

Two Voices: Amalgamated Dreams

unfinished paintings

William B. Meloney VII



Dedicated to

William B. Meloney VI

Joan Lee Graham Meloney Gleason

James Peter Meloney

Alan "Chris" and Rosemary Christensen

Rosemary Elizabeth

Sean Catherine

William Brown (VIII)

And my loving wife
Beverly Ann Meloney
Editor

Table Of Contents

Forward: Two Voices.....	5
unfinished paintings.....	6
Riding the Rockin' Chair.....	7
Returning.....	8
The Circle.....	9
Poets.....	10
Ode to a Lady.....	11
Shadow Summer.....	12
Zen Friends and Bicycle Lovers.....	13
Soaring Winds.....	14
Fool's April Haiku - April 1, 1982.....	15
On Knowing Nothing.....	16
Amid Warring Cries For Peace.....	17
My Father's Dream.....	18
My Friend Phillip Cloy	21
Richard Burton Died Today.....	22
Parking Lot Friends.....	23
Queen Anne's Lace.....	24
El Maestro y El Quetero.....	25
The Portrait Of My Father's Mother....	26
Summer's Turn.....	27
Streams.....	28
Two Voices Speaking Simultaneously	
29	
I Always Wanted.....	30
No Liberty.....	31
Adrift.....	32
Holding dear the night in a dream.....	34
I Watched Her.....	36

(Cont.)

unfinished paintings (Cont.)

Richard "Gene" Johnson.....	37
The River Run.....	38
Cathedral.....	39
The Traveler.....	41
Starbucks in the Bible Belt.....	42
Howerton.....	43
Kitchen Scene.....	44
Two Pennies.....	45
Back To The Wall.....	46
Turning From Nietzsche.....	47
VGlen.....	48
Taking The Heat of Sleep.....	49
Androgynous Cops.....	50
Blind Pottery.....	51
I Was So Slow.....	52
The Arrogance Of Ignorance.....	53
Instant Impenetrable Darkness.....	54
We Fill Our Lives.....	55
The Ladies Were Dancing.....	56
Did Not Grow Up.....	57
I Want To Be Alone.....	59
Burning The Brush Pile.....	61
The Immediacy of Dreams:The Convergence of Being and Meaning	
64	
The Ice Storm: Beyond Desperation.	66
The Obit Ritual.....	67

+

Forward: Two Voices

From the arrogance and innocence of youth to the vengeful musings of a curmudgeon. Romance, philosophy, death, religion, even *gasp* heartbreak is woven through these paltry offerings. In these scribblings you will find unfinished paintings. You will see the reflection of the war years... you have to choose which war - perhaps the one that suits you best. You will encounter mystical prophets, nearly naked young ladies, and grumpy old men.

The title, Two Voices, is the mystique of this collection. Two Voices is the dance I don't do. Two Voices is the magic I don't do. Two Voices symbolizes the relationship between my writing and your reading. I "speak" with my one voice and you "hear" with the second voice, your own. So we collaborate. Much of the content that you will find in my work is not there in my voice. You will paint the picture. You will hear the music. You will write the poetry. I have written these pieces. They will not be rewritten - so I can say that I don't dance. I have imparted meaning to these collections of words. Yet the value comes from you reading them - so I don't do magic.

Seldom if ever do we hear just one voice in our world. More often than not we are subject to barrages of voices all speaking at the same time - and then there are our internal voices offering continuous commentary. Many of these pieces are an attempt to capture in some small measure that multi-dimensionality of voices. Or at least two.

unfinished paintings

Riding the Rockin' Chair

Ol' gray morning coffee shop,
drivers, routemen know the stop
salesmen sup another cup
bacon whole wheat two sunny side up

all night rig runners break,
down for chow and a cup to take
first edition cross counter spread
eaten over, refolded, finally read

one more cup then back to the mines
beside the ditches, between the lines

Returning

Returning to the labored
silence of a now empty
home

Once where there was
rains of fortune the
planted seed of two
hearts we shared the
quiet held in each
other's thoughts

Words pierce flesh
solitude tearing the
warm hearts with dry harsh
winter winds

Brown lifeless seed pods
in a vase on the
buffet next to this month's
bills

The Circle

The changes begin,
the circle comes full round.
Wood smoke, once held dear,
hangs heavy in the morning chill.

The winds of distant origin
sweep the warmth from new fields.
Winter wheat lies in wait
beneath the coming frost.

Where once we walked,
laughing with spring's beginning.
the Iris will bloom again
opening to the new warmth.

The changes begin
and the circle comes
full round.

Poets

Poets are a cynical lot,
remembering more than
most have forgot.

Taking a stance at
the edge of our time.
Holding the moment
in forced broken rhyme.

We are but lovers of
life in the end,
capturing images we
need not defend.

We are indeed a
cynical lot,
having no more than
others have got.

Ode to a Lady

Early morns cantankerous
 billow fights for
 dawn's first gray lights
Slowly tumbling mystical
 winds rolling lithe
 between cirrus lovers

Venus and Mars stand
 watch at the edge
 of awakening skies
Auroral coming hidden
 then beneath
 percale heavens

Quiet parting simply
 night slipping to day
 two alone go their way
Red tears cried for
 the miss-picked velvet
 petaled rose

Shadow Summer

Together, counterparts of the whole,
the day awakes warm wind across an
already busy street. Stoop sitting
with steaming coffee cups and smoldering
cigarettes hung in loose conversation.

They walk step for step together,
the reflection of a black mirror,
long from early light.
Caressing contours
of this most urbane setting grown
from nurtured concrete seeds.

Unseen they grow together
zenith bound, becoming one.
The image and illusion fuse
momentarily gray.

Zen Friends and Bicycle Lovers

Through this solstice turmoil
 runs the all to certain thread
 that we be only mortal,
 fleeting as the moth
 sheds darkness for the light.
 Zen friends and bicycle lovers
 walk opposite sides
 of the street alone.

The darkness is dead, long live
 the light new regal lord
 is born upon the golden
 chariot racing from the gate,
 behind, desperate to win.
 Zen friends and bicycle friends
 lovers lay naked
 in a chill wind.

Amid dusk pastel hues
 ascends the golden lunar
 orb casting near light
 shadows upon gently
 flowing orchard winds.
 Zen friends and bicycle lovers
 each taking a turn
 without the other.

Soaring Winds

Soaring winds set the sails
toward the imagined edge
silently my psychic ship
slips beyond the horizon

The vastness of the supposed void
there mercifully freeing the spirit
but alas I am cast
upon the rocky
mundane shore.

Sinking, settling timbers
cry forth their mournful end
so the skeleton, half buried
combs the ebb and flow

Fool's April Haiku

Overslept again
missing
April's first

On Knowing Nothing

Front room to kitchen
pacing the fine line,
each step erodes
the brittle edge.

A sentinel stands
at the last frontier
gravely staring blind
into the void.

a cup of too hot coffee
cooling while a hand rolled
cigarette sits smoldering
cradled in the stained concave
of a commercial
square glass tray.

the sightless messenger
existing only in being
silently waits
before the reflection-less mirror
to receive a vision.

Amid Warring Cries For Peace

Amid warring cries for peace

we have heard the lullaby
and succumb to the dreamless sleep,
rocked in the handmade cradle
of the eternal holocaust.

We drift a warm bed made

when half the world away
a mother cries, "My Sargent Son
of only nineteen years is dead;
laid aside his hero father"

To enter the maternal void

of wedding white she bespeaks
the seed of new cries, she carries
tears to his shroud, accepting
his honor within a folded flag.

There alone to join as one:

we have laughed and loved,
and now fought and died,
all in the name of freedom,
it's golden chariot to ride.

As the one, another yet becomes,

amid warring cries of peace
we drift a warm bed made
to enter the maternal void,
there alone to join as one,
as the one, another yet becomes,
rocked in the handmade cradle
of the eternal holocaust.

My Father's Dream

I had to learn to see
my father's dream mirror,
to know the flowing
continuum of desire.
Reflected,
the fleeing siren
singing beyond the edge
draws my father's dream
to bittersweet straits.

In his dream mirror
the image reversed
My father's son,
the reflection
of myself,
the being,
the illusion,
locked in mortal
stare,
becoming one.

Rising in youth's fury
I donned the armor
of my father's dream,
picking up his sword
of temper
going forth to slay
the long dead dragons
that lurked specter like
in my father's closet.

O'er the vast ranges
I sought the beasts
that would torment
my father's dreams.

(Cont.)

My Father's Dream (Cont.)

Yet long bleached bones
denied the quest
and scattered scales
bespeak the dragon's
plight.

Here upon the endless
barren plain majestic
borne upon a wing
the last slow spiral
has fell the mighty
dream beast.

Brought to its knees
for the want of fuel
to feed the kindled flame
of passion.

With the last expiring
sulfurous miasmatic rattle
of passing dragon
the armor
of my father's dream
fell away

Where barren lands fall
to the furious seas
I stand naked
alone.

(Cont.)

My Father's Dream (Cont.)

My father's dream
a fading visage
My life illusive
memory
like a dragon
taking wing
though their bones
lay baking
upon some barren
plane.

My Friend Philip Cloy

He's a bit of an odd sort
that one, cranky and
hard to get along with
that one. He's Historical,
I said that right I did!
Not histeri-cal as some
would suppose. No he's a
Historical Prophet he is!
A seeker he is, of sorts, across
the boundaries of time
he sees and says, "Were I
King, this history book
would be wrong, these were
simple doings in the lives
of simple people." says he
grinning right through me.
"These petty Kings know not
one iota of my thoughts
and they be only Kings
while I..." Lays his
head down, right where
he lay beside that can
he did, just laid there
and died.

Richard Burton Died Today

Roll your "R's" when you say
Richard Burton died today
August 6th, 1984, Monday

My mother wept her silent
throbbing tears

While my father, ever
steadfast, sighed relief

Parking Lot Friends

We're the best of
parking lot friends
the frequent wave
the knowing nod
our greetings
never fail

Before your blue Buick
I'd park the Impala
in the opposite row,
three stalls over

Two new executives
young and right on time
exchange congratulatory
"Good morning, I'm late."
smiles

Your dad's old Buick
was gone
in its place
that bright red
Mustang.
Convertible.

You made Partner.

Queen Anne's Lace

Debutante dilettante
Hungry stares
wanton sighs
soft velveteen treasure
naughty
tattooed crossed thighs

Demure lilting laughter
veiled wide
tell-me eyes
soft silken born whispers
haughty
tattling lies

Victorian secrets unkept
half hidden
half worn
soft satin filigree accent
knotty
tattered and torn

Suburban domestic
enchantress
forlorn
soft cotton white matron
machine
lace adorned.

El Maestro y El Quetero

Señora Muños
the unassuming wife
of El Quetero
died as quietly
as she had lived

Perhaps in her sleep
in their shared bed
in a windowless
bed room
just off her
windowless kitchen

She was the devout
wife of the
man of
rockets and lights
quetes y luces
Castillos de Festival

El Quetero made a
quiet humble request
Would El Maestro
with his big gray
station wagon
take Señora
to the grave yard

Sitting on the bench
seat between the
great and diminutive man
the young boy fought
back tears

El Maestro drove
the hearse
very slowly.

The Portrait of My Father's Mother

Too large for his
simple home
this gilded crenelated
frame worthy of
its contents
demands dark paneled
expanses of a
gentleman's den

Her grace stilled in pastels
from an era before his birth
demure, wrapped in the elegant
trappings of her station
ermine stole casual across
a satin evening gown
frozen as he would
remember her
held as he would treasure her

From his deathbed, withered
clinging to this visual
vestige of now long
distant youth

A memorial remnant of his
boyhood dream torn asunder
in the turmoil of her
enduring allegiance
counterpoint to his father's
increasing distance

Summer's Turn

July sunshine streaming
Through August winds carrying
The heavy promise of September
Rains until today
Stepping from light to shadow
Cold comes seeping into bare feet
Long sleeves grudgingly
Unrolled

Streams

I caught a fleeting glimpse
through my father's eyes

the story of a river
is not how wide or how deep
but from whence it comes
and to where it flows

calm silent solemn patience
leads her frail searching foot falls
traversing ancient knotted
roots intertwined, over woven
to the edge of the stream

there we cast him upon the flowing
water, finally free set adrift to
run the soft cascades of
his favorite trout stream

Two Voices Speaking Simultaneously

You have every right
to be upset with me.
I came unannounced
to visit him
and be with you

We will banter
he and I
recalling and
regaling
while you sit
quietly reading
the last few pages
savoring those
last few
words.

Politely present
practice poise
enduring
time worn
versions of
lost loves
and
labors glossed,
triumphant
youth's decline

Two old men spar
exchanging practiced
subtle jabs, each
with dancer's pride
showing off his
fancy footwork

Stealing
the warmth
from candle
flame cold
light
illuminates
cold surfaces
polished
exteriors
angular
smile
flat
laughter

stealing
eyeful
glances
soft cloth
drape caress
full round
thigh line
descending
with
bells
on

the book
finished
returning
from some
literary
distance
with
dancing eyes

I Always Wanted

our discussions ranged as far a field
as you and i could possibly
push and pull apart the frail
sheer fabric spanning
hues and ethereal concepts,
mind visions, verbal art

we walked on into the summer
evening holding hands
exchanging carefully posed
dialectic postures
intellectual positions taken
from formal lithographs

the staccato rhythm of echoed
steps receding down long
cloistered halls of academia

I always wanted

to be with you in silent contemplation
of afternoon woodlands light
dappling across trillium's bloom

sitting side by side before the
autumn evening fire wood smoke
perfume mingling with
mulled wine

drowsy snuggled near sleep
mapping feeling cool skin
the length of you contour
matching the length of me

I always wanted
to just hold you
and sleep

No Liberty

As rising wind bent supple limb
I turned quick, the tree gave
a short sharp sigh

No liberty have I this house
though here do I presume
this porch

Ominous thunder unrelenting
from mounting summer storm
lacing heavy falling rain
through twisting maple leaves

I would have shut the windows
to the rain but no liberty
have I this house

What majesty this house does
hold, full and frail
replete and torn
it whispers soft kept secrets

The rain now just a gossamer
veil, a black cat sits expectantly
just inside the closed glass
doors, mute requests for food
or a scratch behind the ears

Yet I cannot oblige
No liberty have I this house

Adrift

Sitting alone, except for the
insistent cat at my ankles,
across the day-room, through
the open door

I watched my father sleep.
Propped up with pillows,
covered with an unwrinkled
sheet to guard against the
coming evening's chill

He was not sleeping but adrift

Hunkered down against Spring's
last morning frost with steaming
coffee fresh from the thermos
and a cigarette, lit from the last,
intently watching his rod tip
for the tell-tale tickle
of a Brown trout. Perhaps a
third to join the other two
already nestled in his grass
lined creel.

The rod tip turns

With practiced measured patience
he safely sets the coffee aside
and caresses the rod, finger
touch upon the line

The rod tip turns again

"Hot damn" says he and deftly sets
the hook

(Cont.)

Adrift (Cont.)

"Hot damn!" His exclamation
rises with the sharp bending
of the rod, the drag screaming
as the trout turns, three pound
mono filament tears the stream's
mirror surface

Slowly reeling, in command, rod
held high, tip turning, taught
line slanting toward the unseen
prize

Whispers, so as not to startle but
to sooth, "Come to me. Come to Papa."

The trout turns again, the
drag speaks its high pitch
complaint, fishing line tears
another momentary fissure
across the flowing stream
and then goes slack

Weary of the beguiling trout
reeling in the soft slack-line
holding hope until the mouth worn
worm surfaces.

Better for this fight, not broken
his practiced hand sets a new worm
to hook, lets slip a silken cast
and reaches without looking for
his now cool cup of coffee.

Then again to drift

Holding Dear The Night In A Dream

sleep came fleeting, a scant breeze
barely aloft the humid night air
 they walked slowly, stretching time
 tentatively hand in hand
 unsure of the path
 across moon shadows laced
 with the sharp bark
 of night dogs

sleep came on cat's feet, stalking,
scenting the heavy air, pause
 two children alone together
 not knowing life's course
 fingers interlaced
 neither leading or following
 quick shallow breaths
 tight hearts pounding

sleep came in silent release, day's last
lingering details displaced
 leaving deep shadows of the
 embrace of forest's undergrowth
 weaving through tendril vines
 shoulders touching hands
 clasped tight to ward off
 trepidation darkness

dream as an extension of day lights
the inner recesses of sleep
 following in each others foot
 steps, desire's siren song
 calling from the heart
 of the forest glen
 pushing deeper pulled by
 an unknown promise

(Cont.)

Holding Dear The Night In A Dream (Cont.)

dream as a mind story unfolding
revelations showing at each new crease
 stopping by sudden unspoken need
 exertions panting leans against
 the cool smooth beech's skin
 soft loam under foot
 quiet hand never leaves
 gentle holding hand

dream as an artesian spring over
flowing relentlessly over filling
 continuing the journey of
 unspoken need now oblivious
 to primal night fears
 willful hesitation giving way
 to instinctual surrender
 racing to the forest edge

dreams as a misty shrouded vision
a reflection in a window
 emerging from forest's last
 holding grasp to collapse side
 by side enveloped by soft
 meadow grasses bathed in
 bright moonlight drifting
 to sleep beneath a starry canopy

sleep came with hushed breathing
holding dear the night in a dream

I watched her

I watched her surreptitiously
stealing side long glances
wondering.

She had the giving-heart
filled with native promise
overflowing.

She was attentive listening
excited by new words and meanings
thirsting.

I stood quietly, calming the
strong beat of my heart, while
the fire within me raged.

I offered an empty glass, she drank deep.

As the fire died down I could
see that it consume her. Gone were so
simple promises, the giving-heart
long since bereft, laid bare.

In the dying light of that selfish
fire I could see she had not
changed only my view of her.
She had heard too many words,
meanings blurred. She kept
hidden and held dear her
promises.

Richard "Gene" Johnson

Richard "Gene" Johnson
was released from life today.
He did no go quietly, he never
surrendered.

"Gene wa'n't like that!"

Brother Husband Father Gene
was a giant of a man seen
through the eyes of his
favored grand kids.

"Gene'd git right down and play"

His eyes sparkled when he
spoke of his work, dedicated
until the last hour. Honor
and duty the Staff Sargent's
watch words.

"Dang near kilt him to put down that wrench."

We will gather together to remember
through a veil of tears and a
gale of laughter the spirit of
a man missed but never forgotten.

"Gene'd say that was too much fuss."

The River Run

On opposite banks of the river
we will stand our ground
watching each other.
Watching each from a side of
the water that runs flat and cold
and deep.

I have watched you now for years
as we have watched the river run.
I have watched your complexion turn
touched by summer's long sun.
I have seen you turn cold shoulder
against the cutting of winter wind.

Steadfast there upon the opposite
shore you stand.

Through the flowing river
of time my heart leaps
pulse racing, breath short
at just the distant sight of you.

Cathedral

After the world is laid to rest
well before the first light of dawn
silent darkness shrouds
majestic spires reaching up
to touch the stars

A pilgrimage
responding
to a calling
without course

Standing very still, willing calm,
surrendering, only to be present
letting the night settle
around me

The journey
becomes me
complete in
the first step

In time the mind's darkness of night
breaks, the obscuring veil is torn,
ever so slowly celestial light contrasts
the earth and sky

long countless miles
parched
beneath midday sun
continuing

Half seen steps lead into the
unfinished foundation, reaching posts
and crossbeams promise a glorified
sanctuary, the labor of man's strong hands,
the vision of a fearless heart

(Cont.)

Cathedral (Cont.)

cleansing travel
removing the past
weights
leaving the world

In this soaring hallowed emptiness,
amid half laid walls latticed with
rough hewn timbers, creation's
presence stirs, its living energy
as the laying of hands, uplifting

bone weary
stripped bare
well fed
arriving home

The Traveler

The traveler may come back
But he will not return

Martha an' me, we've lived here
all our lives, our folks did too,
an' their folks as well.
We grew up two blocks from
here, her backyard across the
fence from ours.

Starbucks in the Bible Belt

She asked, "What's an iced coffee?"
And I thought, "Your are from around
here, ain't'cha."

Like rubbernecked tourists
visiting just another
Gift Shoppe
during a 10 minute layover
peeking and poking
absently fondling coffee cups
like newly found ancient
artifacts of an undiscovered
culture

"Martha, what in the world is this
Shade Grown Coffee?"

"What can I make for you today, Sir?"

"Y'all got any Sweet Tea?"

Howerton

Your father's old
drafting table
sat in the shed for so long
the varnish blistered and
began to peel

Twisting warped table top
Twice repaired shattered leg

He stood before this drafting table
smoothing a vast expanse
of clean white paper
His dream arose a specter
before him
plotted, measured, straight edged
ruled vision of utopia

Kitchen Scene

Drawing eight inches
of leather stropped
cold Sheffield steel
through supple smooth
skin of a
Scotch Bonnet

Searing touch
the tip of the tongue
tease tasting
open petals of an
edible flower

Raw long lengths
of firm muscle
lashed and bound
massaged with
virgin olive oil

Two Pennies

They threw pennies
at the feet
of the man
asleep

When he awoke,
as in a dream
they turned
away

He rose to walk,
leaving them
in his wake

From a distance
he spoke softly
his words carried
clearly across
the silence

“Take up the pennies,
cast down your
crowns.”

After he spoke,
as in a dream
they turned
away

Fingering tight
drawstring pouches
absently counting
gold sovereigns
contained

Back to the wall

White washed adobe
silhouettes and shadows
retell the last chapter
of others who have
stood against this wall

Battered then broken
at the hands
of Pius righteous
believers

The body crumples
The spirit soars

Turning from Nietzsche

Setting aside the
dog eared volume
turning to face
a five year old
opponent across
a low slate
chess board

Amusement in the
face of innocence
fades in the shadow
of a Queen's Gambit
wielded by such a
small hand

VGlen

VGlen didn't wake
up today

Sleeping the peace
of his paintings

Wrapped in the comfort
of hand woven
blankets

Today he will realize
the punch line
for the wonderful
cosmic joke
he told
in the art of his
days
in the lives of his
nights

Taking the Heat of Sleep

Taking the heat of sleep
into the perfect still chill
of October's silent gray dawn

Allowing near frost air
to lay upon exposed flesh
releasing the last whispers
of fleeting body dreams

Contracting

Alone with subtle moving morning
chill sitting silent
letting the cold wash over me

The expanse of the universe
drains away
all that remains is the body
enveloped in the moment

Singular

No yesterday or tomorrow
only
the sterling cold cutting now

Androgynous Cops

Androgynous cops
frequenting a
fancy coffee shop
sultry latino
heartbreak songs
paint red heat
and cold hearts
slow motion tango
hangs fluid
her partner staid, stoic
distant

Habitually hiking
her Sam Brown
resettling jangled
cruiser keys
subtle comfort
brushing touch
the holstered
side arm

Blind Pottery

Laying hands holding life
not the perfect finished
tea cup

A slug of wet clay
wedged
leaning in
back
elbows
wrists
turning refolding
worked
set
centered

Lifted with
broken hands

In the darkness

Lifted with the sight
of touch

Wet clay resists
breathes
yields fluid form
in substance

Yet the vessel
is in the
void

I Was So Slow

I was so slow
and stupid sitting slack jawed
while you leaned into a
counter of whole wheat dough

I sat lethargic daydreaming
some distant adventure while
you kneaded, leaned,
pushed then rhythmically
repeated

The living food of rising
bread brought into abundance
by the caress of your loving
hands while I drift at the
edge of sleep

Your heart torn, the first resistant
tear of crusty oven fresh bread
broken in my calloused hands
intent only on satisfying
my hunger

The Arrogance of Ignorance

He shot off his mouth spewing
platitudes

A polyester playboy fingering
his gold chains while he over
tipped the hostess at a
seat-yourself all-you-can-eat
buffet

He marked himself with the scented
stain of sweeping generalizations

“Of course they want the
same things I want.
Who wouldn’t?”

Instant Impenetrable Darkness

instant impenetrable darkness
in less than a breath
electrical sighs
stop
radio classical music
silence
luminous pc screens
render ethereal
fading
ghost remains

silence enveloping
blanketing the
moment
panic
until i can find the first
flashlight
then a candle

in a distant room moonlight
casts louvered shadows
upon the floor
in natural night darkness
soft cotton clouds drift before
the waxing moon

tarnished brass candlesticks
stand in good stead
two single flames at the
kitchen table
casting shadows back to the
time before
candles and oil lamps
fought against darkness
in a age when evening
surrendered to sleep

We Fill Our Lives

We fill our lives
with the noise
of the moment

She comes to me
softly in the morning
to hold me dear

She with a last
glass of wine
I with a first
cup of coffee

Each half
the world away

The Ladies Were Dancing

The ladies were dancing
 just after dawn
Leaping and bounding
 a fawn tags along
Legs all akimbo
 testing the music
Not knowing the song

They stop short to listen
 for a beat
 then a measure
Turn nonchalant
 and amble along

Drifting through tall grass
 high stepping fancy
 all White Tail lace
Furtive fawn glances
 keeping apace

So the ladies go dancing

Did not grow up

His children did not
grow up in his father's
house

He cut his hair short
as he should

He shined his wingtips
as he should

He wore shirt and tie
as he should

He went to work
Sundays to church

He marched.

His children did not
grow up in his father's
house

You ran away as soon
as you could

You stayed away as long
as you could

You changed the world as much
as you could

You sang the songs
protested the wrongs

You marched.

(Cont.)

Did not grow up (Cont.)

Our children did not
grow up in our father's
house

They are page space tagging
as they can

They are jam mix ripping
as they can

They are wry Cyber sliding
as they can

They run the net
computers alone

They march.

I Want To Be Alone

I want to be alone

lonely and cold.

feel the cold night air seep
under single covers

I have slept out my dreams

damp twice used towel
beneath my feet

I will do laundry today
or tomorrow.

to hear nothing when
the furnace kicks out
no rustling or pitter-pattering
no busy-ness no
fuss

being silent
listening

up and dressed,
packed for the day
leaving this room
closing the door
like a motel room
disappearing
when the door is closed

(Cont.)

I Want To Be Alone (Cont.)

walking away,
through the lobby
of my own home
hoping not to
bump into
someone I know

I long to hear my own thoughts
without the guilt of
having to steal them

Burning the Brush Pile

I waited

After a summer of stories
spreading like wildfire
burning drought
scarring our lawns
parching our lives

I waited for this
long gray day with its
on-again off-again
cold soaking drizzle

this November evening
the neighbors must
think me daft to start fire
in the rain

the primordial spark
then small tasting flame
grows in a tinder hollow
first beating breathing
hungry heart of fire

hunkering down
sitting on heels
shovel handle
staff at hand

willing the fire to live
a human windward shield
my back soaked
the small light playing
in early evening
shadows

(Cont.)

Burning the Brush Pile (Cont.)

sputtering, guttering
twist licking turning
small flames embrace
dry branches dead leaves

sizzle quickly
burning the brush pile
has begun there is no
turning back as there is
no turning back to place
the limbs upon the trees

more drizzle damp fuel
placed upon the rising
pyre steam wood smoke
carried alee by not so
gentle evening breezes

as darkness encroaches
the breadth of now
involved fire lashes out
brighter for the night
a primal circle of light

radiant heat contrasts
the rain soaked side of me
that faces from the flames
chilled through to bone
an unkind balance met

now roaring in a wind
whipped frenzy fly ash
glows dancing
high into clouded
night blinking out

(Cont.)

Burning the Brush Pile (Cont.)

circle light in darkness
alone drawn across ages
of silent sentries standing
face front to warmth
back to nightmares

rising now beating back
light cold rain
this living ravenous
ethereal entity calls
out for greater sacrifice

I will wait
as the brush pile burns

The Immediacy of Dreams: The Convergence of Being and Meaning

No single light cuts through
an image of cacophony dreams
sibilant whispers
white-noise voices
continuous word picture
illusions drift shifting
disquieting unsilence
each desperate grasping
demanding the attention
of his moment

Empty the dishwasher
put away clean
to make room for those
cluttering the counter

Seeking measured order
in the mundane ritual
of daily dutiful chores
in his moment

Hash Browns into a hot skillet
salt, pepper, a drizzle of olive oil
two eggs over easy in the
well seasoned cast iron

Push clear to one end of the
kitchen table the detritus of
this weeks bills, prescription
notes, bird books and the flyer
announcing imminent school
year functions

Thirsting for the release
of physical exertion
to quench the dream desires
in his moment

(Cont.)

**The Immediacy of Dreams:
The Convergence of Being and Meaning** (Cont.)

Set in that clear space the
steaming breakfast plate
toast on the side

Reflecting upon the
morning haiku

dew diamond pendants
in symmetric suspension
grace last night's cobwebs

so both fed and nourished
in his moment

The Ice Storm: Beyond Desperation

Asynchronous
battery driven clocks
tick-clicking
the heart beat
of the empty house
over the
whisper-whir
of the refrigerator
powered by the
constant thrum
of the generator

When the fridge
finishes this
cooling cycle
I will kill
the generator

The refrigerator
sealed
will hold
until tonight
when darkness
will again
demand
the light.

The Obit Ritual

Idle curiosity
slowing down in life traffic
to rubber neck
sightseeing the posted
accounts of issues and accidents

Morbid curiosity
fine sieve filtering
each salient detail
grasping for correlations
between the moment and the future

Mortal curiosity
soulful recollections
of cherished shared memories
embracing the comforts
of our anticipated passing

Two Voices: Amalgamated Dreams Poetry © 2024 by William B. Meloney VII is licensed under Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>