

Where we live and other poems



by Bill Eberle

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Cover Photo

Fusion July 16, 2003; Camden Maine, a moment in Hosmer pond ©2003 William C. Eberle
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for
my daughter Ann

and

my son Ben

Forward

Pushing
the wheelbarrow
of ourselves

Bump ba de
bump ba de
bump ba de
bump

2004

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Where we live

Some people
like to say
what's wrong

with this person
or that person

And of course,
we're all
such easy pickings . . .

Perhaps existence is,
in some way,
divided
into what's wrong,
right,
and unimportant

between good, bad
and gray

love, hate
and indifference,

heaven, hell
and purgatory

If that sort
of understanding
is useful

then
there's a simple measure
for knowing
which of these worlds
we,
in each of our moments,
are in

One that
people
animals
plants
insects

all bits of existence
which *may or might*
be sentient

know instantly

Because you know
and others do too
when you're being kind
and when you're not

Kind to another
fellow creature
or to yourself
or to a time
or a set of circumstances

Thinking,
reflecting,
or expressing and acting
with kindness
and appreciation
of what is there
in front of you
all around you
or a part of you

Seeing
hearing
feeling
and understanding

And being thankful

Knowing
the moment

and the bits of life
and existence
sharing the moment
with you

Simple gift
for being
sentient creatures

It's a simple measure
of who and where you are

Ask yourself

In this moment
is there kindness
unkindness
or simply
indifference

Being humans
love is, perhaps,
beyond us
a mystery
beyond our understanding
...

But kindness we can do
and recognize
in ourselves
and others

Kindness is the
measure
of how close we can get
to the divine

To love and light

Kindness is a measure

The real miracle

is that we can
be kind
in our thoughts
and actions

Can approach love
with

Kindness
Our heaven

Unkindness
Our hell

Indifference and
ignorance
Our purgatory

...

And, having will,
we are blessed

We choose
in each moment
where we
live

August 21, 2011

circles

if minutes mean anything
and they probably don't
but if they do
I mean a year
on a planet in a system
in a galaxy
in a universe
and a day in that place
with conscious beings
who measure time
daylight sunlight
nighttime
over and over
lifetime beginning time
end time
and all that
if minutes here
mean anything bigger
connect to the alchemy
of other things
everything that also is
or was
or will be
then
there is also
this odd fact
that
in this day here
24 hours approx.
a lighttime darktime revolution
during another spin
around a star
 $\frac{1}{4}$ of that day
1440 minutes
is 360
four circles in a day

for a lifetime

the truth is
it *is* impossible

and it doesn't matter
all of it
goes on
anyway

every moment
of awareness
seeing hearing
touching feeling
and knowing
is answer
enough

each
a fit ransom
for a lifetime

only

bright stars streaking
from nowhere
to nowhere

all in our minds actually
no such thing as no

only where

we're not in that where
can only imagine and not really
only know our own fire
hurtling through our own

darkness
from this where to that
contemplating bright stars
streaking

bright souls winking
in and out

of existence
streaking from
one where
to another
perhaps

To die for

Short time
obvious when you
see
remember
stay out
of your safe places
for awhile
unafraid
willing
ready to die
if necessary
for the sweet pleasure
of knowing
accepting
all of the beauty
all of it really
and the truth
that it is not forever
seeing it end
and understanding

Short time here
do your work well
see others
and encourage them

Be on their side
be willing
to help them learn
what you have learned
what you know how to do
tasks you know best
and love most

If you know
the others around you
all of them

all of existence really
and open your heart
you will be a sweet person

2002

unfolding

God

is unfolding me

it hurts like hell

but the light shining

from the edges of

what I really am

is beautiful

after all

in the final analysis
that other self
is just you
a part of you
you didn't want
too close
banished to
other selfness

out there
communicated with
observed
given over to
and immersed in
when you needed
a vacation
from yourself

but there
just you
after all

ever after

ever after
she held onto that image
or to something
I barely understood
but felt I had somehow
created

ever after
she invented me
and I stumbled
not knowing
the part

when I broke away
the ever after
continued
treadmilling
somewhere inside me
I could feel it
squeak

even so
I went on
creating other lives
more squeaks
side by side

April

Dried leaves
flutter across retina

Spring gusts
pop stop move along
crawl catch scurry scurry
duck walk
jump twirl hold
lifted up and up
flying
returning

Blur
burned image
receding
winged body's sudden arc
up
impossible to see
details
vibrating

Consciousness
ready waiting
like a patient dog
there in the great oak's
shadow
for more

Glowing ending dream
unfurled eons
light to years
to moments
emblems
crumbling icons
last breath let out
exhaled remembered
first breath

once again
fluttered

Dried leaves
pop stop across retina
awareness
flying
returning
waiting

For more

Spring 2005

And the only cure

Unmet desire
hurts

And the only cure
is to not take it too seriously
and to enjoy it

Dance it and yourself around and around
until you are dizzy
and just have to laugh

And then see others doing the same thing
and you're all sisters and brothers
lovers and friends
all in the all together
dizzy and laughing

Which is the real Celtic orgy
Being alive
and in love with aliveness, energy
and presence
in yourself
in the things you see
and the people you feel

For a few moments or a lot of moments
every day

It's all always available
and open
wanting you inside
and ecstatic
all the time

Every moment is available
and wants you as its lover

2006

(from an email to a friend which I never sent
and with thanks to Hafiz and Daniel Ladinsky for The Gift)

important things

there are many
important
critical things
you *won't ever know*
things there is no
trail to
no clues no evidence
no revelation
to

there are many
important
critical things
you *can know*
things there *is*
a trail to
things there are
clues evidence
and revelations
to

how odd

how odd
to find after all these years
I have so little
and feel so free
so many years
so little
and poetry
where does this poetry come from

2005

the center

The center
spread out
makes a happy
squash pie
of existence
yum

Sunlight
on snow

Heart beat
on

2005

I'm me

I'm me with you

Seems simple
but isn't

I know that
from sad experience

So many me(s)
all to be
me
with you

With you
it's easy
just to

be

for each part
of me

for each to
simply be

exactly
as I am

with you

With you I'm me
I'm me with you

August 28, 2011

No such thing as time

Anyone
who's ever
paid the slightest
bit of attention
when connected
in love
and having
an orgasm

knows
there is
no such thing

as time

anyone
who's ever
been even
a little bit aware
in those moments

sometimes
changes time
into space

reaches out
across familiar
days and nights

and feels
them all

everything
and every one
they've ever
been

August 24, 2011

Who you are

it occurred to me
last night
who you are

what it is I recognize
in me
and your friends
and family
when we're all
sitting or talking
or working
or eating together
or riding along
or marching around
on some adventure

there are
certain movies
that make us all
gooey eyed
because of some
character
whose generosity
quiet strength
and creativity to
make us happy
is too good to be true

which we all take in
because we need to
and cheer on
hoping for
a happy ending
and that's you

August 24, 2011

I thought

"The memory was real."

"Somehow . . . for some reason

as he received the wound that killed him
he reached out and found me in the womb."

West to east

Somewhere inside I stopped believing

"You're not supposed to be alive."

Somewhere inside, I started breathing

Now, even later . . . Monday October 18

Tuesday October 19 out there

and . . . I don't know

But however it happened

I remembered

It happened to me too

2010

for my uncle Bill (William Caveny Eberle, Jr.)

Ensign Naval Aviator, US Navy Reserve, USS Hancock

suddenly

suddenly I stood still
in time I mean

the air breathed for me

the sky fed me

and I quietly absorbed
everything that was offered
floated in awareness
saw what I had not seen
ever before
felt infinite spaces
between sounds

and knew all at once
where I was

when the ground was
no longer any different
than everything around me

and the trees drew me in
and washed me wholly

jewel falls

flow into rock
curl back around
and over

bounce down
and along

stream across

flow onto rock
and bubble across

flow into rock
curl back
twist
curl

around
and around

Jewel Falls

Sept. 8, 2006

Trees I take seriously
they know what they're
not talking about.

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

Ann's ashes

Ann's ashes
are in the place she wished them
to be

If you go to Truro, head of the Pamet,
Ballston Beach
the gentle slope to the beach
is gone

You'll carefully descend
the steep wash of sand or perhaps
new wooden steps by the time
you get there

Go right

South
down the beach
a little ways
and let your spirit reach out

Ann's ashes
are there
in the place she wished them
to be

It was a wild
bright windy day
when she returned
and at snow pond too
where we all swam
and we all laughed . . .
there too
she returned a small part of herself
to our memory
and our grief

Her grief is gone

Mixed
with air light and water
in the place she wished
to be

May 2010

for Ann from her father

Afterword

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

Thank you

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