



And all
that's
implied

Poetry by Christopher William Purdom
Volume II

And all that's implied

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5. Gliding Walks

And all that's implied

Reactions to Volume I

"I liked the poem
about the Radnor trees."

Of course you did.
It's asexual but amusingly gay,
undisturbing and vaguely commercial.
Why do you think
I put it on a tote bag
and a tile coaster? The sexual
allegory on the barbeque
apron seemed commercial too
but it hasn't sold and
neither have the Flashpoint tees
for which I had envisioned a
hip young target market, and nobody
has said "I liked the poem about the Lone
Horse of the Apocalypse."

But one person, one special person, one
person who saved my life, once called the Annapolis
slash poem "powerful truth telling" and that was
the comment I liked.

After the Guggenheim

experience discounted
ramp mainly artless in side
galleries hand pictures the
last two manually coupled
boated souls outside adrift
waiting for missed call heard girl
disembarks spiral downward

And all that's implied

Tree Series Continued

The sidewalk outside Commerce Square on the North Side of Market between Twentieth and Twenty-first is written in small square blocks, sixteen inches on a side, fifteen squares from Square to curb, and along the curb every sixteen squares in a grate-covered square of dirt four squares on a side (sixteen squares, for those of you who are bad at math) a tree is planted. The symmetry would be breathtaking only trees don't live that way. In Winter, deprived of warmth and sunlight, they reluctantly agree to the overwhelming conformity of the sidewalk, barely managing to contain their fractal branches within their sixteen allotted squares, but in Spring odd ideas pop into their heads and by Summer way up above the small square blocks where the rules cannot reach them they mingle their leaves indiscriminately and sigh with gratitude.

Fatherhood

I am become Oppenheimer.
The dismantler of Christmas.
And the burier of the dead.

And all that's implied

Ritual

two obsessions bound
in oil locked anointing
cross to forehead soul
to soul within the circle
softly singing softly
chanting stepping forward half
obsessed half excited needing
healing either healer forced to choose
yet still the blessing of each other
radiates within the circle claim
the power of both together
love abundant peace surpassing life
eternal freely given freely
taken such the promise of the christian
of the faith so long forgotten

You Were In My Head This Morning

Former collective's urgent invectives
inopportunately applied
Individually realized wishes
will of almighty collide
The universe speaks with unified voice
one day at a time denied

And all that's implied

Park Bench Temptation

To lie in state each flake
A monument to mourning's morning
Frozen into night and each next day
To follow shrouded white on white
All variation learned
In sharing of free radicals

Dear Rules Laws and Limitations

Where did you come from? Were you birthed
In a jealous rage? Assigned the power of an
Angry God to beat us into limp submission?

I have taken beatings worse Shinai and I
Were well acquainted once the kamikaze
Sneaking in to beat down anger the only
Rule not you but self
Control self
Mastery self
Perfection

All requiring walls long since torn down
In violation under a willow tree pretend
I'm her, say what you will I did I said
Her name in that moment and you were gone oh
There were vestiges full blown
So to speak in others
Used to shame me bring me back into control
Almost worked almost killed me with my fear
Of dying alone in the cold and the dark

But you are not The Shinai of God and I have power
Words of power
To end the isolation
You impose
Have imposed on others
Imposed on me when I was four and
Did not even know you

No righteous God would do that and long I wondered
What nonsense was this righteous
God who would employ you.

I know better now. I know God and I know now
That you are not
And I know now
That I shall smite you.

And all that's implied

Status

The nightmares have started.
Loss is finally speaking to Unconscious.
I would have been happier to report
that we were finally speaking to each other.
But hell is better than limbo.
It only lasts three days.
Much in the same sense
that the universe was created in six.

Dialectic

Evr'time y'wander off ah fear y'll nay cum bach.
Ah used to know y'bitter when and trusted yer return.
But now ah knows y'not a'tall nor where yer mind is been.
Ah fair'st lass, y' forest lass, y'bonnie o'th' wood,
If I but knew t'right agin ah know y' know ah would.

And all that's implied

Talk Some More

'There is sunshine in those shades of grey
Low maint'nance heart music fly away
Spinnin' - talk some more talk
Some more thigh to thigh hand
In hand. Talk some more. Love
The bouncin' demonstration and the
Honesty, the openness, talk some
More talk some more goin' to the future
Place with the wonderin' whys, love them
Wonderin' whys and them touchin' thighs
And those shades of grey when you laugh
Your eyes and you bounce and spin and
You stand on your hands and you move
All graceful and you draw me in.
Talk some more. Hold my hand. Touch
My thighs. Ask the questions ask
Away - questions why I sat with you
Today, why I held your hand and touched
Your thighs and flew away spinnin' in your
Shades of grey eyes - upstandin'
Citizen you may be, but we talk from
Attraction mutually, openly, honestly.
Talk some more.

Sunday Morning Labyrinth Image

Dancing through and across in
God's purple transcendent trust
and awe the gliding walk head
held high mountains' majesty
surrounded visibly in
retelling sit transfixed one
in God again for I still
need help to see who I am.

And all that's implied

Perhaps a Camera Just for You

Con con con consider this
(stuttering at the pleasure
in the moment of your face
absorbed absorbing never
have I read out loud like that
be be be before) my
non-event-driven snapshot.

Second Person Conflicted

In the pictures uploaded
From Colorado Springs you
Fade into the background your
Knife-sharp, chrome-plated, neon-
Underlit, hard-assed edges
Erased, you are part of All. I
Love All, but miss the danger.

And all that's implied

Tributary

co-creation turned and tuned
queer and quantum slow surround
vibrant vibrate praying hum
bowl and player played as one
quantum co-creation bowl
queer tuned hum turned vibrant slow
virounded one surpraying

Not Really A Book Review

Poets build relationships
from words construct emotions
in syllables validate
life with letters need lingual
confirmation however
inadequate to express
gazed conspiracies of joy

6. Both Hands Full

And all that's implied

Devon in the still

of near September
another couple
in a different slot
and a small white car
waiting for a train
the rain and the dark
green SUV not
even history on
the shimmering edge
of this sacred space

Atrium hip wave

across signals lost
neurons one and one
half glasses French red
wine atop bottle
of Mexican lime
enriched beer can cause
false leg impressions,
distance, worry, doubt but
all for naught for naught
is but discretion

And all that's implied

Age robs some of us

every five minutes
fingers stop working
and each time it's a
new sensation the
last incident crushed
in the wheelchair tracks
while younger each year
by the second girls
self-denied transfuse
their bounce to others.

The river flows dark

under the arched lights
of the Market bridge
by the bank and the
path and the benches
too new to hold ghosts.
Still someone must be
sitting there watching
civilization.
I do not believe
in empty places.

And all that's implied

Cowgirls of My Mind

Are you another
mother substitute
a face familiar
held in grazing gaze
across the green and
sunlit plain where plays
my past and never
self in warm embrace
maternal safe and
rests assured in love?

One side is ever

turned from the camera
but life is lived in
three hundred sixty
degrees and a week
confined with strangers
exposes captive
imagination
once unlimited
to finger painting
the sunrise with fruit.

And all that's implied

Fear flings you upward

out of your office
chair and your corporate
decorum into
emotions raw and
uncensored, inflamed
and unshielding
but alive really
alive and glaring
really glaring as
though I had tricked you

And all that's implied

heart in a bottle
afloat on the tide
currently ether
and billows in stride
of fisherman's net
for Christ cast aside
in love we entrust
in trust we abide
bottle once open
we never need hide

