

Poetry Series

**Glenn Bagshaw**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Glenn Bagshaw()

Born, living, destined to die.....

# A Druid Speaks

--

So we stir wrath's stew in life's simmered kettle  
as Spring fun is the punch flung from sprung petal  
when light's sword swings might and heightens bright metal.

Then who'll know we're in god since god's in all things?

Those stones thrown will pebble honed granite-dogmatic  
and birds soar flutterly absurd - at core, actors- dramatic.  
Man alone's the syndrome. Pathetic? Emphatic!

Then who'll know we're in god since god's in all things?

Glenn Bagshaw

# A Grandfather Clock Speaks

I count my own days down  
with a rusty mainspring  
and not much else.

Not too good, not good.  
No, the time's not well.  
Grandson's quartz is sheer miracle.  
Unfair, not fair, a crock, o'clock  
fob him off, set him off  
slime him with oil-  
for I'm untimely dated,  
stem-stopped, unwound.

Yet when I watch  
young Sally Seiko,  
her rounded, say hour-glass ways,  
her graceful face of dial-  
why whether AM or PM  
I simply start to sound.

I talk: tick, tock, tick;  
Tick, tock; tick, tock;  
alarmed, alarmed,  
my arms, her charms  
brings BONG, tick; BONG, tock;  
brings BONG, BONG, BONG.

Glenn Bagshaw

# A Mob Of Yesterdays

If you turn from the midnight window, they  
peek in. Look, all you see is the shakened  
branch, grasping at wind. Yet the past will say  
why stars tremble. You, when awakened,  
see electric lobby doors alone open.  
Does only coldness enter? Watch.... you should! .  
Yesterdays linger, tangled like rope in  
your path. I too view darkness. A ghost would.  
Standing in shadows: vault-looted sentry,  
I view my old home. She got the house. Sold  
it. Now it, vacant but never empty,  
will be torn down. If I'd.....well, that's passed old...  
Worn-and-all-wrong welcome mat....how it clings!  
Fading, untouched, I seem to pass through things.

Crystal saints beam miracles, intercede  
so Dawn's the morning saint shrined in my creed.  
I'm mortal, falling flesh, dust-bin goner.  
Yet shine- sheer miracle! -bless graced honour!  
At death-my poems may psalm- let's say they're heard:  
'Dawn taught end-stopped sinners to keep their word! '

Glenn Bagshaw

# A Plea For Insensibility

Shriek away, clear away sound!  
Loud! Loud! Disappear the clear  
searing cry that deafens the ear!  
So overburdened to feel?  
Pound away! bludgeon touch!  
Then next weary the eye  
until sight's kindly blind.  
Let our bitterness annihilate taste  
and rancid ways create  
resolve to vacate odor's  
formless home. Gone taste,  
gone smell. Gone, gone all sight,  
touch, all sound. Let the intense be numb.  
All stabbing senses dwindle down  
and stillness hollow each perceiving mode.....  
As with all of this-  
know the bliss of stone  
is that it has none.

.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Acceptance

If it were just the thinking  
then I would think it twice;  
and if it came by saying  
I'd say bad thing were nice'  
So then world-winning peace  
and us so much happier.'  
We may have both some day-  
but yet not together.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Advice From Herrick The Gardener

-----

This is my garden, my career;  
full blooms for ladies I once knew.  
Beware, beds creep to plots of fear,  
all nettled, drenched with tears of dew,  
as mounding mites, each crawling year,  
must blight the spot where flowers grew.

Glenn Bagshaw



# After Reading The Cavalier Poets

-

Dearest, you see me best of men  
And I thank God since its just when  
You speak my virtue, seek my love  
Then skies teem kindness from above  
For only the Hand of Providence  
shades beaming eyes and seals their sense.

This skeleton I found at Dover-  
I poured some rum, but it drank quicker,  
it roared- it could not hold its liquor-  
'that nothing's ever really over'.

The serpent grabs for its own tail  
the living ring, an eternal sign;  
it will never quit or just resign.  
for it ends to begin-not fail.

The way to start, to first begin,  
is not to stop, to not give-in.

All abstract numbers in their race  
will twist eternity and make it bend:  
new beginnings bans a numeric end.  
Each value exceeds prior place.

Human fantasies of our cognition  
they never cease, but sweetly swell  
for dreams and schemes, countless as well,  
such breeds beyond dour inhibition.

so the way to start, to first begin  
is not to stop, to not give in.

All counting's for the stastician!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Afternoon In Summer

Cloud-popping, blue-raved summer sky  
with light stuck out like a tongue:  
you're the gorgon's gaze  
to a warm, dry earth  
charmed almost stone.  
For voice the sweeping laugh  
of wind's your way.  
Even the morning-marvelling birds  
are almost crazed in the bright wideness  
of your tuned world.  
They cry the sun-thrilled call of:  
Sky! Sky! Sky!  
Wings fling in tree-tipped reach of vaulted runs  
sun-dialed in time-  
Inches the touch of thrifty night-  
and, with thumb smudged in shadows,  
snuffs out the light.

Glenn Bagshaw

# All The World's A Stage

-----  
when you are four it's lore and soar,  
and you dance in youth and move on.

when you're fourteen, you swore so war,  
and you run to the moving years.

at twenty-four it's roar and whore,  
and you kick for all your sins.

then forty-four, so bore me more,  
and you grumble at the times.

at sixty-four, you tore what's sore,  
and you're alarmed when faced with clocks.

when eighty-four, it's snore and snore and snore  
and if you awaken- sleep.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Allan Tate At Christmas

On this His winter's day the Christ bells ring  
that celebrate this season of despair.  
Returns the dear, wronged echoes that now sing  
in chorus, almost human, like a prayer.  
Again before my fire and regret,  
beside those downturned figures from the sleigh  
broods tinsel blessings and red, fretted debt-  
and neither find a sacred thing to say.  
So the hearth still tries its guilt-lamenting song  
and all the while it lingers as a curse,  
for somewhere-somehow-something's wrong-  
like Christmas cards appraised upon their verse.  
My human self alone can Jesus save  
and so 'in excelsior' to the grave.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Armour: Another Thing You Can'T Take With You

For years the dead knight's armour drapes the walls,  
like needy lover wanting force of flesh.  
Dawn's light hues his helm- strung in the long hush  
of neglect - glares steel crimson with glory  
and silver-sheens the spider's gossamer;  
wraps- grasps with glimmers- grip of knight's gauntlets.  
The morning's bright shield, now raised, finds late mouse  
skimming the greaves, all arrow for its hole;  
so safely housed near this vast sentinel!  
Here, ruin! full piercing in the breastplate;  
and there, clinging like vault rust, some petals  
his lost love flung with hope on his last day....

For years the dead knight's armour drapes the walls,  
like needy lover wanting force of flesh.  
Dawn's light hues his helm- strung in the long hush  
of neglect - burns steel crimson with glory  
and silver-sheens the spider's gossamer;  
wraps- grasps with glimmers- grip of knight's gauntlets.  
Old morning's bright shield, now raised, finds late mouse  
skimming the greaves, all arrow for its hole;  
so safely housed near this vast sentinel!  
Here, ruin! wide piercing in the breastplate;  
and there, clinging like vault rust, some petals  
his lost love flung with hope on his last day....

Glenn Bagshaw

# At Eight Years Of Age

-

At eight years of age  
all seemed so precise to me.  
My shirt was buttoned to the top;  
both shoes were laced,  
tied in the art of oils,  
not watercolours.

I said: 'Someday I'll die.'  
Then my mother, after a long moment-  
strangely remembered as drum-rolled silence-  
replied with, 'Yes.'  
I cried and cried.  
Vast death forever!  
Here, where no truant's trick will work.

'But ', she continued,  
a clasped grip to drowning despair,  
'We then live forever and forever  
in Paradise by God's promise.'  
'Forever and ever? ' I asked.  
'Yes! ' her voice jumped as far as today.  
I cried and cried once again.  
Vast forever and forever.

Really, what could be done  
with such a boy? I should have hung  
with friends to whom eternity, at worst,  
was an afternoon for play  
but rain would fall and yet fall  
until lion heads of stars  
peered through night.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Audio Tape

## REEL TO REEL—AUDIO TAPE

I pull it out of the drawer where all things  
gone under go. The room tightens, silent,  
but nothing's repeated; and quiet sings,  
I'm told, in choirs of thought. I'm content  
to toss the spool—then I scan the label:  
"Dad reads Annabel Lee". The sheer air roars—  
no vocal sound— Veins scream. I'm not able  
to talk. Words drown when silence slowly pours.  
.The tape player's stilled like this desk clock's own  
hands: they death-grip noon -no twelve gasps to hear.  
Reel and clock are thrown back, drawer almost sewn.  
Yet no stuck door will stop a single tear.  
If there's a God, where's exclusion by choice?  
For I listen: silence; listen: dad's voice!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Biology 101: Two Lovers+one Frog (Triolet)

From dissecting on this table  
guitar-crossed lovers ceased affair;  
for her stomach crawled unstable  
from dissecting on this table,  
and he smiled, so princely-able,  
but touched green hands. Quite green his stare!  
From dissecting on this table  
guitar-crossed lovers ceased affair.

Glenn Bagshaw



# Birds

Darkness broods over trees like a mother  
and the leaves cradle sparrows, still popping,  
winnowing restless needs of their downy suits,  
preening and tweaking on branch. They twitter,  
set fluff-tufted, with looks always skyward-  
Air is loved more than the thought of morning-  
Birds' necks spin and tails quirk beaks. Song comes on;  
and stillness? Far flown in their ounce-bouncing lives!  
They wake light, then flutter in the coiled shade,  
where from green hallowed shadows they find their  
Sylvia, goddess or woodland maiden.  
Such dreams are due at dawn, at dew of dawn,  
and now they glide and dive cold, crystal lanes  
of heaven. Soon, too soon caped darkness looms,  
winged vaster than dreams, over their quick lives....

Glenn Bagshaw

## Blowing The Foam (Adult Limericks)

There once was a fellow named Rye  
who did drinking with Jimmy Not-Dry.  
Never once before gay, Jimmy was short on his pay,  
and when dry he then swallowed down Rye!

A scoutmaster had new recruits.  
He reduced them to their birthday suits.  
He took off their pants. They picnic-ed in France-  
ants bite, scoutmasters give...toots!

A madam from a bar in Nepal  
liked all of her gentlemen tall.  
One was five foot two, with a bazooka kazoo-  
'Not at all' she recalled, 'was he small!

Two sisters, Yesterday and Today,  
Let a bloke named McRay have his way.  
But much to his sorrow  
Their brother Tomorrow  
Knocked McRay to last Sunday in May

There was a young lady named Flynn,  
Not stout, but exceedingly thin.  
She put a revolving door  
In skin her boyfriend would bore—  
he came in, he came out, he came in.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Buddha Reported On Cnn Today That Life Is Suffering

-  
--

That Life is Suffering

(The First Noble Truth of Buddhism)

On being born we start some fresh new death,  
since torn from warmth of womb's more like dying.  
'Out' smothers in openness and air's breath  
swarms and lifts wail, firstborn form of crying.  
Crawling into life, weeping own acclaim;  
not now the little squirt of genetics!  
So time fades first death, then immortal fame  
we try; but scar the flesh, mar aesthetics.  
Soon we wear greater death and go grand style-  
what we create lasts longer than ourselves-  
table stoutly stays, dead love's on file;  
inmates strung or sprung, but jail seals bars, cells;  
Being born begets our self-suffered ways:  
wants, pains, panged Hell; a Hell that craves more days!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Burned Out

-

At night the TV frees my tears and howls  
as movies merry-ghost lost B-grade worlds.  
John Wayne corralled-with rope of fettered jowls  
and Munroe's curves- those waves! - drum dreams of girls.  
while we ourselves, in photographs and such,  
with shutter- we're time shut - as quick as schemes-  
forever clicked, in twenty frames too much,  
now snapped and trapped with smiles in frozen scenes.  
There's something quite electric in our lives.  
We're disks or chips that drone in some machine  
like steady hum in honeywells of hives.  
You buzz with meanings, deep as any mine,  
all orbed and glowing light that's overdue,  
then sparks, then dark, and night is fused with you.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Certain Things Are Created In Beauty, Over And Over...

In lieu of God's purposive hands,  
nature rolls up for sleeves stern electric storms.  
Rough forks of fire forge with spark-showers, hammers  
and anvils the micro-macro-man- size orders;  
rolling thunder lays loud terms.

But, sure, what this world is, is not by words  
explained. Then here are our days. These times  
with rain and sunshine as prerequisites  
and our thought involved in dreams.

All seems echoes- shadows of trees at dusk of day-  
as if they're somehow in all our minds  
at all times. Mere forever goes down drains  
before this realm, before these fade away.

For don't you remember (all Johns and Janes)  
how once, long ago, when you were very young,  
heaven was literally contained within your hands  
that gave bread to birds in woods by Welkin Way?

Glenn Bagshaw

# Childhood Photo

At one time my father and I  
would rise just before dawn  
and travel  
in dream-dark woods,  
through the shadow of a vast witness,  
on and on, pathless,  
to a lion-legended spot  
to fish.

Once settled we would watch  
the bobbing floats and in half-light  
I sometimes caught  
with early eyes,  
no fish, but the glimpse  
dancing in the shovelled surface  
of something quicker than currents,  
something impossibly sad  
and oh so empty:  
my own face adrift in water...

Years after, my father's cast line  
was fouled forever in reeds,  
the reeds that bend in cold winds,  
the reeds...

I then looked in the family album  
and there  
with all the suns that have  
ever gone under, was this  
man and boy who had simply  
gone fishing....

Yes now I recall.  
There were two drifting faces  
lost in water.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Construction Sight

--

A life means that many times each dies  
for ends don't close a single-stranded thing  
but hives the network of all that apprise  
the ache in us; recorded, we still sing  
until refrain will close with hush of pain.  
To browse our photos- someone keeps us young  
some three seconds and never then again;  
while bank's named accounts save us, though we're hung.  
So think of different things that make us up!  
Our lives are pieces, sort of a la carte;  
we're foe or friend, tossed salad, shelled scallop  
or gait, or glove, or picture's pleading eyes!  
Since you will turn away: again she dies.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

(MY FORMER NEIGHBOURS RIGHTLY SAY  
THAT WHEN I MOVED, I PASSED AWAY

Glenn Bagshaw

## Curtains! I Wuz Framed! (Triolet)

The walls have pictures hanging on  
yet people vanish or they fade.  
Such portraits-late-would scream upon:  
the walls have pictures hanging on;  
for each shows scenes where someone's gone.  
Those eyes attain a somber shade.  
The walls have pictures hanging on  
yet people vanish or they fade.

Glenn Bagshaw



# Daddy Taught Him Often

I study his face with keenest concern  
and small, he's small-I see when we've met.  
May his fear, once set churning, not return  
nor should that brute be viewed as martinet.  
The child's own bruises are medals of shame,  
and he now hugs the toy his father gave.  
Yes, here it seems floppy-eared and tame,  
so quiet, loving and will behave  
as weary children need. He can't resist;  
much like when daddy lifts that fist.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Dancing With Words

This modern step of time may turn my phrase-  
but now attend- see language as bequeathed.  
What sweep of lines from Homer's waltzing days  
shall partner me? Stride quick the speech received  
and kick and om-pah life-for what's now said?  
Slick greetings (ice!) . Each science calls us names.  
Blue epithets accuse, while we're all read;  
Lear's the rage. Our scripts' drag in stage-left games...  
But with this dance, this dance that sways in me,  
new loves may move to touch. Sensations sing.  
But 'loves'? - steps slip in verbal sophistry-  
There's never more of every just one thing.  
Modern terms convey, mostly all polls said,  
body of knowledge- -bound hard-cover- dead.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Departure At Dawn

## THE DEPARTURE

He shook the sunrise by each arm  
and found the ship by slip of day.  
'For Tess, I'll giddy flying fish,  
then jig with waves, and slap sea-spray; '

but clouds had fisted out their forms  
and morning donned a grim-grey hood,  
then in the good old sea it seems  
no single thing was seen as good.

Note all the ocean currents know  
one won't arrive just where winds blow,  
and all the boasts that youths once swore  
deep-drown in throats down sea's own roar.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Diogenes-Or-He Realized There's No Honest Men

His beacon searched for honest men  
and found his own pure hell.  
Thieves lit out with his only lamp.  
Enlightment seems well.  
when in darkness mind can brighten camp-  
and damn that Duracell.

## DIOGENES

For the honest, with a lamp he went seekin'.  
No one's honest! They swiped his beacon!

or:

## HEGEL

The 'Phenomenology' is fearsome and long.  
He thought none would ' Mind'. Again he was wrong!

## THomas Hobbes

Tom Hobbes saw raw nature as brutual and awful.  
On DVDs the same is praised and claimed lawful.

## Glenn Bagshaw

# Dream Girl

DREAM GIRL - 5 foot triolet-

inside me you're a kind of waking dream  
where all my days are like a nighttime sleep  
as living hand is stayed by scribbled scheme.  
Inside me you're a kind of waking dream  
and so abstract that flesh will never deem  
to stock your volume - you, faint stain, will seep  
inside me-you're a kind of waking dream  
where all my days are like a nighttime sleep.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Echo

Her name was Joan and as he kissed her  
in the all but empty room, he recalled-  
yes, quite remembered now, a thrilling moment years ago.  
Joan the First had, at twelve, in a clumsy, kidding way  
kissed him then as well.

But those were vortexed, all- turned-inward days-  
a crushing sense of self at school-  
fated to stutter and teasing struck him  
down, again, again. Telling thrusts from  
boyhood's lethal friends.....

\*\*\*....By his loosened grip and the slackness  
of his arms, she knew that he again was  
creviced In his thoughts.. Now to do what  
simply must be done. She was moving  
and had to pack. Turning, she freed herself  
and left the room...\*\*\*\*

He would have... no! ...he tried to call her back  
and to preamble, made a disappointed sound-.  
But the echo in the almost barren room  
was faltered speech, child's, chilling,  
fumbled voice, again those years,  
and she, strangely drifting far away,  
would freeze forever shocked  
at the pelting rain of laughter,  
the pleading, boyish tone,  
the spit-out stammer of his former self.

Glenn Bagshaw

# End Of Term-The Music Student

Loved music only echoes in review.  
My hum, as tumblers turned at locker walls,  
was seized-clasped like locks, never to undo-  
hushed- a silence sneakered in some far hall.  
Sealed every song as jammed shut all the mind,  
disbanded musicians de-noting sounds;  
death, you may tell it, complaining, to find  
no grounds will expel it, though schools have grounds.  
A truant for life, text fatally dull;  
the late and class-less dunce of time;  
History abridged, Math assigned to null  
my English? A brief epitaph in rhyme;  
my fate? By yearbook, just a little while:  
dead boys framed freshness when they posed to smile.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Epigram

His noterity won't grow each year;  
not inscribed, it was whispered ear to ear

Glenn Bagshaw



# Ezra Pound's Cantos

Tangled string snagged on ragged barb wire:  
the poet speaks! -or some numbing liar...

Glenn Bagshaw

## Fading Out

When she died pretty sunsets were met  
by grief. 'A spade of dirt sinks beauty's force,  
so weak it left only her picture set  
now fading on my shelf, ' Poor love's no course  
to steadfastness- Thoughts with shock in coming  
and going by madness: distraught, wits tossed;  
I tried to still love her music, humming,  
dear singing. Notes dropped as every tune's lost.  
This ends silently... Scream's in me, ' Hope dies!  
look! see! hear what each sick tragedy sighs!  
no stage-lit duels, nor Icarian skies-  
ditto death as Trojan cry- lies, all lies!  
We're fabled in photos but who'll recall,  
just beyond briefly, if we lived at all? '

When she died every sunset brought regret  
of beauty and only gravity's force  
then wouldn't yield, but held her picture, set  
for years, on my shelf- Physics will law its course  
to steadfastness- while we-on then coming  
will fail. We flinch, distraught, with wits all tossed;  
although we love someone with music, humming

or singing- soon they're echoes. Tunes are lost.  
She died and quiet screamed as closing eyes  
had drapped her life. Our ragged tragedy then sighs-  
not dainty duels, nor Icarian skies,  
no Trojan walls that slide- grand lies are lies!  
We're fabled in photos but who'll recall  
bits beyond briefly if we lived at all?

When she died pretty sunsets were met  
by grief. 'A spade of dirt sinks beauty's force,  
so weak it left only her picture set  
now fading on my shelf, ' Poor love's no course  
to steadfastness- Thoughts with shock in coming  
and going by madness: distraught, wits tossed;  
I tried to still love her music, humming,  
dear singing. Notes dropped as every tune's lost.  
This ends silently... Scream's in me, ' Hope dies!  
look! see! hear what each sick tragedy sighs!  
no stage-lit duels, nor Icarian skies-  
ditto death as Trojan cry- lies, all lies!  
We're fabled in photos but who'll recall,  
just beyond briefly, if we lived at all?

When she died pretty sunsets were met  
by grief. 'A spade of dirt sinks beauty's force,  
so weak it left only her picture set  
now fading on my shelf, ' Poor love's no course  
to steadfastness- Thoughts with shock in coming  
and going by madness: distraught, wits tossed;  
I tried to still love her music, humming,  
dear singing. Notes dropped as every tune's lost.  
This ends silently... Scream's in me, ' Hope dies!

look! see! hear what each sick tragedy sighs!  
no stage-lit duels, nor Icarian skies-  
ditto death as Trojan cry- lies, all lies!  
We're fabled in photos but who'll recall,  
just beyond briefly, if we lived at all? '

Glenn Bagshaw

## Famous Lines From Love Poems Made Into Couplets...

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (Shakespeare)  
You're hot in spots and then you fade away....

Whoever loved who loved not at 'first' sight (Marlowe)  
or even 'worst', depending on the light?

O my Luve's like a red, red rose (Burns)  
And tu-lips lie beneath her nose!

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. (E. B. Browning)  
But years' own math subtracts your charms away!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Fighting Back

Great Keats and Shelley now are dead.  
They read what "writ in water" said.

In earth Walt Whitman has his quarters,  
with Ginsberg and his boys as porters.

Grim Eliot, hollowman of death,  
found whimpered end; all bang-bereft;

while Frost is chilled and Pound is grounded.  
Their greatness clung as dirt was mounded.

The anxiety versed in Auden's age  
stays calm upon that dead man's page.

So they reserve the volumes for themselves,  
and leave this lackey dusting shelves  
of golden words, not crinkled tinsel,  
that sound I crunch-compose in pencil.

Still my stationery's I keep for use  
if villian should invoke the Muse  
to return these writers, great of phrase.

I'll fight with muck of verbal haze  
since fog sets Poesy's lined retreat.  
Unmetered, foot-loose, I force defeat.

No, now the sound rebounds, tears my own ear.  
She's far too blind, to read, too deaf to hear.

Glenn Bagshaw

# First Attempt At Climbing A Mountain

My broken bones will never make me quit!  
No fall occurred; I only paused to sit  
and plan my climb to scale your fearsome peak,  
since men of strength first rise from somewhere weak!

Glenn Bagshaw

# For An Uppity Roofer

--

You loomed so godly-grand, aloof,  
but died by falling from the roof;  
and we all know, are well aware,  
you`ve gone and given us the air.

Glenn Bagshaw



# For Dawn-Founder Of A Poetry Workshop Internet Site

Shining saints beam miracles- intercede-  
so Dawn's the morning saint shrined in my creed.  
I'm mortal, falling flesh, grave-set goner.  
Yet gleam- sheer miracle! -bless graced honour!  
At death-my poems may psalm- let's say they're heard:  
'Dawn taught end-stopped sinners to keep their word! '

Glenn Bagshaw

# Funeral Flowers

Cresting flowers are plumed as waves.  
Lives, our lives are smashed ashore.  
Slips rip tide, waves pour pounded mortal roar.  
The single life now drowns.  
The single mourns. Sea shouts loud at shrouds.  
Sea yells, grief dwells  
by the one 'you' born. One cold bloom fades.  
Millions festooning adorn.  
Bouquets mobbing waves; Forever slackened  
floats the one forlorn.  
Waves, waves sandblast us ashore.  
Sprays of petals flow fathoms,  
mantle tomb- floor.

Glenn Bagshaw

## George Bernard Flaw (Triolet)

On blank scrap paper of his days  
he had met her, loved her, lost her,  
quick and dirty like bought essays.  
On blank scrap paper of his days  
he's comedy in tragic plays.  
Scene Ones deleted reoccur  
on blank scrap paper of his days...  
He had met her, loved her, lost her!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Ghost Town: Port West

Once she had died, then I went to Port West  
to plunge in town's undertow of sorrows.  
The shore in time is surf as well, as crest  
of flowing spray will throw down tomorrows.,  
Always something drowns our days. She fit  
in gloved spume's grasp, white-capped hands on the take.  
But there are other ways. and now MInd, culprit,  
conjures her shattered where sea mirrors break.  
Again she dies, and, Port West, has doors in streets  
hear silence speak. Windowed faces stay pained; .  
and, slouched in half-dreams, one, at waxed floors, meets  
her-she drifts, twists, wails; she sinks unsustained.  
The real? Killer's skill that slays musically.  
Hear- but fear dirges. Steer clear of the sea.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Go Fly A Kite

One boy found wings had much downside.  
All joy's flung fibs. All fliers lied.  
Slick, oozing wax job in the spring  
slipped out why blues in bluebirds sing.  
So note his lark- boy sailed a kite  
to cascade frenzy into sight;  
still perils shrouded Grecian sky-  
Bedazzled, day-zed, blind in sun's eye,  
he blinked while squealing, good-bye-wheel  
slammed dead his engined sense of feel;  
crushed him car-quick. No one might mark  
how crashed in night, then parked in dark,  
boy fell like failing arc of kite,  
down dead-end drives; sans high way's light.  
Now wail of raving breeze seems screams-  
sounds on palled ground; pounds fallen dreams

Glenn Bagshaw

# Grief

He spoke to her two days before he died  
in the haunted room, now forever dark,  
and told her of a dream that had replied  
to the grief of their son's death by stark  
denial. The child stayed until sunrise  
and left with light. Here's how Dad's sorrows drowned:  
face down, down in green dreams, in screams fun lies,  
down, tolled down under water. There's no sound.  
The dreams ended- his heart attack-surprised-  
she's left alone. A mother, wife-no more!  
What's etched in flesh twists inside when surmised  
and photos climb crescendos she'll abhor  
with mother, child, his arms (he's out of scope) .  
She hoped arms, hands could choke her life like rope!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Hallowe'En

A jack- o- lantern smiles tonight  
a sly and sneering goblin grin.  
A squash now mocks my life once bright,  
for halloween's so black-cat dim.

Hell's realm's a bore and fiercely hot,  
barred by a searing furnace door:  
so awesome afterlife becomes  
just awful more of life before!

The anti-Christ is not too pleased.  
I try the most, fling first each curse.  
He won't esteem the wrongs I bring.  
I ante up the worth of worst—  
but devil's anti-everything.

Be forewarned, beware the night.  
The trees are stalking on each root.  
If you are crushed, owls braced on bark  
are not inclined to give a hoot.

.

Bone-men will break-dance all the night.  
They're thirsty since they ooze their wine.  
They'll drain your fine blood, fill the holes-  
you'll be the stuffing- be on time.

Crazed fiends from hell make irksome sprites  
and horrid mishaps haunt the woods.  
If you should meet a formal tux,  
fast bleeding smoke from jacket cuffs  
don't say 'good day! '—there's nothing good!

His green infernal smile turns foul.  
He'll lose his head while combing hair.  
Beware, if he should take your hand,  
for, yes, he has that southern air.  
Hot handshake may seem southern grand-  
but his heart's iced by frigidaire.

You'll have the best twins: wine and dine.  
Our smoldered Prince- the gracious host.  
The wine's from vineyards of your veins  
and damn, you'll be a dandy roast!

.  
He'll fashion you; you'll be like him,  
with sinful, dapper decadence,  
demonic style: that hot, tanned look;  
an evil, steam-pressed elegance.

His legions now hand-make his art.  
Your suit's completely terror -made.  
It's very much a borrowed life,  
and that Old Nick, you must repay.  
You're devil- done as devil should.  
Know "done" means "dead"—know 'foul' is 'good'.

Then tomb will be your overcoat,  
a rope for ascot, flame-forged clip,  
ground bones, now sand, will fabric pants-  
the devil knows you'll crave to itch,  
but hell, you'll never have the chance.

Your boots will tread the zombie's route.  
You'll wed the pride of withered hags,  
a nest of bedbugs coiled, your belt,  
with lizards lacing gut that sags.

A marble hat, grave last design,  
your eyes are squirming dragon's eggs.  
If they should hatch—they're split! you're blind!  
Yet never think to slip away-  
feel volts of lashing eels jolt legs...

Both charmed and charming, yes that's you!  
Our fatal prince with spider stitch  
has needled Hallowed Eve's hot hit;  
but stepping out will fall hell-bound,  
a flaming flop, a burning sin,



now strung to spits, the very pits,  
a downer... toast! - more burnt than brown.  
You're overcooked. You're underground

Glenn Bagshaw

## Hallowe'En Horror: Self-Reproach

-----

When the present spews over all you were  
and dear ones deem you an October shade,  
(breeze-cursing ghost that's blown away) . They're sure  
your guts are glass. They leer. Friends watch you fade.  
Knowing all you've failed, looms, some angry moon  
that beams its glare where candled skull marks shame.  
See you're scooped, chewed, upon a cauldron's spoon  
and spat when tongue chants harm to charm Fiend's name!  
So crawl, now grovel back in time to blame  
dreams in unclaimed graves or puff of smoke:  
that's you...No! rather crows in wind will poke  
stalk-veined legs of straw: You're staked, shredded, lame.  
A bookcase photo shows your early self  
dressed as boy pharaoh. Dust-dunes entomb that shelf!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Hallowe'En Treat

A jack- o- lantern smiles tonight  
a sly and sneering goblin grin.  
A squash now mocks my life once bright,  
for halloween's so black-cat dim.

Hell's realm's a bore and fiercely hot,  
barred by a searing furnace door:  
so awesome afterlife becomes  
just awful more of life before!

The anti-Christ is not too pleased.  
I try the most, fling first each curse.  
He won't esteem the wrongs I bring.  
I ante up the worth of worst—  
but devil's anti-everything.

Be forewarned, beware the night.  
The trees are stalking on each root.  
If you are crushed, owls braced on bark  
are not inclined to give a hoot.

Bone-men will break-dance all the night.  
They're thirsty since they ooze their wine.  
They'll drain your fine blood, fill the holes-  
you'll be the stuffing- be on time.

Crazed fiends from hell make irksome sprites  
and horrid mishaps haunt the woods.  
If you should meet a formal tux,  
fast bleeding smoke from jacket cuffs  
don't say 'good day! '—there's nothing good!

His green infernal smile turns foul.  
He'll lose his head while combing hair.  
Beware, if he should take your hand,  
for, yes, he has that southern air.  
Hot handshake may seem southern grand-  
but his heart's iced by frigidaire.

You'll have the best twins: wine and dine.  
Our smoldered Prince- the gracious host.  
The wine's from vineyards of your veins  
and damn, you'll be a dandy roast!

.  
He'll fashion you; you'll be like him,  
with sinful, dapper decadence,  
demonic style: that hot, tanned look;  
an evil, steam-pressed elegance.

His legions now hand-make his art.  
Your suit's completely terror -made.  
It's very much a borrowed life,  
and that Old Nick, you must repay.  
You're devil- done as devil should.  
Know "done" means "dead"—know 'foul' is 'good'.

Then tomb will be your overcoat,  
a rope for ascot, flame-forged clip,  
ground bones, now sand, will fabric pants-  
the devil knows you'll crave to itch,  
but hell, you'll never have the chance.

Your boots will tread the zombie's route.  
You'll wed the pride of withered hags,  
a nest of bedbugs coiled, your belt,  
with lizards lacing gut that sags.

A marble hat, grave last design,  
your eyes are squirming dragon's eggs.  
If they should hatch—they're split! you're blind!  
Yet never think to slip away-  
feel volts of lashing eels jolt legs....

Both charmed and charming, yes that's you!  
Our fatal prince with spider stitch  
has needled Hallowed Eve's hot hit;  
but stepping out will fall hell-bound,  
a flaming flop, a burning sin,

now strung to spits, the very pits,  
a downer... toast! - more burnt than brown.  
You're overcooked. You're underground

Glenn Bagshaw

# Hard Knocks High

Once as a child, I vaulted on sunbeams.  
By both those Dippers, I swam in the stars.  
Comet-tail laces bolted rings around Venus.  
I impressed like hammers-floored nightclubs on Mars!

Now less is the lesson. Right here's the horizon.  
No danger by altering tottering lies-  
Stare at the chilled empty sweep-see those hills-  
Glare at the frost-sharpened teeth of tossed skies!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Here At The Evening Sky

At the evening sky-cosmic mind in thought  
seemed starlight written upon deep darkness-  
We stopped, and gazing upward, were dream-taught  
of Orion, light-quivered in starkness  
of space; drank from both Dippers of the night  
that poured on nothingness. Swirled-ballroom Earth  
stood still. The Bear moved forever with bright  
tread as Pleiads sang their ageless birth.  
Dizzy on tip-toes, we were far, too far  
infinitesimal to the heavens-dust,  
flecks washed in forever, leaving no scar.  
So Sara, that's how I thought of us, both thrust  
in life's cinder of a second- pity  
for each- with spite for uptown firmaments  
that founded and formed the neon city:  
bare-bulbed vacancy, lifeless tenements.  
We were so very starry-eyed ourselves  
in embrace, that we soon forgot to heed  
how loud is the silence that never delves  
self, for huge death sparks spurs to night's dark steed.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Herrick Celebrates His Garden-With Some Regret

On gloried mornings I behold  
how Phillis thrives as marigold.

Corinna in her gracious way  
became the dais-ed fame of May.

Full- blossomed Julia, sans her clothes,  
now flames flushed warmth in blush of rose.

Irene is iris, hand-picked choice,  
her soil would sing, could dust have voice.

The garden prospers every year:  
another lady's mulched career.

Each woman's winter withers days  
but Spring in flourish will amaze.

Yes blooms spill dyes in thrilling shades-  
yet they remain, at root, my maids!

Glenn Bagshaw



# Herrick Gives A Eulogy

She dances again when there's springtime breeze  
but once would swim in waters clinging grip  
all her dives, her glides, were likewise fluid ease.  
One expected mermaid hidden at the hip.

And she still dances in the springtime breeze.

Now she's dancing on morning's April hill  
but once liked hiking the ranges all around.  
While sleeping under starlight, sweetness was the still  
hushed world. Nature's silent love throbbed sound.

And she still dances in the springtime breeze.

So she's there dancing and green swarms move;  
yet the striving season seems a kind of pain;  
but to survive and return anew will prove  
that not one life shall simply cease in vain.

And she still dances in the springtime breeze;

and turns, she as flower, each petal as a wing;  
the year flies, it flies, but first it needs \to Spring.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Herrick Muses While Pruning

My girls soon grow, increase in height  
then steer to weedy left or right.  
Each stem will veer or fork or shove:  
in hell, roots wind; blooms nod above;  
a cherry twist, some salad tossed,  
view vine's curled prime and apples sauced;  
this raised-up maze, foul thicket's clog,  
stalks drop, like logs, while pond drips bog.  
So tipsy, crooked- rant! berate!  
Know plants must slant: no maid goes straight!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Herrick Picks His Poesy

Of all the flowers I behold  
I love most, Dawn, my marigold.

To view this flame within the shade  
rekindles beaming light of maid.

Since Eden, when her bloom first shone,  
there's no bright morning, without Dawn.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Herrick The Gardener Likes It

No thrill if girls take off their clothes;  
he lusts for look of full-bloomed Rose.  
Long shapely legs, 'though stripped of socks,  
lose out to tall, stalked hollyhocks.

Outdoors, grand sex seems just for needs  
but it's all Onad: spilling seeds.  
No purely airy girls, ; instead  
he 's filthy and soils up the bed.

No loving vows to woo young flirt.  
The truth! He likes to spread the dirt!  
Nor are rigid ladies fit to wed.  
It's low-down weeds that wisely spread.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Herrick Today

What thrills my garden's green repose?  
Well here's a prick, so, 'Hi there Rose! '

Glenn Bagshaw

# Herrick, The Gardener-Poet, Confronts Autumn

--

That scoundrel, Frost, ice petaled curls,  
then withered-wizened blooms, once girls;  
the Fall nips love with sorrel pain:  
my darlings are to die again.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Herrick-A Lyric Of Tribute

-----

The seasons in their way present  
a kind of moving monument  
to fleet decay. They've been before:  
blurred hinge of 'in' and 'out' time's door;  
the twirl and swirl; the twinkled blink;  
the flashed and frenzed whirl of wink.

But blooms of Herrick still remain.  
His ladies sway in sun and rain.

His garden's far beyond mere time  
where flows his shoots of vining rhyme.  
He knows: our sense of 'rake' and 'hoe',  
what withers quick, what's slow to grow,  
and so he grins, guffaws-there's sound!  
His ladies chortle underground.

So blooms of Herrick still remain.  
His ladies sway in sun and rain.  
All lives, as rain falls, pulse again.

Glenn Bagshaw

# How The Arbutus Tree Came To Gabriola Island

(The arbutus tree can only survive a few miles from ocean water)

I couldn't tell how lonely I'd become,  
I listened for the sound my tread would send,  
I talked in rooms, the rooms that should be home:  
and heard echo, echo, my special friend.

Then going out and sitting by the sea,  
upon a bench, and rained on by the light,  
a girl sat down beside me-yes by me! -  
Her talk then flowed. Her ocean eyes were bright.

And there was timeless drift within this voice.  
Her gentle face outshone that sea of sky.  
She took my hand, alive but to her choice,  
and echo, echo still you moaned reply.

Like tides, this girl retreated far away  
and there was only echo by the sand  
for in our lives, not very much will stay;  
since even waters spring, but never land.

My arms then reached to heavens as for help,  
and they became wide branches, summer green  
and tears streamed down to roots- once boot-clung kelp-  
As waves would roar, I 'barked' at all marine...

A quiet care blends sky and sea forever;  
that vast blue air that moors on vast blue quays;  
blurred, seamless kiss of love binds both together;  
for they're immortal. Now I seem like these.

Glenn Bagshaw



# Human Beings And Other Agonies Of Existence

Birds rise to steeple of blue dome in sky,  
and their flights in heaven are sublimely high  
for its vaulted paradise they fly.  
But murderous man will not relent  
and now foully inks the firmament.  
Is he a god, to pronounce world's death?  
or fiendish ass, morally bereft?  
(You know. too bad, none wants to know...)

The green Earth was once our Eden  
our iced fiord-fingers, clutched like Sweden.  
The milk of human kindness? Peed in!  
Cain's baggage stuffs slain alligator,  
and hate's served cold. Man's the waiter.  
He's insane or a genius, which is real?  
Those fresh ideas! Each with vacuum seal!  
(You know, too bad, none wants to know...)

Then at Man's end, who'll whisper some regret?  
Sentence dangles; and hangs noose for lariat.  
Our meeting with doom's own greetings, all well met.  
Perhaps we'll change? Mend horrors? Worldly strife?  
Sure! Recall Sundays home with (Hell!) your wife!  
Our goodwill-fiction? Dull in all our reading?  
Long on wordage? Ah! but short the number heeding?  
(You know, too bad, none wants to know...  
Knowing is a hoar frost. Our hearts are snow.)

Glenn Bagshaw

## I Love You, Big Brother! ! ! (Triolet)

You always took first prize at school.  
Your kingdom: all the clapping worlds.  
But I'm supreme when hate holds rule.  
You always took first prize at school  
with charms so clean, so bleached, a fool  
best gutted slow like blinded squirrels.  
You always took first prize at school.  
You're King Dumb! All the crap in worlds!

Glenn Bagshaw

## I Loved You (Triolet)

I loved you and we walked in rain  
as each dropp pushed the pulse of God  
for we were young-but not again.  
I loved you and we walked in rain.  
We change, but think same joys remain,  
then feel so robbed by our self-fraud....  
I loved you and we walked in rain  
as each dropp pushed the pulse of God.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Icarus Changes Hobbies

One boy found wings had much downside.  
All joy's flung fibs. All fliers lied.  
Slick, oozing wax job in the spring  
slipped out why blues in bluebirds sing.  
So note his lark- boy sailed a kite  
to cascade frenzy into sight;  
still perils shrouded Grecian sky-  
Bedazzled, day-zed, blind in sun's eye,  
he blinked while squealing, good-bye-wheel  
slammed dead his engined sense of feel;  
crushed him car-quick. No one might mark  
how crashed in night, then parked in dark,  
boy fell like failing arc of kite,  
down dead-end drives; sans high way's light.  
Now wail of raving breeze seems screams-  
sounds on palled ground; pounds fallen dreams

Glenn Bagshaw

# If Love

i

If love were like an apple  
and I were like a worm,  
I'd try to enter day and night:  
like sly, corrupting sperm.  
If love were like an apple  
and I were like a worm.

If we were like the lovebirds  
in paper-bottomed cage,  
I'd hold you close, composing poems;  
leave joy on every page.  
If we were like the lovebirds  
in paper-bottomed cage.

If love is like a boat ride  
and you're afraid we'll tip  
I'll stand up for stars, stand up for love-  
I stood and swamped the ship!  
If love is like a boat ride  
and you're afraid we'd tip.

If love is much like dancing  
and we partner when we meet  
we'd twirl, we'd swirl, you'd be my girl.  
I'd be light upon your feet.  
If love is much like dancing  
and we partner when we meet.

If you were my intended  
and we marry as we should,  
rare jewels, fast cars and swimming pools-  
I hope your credit's good!  
If you were my intended  
and we marry as we should.

If love's an expedition

and you're uphill to stay,  
I'll try the climb, then might decline,  
slopes aren't straight-which way?  
If love's an expedition  
and you're uphill to stay.

If love is like a story  
and I'm a hero to be read,  
you'd plot to skim the chapters  
and skip me, left unsaid.  
If love is like a story  
and I'm a hero to be read.

Then in love's book unending  
a contradiction we'd unseal,  
for to you I'm foolish fiction,  
but fools view their love as real.

And in nonsense lines unending  
the contrary makes a coup-  
to you I'm bindered, book-bound dreams;  
The joke? My love is true.

Glenn Bagshaw

## I'LI Clearly Disappear

I'm in my great-grandmother's old photo album  
from ninety years ago, and I seem much the same.  
Sure, I'm gloss-finished, black and white, and yes, some frayed.  
Yet not so bad for my age. Looking much like her,  
it's almost that I'm not just myself as the flow  
of generations are now gathered, like the seas.  
Much the same in one life, as photos make childhood  
quicken once again. One picture's an aperture  
to these past worlds. Once more boats sound in harbour's night.  
Through the window, from a distance, someone slowly  
tries keys of a piano. The sound fades on air.

I'm in bed and the woman, from that long ago,  
who was my mother recites once more from something  
known as 'Alice In the Looking Glass', then I sleep.  
But I awaken in darkness, the silent stop  
of darkness. I'm alone in the room, so I rise  
and the edge of moonlight's blue beams bathe the mirror-  
Look, see! Completely caught! I view myself standing  
lost and lunar pale- as those in photo albums  
that none remember are lost in drawers, while grinning  
forever, while forever robbed of the world's light.

My hands can't touch mirrors. I may become polished  
surface only, some floating image or else fall  
through impossible realms. I must peer, so afraid  
and stare and stare. Harbour boats, thrust in night shadows  
move to still deeper darkness, throbbing a bass note  
through my heart. I'm chilled to grimness for I'm aware,  
in me everything's born, then lives, and falls away.  
If I turn from that pull, ignore the killing crush  
of mirror- I can't ever! then all disappears!

Glenn Bagshaw

## In Days Of Old....

---

'So why don't you come my cannistered knight,  
with bucket for head, heart fully steel-wooled  
and frying pan seat? Oh Lord, what a sight!  
for knights- stiff and heavy- where are they pulled? !  
You trothed me, I bossed thee-Why aren't you here?  
You dined at my table with your drawbridge of mouth,  
washed everything down with moats teemng beer-  
Has passion cooled North? Is your lance dipped South? '

Yet near Destiny Town, dead, down in dust-  
Indeed his steed sees he has the knight off.  
Black Prince of storms reins the gallant with rust;  
as Fate shall chill, the tin-splendid shall cough.  
Maid quests with her calls, crusades with loud might:  
'Good night to our loving, my no-good knight! '

Glenn Bagshaw



## In Memoriam- After Tennyson

From out the country that he loved  
the yellow primrose blurs the land,  
each woodbine quickens every strand.  
The harebells dip for one removed.

And you, old warder, still remain  
to clutch and coil the sullen form,  
to etch and trace for winding worm  
a life once sunlight in the grain.

For in Love's duties Time took pause  
to globe or orb our separate spheres.  
Now's all divided hemispheres  
in skies that answer other laws.

Yet still will Death make unity  
of jagged fragments of our world,  
and high as hollyhocks be hurled  
a silly bag of turds like me!

Glenn Bagshaw

## In The Picture

photo composed as most pros would teach:  
figure and ground-you're alive on that beach;  
inside floods the grief that drowns with no sound-  
here's nothing now but ground, the ground, the ground

Glenn Bagshaw

## Infinite Regress-On And On (Triolet)

--

But it's a dream and nothing more  
and he can't even seem to breathe.  
Oh damn dead ends without a door  
but it's a dream and nothing more.  
Like martyrs cling to Gospel's core  
he grasps at life, wakes, then fears leave;  
but it's a dream and nothing more  
and he can't even seem to breathe.

Glenn Bagshaw

## January As Poet-Lover

Those claims to summer far exceeds its charm  
and slush of lines can't toboggan sonnet;  
for winter's octave storms, but isn't warm,  
sestet swoons- fringed with frost upon it.  
Then wind will howl sheer air that it's a poem  
for First of Months must bluster: 'I'm adored! '  
It schemes blooms, find some dirty glee in loam-  
Such dreams! unless what's frozen wets to poured.  
Sure, northern lights style flair-yet coat of leaves?  
That fashion's fallen season! Jan. will go  
to parties; just with ice, and dance solo  
avalanche at night; party slides like skis....  
Month's quick as chills and yet it's sprawls slow ice  
and tries to end with couplet, July twice!

Those claims to summer far exceeds its charm.  
No slushy lines toboggan-glide on sonnet;  
nor winter's octave storm go down as warm  
while sestet swoons- cool, frost moon upon it.  
Then bitter howl will bard sheer air for poem  
as First of Months once blusters: ' first adored! '  
To bloom- it schemes some dirty glee in loam-  
a dream, unless what's frozen wets to poured.  
Sure, northern lights style flair-yet coat of leaves?  
That fashion's fallen season! Jan. will go  
to parties; just with ice, and dance solo  
avalanche at night; guests brawled down like skis....  
Month's quick as chills and yet it's sprawls slow ice  
with wish that couplet prints July in twice.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Jessica Or Jezebel?

She'll whisper that she'll never tell.  
She'll haunt you: please come out and play.  
then hunt your hands; oh what the hell,  
brushed touch of her pounds sense away.  
Jezebel, oh Jezebel.

The smooth, soft satin when she talks.  
The willow look, her sway and stretch.  
Votives pray she'll move- she walks!  
Devotion thrills the sackcloth wretch.  
Jezebel, my Jezebel.

She mocks the fool that may resist.  
Pursued, you waver, you don't know,  
then trapped, embraced, the conquered kissed,  
your vows turn cowards-watch them go!  
Jezebel, sweet Jezebel.

She's wily wise and understands.  
She'll ploy she's sightless- Love is blind-  
and so she'll know you with those hands:  
her magic touch, your tangled mind.  
Jezebel, love Jezebel.

Leers swallow all her stepping out-  
A goddess shining at your side-  
All wits will fail or thrash about,  
you're lured, you're lost- that finds her pride.  
Jezebel, please, Jezebel.

She takes the men each parlour game;  
so coy to bid, she'll wager higher.  
You'll lust to lose. Loin-thrilled shame  
loves velvet lash that fans the fire.  
Jezebel, that Jezebel.  
Flicker, sputter, fume and flame  
Flicker, sputter, fume and flame.



## Join The Army And See The After-World-Triolet

He went to war on boredom's itch  
and he was scratched from those alive.  
Recruitment posters will bewitch.  
He went to war on boredom's itch  
and swooned on thrilling army hitch:  
surprise-surprise boomed bomb's good-bye.  
.He went to war on boredom's itch  
and he was scratched from those alive.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Katherine

Those given names when chosen seem to click  
with promise when the child arrives. Then worn,  
the name's a mirror not a blindfold pick!  
Know they're like babies: needed, almost born  
as well. What psychic skills do parents share  
in choosing a handle to fit their child?  
The longer humans bear the name they wear,  
the blend's more sure to merge in person styled.  
Or is it that the parents recollect  
what names imply? Teach infants, then, to meet  
who they'll become? So the parents reflect,  
repeat, form child. Skill crafts the kids we greet!  
Katherine and her name beautifully make clear-  
there's picture proof- her parents held her dear!

Glenn Bagshaw



# Kentucky Fried Love Poem: Reseedin' Eden

RESEEDIN' EDEN

Yose the bloom in my gardin dwell.

Yose ain't reel pur-tee

but, sh\*t, ya smell!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Life By Birds

At her birth, the morning lark  
fan-tailed light and thrushed through dark.

As she grew, the sparrow's song  
lofted high. Her life flew long.

In her descent the crows would caw  
and dimly raven shapes she saw.

The shroud then loomed, downy pale,  
wings swept in, Death, the nightingale.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Lost Spring

I thought to be the springtime's first new groom  
and I rose up as early crocus rise.  
My collar was the white of fresh, last snow.  
My tie was hued the blue of springtime's sky.  
My bride still seemed as ice upon this date;  
but name a spring that can't melt ice away.  
The orioles and robins wore their best,  
butterflies, all aflutter, would preside  
and squirrels had stored their wishes for this day.  
But then arose-I don't quite understand-  
a storm that, quick as blizzard, took her far;  
It swept away all hope: a final storm  
All gone from our green valley evermore.

In the springtime, before the leaves are formed,  
find the empty hills, the echo of our song-  
On such days, hope for searing, summer months  
to burn and blind the trace of all that was!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Love Game Courts Rackets

In doubles Romeo and Juliet  
can back-spin bounce each Capulet.  
For forty- love's one trouncing score  
and love's all those Montagues abhor.  
The game gets dirty; then where's fair sport?  
Love's bounced about on hard-clay court! !  
But hold your balls and ponder on it!  
You whack romance, but racquets wrong it!  
Sets are best to win when love nets sonnet.

In doubles Romeo and Juliet  
can back-spin bounce each Capulet.  
For forty- love's one trouncing score  
and love's all those Montagues abhor.  
The game gets dirty; then where's fair sport?  
Love's bounced about on hard-clay court! !  
But hold your balls and ponder on it!  
You whack romance, but racquets wrong it!  
Sets will get to net love won by sonnet.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Love Triolet

I soak you up as I do day  
so I can't let your image go.  
Your sweetness seeps in me, they say.  
I soak you up as I do day.  
Then night dreams show how warm eyes stay  
when sun will ghost through moon to glow!  
I soak you up as I do day  
so I can't let your image go.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Love When Moist

Say that seas were just our dreaming  
and love a ship to find,  
you'd soon perceive my sea of dreams  
where you're moored in my mind.

Ah, but your ocean's all of artice;  
spurn, just skip me like a stone;  
for I'm the fling-lost-all at sea.  
So down I drown alone!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Lullaby Of A Tired Mother

Evening falls,  
dawn shall break.  
I'm to pieces  
if you wake!

Night's so dark,  
day's a dare;  
lose them-  
would you even care?

Night broods quiet,  
day writes songs:  
left or right  
to wake is wrong...

Glenn Bagshaw

# Making The Cut

Henry desired the Nobel Prize.  
In his eyes fine writing spelled lies.  
He tried to steal the award  
but took a slash from a sword  
made of eyelash-just right for his size

Glenn Bagshaw



# Measuring Up

my boy who stands against his door  
tells me how tall he'd like to be  
and leaps a line above his head.

Too soon the grown years may offset  
the loss of youth with perks and debt.

So take each inch of life instead  
I say, and gauge by 'feel' and 'see'-  
air's altitude alone- ignore.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Mirror, Mirror, You Should Fall

It seems I'm ten and scale the sky  
so that's not me in mirrors. Know  
just altitude will make boys high.  
It seems I'm ten and scale the sky  
and kids will ask not 'what' but 'why'.  
As joy climbs up, there's no below.  
It seems I'm ten and scale the sky  
so that's not me in mirrors-No!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Morning's Door

I see the violent fist of bees  
That swarm as single entity.

I hear the birds-sky-souls in voice-  
Note stuck-up bats that have no choice.

Next bears with their full-forward girth;  
Hear worms cheer death within the earth.

And flowers close each dew-run cup  
When time gone down is called time up.

Then all the stars tie strings on night  
And skein may wink, all blinks are white-

Gold grasp of dawn; again begin  
Or sin this Eden, don't go in....

Glenn Bagshaw

## Mowing Down Summer (Triolet)

One hears the mower's gears agree:  
' in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed;  
some think of bees and allergy...'  
One hears the mower's gears agree:  
'but gasoline means June to me.  
Beliefs are turfed for 'cut' is creed.'  
One hears the mower's gears agree:  
'in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed! '

Glenn Bagshaw

## My Dad's Old Plymouth-(Triolet)

So the steering wheel showed a ship  
in my dad's coupe from years ago.  
Cars in boys' mind-brakes just won't slip  
so the steering wheel showed a ship.  
The fresh-minted smell! Brewed-air sip!  
Glow-flown style; blur-torn, roam-wild show!  
So the steering wheel showed a ship  
in my dad's coupe from years ago!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Nature's Lesson #602 (Triolet)

Once thrown, stones vex recall of pool  
and sky's water-mirror shatters.  
Ripples and sun's rayed image duel  
once thrown stones vex recall of pool.  
The splattered, tattered mends by rule-  
Smoothness blends anew what scatters  
once thrown stones vex recall of pool  
and sky's water-mirror shatters.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Never Gone (Triolet)

What's dear stays loved. There's no Again.  
The present stays as sound as sleep,  
for what sustains us will remain.  
What's dear stays loved. There's no Again.  
Your straining songs- we still maintain.  
That voice won't fade if dirges weep.  
What's dear stays loved. There's no Again.  
The present stays as sound as sleep.

Glenn Bagshaw

# No Vacancy

-----

Like sound will toll in a swung bell  
some hear your name as rung on air,  
as despair's knelling cloud-chimes tell-  
like sound will toll in a swung bell-  
you're not here. Farewells blare in shell  
of absence, care-filled, not just bare!  
Like sound will toll in a swung bell  
some hear your name as rung on air....

Glenn Bagshaw



**November 22,2006.**

Ice melts to mist and ghostly world  
as she's dead a twentieth year.  
I watched her days in vapors curled.  
Ice melts to mist and ghostly world  
and fades away. Life's so whirled  
it cruelly shambles those most dear.  
Ice melts to mist and ghostly world  
as she's dead a twentieth year.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Now And Then

Our lives are far better tensed here  
for now instant of effort shows how  
we waltz the wrestle of men  
rather than rolling around  
and ever more rolling around  
on fear of the cut, on the edge,  
on sheer brim, on the unsheathed nearness  
of when.

The present's forever the fashion,  
never weathered, not severed by then,  
not the fretting-yet twisting tomorrow-  
it's here, (where but here?)  
tongue to dew, ever new  
always now...

Glenn Bagshaw

# On Casting A Fishing Lure Into A Tree

The lure was hung in autumn's ocean-tree-  
in air's upstream to reel the breeze right in.  
A gust then washed currants down; poured sober sea;  
for no lap-danced waves, (mermaids wet with sin!) ,  
nor white-capped cads (gasp!) banging gorgeous shore  
but this wind alone swam its dance to lynch  
bait, stretched down more than blood-gowned mobs adore.  
Then you could see barbed lure and stuck plug flinch....  
But spring, skimming sky with dragonfly's wings,  
fanned new view: never was lure since noted  
again. Things disappear. Unhinged- wind swings!  
(Below ivy surged and green sea coated) .  
John Webster can't net the breeze that flies by.  
Drown hooks sunk by tree! Down brooks dipped in sky!

Glenn Bagshaw

## On The Way (Triolet)

As I travelled to Caringtown  
I thought that love now keeps all worlds.  
Some sparrows, tune-flown, dovetailed down  
as I travelled to Caringtown....  
Then twosomes vowed old love's renown.  
I saw the wind kiss water's curls.  
As I travelled to Caringtown  
I thought that love now keeps all worlds.

Glenn Bagshaw

# On Turning Twenty-One

On Turning Twenty-One  
(the sound, the fury)

With today, twenty-one years  
has been wasted to make a fool;  
all squandered years  
and thrown away ambition  
and first hope as well.  
My regrets for the pointless efforts  
of parental prayers,  
and the flesh-dancing bones  
and the skull that smiles-  
though trapped, though trampled  
since that inward aspect  
hates itself.

Yet even this hate is wasted  
and the moment, now-  
candles will flame away,  
crumbles the cake and the years  
like tears fall down.  
All of everything  
fearfully in mind-  
as if so desperate  
to stay alive- all fails;  
and body's own self-tomb  
that first strains  
with infant urge  
to burden down a womb.

On Turning Seventy-One  
(signifying nothing)

Look in mirror  
some old snow.  
You were young.  
Does it show?

Look in mirror  
Is that you?  
'Living's deadly, '  
Mirror's view.

(On reflection-  
It's quite true.)

Glenn Bagshaw

# One Day At The Apartment

Thought that forms the world quickens it with sound.  
So as eyes turn, all dear to us must change.  
In your dreams you're the one they all surround.

Here's balcony beach: the twelve-towered sound  
of some child's call maps lengths within its range.  
Thought that forms the world quickens it with sound.

BUt wonder-quick, a spine, a strain all hound  
wail's the listener's holiday to derange.  
In your dreams you're the one they all surround

Put down the book and right now look to ground:  
compartmental dreams that none exchange.  
Thought that forms the world quickens it with sound.

Yet where's the screaming child? He's homeward bound  
deprived response. Your reading fails. It's strange.  
In your dreams you're the one they all surround.

A scheme meets scheme and either both confound.  
It's human-deviled ways that we arrange.  
Thought that forms the world quickens it with sound.  
In your dreams you're the one they all surround.

Glenn Bagshaw

# One Day In Summer

'Wake! ' brightens oak leaves, starring in the sunlight,  
'Shake! ' thuds the acorns that stud the seething tree,  
'Quake! ' howls wind prowling, lair within strained branches,  
'Make! ' calls the landscape, all crawling, climbing landscape,  
'take all of busy, brim blooms of blossomed things! '

Hours of sunlight,  
vivid in their prime,  
climb the bridge of blueness,  
the crystal leap of sky,  
and chimes are silent,  
stilled, idle chimes of time....

'Sleep, ' soothes the sunset, sudden on the hilltops,  
'Weep' spills the bubbles on chilled pool in the stream,  
Deep is its woe- steeped in depths ever deeper-  
down may plow the iron anchor, grief...  
'Creep, ' coos the moss, usurper in the darkness,  
'Keep' whispers night sky, 'your promise to me.'  
One pure white star, steadfast barge within the heavens,  
is freighted with clear weight of all eternity.  
'Seep, ' words ebb and drift this night-tide,  
'seep, and then you merge with me...'

Glenn Bagshaw



# One With The Seasons

The seasons in their way present  
a kind of moving monument  
to quick decay. They've been before:  
blurred hinge of 'in' and 'out' time's door;  
the twirl, the swirl; the twinkled blink;  
the flashed and frenzed whirl of wink.

But blooms of Herrick still remain.  
His ladies sway in sun and rain.

His garden's far beyond mere time;  
he sows his shoots of vining rhyme.  
He knows: our sense of 'rake' and 'hoe',  
what withers quick, what's slow to grow,  
and so he grins, guffaws-there's sound!  
His ladies chortle underground.

So blooms of Herrick still remain.  
His ladies sway in sun and rain.  
All lives, when planted, thrive again.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Our World: Intention And Action

This is the world our actions find a home.  
Here the forward and then back,  
that sideways bob and weave,  
the plucky up and down;  
for these are the ways  
intentions find their means:  
half-gone by tried endeavour  
and lost when all's complete.

But here at home it's strictly possible  
and open to our fearful view  
that this force of things,  
this thrust of aims,  
may plunge gasping, kicking in its quickness-  
tripped up by corpses lounging ground.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Pair Bonding And Other Tortures

The Lion King

King lion's proudly plumed unless  
returns kingmaker, lioness.

Fine Tuning

Wood horse of words so Greek to me  
speaks spousal brain wave's frequency.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Picture Eternity

Almost to sleep, when I then see the sky  
and wake of stars is sprawling up to dawn.  
The visual's set eternally high,  
for sight, as pictures, may spread on and on.  
When scents persist, soon they seem mere air  
for gassed to giddy, no odor seems to stay,  
and touch enduring numbs to nothing where  
that grip of hand may squeeze the touch away.  
And sounds? Dear tunes will dreary down to stale  
with repetition-falter in their force-  
our words? gibberish, wind and rant and rail,  
all lost in lies and fluff- that's us of course!  
Our curse, each claim, the vow that never strives-  
our words are blown more quickly than our lives!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Poof!

You think it's magic that light will climb the skies,  
that mind's inner math measures volumed world,  
and branch bobs bird as bird with branch replies;  
that no heart mends at midnight- whirl when hurled  
spins and twirls toy top. We forever hope  
charms bind us; but not magic to be knot;  
Spells slip taut ties; then they scale slackened rope  
reared in air- disappear- clear gone when sought.  
But lives are greater magic. Death's forever.  
We're last-act rabbits lost in stage-show hat.  
Life's so short; so almost-nearly-never;  
dead ever in etcetera, just like that.  
Flick of fate's cuff when it's too late to check...  
viably speaking, you're palmed from the deck

Glenn Bagshaw

# Post-Eden: The Thicket Of Mutability And Mortality

past Eden, seasons wither leaves  
for weather bitters-by degrees!  
still whipping chills will let weeds breed-  
embrambled, tangled, we're spilled seed.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Purely Fired Up

## REVISED

When clouds seem saddles to ride skies  
ignite life and burn bare the sane.  
We're strangely seared where heaven lies,  
when clouds seem saddles to ride skies.  
The blaze that's holy will surmise  
the world cleansed new in flame, not rain.  
When clouds seem saddles to ride skies  
ignite life and burn bare the sane.

## ORIGINAL

When clouds seem saddles to ride skies  
ignite life, blaze it, bare as pain.  
We can't be hurt where heaven lies-  
when clouds seem saddles to ride skies.  
My 'holy' means clear to surmise  
world cleansed anew by flame, not rain.  
When clouds seem saddles to ride skies  
ignite life, blaze it, bare as pain!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Rain Lyrics

The rain stays wet  
Yet  
The sky is dry  
Why?

Sky's simply dry  
snug in rain's spaces.

I ask this: why  
rain's where the face is?

Glenn Bagshaw



# Real Doesn'T Break-You Do!

Let's be bare skinned and skip the poem in this.  
Let's talk straight out, and spit straight-that's our aim.  
Who speaks of life as 'sublime, divine bliss? '  
Live hard. Live short. Don't live to take the blame.  
For every day the household is just war.  
We go to work and leave a trail of blood.  
And every day the boss man's word is 'more! '  
While at our end our epitaph is 'THUD.'  
But why complain? That's just the way things are.  
Our days won't change and don't you even try!  
The best of life is drowning at the bar.  
And those who tell you different-hell, they lie!  
The truth's not rain. It'd bang to bits the roof.  
To know, feel now- steel-boots are keen to hoof.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Reforestation? Yes! ! (Almost A Triolet)

Could be I walk in one-time wood  
and meet a ghost, his name is Shade  
who died when glade was felled for good.  
Could be I walk in time-won 'would'  
should one then stand where God has stood.  
Can Eden's plans be right, man-made?  
Could be I walk in one-time wood  
and meet a ghost, his name is Shade.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Rubiyat

-

Some prophets will proclaim that we proceed  
to crystal realms where our joys revert-  
watch calm composure of cold clay-take heed!  
no dreamed of after-life stirs dirt!

Glenn Bagshaw

# School Days

Head over heels for curves of some gymnast at school.

Firm in her flexible verve when bending a rule!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Sea Change

The sprawl and press of surf tolls out our lives,  
that ocean crests forever in its surge,  
so this is Jenny's birthday and she cries  
at grasp of water scrawling killer's urge.  
It seems to her that way. The sea is mean  
and waves laugh deadly when they say good-day.  
She's glad when home. Dirt's firm if not too clean.  
and waves would rave to sound in child-shell prey.  
So breakers pound a merry-murder curse  
and child dreads vast forever, but fears death.  
and still a child: wave-whipped, years slip, I'm worse.  
Salt vapors stale the tide of ebbing breath  
and spume-capped days grey-drown me in decay.  
One stone sent depths when met by Regret Bay.  
OR: one stone plunged depths when flung down Regret Bay.

Glenn Bagshaw

# She Remembers Him

-----  
Drifting, shifting,  
silting snowflakes,  
moths upon the window sill  
and his brief days of these war years  
insect flutter, fallen, flutter,  
draped upon his final ground.

Yearning, turning  
trailing, failing,  
the war's now globed,  
an old porch light.  
Then touch of striving,  
(a trail that whispers!)  
skims her face  
one moth-strewn night.

Drifting, drifting,  
dancing snowflakes,  
moths upon the window sill  
and his brief days of these war years  
insect flutter, fallen, flutter,  
draped upon his final ground.

Yearning, turning  
trailing, failing,  
the war's now globed,  
an old porch light.  
Then touch of striving,  
(a trail that whispers!)  
whisks her face  
one moth-strewn night.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Shine On Harvest Moon Up Where I Die

I am the pyre of harvest moon  
and in my lunacy I make  
pale crater of your life so soon  
and bake your body which I take.  
View by my ghostly globe at night  
Ray- silver arrows quiver trees.  
When stalking you, it's sheer delight  
to stay a shroud-white canopy.  
Beware me, for I raise on high  
damnation's surge to while you'll ebb.  
I'm edge of light, that ice on eye.  
I hang life in my beam-spun web.  
My form fills skies, no half-moon's shame,  
I'm high on crazed ways of my race.  
Time's up or run right down-the same.  
You'll be alarmed: old Hell's my face.  
Your life maps moon-phase- oh, to dread;  
it charts you (see graph D) as dead.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Short Cut To Summer-Triolet

--

One hears the mower's gears agree:  
' in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed;  
some think of bees and allergy...'  
One hears the mower's gears agree:  
'but gasoline means June to me.  
Restraint is turfed for 'cut' is creed.'  
One hears the mower's gears agree:  
'in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed! '

-----

One hears the mower's gears agree:  
' in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed;  
some think of bees and allergy...'  
One hears the mower's gears agree:  
'but gasoline means June to me.  
Beliefs are turfed for 'cut' is creed.'  
One hears the mower's gears agree:  
'in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed! '

-

One hears the mower gear and teethe,  
' in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed;  
some think of bees and allergy...'  
One hears the mower gear and teethe,  
'but gasoline means June to me.  
Beliefs are turfed for 'cut' is creed.'  
One hears the mower gear and teethe,  
'in short, clip short: shear grass, tear weed! '

Glenn Bagshaw



# Sir Plaintive Oldcastle's Song

Where is the Saracen who drained my heart?  
For that surgical infidel with art  
unstrung all my veins and flung them apart.  
Is he but a dream? Oh I know very well  
his skill tells of villains in my own hell!

Where is my lady? The troubadour's song  
is vassal to beauty. His song's quite wrong....  
Her spirit stokes Satan and his staff of prongs.  
Is she but a dream? Why where but here could she dwell?  
She's love of a kind in my own hell.

Where is the stag? My hawk? My hound?  
My steed gallops life's dark, dreary-go-round?  
In the bounds of my thoughts his pace pounds out sound.  
Is this then a dream? So fatal to tell!  
It's the thrill of the hunt in my own hell.

Where is my liege? for his most sovereign sway  
enters like thunder, but quick lightning: away.  
The maggot's true monarch of all he surveys.  
It's simply no dream, and now my screams swell  
for I'm bound to the bellows in my own hell!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Sleep Is Life's Weird Reality (Triolet)

-----

On slumbering we come alive  
and all our dreams walk Truth's Great Hall  
to reach where absolutes arrive.  
On slumbering we come alive!  
Strange that sleep lets our best survive.  
Strange when awake all we recall:  
on slumbering we come alive  
and all our dreams walk Truth's Great Hall!

Glenn Bagshaw

## Spanish Fly (Triolet)

I thought I'd take a plane to Spain  
and see Castille and then Madrid.  
The thought kept banging on my brain:  
I thought I'd take a plane to Spain.  
Long nights drummed pain, and then that plane!  
I moved as dead as old El Cid...  
I thought I'd take a plane to Spain  
and see Castille and then Madrid.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Speckulation

Grander than great religions can anoint  
universe began as geometric point,  
then space and time expanded from this dot  
more epic than prophetic words have taught-  
This microscopic-macroscopic mess!  
Man stands Adam tall, atom small- or less.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Spider Legs Considered

Eye the lashing spider as its legs strive,  
surging bolts, motion keenly crawls alive.

Dead, clenched spider frays like ravelled strings,  
with kinks, dried sticks, so many single things.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Spiritual Transformation

It seemed somehow I was again awake,  
and yet old life was now all passed away.  
Some span of days when my aged ghost would take  
branched hermitage for manor, and I'd pray  
for scripted leaves that nourished holy time!  
And raised on high in terrace of the trees  
I then proclaimed: 'Green, green melds Spirit's prime-  
and woodland force writes hymns for choired breeze.'  
But then I fell from Grace and friends declined.  
I seemed as dead, slight breath, sighs spun in rope  
and fever raged in blankets I designed.  
Then quickened strength cracked chrysalis with hope.  
God's rainbow-angel glorified in sky.  
The Lord sparks up old darkness: butterfly.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Spring By Water

It's night and whitened blossoms start to fall  
and strum the surface of these star-lit pools.  
The moon recruits a lute from music hall  
of water. Shore with silver reeds and fool's  
wide, lunar touch whisper to lull willow  
and flute melody nearly silently.  
Petals unrecalled fall to wet pillow;  
and tree forgets, bereft non-violently.  
So Spring appears like Autumn's pull on leaf  
that dirged the Summer's music down with Fall-  
Released with moon-ghost motion weeps no grief  
in seasonal, strategical withdrawal.  
The blossoms seem old tunes of leaves that flew;  
each bloom soon dies in symphony anew.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Springhill, Nova Scotia

I had a little chrome-faced clock.  
I had a whirling dervish toy.  
I had my dad. He delved deep rock.  
'Some day you'll be like me, my boy.'

First down the mines when just thirteen.  
He'd joke the devil lives damn well.  
One day a 'quake shook up the scene.  
He'll lodge long-term in Hell's hotel.

Those sucking pits I'll soon descend.  
My son, he stares. What does he see?  
Perhaps he too can't understand:  
a day will find him just like me...

Glenn Bagshaw



# Stage-Door Romeo - A Villanelle

The need to carry on makes me forget  
the romances I rehearsed by long routine.  
And any truth in me is so well kept.

When sneaking down the street, where's Juliet?  
I left her and that yonder-window scene.  
The need to carry on makes me forget.

A paper hero strides his cardboard set  
swordplays by lies; all dull and never keen.  
And any truth in me is so well kept.

A farce with undercurrents of regret.  
With girls at nights and matinees, I'm mean!  
The need to carry on makes me forget.

I entered stage-left certain of my bet  
that dirty roles, at curtain, left me clean.  
And any truth in me is so well kept.

I should have played at pistol-quick roulette  
not play with every Desdemona teen.  
The need to carry on makes me forget.  
And any truth in me is so well kept

Glenn Bagshaw

## Still In The Picture

Some often wonder, what's the hidden past?  
As when a guest will view a friend's new room,  
and here a photo: one has stood steadfast  
but next to him a moon of space in bloom  
in lieu of paper flower cut away-  
that sheared, now taken face-but it's still there!  
The gap so torn remains, for equal share  
to each who stood. The whole of facts must stay.  
The point remains in everything that's viewed.  
The old had mothers (damn, still dear! still dear!) .  
Mice need cats; institutions- the subdued.  
The Marxists without Marx are more unclear.  
The truth's so social. Single terms have lied  
and widened ragged holes that we're beside.

Some often wonder, what's the hidden past?  
As when a guest will view a friend's new room,  
and here a photo: one has stood steadfast  
but next to him a moon of space in bloom  
in lieu of paper flower cut away-  
that sheared, now taken face-but it's still there!  
The gap so torn remains, for equal share  
to each who stood. The whole of facts must stay.  
The point remains in everything that's viewed.  
The old had mothers (damn, still dear! still dear!) .  
Mice need cats; institutions- the subdued.  
The Marxists without Marx are more unclear.  
The truth's so social. Single terms have lied  
and widened ragged holes that we're beside.



# Sudden Deaths

We move, like an insolvent, touring band;  
and when we go, we're blurred you understand.  
We leave the kettle on, TV blaring  
drool half the cake, dreary novel wearing  
just grasp of space that hands once held before.  
Pronounce the sentence. Who'll read anymore?

and then when gone, who'll mention us again?  
One summer, three friends sailed quite near to Spain  
and next year, just two spoke of it in brief  
as if a darkened storm with wave-screamed grief  
might drown them too in wash of restless sleep.  
Yet they're in rooms-This sea of pain is deep.

Too sad, one then is cleared away and swept  
to silence. We were never born. What crept  
with time was faith that what seemed us was real.  
Gone, they're claim you've not been-Death's double-deal  
is painful pact of friends. We're not busy,  
but won't dropp in. No need to fuss at tea.

Families just lament. Old dates to them  
remind them of the late. Loved ones condemn  
the dead; harsh stillness lends no good-byes  
at end of days. The silence speaks just lies.  
And those now alive will wordless, recline,  
pulse-free block to some friend's way; as war shrine,

bird-witnessed, irks awkward shame on some main  
street. But no word censures those none again  
can meet. Death's that stupored, slack relation;  
stoned, slurs each dirge, lacks coordination;  
But housed with death, composure takes to fate;  
For ease with death comes early or past late.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Talking To Yourself

When praying, he heard God's Voice  
and whispered matter-of-factly:  
'Your Will be done. I think as You.'  
Lord's emphatic word -'Exactly! '

Glenn Bagshaw

## Teen Love

The wide world swerved around and then yelled 'now! '  
So I loved you as stilted sun's reply  
sang high as spring flings birds or rain would know  
to tap aware dear hearts below the sky  
(with touch of rainbow's ring of sky) . No fear  
of sweeter summer ever. Blooms never  
let set, but, rather met dusk. Joy was us. Clear  
as air's gems render starred light forever.  
So it appears, say, when school proms thrive.  
Soon shared schemes fade, so adolescent thin.  
One day the dream of 'One' dies. Two survive  
as some rock split. Loss cinders us within.  
Hardens Eden's knocking stones, rock garden blight.  
Scrawl sand, 'good day! ' Chisel granite: 'good night! '

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Accursed Triolet

-----  
I thought to write a triolet,  
a silly, little, eight-line thing  
but got-you bet- I got upset!  
I thought to write a triolet  
but words like birds flew on the wing;  
my new submission is regret.  
I thought to write a triolet,  
a silly, little, eight-line thing!

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Bus Ride In The Blizzard

As I escape by bus, I think of him,  
my uncle who has kept his house the same  
for over fifty years: yellow newsprint  
banners, 'Sputnik into Space! '-UFO  
beneath stained saucers, crack-marred cups and plates.  
And back, far back, a hundred miles in storm  
his eight clocks trace the pace of pulse at home.  
He's grown old, but his firm house won't break faith  
Yet something's lost, and snow on windshield  
tells, tolls another timepiece. Still wind howls  
and vows that fading forever's falling down.  
Once, lilting birds chimed, lofting uncle's grounds-  
but now no call at all to hail him home.  
The god that loved us is the god that died.

Glenn Bagshaw



# The Cycle

Arrived, we delve our illusory way,  
confused, fitful in new light, but not alone;  
suffering as well, mother's born that day;  
both sprung: flesh's pain; some day: both in bone.  
But now the heavens of breathing are just seen,  
and then maternal, wizard-wand applied,  
mother's love fashions (human by degree)  
her replacement: successor self-supplied.  
Then survival terms strict 'one' in life a lie;  
but on dying, no boundary tides the shore.  
The end is all. Sea echoes own reply.  
One wave consumes one you; one drowned; one roar.  
Life's alchemy starts studies, skills and arts.  
Dark sea departs with men, and then sans parts.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The End Of Sally

The school had mourned her loss for two weeks-but not more.  
For years her parents pulsed at noises by the door.  
The picture she painted, hangs by a silver nail:  
storm-swept ship onward set for port- with full, white sail.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Goddess

I'll forever love her  
(and who could never love her?)  
as the day seems winter's  
but with summer in its midst.

My keen longing ways to send her  
wren's tender songs may tend her  
to render surrender.  
remembering love's kiss.

Relenting kings salute her  
transferring tribute to her  
with excessive expectations  
she'll confer contributed caress.

So those who choose her  
through fingertips they lose her;  
air declares her temple  
ardent atheists would wish!

My testament commends her.  
My creed always to attend her.  
Pledged apostle's adoration  
lends love's epilogue:  
life's end.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Love Song Of J. Alfred Foodtalk

Let us go and bend chicken thighs  
when the bread is spread out beside the pie,  
like a cutlet tenderized upon a table.  
Let us go through sweet and buttered beets  
of fresh pike with moskatel....  
.....to feed you in the sweltering kitchen or imbibious kitchenette,  
Oh do not pass the triskets  
while we still can eat baked biscuits.....

In the spoon persimmons show  
they're shocking with minced oregano...

And indeed there will be lime  
you blunder, 'date square? ' and, 'a pear? '  
lime to turn back and regurgitate in air  
(They will say; 'He's clueless and unaware-a sin!) ...  
....Do I care  
to burp in curse  
with the rind of lime  
for incisions and divisions in lime will be perverse.

....And I have known the eggs from barns, known them all-  
barns that are splattered white and wear  
(but a sight in light) , brownish omelettes, so I swear!  
Is it fumes from this mess  
that makes me distressed?  
Barns that seem unstable, warped and not tall.  
And how should I resume?  
and how without gin? ....

jelly roll... jelly roll...  
I shall bear my dinner cold.

....I do not think small 'wings' should be.....

...We have fingered in the chowder: broccoli;  
shrimp-curls in our teeth with sesame mounds,  
till tuna and oysters bake up, and seem brown



# The Map That Spots Plots

When you're racing unsure  
through some strange neighbourhood  
you won't trace new faces  
the way that one could.  
You're quite isolated,  
but not due to locations.....

Maps should highlight sites of intentions,  
and with twisting symbols chart cranial travel,  
join the dots, the miles, so thick-layered in hostiles,  
graph the sunken potholes of deepest plots-  
Pretend dizzy extremes of abrupt elevations  
may be tracked in pastel, schematic marks  
(just a ruse to show swamps of mired litigation!)

Old maps-as one unravels torn pages-  
could, from the creases, unfold friends and foes;  
while new maps, (third version, updated)  
might warn of conventions,  
deplorable gangs, those storms  
when dispositions explode...

But such maps are not seen...  
So strive for arrival alive. Revise rules to walk quicker.  
Suspend Sundays, the stroll, trips with aunts, (note the latter) .  
Torment's daybreak's marching for health, blisters weeping seep pebbles-  
No tented vacations with rain drenching on patience-.  
Attend to the action that would soon amend travel:  
repent- lend word 'dead' to 'end destinations.'

OR:

When you're racing unsure  
through some strange neighbourhood,  
you won't trace new faces  
the way that one could.  
You're quite isolated, but not due to locations.  
Maps should dot lethal plots,  
unravel intentions, chart cranial travel  
by trails that plodding thoughts walk.

Unfold foes or friends.  
Legend dire intimations.  
Track perilous facts-  
Forego end destinations.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The New View With Each Language

Those Trojans taught a horse to speak.  
(I didn't know that they knew Greek) .

A language learned, that door flung wide,  
then im-plied forces swarm outside.

Glenn Bagshaw



# The No-Light In The Head

When we finish our dance  
our bulk fills the ground,  
and the fear that we own  
is the thought of no- sound,  
the no-light in the head,  
look, no hands, just the doubt  
of sensing anything else.  
The forever non-shopping  
in tomb-sized down-town.

In the pulse of a second  
terrain grins a clay mouth.  
Green summer's dentures  
blend us -  
mincing grinds down.  
But no one ponders  
just getting out-  
who thinks at all once  
messed- up in the ground?

So now as we're living  
be mindful, lip count  
severe shortness of seconds,  
narrow edge of keen now.  
At tired close of the party  
the hand-clapping pounds.  
The music mourns, fading,  
the music slows down,  
and you drift the last dance,  
all turned around.  
Hushed, twisted forever-  
final strangle of sound.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The None That Got Away

We cast our nets in hope upon this stream.  
The fluxing currents drift and shift what's true.  
Tall tales of fish aren't fibs, nor what they seem.  
and look, reflection floats-the fish is you.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Pews That Seem To Sing

Parson's sermon reverbates to bless;  
no one came. An accoustical suces!

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Real Truth For This Time Of Year

With every morning's dawn Jesus just bled  
and again, again to my country aunt  
who loved the pressed, the perfumed, gospel said-  
Church's daily bread-(Preacher's take-out rant  
chewed throughout the day-. Menu stayed the same) .  
Ordeals focussed close. World's wounds she'd conceal,  
as up in air as God- for hidden shame  
unknown caused such griefs and griefs prove sins real.  
Then one morning, sky's Lord bled once more,  
well she couldn't rise like a renewed Christ.  
She was cold and unmoved to what she swore  
went with lilies, more prayers, and blood well-iced.  
Simple so suited my Aunt Vivian.  
Simple's the slam sealing oblivion.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Road Complains, And Then Wishes Us Well

Our pavements pounded, deadly treaded down;  
incessant centipede of feet (those years)  
breaks stones' bones, shoe slopes, heel hones and then tears  
fretted fissures dreaded, grieving skin's own  
street. Trail of travail! Tracks on us crack us.  
Bane's lane! Heels scourge us. Curve-cursed! Wheels wrack us.

We broken roads have spoken when most whole:  
when moved along. Speed seems to drive us free.  
Though cold's the penny, cold the palling toll,  
still dead-ended, block-chopped, curbed are we;  
painfully lane-strained, driven prey, one-way:  
down, down and down. Today, from your driveway  
may you say all's laid paved, and gravel claims  
no turn(traffic-spurned) sprawled untraveled.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Rubiyat

-

Some prophets will proclaim that we proceed  
to crystal realms where our joys revert-  
watch calm composure of cold clay-take heed!  
no dreamed of after-life stirs dirt!

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Seasons

The soil will say, "go spring the new season  
where growth overthrows, all green in treason.  
Life has grounds: unearths dirty reason.

Use, use;  
I must have use.

The free, summer poppies exclaim, "you sky  
had urged us where breeze flies its sigh.  
We'll flush in blooms our hues.. that blue of your eye! "  
Fuse, fuse;  
We want to fuse.

Autumn's crayons demand, "De-nude the land  
as we, shakers-movers strip leaf of command.  
June's long sentenced to death. Sun mules contraband."

Noose, noose;  
You're for the noose.

Old north wind proclaims, " I wither long days  
as I bring up winters. They're loud, hard to raise;  
rescind you by wind. They snowbound all you say.

Lose, lose;  
With me, you'll lose.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Storm In Herrick's Garden

Last night the ladies had alarm:  
their petaled parasols of charm  
were drenched and torn against the fences-  
wretched fate of splendid wenches-  
for each was tossed upon the ground;  
and grieving gardener raked the mound.  
But Spring again teems with rebirth  
and debutantes then scheme from earth-  
designs on sky, pout on hades,  
pretty plots do sprout with ladies!

Glenn Bagshaw



# The Straw Motel Of Christmas

When the infant Christ lay in the manger,  
in the coarse stable upon matted straw,  
kinder animals heeded the stranger-  
the godly baby-and stood in great awe.  
Yet foolish flies bedeviled the creatures,  
living and dying, bugs in blind action,  
living and dying-most mortal features-  
that Jesus spared, by his saving sanction,  
all of mankind by the blood of his life.  
Now men, not wise like horse and donkey,  
swarm all the world in their own buzzing strife;  
thrilled by turds, poor parodies of monkey.  
they will ignore the Christ child, who'll still draw  
shelter in the stable, on strewn, damp straw.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Theory Of The Bigger Bang

(and the Principle of Simplicity)

As speculation delves each star  
reins outer space, makes flung less far,  
we orbit hope: may mind climb free  
on rooftops lofting galaxies!  
astride starlit –shingled canopy!  
May thoughts of brightness bathe nebulae with light-  
sharp beam of reason bear a clear insight!

But what really happens when we delve?  
Mind rides universal carousel  
and bobs confounded around, among  
eternal truths. Circle routes are long..

So blonde-leering pros will formulate  
a singularity, that, minus mate,  
conceived with own forlorn ovation  
all being. Old Primal Fornication,  
last theory midnight's boys debated,  
is now vigorously ejaculated -  
men gripping `scopes, observe: it's dated.

Those libido-lacking will construe  
that barest hypothesis should be true  
And nakedness eschews the lewd..  
But the purest thoughts may still be screwed  
to claim no Bigger Bang—no pre-stellar bed  
ever brought creation to a head.

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Toasting Ghost

As I strolled near the Humber River,  
late at night, the stars hung out.  
Sprawled in sky-high pub they bickered,  
-loitered-liquored- moon-run after-hours club.

The waters in their banks swigged, teeming.  
Yes, swift they flowed, but swifter came  
recoil of pulse that pistoled through me  
as slugs of blood- hit range of veins.

My head was swimming but I, so sober,  
now paced with moonlight, left and right.  
My stride the beer-dry waters mirrored.  
I paused to pose- wet reflection might  
now convince me that was error,  
my dancing-deep mistake that night.

Then keg for casket, rim-full forever,  
Forget this wet one, as you will.  
Drinking water after taverns  
makes the drinker, even sober,  
in excess, brimmed-over ale-ing-  
makes him last-call deathly ill.

Glenn Bagshaw

## The Truth? Add And Divide By Two

Pervasive God just sprawls in size.  
His arms are spiral nebulae.  
His cosmic face is in the light  
of myriad stars-his soul's good night.  
Each feat's a stellar rarity  
still fresh from singularity.  
With God there is no other place.  
God inward moves in godly space.  
So looking up at night to scan;  
next downcast seeing self-quarked man-  
Know God once purely did resist,  
abhorred these vacuums- we persist  
in vile and shallow, sucking days-  
Might God redeem us with death rays!  
The God that has a billion eyes.  
God in forever won't grow wise  
God's lunch, a trillion black-hole stars.  
God's noon, galactic dark just mars.  
The God 'by chance' and not 'be kind'  
leaves us alive. Our God is blind.  
Our luck is that our God is blind.

Counter states:

God's in the smallest things we view;  
a human heart, the small of you,  
in spider's web he hangs his song,  
in waves, the microscopic throng;  
small recalling for- remember? -  
in youth you loved Christ in December;  
brief, jazz-band birds in shrinking light,  
and petty wrongs' slight turn to right.  
We're dust so scant- breeze heirs estates- -  
when one small lock is sprung- flung Gates-  
there, abiding, God's welcome, waits...

Glenn Bagshaw

# The Tsuanmi-Reconsidered

-----

The Divine thumps the poor to painful  
but now killer surf stays lapping tame.  
Yes, the graying mob so tired, so faithful  
can psalm the Glory of His Name.  
So raise your voice to the Love that abides!  
The Bible has written that Jesus saves.  
Yes, bank on the Lord - He won't make waves.

Glenn Bagshaw

## The Word-Avoid The Third

Seeing yourself just third person  
you can't love since you've lost self-song.  
Hard-bound version has no verse in  
seeing yourself just third person.  
How clear, simple, set to worsen  
drifts life, twice removed. It's dead wrong.  
Seeing yourself just third person  
you can't love since you've lost self-song.

Glenn Bagshaw

# They Meet After Many Years

Beneath the burnished genie lamp of moon  
with eyes of sixty watts, some cats now coil.  
They move as flowing currents and night soon  
tells dark truths as sable as their tails. Black soil  
of sky has stars as crops, lunar dusted! .  
'Day-done-at-dark' is just the dullest life  
for noon bluffs- puffed up, blown-up, burst, busted.  
It flares sunshine and flames hell-days of strife.  
Night waits, inked blindness sees so clear, so right!  
Sure, late, the hawks have shrilled the skies to kill,  
Revived; old 'recall' rallies rear-view sight,  
while survive the dreams evenings might fulfill....  
Talk cools and stops in gloom. We drift apart;  
deaden, darken. Frost veils each withered heart.

--

THEY MEET LONG AFTER. COLD EVENING TALK

Beneath the burnished genie lamp of moon  
with eyes of sixty watts, some cats now coil.  
They move as flowing currents and night soon  
tells dark truths and tongues work tails. The black soil  
of sky grows stars: sprayed crops, lunar dusted! .  
'Day-done-at-dark' is just the dullest life!  
Noon bluffs. It's puffed up, blown-up, burst, busted  
to flare sunshine and flame hell-days of strife.  
Night waits, black blindness sees so clear, so right!  
Sure, late, the hawks have shrilled the skies to kill,  
Revived; old 'recall' rallies rear-view sight,  
here survive? dreams, that evenings might fulfill....  
Talk cools and stops in gloom. We fall apart;  
deaden, darken. Frost veils each withered heart.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Thus We Stay...

Praise unswept corners of our lives  
Where no one even wants to spit.  
By unkempt worst, self best survives!  
Praise unswept corners of our lives  
We kick, we thrill and itch like hives;  
the rub? life on the edge can't sit.  
Praise unswept corners of our lives  
Where no one even wants to spit.

Glenn Bagshaw



## Time- The Jerk

The noose that's smoothed by living years of wear  
will see us choked and speechless, hemped in mime,  
Some thugs of Time will trash us, dumped on dare;  
Some lane will hide our murdered mortal prime.  
So we may plea, cry loud some desperate vow,  
profess we'll never turn the culprits in;  
but Time shuns care, mad-wild to prey on now;  
then laughs out loud as dying waits within....  
But when we're old, so old we just can't care,  
Time then seems kind and sleeves the dial of crime;  
He jokes! His gags just kill us, we declare;  
but words, all words seem elegies in rhyme.  
Time springs for tea and thick jam of reprieve,  
gives weak regret- but nudges us to leave.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Time's Up

This clock that chimes the time at noon  
precisely at the stroke will toll.  
Yes, never late nor yet too soon  
this clock that chimes the time at noon.  
To fated dates we're not immune!  
Wear out half hours, spare the whole;  
this clock that chimes the time at noon  
precisely at the stroke will toll.

Glenn Bagshaw

## **Triolet:    Heard On The Corner**

Some gentlemen are so polite,  
they take their pants off, don a blush  
and raise a short regret at night.  
Some gentlemen are so polite.  
I understand-cash backs insight-  
and pent up feelings will just rush.  
Some gentlemen are so polite:  
they take their pants off, don a blush.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet: At Midnight

On strike of midnight, then goodbye  
as shadows thicken what's hidden-  
bends willow weeping, sobbing 'why? '  
On strike of midnight, then goodbye,  
and pin these lungs, brief butterfly  
that sailed in breeze of oxygen.  
On strike of midnight then goodbye.  
as shadows thicken... what's hidden?

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet: It Got Away

-

When going fishing as a child  
the line seemed like a beam of light-  
the woods, my mind, were bramble wild  
when going fishing as a child.  
I cast as far as those exiled  
but boyhood soared, then sank from sight.  
When going fishing as a child  
the line seemed like a beam of light.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet: What She Said At The Corner

Some gentlemen are so polite.  
They take their pants off, don a blush  
and raise a short regret at night.  
Some gentlemen are so polite.  
I understand-cash backs insight-  
a kindly handshake soothes each rush.  
Some gentlemen are so polite.  
They take their pants off, don a blush.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet: An Orphan

Hearing again his name on wind  
he looks to emptiness above  
where sky-hopes rise just like air, thinned.  
Hearing again his name on wind  
this child can't care. Spare him, rescind  
loss, send love, repair despair of  
hearing again his name on wind.  
He looks to emptiness above...

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet: Still Awake

Half to sleep and perhaps I'll die,  
but might I stay in those most dear  
like beer downed? No, more self's worn sigh?  
Half to sleep-and perhaps Ill die...  
Yet in the night who'd hear my cry  
in the Aloneness we all fear?  
Half to sleep and perhaps I'll die,  
but might I stay in those most dear?

the one in the mirror calls you fraud  
and tough dispting one so cute.  
for shocking as some lightning rod  
thw one in the or calls you fraud  
for your chrome

Glenn Bagshaw



## Triolet: Unseen View From The Bar Stool

I

-----

These little voices in me sing  
but I'm so smart, I'm deaf and blind.  
Her flagrant glories -see! they swing!  
These little voices in me sing  
but you observe: I view nothing  
and rambled babble I've declined.  
These little voices in me sing  
but I'm so smart, I'm deaf and blind.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet; What She Said At The Corner

-----  
Some gentlemen are so polite,  
they take their pants off, don a blush  
and raise a short regret at night.  
Some gentlemen are so polite.  
I understand-cash backs insight-  
and pent up feelings will just rush.  
Some gentlemen are so polite:  
they take their pants off, don a blush.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet's Turn For The Worse

I once played doctor claimed the girls.  
They said I had the healing touch.  
Some birds, on mending, swooped clouds' curls.  
I once played doctor claimed the girls.  
Then took, in healing shell-shocked squirrels,  
turn for the nurse- cured squirrels rocked hutch.  
I once played doctor claimed the girls.  
They said I had the healing touch.

### HEALING ANIMAL NEEDS WHEN A BOY

I once played doctor claimed the girls.  
They said I had the healing touch.  
Some birds, on mending, then flew bent twirls.  
I once played doctor claimed the girls.  
and took, in healing shell-shocked squirrels,  
turn for the nurse- cured squirrels rocked hutch.  
I once played doctor claimed the girls.  
They said I had the healing touch.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Triolet-What He Told The Judge

Dad's short temper and his long belt  
made an impression in my youth.  
If "highs" arose, each rose a welt.  
Dad's short temper and his long belt  
supplied all feelings that I felt.  
The truth of life? A striking truth.  
Dad's short temper and his long belt  
made an impression in my youth.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Under Construction

Each separate life means many times one dies  
for ends don't close a one-strand simple thing  
but hive the network of all that apprise  
the cords in us; recorded, we still sing  
until refrain will close in silent pain.  
To browse our photos- once more still as young  
for two seconds and never then again;  
bank's named accounts may save us, though we're hung.

So think of different things that make us up!  
Our lives are pieces, sort of a la carte;  
we're foe and friend, tossed salad, shelled scallop  
or gait, or glove, our tries at doodled art;  
next view that portrait-note her pleading eyes!  
Since you will turn away: again she dies.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Unfulfilled Potential

To describe in chapters our life's fables,  
pen pauses pending, our white pages glare;  
wordless lines cancel Contents in Tables.  
contest content-ment, if you won't write there.  
So skills we own are forever not tried,  
the true non-world; sheer air is all we've won;  
and now we seem most fit to now be tied,  
simply because we are the most un-done.

Often we see how the air has trembled  
half to life when rain might almost appear;  
jailed, failed potential! most far since most near  
and always 'real' arrives disassembled.  
Our deadened eye views the not-sought life.  
Dammed waters are stuck. We're stuck like damn knife.

Glenn Bagshaw

## Villanelle: Put In Our Place

We're just passing thoughts in the mind of God  
as He then turns to issues of concern.  
The universe will burst through our facade.

Deeming us as paragons seems quite odd!  
Both blind bats and hole-haunting moles discern:  
we're just passing thoughts in the mind of God.

Our ambition's shocking, a lightning rod  
that will fork out ruin and inside burn.  
The universe will burst through our façade.

We quarrel and only will sweetly nod  
in sleep. Unconsciousness leaves us less stern.  
We're just passing thoughts in the mind of God.

Our heads flood with ideas, swamped as bog;  
to wade in drools oozing muck on return.  
The universe will burst through our facade.

We're inflated, but if fate's pin may prod  
bubble-self.—air eats skin. Whose left to learn  
we're just passing thoughts in the mind of God?  
The universe will burst through our façade

Glenn Bagshaw

# What She Did While High

A Tale Of Fallin' Virtue

At noon she topped the thin crest of the hill  
and on a spine of rock was trapped at last  
by foes below who spoke of time to kill,  
some easy times for pleasure won't kill fast.  
So here she'd cease, a horrid place to die,  
in burst of slabs and rock-work pitched on slopes.  
High, angel end at almost end of sky  
where suns that rise might crash on free-fall hope.  
But mob's voiced threats bounced stones, a kicking ride;  
their gravity then- dread of sudden fall.  
The gang stayed still-feared tripping tidal slides-  
and she, far up she soared! - all top-star tall.  
Stone silence for a moment, then her yell-  
then roll, that roar, that rocking sea of Hell.

Glenn Bagshaw



# What The Padre Heard In Guatemala

'I told her that I loved her? True!  
But Lord a man must scheme for fun...  
And now the war, what shall I do?  
The spur of life just makes one run! '

'He said he loved me. I loved him.  
The baby's coming in two weeks.  
Life struggles most right at the rim  
and Miguel spilled where blood just leaks.'

'I was born in war some years ago.  
My father dead. We fought to live.  
Dull women help- say 'love', you know-  
Word sends the surge sweet cake can't give! '

Glenn Bagshaw

# When Hot Is Not!

I love her, dearest radiator!  
Warm ribs that sweat sheer nights of bliss! .  
Stay with woman's ways! yes, refer  
To my fond touch with one loud hiss

Glenn Bagshaw

## Where Wolf?

Last night, with blood-thick beer, yes, you were there  
and it was you that flashed your fangs to grin  
when lunar light encased you like some seer  
in bar's own window. Hind leg scratched your chin;  
and you-the howling truth-wolfed pretzels down.  
I left, and, yellow in eye, you followed  
with your own pack-your pack of lies to clown  
that I was human wolf. No one swallowed!  
So pardon me to pass-nice glossy coat  
and praise your voice, pure baritone at night!  
But wolf-in-sheep's clothing is still the goat,  
and hairy tale's moon-mirror- you're the fright.  
Say me? No, you! Be stuck! the silver screw!  
I'm fur-i-ous! Oh no! me? me? No! Yo-uueeewwww!

Glenn Bagshaw

# Why Not To Read About Mind-Body Dualism!

Best leave Descartes upon the shelf  
or else you'll be beside yourself.....

Glenn Bagshaw

## Wild Words

Gone's Anna Lawless and don't you call her.  
Wise turf has tamed her and leashed her holler.  
Quiet's the rule in government of ground.  
All words found riots with Lawless around.

Thought-Poems are best -nicely conceptual.  
Or to re-run to TV- just sit, you're ahead!  
The race 'stays in motion', (revise that!) 'perpetual';  
Your ponies 'try', (fix!) 'strive' hard, full-stride- sexual-  
(strike! just weird or cliché: oats or saddled with said-)  
Then the finish line-ah but my lines were finished when read!  
Tripped, horses froth- a kick, another kick- then they're dead, dead, dead...

Glenn Bagshaw

# Winter Walk

In deep December God shall still respond.  
I saw chain -saw Jesus walk upon a pond.

Glenn Bagshaw

# Words Are Birds- Or A Good Drink

-

The fizzed-out flatness in single words  
has 'tree' with two or three meanings in all;  
but bunch terms up, absurdly, like birds  
that soar to skies where 'rise' is less than 'fall'.  
These flocks of words will then take off and fly  
as they migrate to definitions, each its own-  
Add words and wing the reach in each reply  
as multiplied speech manifests all known.

From my dad's notes from fifty years ago:  
'I see the light now fade from Hampton's farm  
and shadow soaks the oak as you must flow  
as love in me...' Great lines, like cops, disarm.  
Words swell, then verse, bursts on stimulation:  
talk, hiss, tell, pop- cork-out carbonation...

Glenn Bagshaw

# Worlds Rend Worlds

-----  
Worlds rend worlds, and their dust is worlds.  
Creation dies and is born and is never done.  
Miracles don't offer any good reasons;  
and there are echoes that aren't even sound.

Now, as forever, at the no-edge  
of existence, are string-strung diadems  
thrust on celestial emptiness-  
In universal space, beauty is  
(beauty is!) flung across those skies:  
starlight's shimmering celebration quickens night.

Glenn Bagshaw



## Yes, My Poems Finished Last...

Thought-Poems are best - nicely, no-sweat conceptual.  
Or you may re-run to TV- just sit, and be five miles ahead!  
Poems written race to full motion, (REVISE!) 'perpetual';  
These ponies 'try', (FIX!) 'strive', all striding hard, sexual-  
(DELETE! phrase is saddled with kinks, or cliché, long furlongs said)  
The finish line- but my lines, tired lines, were finished when read!  
Tripped, horses froth- a kick, another kick- then they're dead, dead, dead...

Glenn Bagshaw