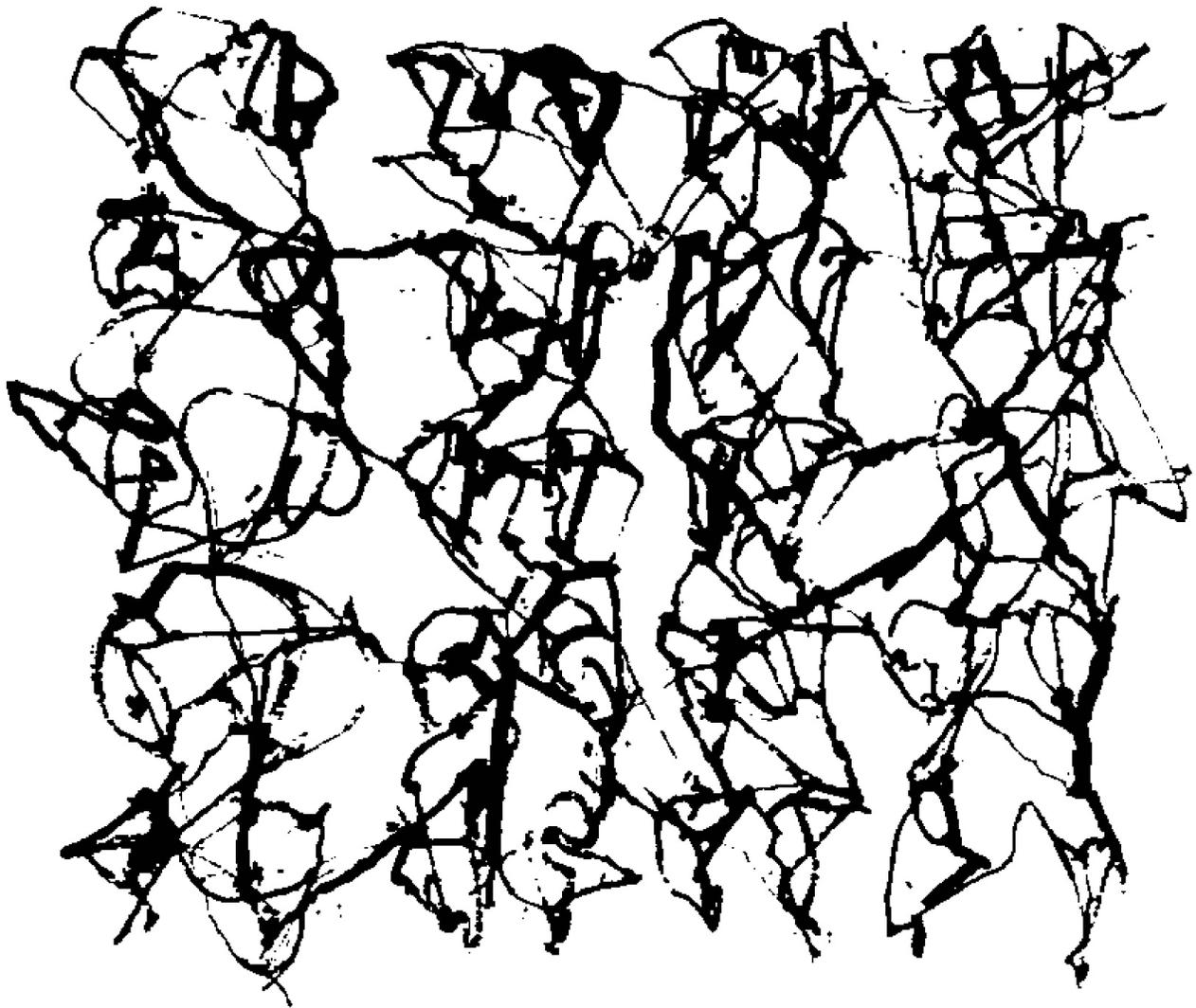


Four Poems

Bob McGlynn, Paul Bernstein



I. Beneath Mount Saint Rosalie - 1866

*mid-February, 1986, Brooklyn couch,
nighttime after bike-messengering...*

Animal sounds reach from here in the dark deep
into sinking caverns wild barks rake through these tunnels
of African-ignition sweet heat
or the Northern heavens opening and slowly dropping freezing drifts into this clear scent
which we paddle to shores of lush, black, catacomb thicket
hot-housing dampbedding lure
of spinning-spur whiskey-flavored midnights . . .

through this channel aperture black swans will drift bearing on tilting meridians
toward late August summer's silence
and the remembrance of lampblack nights
hovering above sleeping ponies and lulling hayfields
of placid somnolent deep planet restings arbored by faint downstream whistling
and barely audible howl
landing softly in the surrounding chasm of granite and quartz walls
lifting above our silent ferry
quietly murmuring toward candlelit arrays
of meandering chambers . . .

The tigers leap from their dens-
Mount Saint Rosalie emerges in the 1000 lanterns of July . . .

II. Mount Saint Rosalie Revisited

June 14, midnight, Brooklyn, 1986

The railhead ends here and words like "Celeste" and "Rensselaer"
murmur from the lips of departing passengers who scatter in the dark
with the dimming and extinguishing of locomotive head-lamps
whose back-engine can only beam blacklight now
guiding us toward Savannah enchantment
and moist towering walls covered with paintings of Zebras and scattered moss
and the scent of summer humming underfoot
we feel the emerging smile rowing us toward vast lakes
where we sit unmoving and watch the pavilions' sky spark with drifting ember
spreading black-ash snow
raining slowly on sudden bouy demarcated northern headings
appearing out of this sea
with its Polar Bear tracks
and Arctic winds
and fish bones strewn on the ice
laying as quiet offerings for the incitement of sleep . . .

The distant bells are only powerful enough for vibration to be felt
under this range where the Zebras leap from their canvasses and herd pounding
across the dusty pastel of baking July ascent breaching space for the
abetment of rain . . .

III. In the Shadow of Mount Saint Rosalie

early fall, 1986

seen from this sky November swept beaches
of salt etched brambles and swaying ferns are the markers for
the arrival of parakeet luminosity

in their thousands they hover and then begin their slow descent dotting
blue, green, and yellow perchings on sleepy eddies of these darkening Niles...

... far from this shore maddening arrays of wild geese rest in the
deep earth of these willowing shadows

Bob McGlynn

movement

(the Pentagon, 1967)

jangled slash of combat
shrill on the nightly news
Haiphong bombed again
kids fighting cops
in California wheeling east
on 80 on our way
to Washington

shrunken Pennsylvania
hills behind us now
Stones on the box
high on guitars weed
and civil disobedience
we can green the old
gray world reach
the moon end the war we
can do anything

coiled around the monuments
we listen
somebody
is making a speech
about something
someone else is singing
it must be a protest song
there are 100,000 people here
it's hot
we need something
to shoot at

movement unwinds
across the bridge
to the spidersquat
low-slung building
of sullen stone
on a sunny day
in October
in Washington DC
choppers
flutter about
sing hunting songs to one another
it is fall
in the capital
in Washington DC
nobody sang
it begins
movement

Paul Bernnstein

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