

# A Graduation



6 spontaneous poems

by  
**Bill Eberle**

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by

Bill Eberle

*wcePub*

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## Cover Photo

Lilac answers pine, Thomaston Maine June 9, 2013

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Sony NEX-3 w. E 18-14mm f 3.5-5.6 OSS lens, 1/50 sec, f/11, ISO Speed 200, Focal Length 20 mm

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**A Graduation** 6 spontaneous poems/ William C. Eberle  
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*for*

Alayna

*this fabric of what you can do is in your grasp and you  
can fold it and it touches in different places*

*Alan Magee*

## *Forward*

I don't write poetry. Something inside of me that is related to poetry but earlier, more primitive, takes a hold of me and shakes me and takes me for a ride. The only way I can keep from falling off is to write, parse, push, feel, play, and reach . . . and keep putting words on paper until it's over, and the ride ends. Then I get to take a deep breath, remember some of the music from the trance I was in, and try to wrap my simple heart and brain around what is left - some words on paper. What is amazing to me is what I've learned from all of these experiences, that 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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oceanside  
graduation 2013

I really liked  
when they all sang  
and clapped together

sang and clapped out  
to all of us

out here

coming alive  
as one  
graduating body

hey! clap clap  
here we are

hooray!

and  
here we come

into your ears  
and hearts

one by one

June 11, 2013

glass and leather

how wonderful it would be  
if year after year  
people became softer and softer  
like sea glass  
smoothed by water and sand  
instead of sharper and sharper  
like broken glass  
smashed apart  
over and over  
by life  
and by time

I will say this  
though

some people actually  
become stronger  
and stretchable

not like glass at all

more like thick old leather  
protecting precious bodies

keeping hold of hearts  
that expand  
with each sorrow

nurturing love

that grows  
and grows

and grows

June 11, 2013

edited June 12, 2013

## graduation day

children

flipping to adults

not really

none of us ever do

at first many of us

just learn to pretend

or rebel

and maybe sometimes

after hard lessons

find a place

in ourselves

where we can live

*clean and clear and true*

because

sorrow interns some of us

and accidents and craziness

take some too

but if we're lucky

things happen

that don't bury us

and finally

finally

we begin to

*learn and learn and learn*

exactly what we always knew

but didn't quite ever

really know

deep down

just yet

or exactly what we  
can do  
*if we want to*

and what we are finally  
*ready for*

exactly what's most important  
*just to us*

to what's been  
always  
*living there*

inside our hopeful  
hopeful  
*hearts*

children  
flipping to adults

not really

none of us ever do

some pretend  
and some hide  
and some find a way  
to finally live  
*free and clear and true*

but deep inside

*we are all  
and always*

*children*

*through and through  
and through*

June 11, 2013

it's hard

things aren't easy

*"easy to say and hard to do"*

*"nothing comes from nothing"*

and all that

but what does it really mean

anyone who's built a house  
or a complicated computer program  
from scratch  
knows

and may be able to tell you  
if you can listen

a good artist  
and each person who dares  
to create something  
that never existed

or change something carefully  
to make it better

knows too

it means starting with nothing  
but an idea  
and starting with not knowing  
but believing you can figure it out

and building from that  
one piece and one fact at a time

and learning how to fit each piece  
each fact  
with another

over and over

day after day  
and make mistakes  
and care enough to see them  
and fix them  
and learn  
and not make mistakes  
but stand back  
and want to make it even better  
and do some parts again  
until you know they're right  
day by day  
one piece one fact  
married to another  
sets of facts and pieces  
put together to make  
bigger pieces  
and one assembly  
married to another  
building and building  
until you're done  
and your idea works  
just like you knew it would

June 12, 2013

## finding the graduate

like salmon  
swimming up people

up the corridor  
we swam

our quest to find  
just one  
graduated person

it seemed fairly simple

but connecting  
crisscrossing people  
made our passage  
quite a web

it didn't matter

we were all on  
a similar journey

and find her  
we did

June 11, 2013

*based on a private poem, revised slightly June 17, 2013*

Thank you

## *Afterward*

On and on we go

Don't ever forget  
to trust your feelings  
and what you don't yet know

and want to find

*6-15-13 in a High School Graduation Book*

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