawns lasting
lasting before unforgettably
burning off unto day;

saying this
is really its cold long
main street saying it

sounds first heard as storefront
inflections: at eight years old
I sold newspapers within cold
evenings which lingered until fiery
dusk; at thirteen, I played
pool against aged men
too drunken to remember
rooting their notions with tavern
benedictions; at fourteen
I was offered its younger
full-blossomed sister
its regeneration again successful
knowing it had seeded

innocence into its earth.

At last, I left forever
seeking less familiar ways;
yes
she may have been
a love from white wine

euphoria from
the perfumes over these red cliffs

fire from dawn's
tide around Cape Spear

please stay a while

sing sea's
blue voice for me
away from the shadows of that town
whose blackened autumn dusks
await your return
mine.