

2012

23 Poems



by Bill Eberle

2012

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Bill Eberle

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for
Dagney C. Ernest

Forward

. . . the spark for all of the poems that have come out of me is always love, a desire to tell someone I care about something inexpressible and wonderful, something worth remembering.

Bill Eberle

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being touched

she touches me
I mean when we're sitting
next to each other
she touches my shoulder
the back of my neck

when we're home
she comes over
or reaches over
and touches me

here's how it feels
I feel her love
in her hands

I feel her love
flow onto me
from her hands
when she touches me

I never have felt that
before

love
recognizable
familiar
and certain
in the texture
and perception
of my own skin
when touched
by someone
who loves me

now I feel it
all the time

can look at her hands
and see it
feel it

January 20, 2012

Bubbles

Childish
the idea
of blowing bubbles
outside
after rain

Each landed
and stuck

Early
glowing evening
multiplying
bubbles
that held
themselves
and us
on and on

Enchantment
of light
and place
holding each bubble
like magic breaths
with no need
to breath
or change

Suspending
and expanding
our childish selves
over and over
once
and forever
back then

January 21, 2012

having a son

photo of a strong, confident
young man
with clear, bright eyes

I remember when he trusted me
told me what was in his heart

remember waking up
early one morning
to his shout
and poking my head out of a tent
to see him in the middle of a wide river
with a big trout on his line

now he doesn't talk to me
how painful
to have a son

Maine

driving home
route 1 punctuated

white lakes
dark evergreen
silhouettes
frosted with snow

the backdrop
overcast sky
"socked in"
but subtly mottled

variations
in the complex
grays

other delicate colors
impossible to see
or name
but undeniably
there

and gradually
becoming darker
towards the horizon

north
towards evening
and Thomaston
our goal

January 21, 2012

Milo's Entourage

his worried owner
and we three
a dog loyal
housemate
and two friends
swept up
and together now
by Milo's sudden
exhaustion
stoic acceptance
of pain and
definitely
not feeling ok

bravely climbing
up onto his legs
when asked to
by his beloved

surrounded now
in the animal ER
by all of us
shivering under
a blanket
hands seeking
to comfort
and understand
and a parka
with familiar smells

Milo, Trish
cold tile floor,
blanket, parka
and Milo's entourage

January 21, 2012

My father's picture

the picture they sent
of him in his 40s
was evil
the smiling face
and selfish, proud eyes
scared me
shook me for days

bad memories
of not being seen
by him
as he appeared
and disappeared
in my life
of his power
to do as he wished
wrecking hours
and lives
wasting chances
for understanding

much better
my memory
of the weak old man
accepting help
from others
and able
at last
to really see me

it was a miracle
I was glad to see
my father
as a humble man
showing love

the same poem

I suppose
I keep writing
the same poem
over and over
again

The one where
I love and am
loved
at the beginning

The one where
I love and am
loved
at the end

and every
moment
in between

Twin Brooks

slide slide
poke poke
slide slide
poke poke
slide poke
slide slide

poke

glide over
new snow
across fields
and through woods

slide slide
poke poke
slide slide
poke
through silent
white
and gilded trees

Twin Brooks

January 21, 2012

wherever

where you are
is unimportant

how you are
is

everything is
right
there

wherever
you are

January 10, 2012

the meeting

as she drove to the meeting
*which she did not think
would turn out well*

she was thinking

Go with love

these are people
I've worked with

People I love

and she was calm

she had already
figured out

actually her gut
had figured out
and she had listened

It's not about the money

it was about her life
and how she just
could not

do it any more

lose her life
that way

editing editing
hour after hour
not let anyone down

*make a special
gem
for each one
no matter how long
it took*

no matter
how much it took

out of her life

she was exhausted
and her husband
who adored her
wanted her

*to not do that
to herself*

anymore

and when everything
shut down
and she had a little time
to just

be

and some time
to see

*she didn't want
to do that to herself
either*

she was done

*new life
she said
here I come*

when she got there
her heart was open
and she was calm

Go with love

and these people
her friends
who were trying
to start the paper

back up again
needed her

but she was calm
and she was ready
knew the truth

her gut knew

She was ready

Everyone there understood

*no one else could do
what she could do
and had done
for so long
she knew so many people
was loved
by so many
for her hard work good spirit
and newspaper gems*

it was a lot of pressure
from her friends at the paper
her friends who wanted her
to take care of herself
and every one else
most of all

from herself

but there was another part
of the equation
which was who she was

now

and what she could
and would
and couldn't
and would no longer
try

to do

and she brought that
simply
and with love
to the meeting
too

and because of the way
she was
when she came
to talk to them
they relaxed
and saw her
the way she saw them

and they listened

It's all the hours
she said
I can't keep working
all these hours
and if I take
my old job back
and I still have
to do it all myself
I will do my best
to do it no matter what
to not let anyone down

and I can't
I'm not going to do
that to myself
any more

so I can't take the job

and they listened

they'd never known
everything she did
just knew that somehow

she got it all done
magically filled 12 to 16
pages during the
busy summer months
did whatever was needed

but it wasn't magic
it was her

editing editing
hour after hour
not let anyone down
make a special
gem
for each one
no matter how long
it took

now they heard
started to understand
and said

how can we make
this work

and it was simple

people have to
understand
and help
each other

and people
have to take time
to listen to
their guts
their hearts
and their friends

hear what
is most important

and know

*what they can
and can not
do*

March 23, 2012

my third marriage

my third marriage is wonderful

maybe it's because

I finally grew up

I know it's because

I finally

got lucky

I know it's because

I see her

and love her

all the time

the way she loves me

more and more

time and time

again

we love

being together

we have fun together

without even trying

love just being

one two

us

and

our cat

Willow

people who see us dancing

...

the women

come over and

say

I had to come over

and tell you how much

we've enjoyed watching you

one woman
at a street dance

*at the Blues Fest
on Saturday night
everybody
dances
on Main Street*

she asked us
how long we'd know each other
*her boyfriend guessed
10 minutes
she thought it must be
20 years*

that was
our 5th year together

my third marriage is wonderful
and I'm lucky
forever and ever

amen

March 28, 2012

by the throat

I want to grab God
by its throat

by the gullet
of its
existence
and non existence

by the cause and effect
of its
ripples
through time

its havoc in the lives
of people
I love
and loved

April 3, 2012

Mother

the truth of
 it was
 that I believe
 she was
 what she said she was

*hard as it is to believe
 completely
 in anything especially
 in what most of us
 project to others
 about our public
 selves*

knowing what I am

what most of us are

knowing what I accept

without shame

but keep for myself

or share when I can

with my best and

truest lover

fortunate to be

loved in my

daily facts

in my realities

rather than

in my awkward

transcendent

imaginings

a surprising present

tense ... I had not

expected

But she was

or she became

someone of quite

another order

and, I think
what she said
was true

that she loved him
or the part of him
that was herself
encrusted thus

frozen and perfected
by her ...

yes by her misunderstanding
her simplification
her keeping what was
pleasant and heroic
and discarding the rest

but yes also by
her faith
and her ability
to see deeply
through everything
and past everything
to
what was innocent
and pure and
beautiful

*to those things
he could only
pretend
but could not
see
or be*

even when

he was

and

she was

And so I
her son
believed her

when she said
she never
stopped loving him
and was faithful

I felt sorry for her
that she had
so created
a perfect personal world
arranged
to be so lovely

and worthy

by herself

and had not
even secretly

messily
wonderfully

ever
fallen in love

again

Ibsen's fire

my first wife
not my first loves
not sweet Ruth
or dark eyed Nikki
who never knew
or lovely Diana
who did

my first wife

burned my child

each piece
and every page
burned

and she died alone
my child

my first wife
I've tried
to forgive her

not for her sake
but for mine

not much progress
there
but I try

I haven't lost
my ability
to love

a miracle
of being older
and wiser

good people
are easy to love

the others
can be treated
kindly
or avoided

even so
I think of my
first wife
and my child

for the most part
I don't think of
or believe in
God

in something
but not God
Holy Spirit
maybe

but mostly
life
the good parts
and the bad parts

it's real
it all happens
and I live
through it

for awhile
at least

and that's
God and
Heaven
and Hell
enough
for me

here is another
small fact

when my
daughter died

my child

fear was born

fear that
people I love the most
will be taken away

that I'll lose them
in some
stupid way
when I least
expect it

so I always
expect it

expect
that my love
will have to do that
one more time

encompass
death
again
encompass
being to not being
in me

whenever
my wife goes
on a trip
or drives off
as far as a couple of towns
away
I'm afraid

...

and I pray
directly to a God
who probably doesn't
exist

and I include
the others I love the most
the one's I think
might need protecting

two alive
but not in my life

two no longer living
my sister gone wherever
perhaps to nowhere
but somehow safe
and my daughter
who may not be

and one
the first name
in my prayer

the one
I pray for
to protect myself
the one
still here
with me

I say God
please protect her
please bring her
home safe

and then
because the connection
is valuable
my reaching out
to a nothing
that feels like something

the state of my mind
and heart
helpless
but active

and I say God
take care of my child
hold her and protect her
then I say
protect
and I say
my second wife's name
and sometimes I say
protect
and I say my son's name
and sometimes
more words and names
come tumbling out

tumbling in I mean
into me

my consciousness

when it stops
I say
thank you

I like it . . . that
in those few moments
of my thoughts
my prayer
the God I don't believe in
has power everywhere
in each world

life and death
and distance
love and fear
are no different

and each

can be touched
as one

June 3 and 4
revised August 27, 2012

seashore sketch



sweet stink
of ocean's edge

breezy sparkling
air

bright sun
busy landscape
punctuated by
standing
walking lounging
adult bodies

by
feeling moving
running
kneeling crawling
paddling
offspring

circumscribed by
beach's
parallel curves
soft waves

frothy changing
timeless edging

rocky shore
pine tree tops
blue
moisture muted
sky

June 10, 2012

saved by songs

baby would you
like to

ride inside

my
oh me
oh somebody sing
a song

or light a fire
to ease Billy's

he's so endlessly

oh Laura
you saved me

the promise in

the revelation
ringing
between

your notes

voice
and defiance

anguish
and love

your courage
to win me through

into you

from what was not

to

what is

July 3 and 4, 2012
remembering the 70s

To an Artist

I'm always hoping
to find something
new

an artist *taking chances*

or *really letting go*
finding bits
of the truth
that is all around us
but beyond us

because
being merely human
we are

so

... dense

Real art
finds a way beyond
that denseness

to what is alive
wonderful
and holy

all around us

I'm always looking for that
and I am usually disappointed

Not today

Exciting to discover art
created with such unerring
joy *... as wonderfully*
good *as yours*

August 18, 2012

way back

we go way back
11th or 12th century
13th 14th . . .
I really don't know
exactly what century
maybe it was
much earlier

I know it was
in the North
I remember
the feel of it

the flavor
of the time
and the people

time was different
back then

way back
in a time completely
different
than now

thoughts and actions
were different
and we were
a different sort
of people
back then

primitive by what
we expect
now
when we wake up
in the morning

but more sophisticated
in life
and living
and dying

our living
and dying now
is primitive
by what we
expected
and lived
way back then

the energy
strength and
unhurried awareness
in how we lived
and loved
walked hunted
planted gathered
rowed sailed
fought
and died

this time
our lives
our doing
of what we do
are pale
and ghostly
in comparison

barely existing

a corruption
meager living tendrils
wisps of courage
and truth
which half appear

and fade

but I remember
the strong scent
and blood
and joy

the courage
and sacrifice
and love that
dared
in that time
in us
in our beginning

when we kiss
when I'm inside
you and we feel
each other

and we remember
who we were

and are

I know
we go way back

September 12, 2012

But I sure do

I know it's childish
and I don't believe it
but I sure do wish it

my most hoped for
prayer

not possible
probably

but hoped for
felt deep

like all the human
cells
and all the microorganisms
which are my greater
part
are feeling
and hoping
for this foolish
wish
to be true

like we're all
on the same
wave

I can imagine it

dream it

feel it
on my skin

hear it
singing
along
each nerve
vibrating through

each membrane

mine

and my

lovely

not human

compatriots

who keep me

alive

who are so

unknowable

and remind me

of a God

which might

exist even

as they surely

do

...

I die

and there

they all are

everyone

I most want to

see

each one knowing

how much I

love them

and I'm there

with them

and there is no

end

and I know it's childish

and I don't believe it

but I sure do wish it

November 6, 2012

come dance

if you only knew
what it felt like

dancing
on this old
dark floor
so smooth
and welcoming
like soft skin

moving your
feet
your hips
arms
hands
knees
your soft
soft soul
and your
hard hard
life
across time
on this smooth
old
dancing
room
floor

music
out there
and inside
taking you
where
it can

if you let go
and want
more

if you only knew
what it felt like
dancing
on this old
dark
dancing room
floor

with yourself
with your friends

oh dance dance dance
and
forget
til you know

oh
if you only
knew

you would
surely
surely

be here
too

Nov. 6, 2012

a holy

whenever a holy
thought
or
feeling
strikes me

I try to write
a poem

November 6, 2012

three (or so) are we

there are three universes
one inside of the other
in all directions
each to each
on and on

perhaps many more . . .
arranged similarly

in one there is no after life
and spirit is the mysterious
energy shared among
living beings

the dead exist only
as born memory
holy enough
in fact
for those who pay attention

in another
spirits live on
as above, of course

but also for each life
lived
forever and forever

and all
living, dead, and soon to be
share one awareness

but only those who are currently dead
are fully aware
and know truth perfectly

revealing smatterings of love and light
to those who pray
and reach up to them
with love sadness and joy

in the other
the spirits of those who are deceased
also continue forever
but are gifted with knowledge
of what is true and what is false
only in similar
proportion
as the living

at first at least

death being a mighty lesson
which moves some forward
considerably, some just a bit
some back

and some not at all

and all deceased, moving
and forever being spirits
must strive without known substance
to learn and see
and love

even as we
poor living beings do
with knowable substance
in desire
haste
blindness
dance
and joy

blessed be

Jan 7, 2013

amended Jan. 11, 2013

Again

Sue
the second time
I saw you
clearly
after you died
I was dancing

Again in my movements
and in my thoughts
I was reaching up to you
and quietly, softly
gently

There you were

More than five years
have passed

You were farther
away
this time
but your light
and love were
even brighter
and I saw you

*saw the reality
you had become
in my consciousness
in the distance
more clearly*

It is weeks later now
I was awake long before the sun
would come
around
to this part of earth
where the body
encompassing

my thoughts
still lives

I woke several hours ago
and read about the physics
that makes flight possible

and then
to try to sleep again
I put the words aside
lay down again
and visualized
seeking to ungrasp
all thoughts
and meditate
to a state of blissful
nothingness
and sleep

In the beginning
soft images
and revelations of the miracles
I had been reading about
and wanting to understand
completely
in my muscles and nerves
as well as my mind

*actual images flowing
past me
with my existence as a simple mind
floating in
thoughts emotions visions
created by my soft intentions
of letting go
and experiencing knowledge
and then no knowledge
directly*

folded into the substance

of life and awareness
of being awake
relaxed
and quiet

I saw the physics
of emotions

what causes
their lift and drag

no words
the truth simply flowed
and swirled
around me

I began to pray
in a new way
understanding
love and anger
in a new way

and I moved through my prayer
in a new way

and the way peacefulness
appeared
reminded me that I had seen you
again

*dancing is my most innocent
prayer
the easiest way I can become
a child
escape experience
and just be alive
again*

and I got out of bed
silently and effortlessly
dressed in warm clothes
and came downstairs

to write this poem
for you

remembering
how I had seen you
again

the moon
just past full
greeted me
as I began to write

reflection of your light

the tender pink glow
of day's beginning
smiles at me
now

Thank you, Sue
for letting me see you
again

January 28, 2013

Thank you

other PDF books of poetry by Bill Eberle

Sue 4 poems for my sister

10 Love Poems

Where we live and other poems

Going Out Vacation Poems

A Graduation 6 spontaneous poems

3 Days in Arizona and more in Maine

perhaps poetry & digital art

Sue 8 poems for my sister

Ann 10 poems for my daughter

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