



Sounds like
it ought
to mean
something

Poetry by Christopher William Purdom
Volume I

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1. Enormous Purple Winter Shadows

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Eventide

In the half light I can only remember
whether yesterday follows tomorrow
or if Amarillo blooms around the corner.

Upon awakening I am already four
when the future lies forgotten as at dusk
and shadows lie in puddles neath the trees.

Near dark my mother cannot unpark her car
for our memory of machines dies empty
in the half light I can only remember.

Enormous Purple Winter Shadows

For Geoffrey

Sometimes in Paoli
when the cool dark air is only a breath away
I hear the trains calling me back
until we board
and the legs of the blonde across the aisle
become more real than all the nights
I slept as a child in Texas.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Radnor Station Where the Trees Grow Raucous

Quibbling over colors, patterns
and names of designers; banging
on neighboring rooftops; shouting
"shush" at the tops of their voices.

2. Let Me Never Recall
Your Lake Red Dreaming

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Holidays

Annapolis rained last Christmas,
mothers slash daughters competing
for clothes, attention from husbands
slash fathers whose lives are for sons'
electronics, football, brothers
and girls who are not daughters slash
wives of themselves, and this Christmas
Annapolis will rain again.

Let Me Never Recall Your Lake Red Dreaming

A Little Too Much Reality (Night)

Amarillo's In-
ternational Air-
port is out by Cloth
World past the Big
Texan along three-
thirty-five where mo-
tel signs have replaced
the stars and trucks are
the only comets.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

A Little Too Much Reality (Day)

In every direction it's the same damn thing so
we close our eyes half way to avoid confusion it
limits the scope and keeps out the sun just
as our hats hold back the sky but
nothing can hold back the wind even
the cattle get carried away now
there's only the road and the trucks and
the dust and the sky and the sun.

3. We Were Weak / Rust Petal Sky

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Hidden

Life lies in little gestures
minor manipulations
slight adjustments of meaning
pushing dreams behind your ear
desire under your collar
and visions back up your sleeve.
Subtlety binds forever.

...Lost

Your roots have branches and my
branches have roots so I stood
as you stood in the hollow
and waited I imagined
for a tendril to explore.
Maybe next time our seeds will
fall closer on the dark ground.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Affirmation

The first moving hand signaled
Time and the second signaled
Victory but the winners'
smile was given back to me:
a trophy singed in honor
into the endless replay
of my hallucinations.

Twenty-two and Waiting in North Carolina

Tight lime green and white plaid pants
hair pulled back, large teddy bear
staring intently at her
own identification.

Will they believe she is that
person, will they let her fly?
Does she, will she let herself?

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Secret Weapon

Will we not be shunned by those
who define our boundaries
and dominate our shelter?
Who would choose to be cast out
into the cold and the dark?
Why it is she, he, they, us,
we who have discovered fire!

Why?

Once upon a time I did
not sleep for six sensuous
months now lost in clarity
of mind yet one vague image
left behind a longing sense
of dread and futures waving
from the window of a train.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Flashpoint

Love no singularity
of physical intent is
God spiritually intense in
all the lives I Am leads us
disrupting rigid structures
we impose upon ourselves
and the glorious chaos.

Rise and Fall

Am I some mad galloping
Horse of the Apocalypse
ridden urgently and hard
in pleasure or abject fear
crying out at your beauty?
Whose mind are we in, whose heart
and why do we keep running?

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Half Life

The door is locked and I too
young and too unsequential
stand forgetting? rejecting?
obvious implications
of green robes, missing persons,
preconceived relationships,
poised and defiant stances.

Borderline

The sun has left Laguna leaving
Nothing, like I have never seen before.
Persistent, insistent Nothing
crashing waves of blackness against
the almost something shore and
the lights of California which
the Nothing's stars ignore.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Variations on a Joke Part Funny

The world is half full of
women who cannot perceive
how much beauty wells within.
An engineer, I find fault
in the glass, seek to construct
of myself a better mirror
for all. My mind was made large.

Repeat

I never turned around. I
know who you look like. You look
like who you were looking for.
Sound like her too. Sound like her
suspended in the doorframe
caught in an indiscretion.
No. I never turned around.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Silence

My voice discomforts. Must I
disclaim my eye with lawyer
ease of fiction to preserve
your lines in ecstatic sands
of pleased breathless oceans
tongued to me and lived in truth
or shout, and bring down kingdoms?

Recalling the New Year

What an odd time to change clothes,
just after the old year, just
before the old world, or
do I have you backwards? No
matter, the moment stands still,
proud, forever, whatever
you think you've experienced since.

4. Spring is somewhat legless

Sounds like it ought to mean something

Two Things Susan Pierce Said Comma Reflections On

I am thankful for the knowing
And the being known
For communities of love without
Fear and people without closets for the being of
my self
And the self of my being most recently
discovered and still
Discovering for friends who see me, poet,
Artist, voyeur, and dancing queen, programmer,
activist, writer, and
Story-teller, every man, woman and child within
me, within The Body, the Word
Made flesh, the Christ, the Logos, the all knowing
incarnate
I am thankful for suspicion, for revelation, in
small
Actions and sudden impulses made whole
Again
As God Intended.

Spring is somewhat legless

Vigiling on a Hill All Morning in Lynchburg

Normally I stand
over my weight-bearing, child-carrying
gently-curved left hip, my running,
kicking right leg thrown to one side
like the unrelated
afterthought it usually is. Unfortunately
Thomas Road is steeply slanted
in the wrong direction. The Baptist Church
across the street would have me stand
over my straight right hip in agreement with
my facial hair, leaving the apparently
shorter leg
dangling
hopelessly
disconnected
from my ground in the damp October air.
I would be much more
comfortable
turning my back on the pain.

Sounds like it ought to mean something

*Do Not Let Our Domesticated Little Friend the
Ice Cube Fool You*

Water
frozen in the wild
does not sleep in trays
but slips into the silent streets of night
to sweep the unsuspecting
from their unsure feet.

Spring is somewhat legless

Persistence

sky trees wall plants meditating people
reflections in the bio pond rippled
by the wind destroyed by the ducks playing
duck games but reflections do return not
ours for we will rise and leave but the plants
and the wall and the trees and the sky will
survive even night to reflect again

