

# Some Poems

Ben Hayden '08

# volcano

Hephaestus forges  
Explosives, oozing rocks while  
Mushrooms cloud the sky.

# water

follow the sidewalk weeds down to the footpath by the river  
mud in april, now just dirt and scattered grass.

follow the dirt down to the concrete  
barrier between states of let's not say matter.

follow your toes down the sun  
warmed concrete toenails.

follow the concrete down to the waves  
sexing up and down rhythm.

follow the waves up to the down to the  
co-ho-hold.

follow the ice up your toes  
and down your skin to air and up the hairs on the top of your foot.

follow the ice into blood  
frigid pulses into smoky zen  
calm.

# fits

perelman's city does not fit in the eye  
but in the page.

a smile a kiss a ring fit in the eye  
but not in the page.

a desk a career a livelihood can[not] fit in the eye  
but in a phrase.

spawn baby child in eye  
not library.

# A Brook in the Modern City

This rotting barn will not  
collapse all at once,  
a magnificent implosion from tv.  
A few faded paint chips fall off  
with every rain;  
a few will grip the wood  
until its new neighbors have disintegrated.  
It lingers  
at an unlikely angle to the street.  
It used to nestle comfortably by the creek.

I pulled trout out of it in the summer,  
and washed guts off my hands in it.  
I tossed spring daisies in it  
when the melting snow raised its edge, its pace.  
I made rafts from the twigs.

Now those trees are ashes.  
The stumps are pulled up.  
The brook is diverted into the river  
through stone dungeons.  
Only hand-drawn maps in attics remember  
that it was clear when it flowed here.  
I'm sure melting snow still raises its edge, its pace,  
but who would throw daisies  
in the sewer?

# hope

in one universe, your mailbox is a bare steel box that is barely big enough when full.

in another universe, you find paper  
a plastic window teases unhelpfully  
with your own name  
and a postage stamp of george washington  
overlaid with a rubber stamp  
LET US DARE TO READ, THINK, SPEAK, AND WRITE.  
and the return address--  
scribbles "Office of Graduate Admissions" scribbles.

in another universe,  
thick,  
opening is part of the party.  
in another universe, the envelope contains a single paper,  
but everything's electronic these days, so you have to open it,  
slide a finger under the flap,  
tear it,  
rip it off,  
pull out sparse paper,  
scan for keywords...

in one universe,  
regret,  
start reading from the beginning,  
wallow.

in another universe,  
congratulate,  
start reading from the beginning,  
make sure.

in this universe, you are turning the lock  
pulling the tiny door  
reaching  
in

# half poem

the half poem  
forgets (its reader)  
more bookish than a book less a movie  
forces (its reader)  
to answer even "question?"

a door begins to close  
but creaks to a stop

a key is pressed  
but backspaced

a page is flipped  
but falls back

4545me

d'arte- il suo angolo senza punta o taglienti

frere tuk traces illuminated fractal

~god tooth incises milky way

sundial shadows inch-

worm in circles

lim (man)=

Jesus=

666

^



d	f	~	s	w	l	J	6	^
'a	re	go	un	or	im	es	66	
rte	re	d t	dia	m i	(m	us=		
- il	tuk	ooth	l sh	n ci	an)=			
suo	trace	inci	adows	rcles				
angolo	s illu	ses mi	inch-					
senza	minated	lky way						
punta o	fractal							
taglienti								

# humility

gilded out-of-order sign  
hand-drawn welcome sign  
the faucet doesn't  
the cushions don't  
join me on the floor