Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society

Volume 23 Article 25

2020

Three Poets

Zelda Friedman

Gillian Huang-Tiller

Michael Casey

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings

Recommended Citation

Friedman, Zelda; Huang-Tiller, Gillian; and Casey, Michael (2020) "Three Poets," *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society*: Vol. 23, Article 25.

Available at: https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings/vol23/iss1/25

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.

Untitled

On his birthday the birds are back who love singing their own song

Cynthia By Her Painting

(for Cynthia Reeves Snow, October 2, 1906 - May 21, 2001)

This latest canvas calls out one color in prolific variation, the Pacific Ocean vast and deep.
Stand back. Look. See. Perceive. First stillness, then movement, then infinite movement.

High and higher, we go up the stairway to the second floor of her home.

Two bent women, aged and aging, contemplators, bodhisattvas, ancient instigators, climbing an inner landscape.

Arrived, Cynthia sits to the right of the painting. She is to my left as I stand facing the two creations, Cynthia and her painting. She has said, "one more painting," and again, "one more."

In the full creating has this painting created the consummate Cynthia, intricately moving the inner landscape deep and deeper in infinite completing?

work of art

—Flushing, New York

Fall 2020 65

Echoes of the Sea

Gillian Huang-Tiller

- for Margie

i have traveled to water to know it's not the land's end

the journey beyond flows in echoes of the sea

from ocean to ocean Crusoe blesses the waves, each for

its sacred link to its former self in valleys or through peaks

on the horizon, the third eye surveys distant points

volcanoes make the clouds dance spewing not dark specks

but doves descending to fire the spring

-Wise, Virginia

66 Spring 23

enormous room

Michael Casey

I see them walking towards me in the stockade yard and they are always trouble Bundy and Wolfitz what now? I am thinking I don't want to talk to them I don't want to see them I don't like to even look at them Bundy had accused Wolfitz of abuse and to be sure things change and now Bundy is Wolfitz' particular friend and it is the most bizarre thing these two prisoners had heard I was out a day's work from the stockade guard duty for ready Vietnam training they walked over to me wish me good luck and both of them had been there and veah I shook hands I thanked them

—Andover, Mass.

Fall 2020 67