

The discovery
of identity through poetry:
a butterfly alighting
on a book of poems breeze-blown
open to a song of butterflies
that by chance touches with quivering feather
his printed name.



Four Poems

Adrian Ford

A window is drawn in and hooked
against the first rumbling of a storm.
A thunderclap—
A web in the window trembles.
Out from the center squat high on stilt legs quickly
comes the spider to pinch dead his prey.
Concentric rings of words hang
in the mind of the poet who waits
to capture ennui in his web
and suck its name.

I want to feel beauty grandeur
as one who has climbed tiers of steps
and risen above the traffic and cross-movements of crowds
pauses on the circumference of a rotunda
and feels the cool space in the dome
rest on his shoulders blessing him with awe.

On the wave-slapped pier of his identity
on a plank road to the continent behind
between two stout pilings at the end
action and passivity
the poet kneels.
His brain he lays on seawater out-sliding
on what Freud called the oceanic feeling
of general compassion.
His brain itself bobbing like a sea bottle
holding the scrolled-up message of desires
he found he somehow had written in code
his brain itself bobbing like a sea bottle
for months will ride the waves of verbal being
to be swept in and crash on an unknown shore
(the limit of a continent of experience
the wave-slapped moment of his reader's perception)
and lying in the broken glass
in the center of prismatic implications
the meaning will slightly
slowly
uncurl.