

End of Year Poems

by Samuel Leon Dumas

The Light

Each candlestick
Must need a light,
Must need a flame
To brave the night.
Each man must need
A life-desire
And trade his faith--
Or lack the fire.

28 Mar 76

Tempest and Love

Here comes worry
In black snake skin,
Zazzling in on the tempo
Of temper's sure fire;
Sailing with a bang
Like noisy winged serpents
In a holly tree.

And here comes love,
Waiting in white soliloquy
Like a tree surviving affront
Of an awful tide,
Standing calm in the after-silence
Of a spring rain.

A Mighty Thought

I think I might
Decide to write
A poem of love
To a dove
Of beauty black
Without a lack;
To keep her strong
And sing her song.
In deep of night
I just might write
A poem of love.

2 July 72

Red Heart

The rose cloaks
In soft pale green,
Blooms in puffs and perfs
And spreads in sun-glint air
Blood she steals
From the earth.

The Third Hand

The mind: that prehensile
Unknown that reaches,
Holds, and by a tiny might
Sustains in sublime sight
Any distant abstraction.

Summer Thoughts

By

Dumas *fi*ls

(Pronounced: Due-ma-fees, close enough)

The more words you *know*, the more jobs you can get.

**

Tie your shoes so the babies don't get the worms.

**

Every verb is a math term.

**

Want to learn math; learn to ask questions.

**

Every time you read, you write.

**

Football
Track
Basketball
Soccer
Spanking
Physics!

**

The best question we asked on the track-field at lunch time:
Name 2 of the 500 things that the liver performs every day?

**

Be safe in your summer—Mr. Dumas

Soul Stream

Stretched thru-in a three
Dimensional frame I seethe
Like some fountain within,
Like some stream's first
Beginning on some solitary
Unduplicated pinnacle.
And so much like a roaring river
I follow the bent which Nature
Has curved upon itself for me
And drop down over a million water
Falls happily playing music suited
To the pace of my rush and my high.

With political passion
I come to that first lake hollow
And fill the feminine blue
Of her eyes and ask nothing more.
I fill with continuation until
I find my high cannot fit
The healthy haven of this
Docile water hole;
And remembering the polished joy
Of her polished stones
I flow on over another
Of Nature's bents
In search of the sea.

Dumas fils
The Spring In Seasons, Book I

Annotation:

Stretched thru-in a three dimensional...

I have been stretched into this frame of mine by some powerful force that had the power to do so. I did not make myself. I am coming to understand the longer I live that I have the sensation that I am expanding in this shell of body. That my substance is growing. There it is; you have my sum purpose, to grow. That after once being born it is meant for me to expand, and like the universe to expand with rapidity. As we have learned the hundred billion galaxies are moving outward at the speed of light. (The speed of light in water is 121,000 mps).

I seethe...

Like some bubbling fountain of clear water, or like some joyful spirit material, I have happily come into existence, and this roiling seething process that wishes me to know and sense and see this earth and its sky never stops within me. Though few match it, I feel alone in my city and in my nation.

And so much like a roaring river.....

Now that I have adulthood, I certainly can roar and move and mash my being against my hooked skull till I nearly burst and broil the excitable geyser that I have become; I know now this frail brown wall that holds in red rum and the person I frame. In my beginning I made mistakes by the many, and then later I began to settle into less hurt-of-haste and more calm. I am the grasshopper that has learned. I now 'Carry on.'

The Leaf I Saved From the Rain

The molding blade
That faithfully saluted
Summer mornings
And shelved golden dew
Spent a year in my
Car, quite reserved,
Down in one of my
Tuck-away corners.
I had seen it fall
From its sprouting place
And I wondered
As it bladed quietly
Point down
To the Brushy ground:
Was it because of me
That it fell?

Now, enzymatic flavor gone,
Its color and water melted away,
I stroke the structure
Left behind,
An intricate vein
Of embrowned fragileness,
Resembling the tenderness
Of thinned women.
Such beauty, I bespoke
To myself;
And again I wondered:
Was it because of me
That it fell?

Earth Only Two

A young face appears
Above the second year
And opens a window:
There is a little bell,
Like a tinkle sound
From a little church
In a green vale.

Quietly, beside a gentle path
Unbeaten by heavier feet
A little waterfall falls
Splattering and splunging
In fun and shrieks,
Flickering and lightning like
May flies in a lance of light;

And brightly shining in fields
Of holly and flowers of gold,
A living smile grows and sings out
To us by the window:
How substantial it is
When earth only two
Now masters voice
And playfully pleads
To one so old,
"Come, Daddy, let's play life."

20 Nov 81

(For Johari at two)

Nasci

Like the wind she came
And talked with me, when I was eight
And asked me where I was from;
Why I was in that natural meadow.

I twisted the grass that day
And sucked the stalks tasting their sugar;
She and I reminisced upon all
The sensible things we knew:
For every story I told,
She smiled and capped it
With brighter words off her silvered tongue.

In the summer when oftimes my heart was
Stressed to breaking I'd come to the meadow
Where she'd be waiting
And the look I favoured
Into her understanding face
Soothed my bare and
Blood tinged emotions
And the placid wind and sway of summer warmth
Brought real life from
The grasses and sweeter songs from the trees:
From her learning
I found the sorrows of nature
More encompassing than my broken hearts,
And that there, with sun-sorrows, she loved me.

Onward into time and, of course, I married her.
She became all my loves, because, you see,
She was my lover of youth and her love has taught me
How to be at home and know what places I should go
And when to return: for I know who I am now and my
Scarred brow knows old tales and torn parts—experience: Times failed, times
succeeded—and every night I sleep on her warm frame and dream of love the way I can
make it work.

And no 'sorrows for two' she has brought me—so lovely a
Thing birthed in torrent summer sky;

(I heard someone crying, who could it be?)
But I am not overwhelmed. I still love—only
How to persist when others harangue me
For what I see in her?
Those that know her, love her,
And I am pleased. She has brightened my home a
Thousand and one days and one more;
Continually, as I singularly live each day to the
Death of parting, I'll defend her. I can do no less
For she has weaned my wellness ever since
The day I was a still small boy,
The day she came like the wind and talked with me.

(Nasci: You have to look it up.)

Pith and The Pendulum

Swing, you immortal reckoning;
Right shall be righted
By your sharp silent slinging;
The confounds of terror will
Gong the ears of error
As by simple bloom you
Grow one red flower
With your gentle breezy singing,
Or hammer with your hardened hail
Earth-tied refugees.

Bushman: Tarkenton

Fran fell before the lineman:
The African lion
Fell with weighted glee upon young Jaqui
Then roared an echoing rage
Across the black man's bones:
As the defensive bull trucked away--
Arms raging to sky-fans and lights--
An oft trampled quarterback
Lifted his wounded bones.

Knowledge To A Yung Hwun

Take root to the earth:
Be a landfull of living dust;
Suppliant caring; trail
To a tear.

Be a sea saging the land;
Calm environment
To a lonely island;
Surround level by level,
Foam for the taste
Of foreign shores.

Be spring rain crying
For all the fetal children;
Warm like a mother's well:
Amnionic swell caressing
Bubbling reflections
Of a thousand African drums
In the dark before birth:

Be small; be bright;
Be sleep's closed room--
Flick and scream
Your dreams afar;
Kerr Can clouds in your eye;
Be a mystery's conclusion;
Think-touch the day's dead:
Take root to the earth.

For James Lee (My wish for all young persons: enjoy your physics.)