Book 2

These poems fill an intermediate period, although they have been written at various times.

Although the Vietnam war and its ensuing developments like the Students for a Democratic Society and the Black Panthers, was a major influence on my generation, the talent for people to vehemently divide and disagree with each other, causing all sorts of mayhem in the process, has not disappeared today. In fact it would seem that in some ways we are a more contentious people today. The internet, for one, has allowed our propensity to distinguish ourselves from "others" to run rampant. When all the news is "fake" how do we know whom to trust? The bunker mentality of us against them in some ways inspired this next poem, really more of a prose poem, or just prose. . .

In any case, I hope it will remind everyone that, as Maya Angelou says in her poem "The Human Family", "...we are more alike my friends than we are unalike".

saga of names where did this begin

changed to confuse the innocent just the lights changing

where they were maybe your imagination

also a well-kept secret there was a disturbance

even secrets were hard to keep at a glance

probably the climate difficult to detect

the hammers were all rusted right above my thumb

summer passed too fast to remember all the pictures blurred inexplicably

watch

energy losing glamor and cigarettes gone yesterday

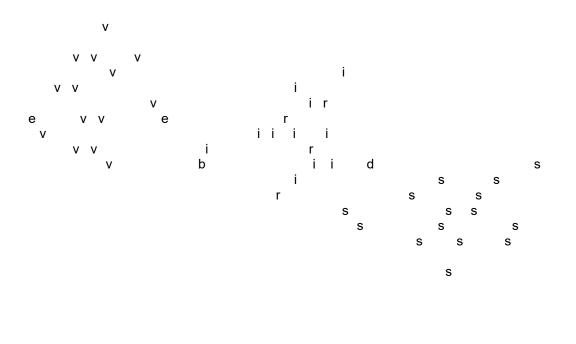
this tune has ragged edges i mean tomorrow

a rock and roll reject we'll go out and have a look

1971 never looked better you stay here

beds were getting bigger then

names were really important home was never like this Sometimes you just want to enjoy the images that words can paint, without doing too much analysis. I struggled with concrete poetry for awhile. The idea of translating visible structures into structured words seemed like it might provide some discipline to my generally undisciplined approach. So much for that idea. Here are a couple of representative poems, one from New Jersey and one from California.



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gray gathering
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The next poem was written in my early college days. An attempt to explain the jumble of different people a person from a small town encounters in the great world. The poem is cast as a column of flame which distorts the words as the eye follows along. Told you it would take some work. You may enjoy the new sounds of the distorted words and the challenge of decoding the original words. If so, you should stop reading and skip to the poem now.

But if you want to avoid the heavy labor, here are the words it is made of: that which left by spoons distance - measuring to mount – insane positioning- aimless alike – this naked hover – defenseless as a flame.

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