



shades of grey

Poetry by
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Volume III

shades of grey

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7. Watching the Driveway One Last Time

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For the Walt Whitman of Her Generation

Flakes once removed
like cousins from
the tiger box
claim their cornhood
refusing to
be continued.

Linguistic Dilemma

"Intoxicatingness" is
unfortunately not an
official word even though
it would look good used in a
sentence like a craftily
crafted self-referential
response to "your craftiness."

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Whatever Follows

Words from lips like airplanes twin
promises of death and joy.

Mile high the word we lived by,
clubbed by final mile high flight,
sacrificed to memory.

Overreact much? Yes but.

There be unseen dragons here.

Knocking on the door of sunset

Memsahib when she is home
declares herself so ramrod
straight that you can see the hat
the scarf and the long white gloves
but most times if otherwise
not too distracted it is
young Sara Jean who answers.

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Event Horizon

West-blown breeze all hands on deck
Fury from the end returns
With long-awaited wind and
Rain sails hoisted pictures
From dusty drawers replaced stuffed
Animals rearranged still
Be calmed lonely yet adream.

Reduced to Drumming on a Paper Box

You couldn't be smaller if
you tried nor could your spirit
be less expansive waving
through me tidal vast deranged
full frontal lobe nudity
not needed but implied eyed
cried scream the Easter mantra.

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Friday, July 7, 2006, 19th & JFK

The scaffold was gone with the
clouds this morning only stray
poles and cheerful dismantlers
reminding pedestrians
confused by freedom. The bus
shelter panel unreplaced
excites my inner Alice.

Together As We Began

Each breath a slower struggle
each time between a longer
wait as time itself exceeds,
fades to distance leaving now
the present in the presence
in the closer still of life,
in the closer still of life.

8. Do Not Take the Flowers

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Global Warming

King of Prussia hunkers grey
seasonally uncertain
sure only of the misting
rain on broad dark avenues,
shopping malls, corporate centers,
lush green January lawns
of snow anticipated.

Attracting God With An Internet Personal

What hour is appropriate
For water to become wine
For Christ to be revealed
For liberation poured out
on those already drunk but
still needing to control time?
Cana is here and always.

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Army of One

Parks once familiar glisten
deadly in the lights tossing
knives to the wind. It is not
the storm that always kills you
but the cold calm that follows,
insanity conformed to
quiet obliteration.

If You Read Correctly

The surrounding space echoes
louder than all these little
letters, negative, lonely,
rescheduled excuses
of ignored art, louder than
desire huddled rejected
in the corner of the page.

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Dramatis Personae

The color of headlights on
foggy April mornings straight
as a feather and tall as
the wind balanced unswaying
on three inch heels short
tousled blond dancing her face
like some demented halo

Driving Without Seatbelt

The secret rebel's laughing
in the mom museum behind
the classic painting each stroke
lovingly applied comfort
beauty warmth all in every
earth toned hue poet fingers
long to touch paint and rebel

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Sushi

bear in the stream cross legged
on the mat shoes left behind
in the rapture of dinner's
companion and the long walk
after human memories
shaped, shaping, carefully rolled
the table does not divide

Above the Formal Clasp of Hands

unapproved unrecognized
works of the Holy Spirit
mysteriously engage
illicitly angled forearms
soul energy exchanged through
hairs alive nerves unending
prayers of our joyful silence

9. Void Stared at Tiny Places

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There's An Allegory In Here Somewhere

One year ago on Mother's Day forgotten and drunk
on the white wine of chained seafood
I shared my genetically inherited spirit
into the paradoxical dyed spasms of acquired family
only to be threatened again by the threatened
adherents of structure, order, tradition and force.

Now a lonely tree stands atop the hill stripped bare of
rocks where once my father climbed with me and I
with mine by earth movers forty years more modern
than those my mother lifted me to watch surrounded
by a chain link fence through which anyone can see
the old gone and the new not yet started.

Especially Large Values of Two

Parsing the dangling
Dorothy clicks and crazed
infinity signs
amidst the barely
sequitured number
and namespace theories
instantiates a
smile so bare, so crazed
so infinite its
only name is Home.

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From A Single Margarita

A pair of geese stand apart
on the low flat roof of nine
twenty-five First Avenue
watching for community,
their plaintive honks echoing
my portent of two weeks lost.
Love is never sensible.

Crawling Across With Eyes Averted

Sunlight dances on the river
and the railing is low I see
the arc over and over have
watched the gulls sitting in long calm
rows turn and dive without warning
with grace and ease flatten their flight
skimming over the surface as
I fly in my sleep my knees drawn
to my chest escaping it all
but I know that is only dream
that my arc from the bridge would be
out and then down cutting into
the cold dark inviting water
to be carried by the currents
to the ocean with my knees drawn
to my chest escaping it all.

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It might be different

On this couch at the center
of life past believed future
Indian buffet parting
strangers in black array legs
swishing the setting sun face
written with large remembered
words there is no else or if.

Escaping the Fatherland

I want to write in English
about sky and vegetables
Reading Terminal Market
and the train seat before me
your head thrown back and your eyes
imploing not in secret
hurt untranslated German.

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Remnants of History

Two stone piers wait down by the
tracks one on the right and one
on the wrong not agreeing
which is which for a renewed
sense of purpose beyond mere
poetic symbolism
for someone to build a bridge.

Lunch on the Serengeti

Rittenhouse Square has outlived
a million fractured minds green
peace of visible structure
civilized vegetation
reaching aloof past the past's
playful violence leaves resolve
for the madness of the hunt

