

Marching thru' the BB Mountain Range (poem, 1983)

The pleasure of dazzling peach and sweet plum is quick
And simple, the pleasure of the great pine stretching tall
Deep and complex. Blossom-time is beautiful but soon gone
Petals revert to brown earth and fade in, the pine grows
Needles all the time, eventually cones, goes on branching
Slow and sure like sexual congress on the morning
Of the fifth night.

I love the textual melody of old Bert as he memorably
Mingles the deep and quick rhythms grasping the palpably present
Things and relations of our unrepeatable but alternative worlds
How they are and could be, altered. From his youth he was
Wholly a passion for the just gesture, a serious jester exiled by
The scary witless theatre of power. With him went always
The little scroll of the Skeptic, the cloth cap of finest material
And plebeian cut

And the nodding model donkey who had to understand too. Shifting
Clockwise he ran hoops around the fascists in three world
Theatres of deadly power, his own Pale Mother, imperial
Muscovy like the banks of the Styx, on to the Dream Factory where
Lies are sold extricably mixed with truth, always typing
Without caps for the once and future Berlin workers of the world
Stories of wily

Swabian peasants, a classical Chinese-style poet, public
Intellectual impatient of dominant hierarchies if domineering
Himself: a high range we can however not only lift eyes
Toward and see but also tread upon, going up.
Yet by now

Mountain grave has grown a marble monument, and we must remember
How he said progressing is better than being progressive
And leave to go

Further thru' wild grass, following the present star of pleasure,
The breeze playful in our hair, nevertheless bearing along
As we traverse new rocky passes, seedlings planted
On BB Mountain Range; many of them still growing, tight
Blind scale-work cones, as with passion and regret we move
Pleasurably on.