

*Ocean Reflections....*

*Fragments of a poem in the process of becoming....*

(from 1970-71)

what gives waves their whiteness?  
The water is blue. Black at night. Yet  
rising to a foamy peak or crashing on  
rocks, the purity of <sup>all</sup> colors, virgin white,  
~~it~~ is proclaimed

J comment:2018 a beginning effort at a poem, trying to plunge into the essence of a wave.

white flecks of foam like spittle between lips  
— or sperm after a climax. —Joey

J 2018: the above is Not very good as poetry, but well-observed

D: omm, ever honest; I kind of like the above three considered as a linked verse☺

Note the eroticization of ocean in linked imagery: foamy peak (first verse; foam like spittle (J); D: sperm after climax.

J (2018, some blushing☺)

\* \* \*

The sun's reflection formed oblong embryonic shapes on the water. The island clung to the ocean, a jagged green tack fastening the paisley tie.

J: I like this image!

The sun's reflection formed oblong embryonic shapes on the wall  
The island clung to the ocean, a jagged  
green tack fastening the paisley tie,

\* \* \*

Water, <sup>though</sup> attacked by needle points of rain  
welcomes<sup>it</sup> into itself.

J:2018: Another poem fragment – an intriguing image “needle points of rain.” You are interested in water joining itself, reuniting. Is this the part becoming absorbed in the whole?

D: response: this does seem common theme, part and whole, Also, couldn't this be complete as haiku? 5-8-5!

Water, though attacked,  
By needle points of rain welcomes  
It into itself

J: point well taken; by creating “structure” of haiku the poem goes from fragment to complete!

\* \* \*

Cyclical, returning to itself  
Tides rise and fall like like night  
And day intertwined.

cyclical, returning to itself, tides rise  
& fall like night & day intertwined

J 2018 Rhythms in the natural world

The water floated up the beach  
like a thin sheet of paper until, pulled  
back into itself, leaving only a dark  
jagged shadow cut out on the sand.  
Shadow, realizing form had returned to  
its source, followed.

\* \* \*

J: Again, the above seem like poem fragments, works in progress. As always, they are meticulously observed. This one is kind of cute because the shadow sounds left behind and eager to catch up ☺

\* \* \*

So flexible you can pore or break it, & it gives way.  
Yet, in the end, its flexibility gives it permanence &  
invulnerability

J: 2018 Not sure what this is referring to

D: water!:) (the tao of?)☺

J: oh, got it mystery solved

\* \* \*

ocean conducts a search outward &  
inward at the same time

J: Another fragment, but it expresses a very interesting idea – the ocean conducting both an inward and outward search

\* \* \*

J: 2018 These are interesting and evocative poems and poem fragments. I don't think all of them are fully developed as poems, but they all capture a striking image or analyze a

commonplace event a wave breaking – with great attention to detail and fresh eyes. I was interested in your preoccupation with image and form, as well as pieces and wholes.

\* \* \*

Ocean free associate: 1970—71

In 11/19/2018 I can see/feel the words except maybe “hatred” ? too anthropomorphic ?!

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Majesty  
Fear

Terror  
Love

Self Destruction  
Nihilism  
Impenetrable  
Engulfing

Soaring  
Indifference

Anger  
Hatred

J: Interesting creative exercise!