

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

*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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*Between the Poem and the Sharing of it*

Not quite verse from long  
ago emotion  
is emotion all  
overwhelmed intense  
recalled remembered  
in 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.