

Et alia.

BY CHASE CASTLE

Abstract as History (2015)

Cityscapes (2016)

Sketches of the American Landscape (2016)

The River is Me (2017)

Et alia.

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For John

varicose veins,
you are my etcetera

ETCETERA

Lullaby

(1/25/17)

We wait for the rain to fall

(Same rain that falls over

Gulfport,

Monteagle,

Portland)

Your hair of white petals

& fingers of roots—

The water softly washing away

Insecurity

At night the dreams of you & me

(roots grown into blossoms)together

Roots of earth&rain

Sustaining 1000 secrets

Winter mornings

Winter mornings linger slow
crawl out of bed when spire bells toll
lamely walk towards a happy goal
of fresh blooms and earthen topsoil

Winter mornings last far too long
the spire bells stop in mid-song
(fallen silent—their beckoning gongs)
until replaced by spring birdcalls

Appalachian trees

Appalachian trees—
Tall, slender women
Of green
Lining interstates &
Touching skies (eastward)

the Moon

I am transfigured by the Moon
saintly weight of time & being

the Moon(gods glistening wink)
as if romance was its own
& lovers dreamed great big
epics of dreams

I forget the tragedy of
This: monument of Night sky—
its illuminating power hoaxed
(the sun always shines;
no need for seeking today)

I am(& the whole world)
 so small
 so small
 & there's the Moon(glistening)

(send these)

give me your tired—
desert-beaten slaves of collapse & poverty & beasts of night

(your poor)mothers & fathers thousands of miles away
from infant children(a great big wall)

the huddled masses of anywhere desiring liberty—
priceless gift of only middle-class fortune

this wretched refuge: unopen to other shores

(send these)

seasons changing

in every time & every place
there is a reason to efface
certain names & pretty faces—seasons changing

the sea bids me farewell today
shimmering waters of coastal maine
glass tide questions remain the same—seasons changing

back to chilled autumn air
hay bale tombstones everywhere
harvest offerings like a prayer—seasons changing

the world is on fire in reverie
old men whistling sad melodies
still i weep for what is happening—seasons changing

9/3/17

If you've been looking

for one more careful reason

you won't find it here.

