

THE FRAGILITY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION

SEEING, FEARING, FEELING "ABYSS"? Poems

INNOCENT WHITENESS

N. HAIRU: Innocent whiteness
D=4 Fondling depths twisted into
J=10 Nocturnal shadows

11/7/18 D comment: Ouch, still pretty dark, innocence lost...the abyss?

J comment (2018) I like the way innocence seems to be drawn to twisted, shadowy depths

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RECEDING HANDS

M. Two hands, clasping
D=15 too much beneath lamp post
J=19 trying for effect
Quiet fog blankets
evening's stillness
Lamp casts pale yellow
light through ~~the~~
mist,
revealing cement
along which travel
~~the~~ shadows of two
receding hands

Again, existential trying to connect, then "back to abyss" receding hands.

J(2018) Yes, good interpretation. Human connection is fragile, ultimately vanishing, light is temporary, swallowed by fog and the hardness of cement

DARKENING LAVENDER SKIES

N₁ Lavendar belching forth
D = 17 from darkened abyss
J = 14 too artly cautiously sheds shadows^{ent}
spiders winding nets
tangled wires of death
silky textured, twist

the victim:

grasping
red dusk sinking slowly
into darkening abyss

3RD/4th lines lines

: cautiously sheds shadows onto
Spiders winding net:

J: "lavender", a soft purple...but "then juxtaposed with belching! You are fond of darkened and darkening abysses! I like the "silky textured, tangled wires of death" as a way of describing the spider's web. - an insect in a spider's web, Is this connected with what follows. Yes, linked verse: that which is caught by spider's net...(my mind?!)
You continue to explore the fragility of human connection. I think all of this is worth putting up if you want to show not finished work so much as your explorations trying to make art and figure out what makes an artist. Love, J

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and one short story: (linked & met)
I wrote three more poems
before I left for Japan,
all in late April, 1970. They
stand up, I still feel, as
poetry: N = good * M = barely adequate
N = adequate

Ha, now finally the "abyss" is written, even though on rereading these 48 years later I also saw it in first two!

* * *

A STRUGGLE FOR FAITH

I tried to write song lyrics

for Tom:

^{unc} K. Sitting down to sing my song
Searching words of haunting rhyme
About a hollow face, thin & long
Whiskered, blackish-grey, stained
with time

The eyes steely riveted, deceiving
Two pieces of crossed metal
binding
The laughter of faith believing
underneath the flesh residing

Hosannahs to God on high
Directed, unquesting
No longer need to ask why,
content in God's blessing.

No comment on above.

11/7/18 was this seeking solace in religion, not quite believing it?

I kind of like the second stanza about the hosannahs. The first is a vivid description of a "hollow face" but not sure to what end—haunted, searching? . And I like the "steely" eyes "deceiving" two pieces of crossed "metal" binding.

The no content on above part of poem? Is it narrator/songwriter just noticing? Not wanting to "interferer" with the belief of the character sketched?

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UNSURE

The gait, unsure,
As the leg, about to step,
Hesitates

Hair, light brown,
Curly almost
Yet not

Self conscious kindness
In small frightened eyes
Afraid to cry

For tom: (June, 1970) (why this poem dedicated to him? Sweet, tender feelings I get now from poem

J: These last lines are very touching, but not quite sure what the poem is about. Baby taking his first steps? Our human condition? You?

The gait unsure as
the leg, about to step,
hesitates

Hair light brown,
curly -- almost --
yet not

Self-conscious
kindness in
small frightened eyes
afraid to cry

(Example of poem dangerous close to over-striving for effect)

