

A LITTLE OF LITTLE
BOOK POEMS

robert wolff © 2012

STATES

Am I ess ess
eye ess ess
I pee pee eye

Am eye ess ess
oh you
are I.

Am I ann ann
eye ess ess
oh tea ay.

Ay ell
ay bee
ay am
ay

See oh ann
ann ee see
tee eye see
you tea

Am eye see aitch
eye gee
ay ann.

I ell ell eye
ann oh why
(ess)
Ill u noy

Oh are
ee gee
oh ann

Eh are I
zee oh
ann ay

Am eye ann ann
uh ess ess oh tah

Tea ee ex
ay ess

See ay ell eye
eff oh are
ann eye oh

Aitch ah
double you ah
ee (hiccup) ee

Am oh ann
tea ay n ay

Eff ell oh
are eye
dee ay

Ann ee
double you
why oh are kay

Double you
eye ess
see oh ann
ess eye ann

Double you
ay ess aitch
eye ann gee
tee oh ann

MONEY-HONEY honey
money money honey honey

Two words, five letters,
four the same,

Honey: flower-gathered
sweet stored in combs
of six-sided cells.

Money: paper printed
illusions we give value,
computered numbers.

Money is what the
square root of minus one
is in mathematics:

an illusionary quantity
we give quality
for illusive realities.

Betting imaginary realities
made a few shamefully rich.
practically overnight.

Bees patiently gather honey
one flower to another, busy,
and so fertilize plants.

Bees are all too real,
now killed by
imported foreign lice.

Plants need bees
to make seeds
for new plants.

Of course we're smart
and have solutions
for killing lethal lice.

But in the meantime
what will fertilize?
Insects, frogs, mice?

Human brains can think
only machines
or chemical poison

• • • • •

To connect the dots:
our overwhelming presence
in the Middle East

sent home to mom
the B3 virus
that kills our bees.

with the compliments
of US forces
overseas.

june 2006

A DARK DUSK
IN AN AUGUST

Cannot call this sunset
 haven't seen the sun
 all day
assume it is going
down behind the clouds,
but I don't know.

Now, straight ahead
a slit in the cloud cover
a sliver of pale blue,
 very pale against the
 gray
 of thick rainclouds.

Blue quickly covered,
now far far away
perhaps.

 Hey, blue is back!
 fighting for a hole
 to look at me --
nobody else sees
what I see:
the dance of clouds

 Again blue has moved
 to the right, that is
 south,
not where the wind
comes from.

Wet wind joins the fight
against the dull drab
 gravel gray
 deep darkness

A last eye of blue
yet further south
 where the wind
now *does* come from.

Cool pushing back
the heat
 of august sun.

2007

O

from or for
for from or
call for more
four boar
odd war lore
four sore ore
lost ball fore
four sore oar
for storm shore
store door for
borrow color
roar for chore
from nor
for from
or...

Planet

There is no number for
the number of planets
there are in our universe.

Our earth is one.

Here
where we live,
billions, trillions of us,

in shapes undreamt of,
colors of the rainbow
and then some,
over, under the horizon,
but always in
the planet's skin.

Our home has no walls
no boundaries.
Foundation is rock
its roof the air

getting thinner
farther from the planet;
perhaps tapering
to the void.

It is hot here, and cold,
and wet and dry,
and dark and light,
fast-moving and slow-.

Our earth is,
as the sun is,

and islands;
as thunder is,
and rain is;
as gravity is
light is.

My body is, what else?

However.

My feelings,
my sorrows, my joys,
pains and aches,
my judgments,
thoughts and my
reflections,
even memories perhaps,
exist outside the "is".

Where? Who cares.

They are mine for now.
And when I go they
transform to drops of
dew on the tips of
palm leaves at 5 am.

2003-2008

**no groundwater
under lava**

Hello sun,
you're here today,
but hiding behind
thick overcast.
Day after day
"cloud cover"
as they say.
Hot enough
but dark.
Please sun,
we need rain
but we need you
too.

Hello rain,
don't you
like it here?
A few minutes
but you don't stay.
Teasing drips
is not enough.
Plants, trees,
are holding on,
but barely.
We need sun
but we need you
too.

We need
sun and rain,
rain and sun,
to stay alive.

Maybe tomorrow?

ITCH

some people get
high blood pressure
others eat sweets
and swell...

I itch.

I have friends who drink,
others smoke dope...

I itch.

there are swearers
and sobbers

I itch.

one jumps
from female to female
another jumps oceans
to flee...

I itch.

yesterday glorious,
the day before, storm...

I itch.

there are shower singers
and basso balladeers

I itch.

the doctor told me
I had too much sun
that's why

I itch.

when I grew up
nobody knew
that sun is bad
for white

as I tried my best
to be as brown
as all my friends.

and now

I itch!

2010

I LIVE ON FAITH TODAY

early this morning I saw the
moon go out
and not see it light up again.

before the moon had a
chance
dawn came
and with it came the fog.

they said "totality"
would be at four something
AM,
and it was,
it most certainly was
total.

there were faint stars I had
not seen
near where I knew the moon
to have been
just minutes earlier.

when I went to sleep last
night
did not plan to watch the
eclipse.
but woke up,
awake in time
to see
the full moon
shrink through
a whole cycle of phases
in forty minutes.

at one time there was a faint
ring outlining.
then all that was left
of the moon was a sliver,
and a faint soft pink disk,
until the moon evaporated,
totally, at 4:34AM
on april 24th, 1986.

lit incense,
chanted
OM,
but the moon did not show
when i waited.

I live on faith today
because my eyes saw the
moon disappear,
totally,
and saw it not return.

think the universe is
in place this morning
and that the moon will be
there tonight,
so today must have faith.
can only believe
that when the sun
goes away
the moon will come back
though my eyes saw it gone,
totally.

2012
another ABC

amusingly
amorous
ambience

business
brings
bills

classic
clammy
crank

distasteful
disastrous
disconnect

eccentric
economy
ecology

failing
flailing
freedom

geology
genealogy
gender

however
hollow
hope

intimate
incentives
inspire

jeopardy
jealous
jest

kibbles
kickstart
kitchen

loaded
lament
lost

masculine
memory
mutilates

nothing
novel
nice

old
organic
other

Peter
Paul and
Patty

Q for quick
Rrrrrrrr Sssstttt....
Youveedoubleyou
Exwhyzea - - - ZED

∥

CLOUDS

CLOUDS HAVE NO FORM,
HOLD NO SHAPE
AS THEY SPILL OVER
FROM FAR DIMENSIONS
BLURRING BOUNDARIES
OF AN IMAGINARY WORLD
MARKED BY LINES ON MAPS.
FROM THEIR DIMENSION
CLOUDS IGNORE
LINES, LAWS, LOVES, LIVES.

I AM NO POET...

I am no poet
to sing this longest day.

Deep inside me
a yawning yearning
to shout words
of great wonder,
of light and dark
and warmth;
delicate scents
and colors.

Praise god, goddess,
earth, life — and always
awareness.

Now sadness:
how can we so spoil the nest?

21 June 1989 (Solstice)

HOW STRANGE TO THINK...

How strange to think that life would begin at conception:
Life began millions of years ago,
it cannot be but from the beginning.
Life is, as matter and energy are.

Stranger to think that life would end at death:
where would life go? Is it a quality of matter?
or would it change to another life hereafter
(for the chosen) better than this one?

My life began when I was twelve, when I knew I was me.
A memory: caged in a concrete zoo, sad, angry...
My parents said I was not quite three then.
I've had a horror of zoos ever since.

A few times, my life was suspended; times I want to forget.
I began a new life after, with hope and a future,
and freedom to be who I am, and learn
and grow, grow and learn.

I cannot know what death is (yet) serious people tell me.
But I tell you, I know. I have been there.
Death is but another birth, another beginning,
for surely my life is part of all Life.

Life is what keeps the universe from running down.
Life is new beginnings and that includes deaths;
it is thinking, feeling, sensing — awareness...
mine is but a bashful bubble in the stream.

1991

CYCLES

Watching, observing
repetitive rites of love and pain;
stumble and get up again.

No resolutions
no endings, conclusions,
or deep insights.

Just an endless dance
of birth and death,
and birth again.

2001

this is aries?

days that flow without ups and sideways color or pain
without worrying or thinking deeply
without heat or wind or drizzle
seamless second into next
shallow breathing and
a name for stream
and don't worry
be happy to
flow with

no towering waves
to force thinking
no pleasure to
experience
is enough
friendly
almost
word

.....

lupines now are everywhere and those fragrant
little wood violets, iris, the first calendula,
the roses will burst out tomorrow.

1988

DREAMS

Dreams go where thoughts
and memories are forbidden.

Dreams poke and burrow
underneath neat nests of nice.

I dream of people with faces
unfamiliar but know they're 'real.'

Bright colors, strange locations;
even dreams in color can be dark.

I dream of futures empty of people
ruins enormous.

Does a god dream dreams?
Perhaps she dreams us.
Or, we him.

1983