

Sixteen Poems



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otata's bookshelf
2017

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Contents

Nicole	7
Fortune Scrolls at the Kuan Yin Temple	8
Cliff edge	9
Walking	10
For Valerie Carter	11
First Snow	12
Full/ moon	13
Snowdust	14
Tho called while	15
Great Horned Owl	16
Window	17
To Shiva	18
She was resting	19
The Morgan Motel	20
Radio	21
Saw/ petals	22

Nicole

runs deeper

into mottled sun

thru spruce

playing

seek the

forest

daughter

FORTUNE SCROLLS
AT THE KUAN YIN TEMPLE
—Cairo, NY

Thru willow grove
our fates illegible
in lilac paper
carried on
the path
to water
waving
leaves
a breeze
consoling

jan fills
my palm
with almond
slivers nikki
begs to go
somewhere
before the
day departs

Cliff edge

wounding

wind

the gravity

approaching

footfalls

own

Walking

heart co-

incident

with

light

in

oakleaf

beechleaf

plural

sacri-

fact

FOR VALERIE CARTER

Said we'd walk
thru appalachia
northern georgia
all thru to maine

holding
to the promise
perdurable omen
of recurrence
all ways

thru winter

shoulder

days

upon

First snow
two days past
wintergreen scent
in black birch climbing
oak trunk beech trunk
summit pine
performing
wind

jan's
fingers folded
showing silver
ring she rests
her chin on hands
watching crows
in air below

Full
moon
deep
glow
snow
crowled
at a
backyard
door
paired
faces
fearing
driven
clouds

Snowdust
skimming
crust

footfall

caves

Tho called while
staring over branches
in a chair at the window
jan & nicole leaning in on
either side I fall back
laughing easy in this
place the sky unseals
itself a naviform
the light at
treeline
starlong
searoad
sweeps you
with me
out of
flesh
the moan
forgiving
weakness
shares the
lashing
song
so
good

GREAT HORNED OWL

Word & water
or forget
identity

who
writes
within the ink

or lost
in light
seems

absence
darkening
against

the risen
moon in
branches

fanned
with wind

WINDOW

Turned
to say
an oriole
flew from lilacs
to the topbranch of an oak

in your
fingers
flame

the body
of an
oriole

|

TO SHIVA

How could every
tamarind flower
not be fruit ?

birdsong
weaves the
backyard air
with mating
paths

She was resting
beside a stream
in a hammock

from her breathing
a sway
began &

moving her hips
in clockwise
circles she

amplified the
arcs which
lifted her

The Morgan Motel

late afternoon in
Tennessee when you
slide down on me

the ivory god of wisdom
on a silver chain
around your

neck swings
out and back between us
every rise & fall

RADIO

thru her door

a song
comforting
the wakeful
passing over night

nicole is singing
to the dark
words
she's
making up
for it

I will not be a afraid

of love
of space
of time

oh
no

Saw
petals
risen in
triplets
sun thru
spruceleaf
lenses light
disperses
dog-tooth
violets as
also wholly
hearted
scarlet
trillium in
updrafts
upright on
the slope
illuminati
saw her
hand reach
first then
mine palm
out beneath
thinking
not to
shadow
one

