

THE YEARNING LURKS

THE COLLECTED POEMS

Contents

<i>Preface</i>	xv
The Yearning Lurks.....	19
Upon Awakening	20
The Clinging Fire	21
Transubstantiation	22
Who Will Carry Light	23
Shields	24
Moon Poems.....	25
Aztec Markets.....	26
Mind Space	27
Digging	29
Standing in the Boise River.....	30
Idle Thoughts.....	31
Men Working.....	32
When Lights Go Out	33
Summer Contrasts	34
Antares Under Jupiter.....	35
My Death Looms.....	37
Rich Unguents	38
Mars Euriphron.....	39
Cutting Tomatoes	42
Writing Poems	43
The End of Poetry.....	44
My Feeling World is Left to Drift.....	45
Shooting Stars.....	46
Empty Space.....	48

The Glass Bead Game	49
Gloria In Excelsis Deo.....	50
Modern Physics	51
Night	52
Spare Tire	54
The Holidays.....	55
Safe Harbor.....	56
Big Bang After Musashi.....	57
A Crust of Bread, a Bowl of Oil.....	58
Animal	59
Arms	60
I Don't Know Why It Is.....	61
Poetry.....	62
Drums Along the River	63
Narcissus and Goldmund.....	64
There is an Inland Sea	65
The Fire Inside.....	66
Planting Bamboo in my 58 th Year	67
Flotsam and Jetsam.....	69
Smoke	71
The Poem as If.....	72
Lovers Embrace.....	73
Without Which	74
Worlded and Wordless	76
Making Bread	78
The Freshest Breeze	79
Ikebana.....	80
Miniatures	81
Stopping time.....	82
Contemplation	84
Tomatoes	86
Black Hole	87
The Ultimate Expanse	88
The Time After	89
Metaphors For Deepness	90

The Gods.....	91
The Four Kinds of Work	93
Inner Truth.....	94
A Simple Persuasion.....	97
The Apples Must Fall	100
A Crane in the Willows	102
Pictures	108
Cooking Like Loving	113
Intaglio.....	116
Layers is What Makes	119
Habit	122
The Writhing Snakes	124
All Roads Thronging	127
Defining Ecstasy.....	131
Poems Are Like Lovers	135
Mosaic	137
Gravel and Fern	139
Natural Forces.....	141
Basketball	143
Jungle.....	144
River	145
Plant Your Feelings	146
There Is A Perfume	147
Heart Shadows.....	148
The Call of the Redwing Blackbird.....	149
The Dipper.....	150
Dive In	151
Water Willows.....	152
Stability.....	153
The Moment's Doing	154
Funeral	155
From These Sticks of Bundled Incense.....	156
Dusk Eye.....	157
My Father's Only Tears.....	158
Father	159

When You Stir Mystery.....	160
Egret.....	161
Hawks	162
Pieces Wild	163
Shrines	164
Art	165
Chaos Like Pee	166
Remove Each Misconception.....	167
Jungles	168
Dawn Edge	169
Frogs Croak	170
Look For the Spark.....	171
Small Lakes Form.....	172
Lights Fade	173
Trees	174
Manila Twists	175
This Falling Rain	176
You Are the Moon.....	177
Hard On: ¹ Passion.....	178
Hard On: ² Arousal	180
Hard On: ³ Passing.....	182
Hard On: ⁴ Darkness	184
There Was a House Here.....	186
<i>The Two Poets</i>	189

Preface

Writing is a tool, a phenomenon, a way of thinking, a mirror, a mode of communication, a power, the foundation of our retrospective history, a fiber optic of sorts between people, a doorway into the world and the individual, and a force that could very well pervade the universe wherever there are sentient beings. All metaphors (formulated by words!) to describe one of the marvels of the human species.

Writers write to inform and instruct, and we call it **non-fiction**. Authors write to create and recreate new worlds, and we call it **fiction**. Some writers combine the two to share a significant time and place in their lives, and we call it **memoir**. Other writers write to embody feelings and experiences, and they call it **poetry**. Each of these forms of writing is composed of words, strung together one after another, chosen by the unique mind, heart, and hand of one human being.

I don't remember the moment when I first realized that **words have power** to injure and power to heal, but I do recall the impact that that realization had and still has on me. What I write and say causes thoughts and feelings to arise in people who read and hear my words in their mind's ear. If I say to a young person who just made a life mistake, "You are the worst example of a human being I have ever known, you idiot, and you have no value in this world," those words will cut and leave lingering scars. If, on the other hand, I say, "You know, it's better to make mistakes when you are young because now you can develop your math (or whatever skills) skills to have a positive happy life instead of screwing up your adult life when it's more difficult to get back on track with your life," that person will understand more clearly the growthal part making mistakes serves in life. All words, but the driving force is totally different—heal or destroy, enlighten or enslave. This is an authentic form of relatively modern magic in the 4.543 billion years of Earth's lifetime.

In my seventy odd years of life (in both senses), I have strung together words to create **all forms of writing**. In my school-hood youth, I wrote poetry to attest to the spiritual feeling world opening in me. In the four decades of my teaching I created document after document to use as instruction in my English classes and for teacher training classes. Years after I left the monastery I wrote of prayer beyond belief detached from religion. After marrying my Aztec Queen, I wrote but never

published two historical novels inspired by her family's rich historical struggle in Mexico and in the US. And now when the fruit is sweet and hanging low from the sagging branches, other writing has ripened and filled my life with rich and bittersweet flavors.

I published on demand the **memoir**¹ of my time in the monastery and my friendship with Brother Paul a la Hesse's *Narcissus and Goldmund*. There followed closely three books of **short stories**² that ripened so quickly that I could barely keyboard fast enough to stay ahead of the metaphorical concepts that would bud and start to flower in the invisible dimensions of my mind. Then there appeared unexpectedly from The Source my recent **The Garden: Perennial Reflections on Beginnings and Ends**, a true gift from the Great Spirit inspired by my 30 plus years of gardening with my dear life partner, Elvira Gomez Gonzalez Frode, *mi querida esposa, una reina azteca*.

I don't know if this collection of poems will be the next or the last book I craft and publish. The **alchemy** by which seemingly immaterial holograms emerge and take shape "in" me as ideas for writing is a precious, welcome, and intimate process I consider a miracle, difficult to pin down, but as real as my neurotic printer refusing to spit out a Word document I just wrote. I am fascinated, seduced really, by the sound power of words. Rhyme, particularly within a sentence; meter, the natural rhythm of language; repetition used judiciously; and unexpected unusual grammatical repurposing of words. I admit to getting off on combining charged words to produce unique connotative metaphors that are difficult to define with words but exciting to grok. My first two writing teachers, Drs. Briggs and Hunter, warned me about being "Too prolix, Mr. Frode," and although I daily honor them, I still feed my tendency towards prolixity to create what I consider to be pointillistic-like passages where each word is a dot of color that together with hundreds of other colors produces a distinct, multi-dimensional verbal impression.

Nevertheless, recently **an admittedly unpleasant thought** has snuck its way into the usually calm and blissful field of my consciousness as I mulled over this book. I see that I have been trying to puff up and confront a mental intruder, but the realization (I'm afraid to call it that) that everything I do that I call writing—the holistic internal formation of a writing seed, the thinking through and gestation, the

¹ *I Am Goldmund: My Spiritual Odyssey With Narcissus*

² *A Dream of India, One Times One, Dreaming of Fish*

prewriting notes, the keyboarding, the creating of actual books with appropriate book parts, the challenges and devilish intricacies of Word, formatting the different styles of pagination, and the frustration of making an actual Print On Demand book—all this is really just a well-fitting impenetrable armor I have been creating since my loner childhood, made to allay the existential darkness and chaos, human mortality and my own death, the inevitable end of my beautiful dear wife and my children, and the caramelization of planet Earth. That the strived for perfection of all that stuff I call writing makes me feel that everything is OK and chugging along as it should. I got it under control. I feel like it is under control most of the time, but who knows.

So, anyhow, whatever, one way or another, nevertheless...here are virtually all the poems I have written in my seven decades for your perusal in no particular order of creation. You will find herein poems that are free verse, rhyming, metrical, narrative, and a few oddities—a stew of cerebral and emotional passion for life.

As I look back over the map of these poems, I realize that they are all love poems, love for life and its complement, mortality; and love for my children and dear wife. All these poems are is words that have emerged from a mind and heart to enlighten and heal. I invite you to look and find yourself lurking somewhere among them. You are here.