

too many chairs
on the grass green hill

Poetry by
Christopher William Purdom
Volume IV

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10. As if but drunk,
pleasing

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Matter of Perspective

Seated on a factory stool
Today's imaginary
Companion sparkling like the
Riesling, sweet (and dense) as the
Cheesecake the other patrons
Increasingly disturbed by
Her high, disembodied laugh

As if but drunk, pleasing

Counter Obsession

There is certainty in socks,
feet enclosed, hidden, attached.
Drifting off, my own left bare,
I contemplate you sleeping
snugly, warmly, in all this
endless Summer, little else
or nothing material.

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Repent America Misuses the Sun

They kept warning me I'd burn,
friendly like through bullhorns, signs,
random Bible verses and
some interesting theories
about hormone imbalance
but I trusted the weather
report. Until the clouds left.

As if but drunk, pleasing

Light bounces off the shallow

surface of Swann fountain my
toes cold and wonderfully wet
the happy posing couple
in long white as the pulsing
spray traditional gown and
something short and salmonish
feminine, but not frilly.

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Ventus Ex Machina

The I-beam with wing stretched wide
across the Arch Street canyon
to catch its first and only
thermal soars in majestic
joy forged from the confidence
of purpose and destiny
a life of airborne freedom.

As if but drunk, pleasing

Sequel

Intense intents in tense in
forwarded poem reading
Wantonly like Hollywood
the wordscape sign imagined
each earlier continued
line of flesh and cloth and your
praise of instinctive action.

11. Interlude North

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Downtown Buffalo

eyes abandoned
trolleys vacant
storefronts empty
skyline hollow
a faint promise
of Canada

Meditation (Lake)

If I were to run
away it would be
to Miami Beach
San Francisco or
Toronto where some
body of water
defines the border
of reality
all those molecules
replacing the past

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Queen Street West

Revolution thrives
along the streetcar
tracks purposed people
doing themselves and
being each other
fighting shop to shop
back to naked back
for insanity
with art depraved hope
dances in my soul

Meditation (Waterslide)

The first five times were
for you hurtling your
name into plunging
dark wetness the next
five were mine singing
a song of coming
light propelled across
smooth waters but the
eleventh was for
pure simple thrilling

12. Allendale Road

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Betwixt the Poem and the Sharing of it

Not quite verse from long
ago emotion
is emotion all
overwhelmed aroused
recalled remembered
you motion floor to
mind of mine now gone
but yesterday watched
you climb from steady
heart beat joy soaked ground.

Last Supper Retrospective

Confused by Los Angeles
fake fur waitress mistakes her
anti-psychotic cocktail
for heroin withdrawal and
she who always for a less
respectable prostitute
addict than the rest of us

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Found

Suddenly with welcome force
pacing my open question
door raw need cannot constrain
each step another meaning
bantered as though words will end
again again again and
close impossibility.

Yes, I know other places

Where parked the revolution,
where soldier knelt in ancient
dirt redefined as floor by
cold stone walls survived of flame
to kindle one last farewell,
and the girl at the desk shared
her tattoos for the chosen.

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Alpha

Cameron in black and purr
large of cat and small of Earth
station, train, track and whistle
no intimate allusions
saved from metal on metal's
thunder screaming fade to lap
to warm to comfort weighting

Reincarnation's Tent of Many Colors

Fountain chestnut grained like tree
potential rich brown red to
black between my fingers ate
final chocolate raspberry
topped cream filled cup self's retreat
escaped and Hare Krishnas
recruit on Eakins Oval

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Victim

Bus window rides to night face
obviously sudden "I
cannot model fatherhood
of God" freedom unwanted
passion's sorrow phone replaced
uncalled home safety future
must teach our daughters better

Wild Rice

soft left curling locks streaked red
primitive decoration
if by as not yet tiny
hands of your inner child
swelling beauty far beyond
my comprehension sitting
in your aura without fear

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Pantheon

Salvation in this second
reincarnate born again
omnipotent omniscience
sacrifices sacrificed
heretic hysterical
universal uniform
short rolled shorter Catholic mass.

Picture Induced

Opposite coast surrounded
burning I would leap pillowed
glasses shoulder hair hand eyes
before parallel rail stretched
frame without benefit of
spikes or ties plead half hidden
thanks and yes to know you are.

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Future Peace

Nuns' white-washed concrete loin-clothed
walking-sticked Gandhi smiles exposed
beam low ceiling Dalmatian
dozing plank table reminds the Austrian
of old folks homes back home rich with garden
shed where the scrawny pale
Mennonite kid with Southern accent and two
large dark guys in recovery tend
Vietnam Vet's hot water heater turning used
cooking oil into diesel fuel call it Silent
Running Road Warrior one Chinese daughter
of Irish beauty draped warmly across asks
if she can come back tomorrow.

Visible at Piano

drink puppy hat slide over
repeat chord damped shaken off
road four real drive sprawled side
line time day week year yule want
ever what perfect posture
heard reflect hymn composure
roled surround expectance key

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Advent

Retranspondant corner chair
messaging intentional
the search for darkened puppy
pictures of identity.
Light the Black Christ Candle I
Will be Three on Christmas Eve
Hard with the Holy Spirit.

Afterwords

This one true met Amsterdam
post movie producer talk
show host gangster mechanic
could be any or all the
above but was the one true
of few weeks and I who am
not was as usually called.