

WHITHER NONSTOPPING

By
Harriet Zinnes

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Again

It is monstrous, and of course that is over.
The wind is sickly
but the leaves on the terrace encapsulate.
The buildings do not move.
Space time/energy/matter/gravity/motion.
Dimension saves the day.

She wore the cape, black with no buttons.
Walking was easy
though the length touched the ankles
and made him laugh.
Only later did she laugh too.
The wind helped.

Back on the terrace.
It was tea time.
No one served cookies.
No, no cucumber sandwiches.
England was far away
and the cat never returned.

It was the black cape again,
the walk in the country,
the fear of ticks.
Nothing was wrong, except the wind.
It was always there.
Some one predicted a full moon.

It is useless, he said.
Sun moon and stars.
And the planets.
What about nuclear energy?
Yes, nuclear energy.
The wind unnerved her.

Better late than never.
Oh, it's you again.
The plates are on the table.
I can't find silverware.
The parrot is talking again.
Shut up Shut up Shut up.

And Then Not

that which
and then not
and all the trials
forward and backward
and in between
the loss and longing
and in between
the love and bewilderment
and in between
there is among
and the long lines
and the busy signals
and the rush to say good-by
and the follow-up
the shaking of hands
the kiss on the lips
and then disaster
and the closed door
and the weeping

When will the rains come
When will the sun appear
through the window
making sheen on the leaves
green with blossoms
and with brown tears
ready to peel off

[Away From...]

Away from the song
and the minarets
and the temples
and the blue skies
and the forsythia
the winds blow
while the stones near the pond
are embraced by the water.

Even the rain stops
and the flowers wither
and the phone lines
shudder in the storm.

But you,
are you with me now
or are you following the floods
as the Elbe river overflows?

Before Our Eyes

Who stands naked
before our eyes
and does not move
before our eyes
before our eyes
even as the door closes

Before our eyes
and nothing and meaning
and pragmatism
and the roots of trees
the leaves of the roses
the demeanor of the insolent child
the worshiper in tears in the pew

Before our eyes
and pragmatism
and meaning
and the nothing of clouds
the rain the snow the leaves

Now the door opens
The church bells are ringing
and the roots of trees
invisible
move
not before our eyes.

Below the Horizon

It is below the horizon
and can be caught at dawn
when the nest is covered
by the growing light
and the silence moves
like leaves under foot

When the hawk sways in the sky
beauty leaves the demonic
and the wilting leaves
do not cover the mud

Time then for the hunt to begin

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Birds

No!

Without birds!

“Hell,” Virgil says.

Migratory ever.

Wings flapping.

Noxious lake.

The wind of wings

Quick, dazzling.

Flocks!

Egregious

Whither nonstopping

Fetid the waters below

turmoil in sky

blurring

Blue sweeping

Dank air

Whirring wind

How many feathers in the pond?

Bloodless

Untoward, unlivable, meager.
Useless the observable.
Uncanny methods.
Unsurvivable.
The occasion.
Unfathomable events.
The heart unlived.
Wordless the grief,
Not even love matters
when the lips are sewn.
Food, kisses more than irrelevant.
Death in pursuit.
Behind the needle
pain fathomless.
Silence on the mountain tops.
Caves collapse.
Foragers forsake the mud and rocks.
Careless the bodies of children.
Bloodless the paragon.
Die Hitze hangt sich in dich.

[Eidetic]

Eidetic:
and it holds the memory in tow.
Far-fetched and bewildering
it floats
as the breath is taken in and out
while the steps are slow
and the eyes watch watch
that single bird on the sycamore tree.
When will the twittering start?

Frozen

The body fractured.
No, broken into bits.
It is sculpture
frozen in time
figment of an imagination
an image from hands heart and mind.

Not inductive
Not indomitable.
On the floor
of a gallery
white, bare, brittle bones.
Not discarded.
Made, created
in a frenzy
with care.

Ah, *souci*
Ah, surmise

Tell me where all past years are.

Matter, Still

So it is all that:
lines, surfaces, shapes, and color.
And is there another way to go?
And will you find it?
Will it be meaningful
or will you discard it after an hour?
What lasts a little longer
may be pigment,
but it must be shaped.
It must have surface,
and only then will colors glow.

Indifferent canvas.
Indifferent glass.
Only the hand matters,
and its gestures.

How long will matter matter
and the bending of your hand?

HARRIET ZINNES is Professor Emerita of English of Queens College of the City University of New York. Her many books include *Drawing on the Wall, My, Haven't the Flowers Been?* (poems); *Entropisms* (prose poems); *Lover, The Radiant Absurdity of Desire* (short stories); *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts* (criticism); and *Blood and Feathers* (translations of Jacques Prevert). She is a contributing editor of the *Denver Quarterly* and of *The Hollins Critic* and a contributing writer of art criticism for *New York Arts Magazine*.

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