

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

Volume 20

Article 13

2013

Poems

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Recommended Citation

Beining, Guy R.; Sarnat, Gerard; and Turco, Lewis (2013) "Poems," *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society*. Vol. 20, Article 13.

Available at: https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings/vol20/iss1/13

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(e) the (real)

Guy R. Beining

71.

turning heads
inside cylinders
twisting around smoke
& guts of a barrel
magnum on coffee table
& a pink note
from st. louis
dropping a pound
of ten cent words.
she's been gone
too long, rust scales
on the body,
moving like a turtle
in desert heat
remembering her in the
beer hall, ginger smoke
along eyes, knowing
she was a marked woman.

72.

sod
o
my
such soil
in bed
of sheep
each nite
a stop away
shades drawn again
picking up
broken crackers;
pigeons taking
easy angles,
fire of eyes
in shed of night.

74.

my question does
not reach the tongue.
it sits bubbling under it
developing a stream
along the lower bridge.
question not the
stinging perplexity of art
as a leaf
wills the wind
to turn it.
the queen termite
grinds in the woods,
a hundred years
in curling light.
question not our
deafness to stone.

91.

all my daily
habits are sad &
in the front lines of
everywhere there is gazing.
one hears more
overstatements on light
& the fuel
of other beginnings,
watching an obscure car
jitter in a glass garage.
the mechanic sits idly,
having once fenced engines.
the sun, being a sport
crashes thru timber.
several rooms away
a knob turns
& the wheels
begin to spin.

—*Great Barrington, MA*

anonymous

Gerard Sarnat

Mudflat grounded, diamond-mind
racing—what's it worth
not to cut
corners?

—*Stanford Medical School, Stanford, CA*

E. E. Cummings Gnomes: Three Tailgaters

Lewis Turco

Lovelessness

Unlove's the heavenless hell and homeless home
Of seed in search of an ounce of welcome loam.

Hello and Goodbye

Listen; there's a hell of a good universe next door —
The hell of it is it doesn't have a door.

Natural Selection

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing
Than learn from one hornet how to sting.

—Dresden, ME