

Poetry Series

Stan Petrovich
- poems -

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Stan Petrovich(10/27/1950)

Appearing in a mirage, I wandered the Arizona desert for forty years, always alone, always lost. The heat takes its toll on verbs, not adjectives. There are not two ways to approach dehydration; only one, the one with symbols. Petroglyphs in rock show the way to live without presumptuous glory.

Then, tired of the blistering sands, turning to my later years I longed for the sea. The green currents called. So leaving the Gila mirage-maker behind wound my way to Massachusetts, to watch the sea examine what it created, and to die.

20th Century Doings, Part 2

...He explicated a hatred for his fellow man:
That he would wreak a vengeance so great against all
Who who had slighted him,
He would attain great fame and notoriety.

Only one of us walked, or actually stumbled out of those woods that day.

Stan Petrovich

20th Century Doings, Part I

My name is Dmitri Shostakovich-
Maybe you have heard a symphony of mine-
Anyway, a soviet railway designer and I,
Whe were on good terms,
Went into a great wood together
To get drunk on vodka.
The variegated sounds of nature babbled in my ears,
When to my great surprise he said:

Stan Petrovich

A Bad Day

Driving a nail through a finger, Then not able to extract the nail;
Dropping an anvil onto a reinforced-toe boot,
Then hobbling off,
All are bothersome.

Now I have been off liquor, pot, street drugs,
Lots of junk since '72.

But I retain the hubris of tobacco,
And I tried to sneak a cigar
At 3 AM, but I got busted.

There are mistakes lurking at every turn,
And at every turn
I must eat them.

My face is as cratered as the moon
With errors run into squarely.
The only light of day flowing if I do no thing.

Stan Petrovich

A Brief History Of Pain

One cell cringing
in commotion;
Sauropods succumbing
to gravity,
protecting doomed offspring;
The King of all Writers,
fishing in guts for plays,
dying unknown;
Then you, hobnobbing,
howling in torture
for things I cannot
or will not
do.

My shell is cracked;
I am here alone in a world
of grief. But I ply,
for though the pain is overwhelming,
in the end it is brief.
Breaking a plastic pen in two
is too difficult
to separate from the field of pain.
And too neat.

Stan Petrovich

A Chemical Marriage

We were once the torrid lovers,
Don't get me wrong:
Slobbering kisses the afternoon long;
And nightly penetrating like shovels.

But soon enough, too soo enough,
Entered the scourge of alcohol between her lips,
Floating fat and curling cheese around her once-shapely hips.
My reaction was astoundment, and my heart pounded rough.

Tonight with alprazolam coursing through her passed-out form,
I sit & curse my fate;
For I will not don the weight
Of those stupifying pills as any norm.

You see, with me, it all terminated at Kent State, back in '72 or '73;
When we lost our longsuffering position;
The rifles came and shot dead several along with me;
Clearly we had lost our situation.

But my wife's 700 million braindead cells.
All alcohol related,
Turned her into a fuming gel,
That only remains abated.

These newfangled drugs I think do even worse harms;
These newfangled pharmaceuticals boom onto her vacated brain;
Where there was a glimmer of hope has faded again.
I want to send out signal, issue alarms.

But no one believes that such a normal-seeming spouse
Can be engaged in such a zone of harpy-dropping terror;
That any marriage can have its strife,
Without this unseen force bottled on the floor.

Stan Petrovich

A Ghostly Seasound

The Peal of a Distant Foghorn:
I think it is real
Or it the wind blowing into my ear
In some anatomically weird way:
It is a grunt in the air;
It attracts nothing
But warns of New England's rocky presence.
The ship I can discern
The outline of
Is a ghost ship
So it will not photograph...
I will board it one day
And look back at the shore like a stranger
Hearing a foghorn.

Stan Petrovich

A Hurricane Species

A grovelling species
-Origin, Africa-
Swinging long arms
And digging for worms,
Develops,
Filtering off the west coast
As batches of thunderstorms
That grunt pre-words
And fight; then wander
Over the open emptiness.

The heat amasses
And splinters them into groups,
Going separate ways,
Each bearing a different hue.

Then, to the amazement
Of observers, sprawling,
Enlarges to a subcontinental size,
And barges forward,
Trailing as a spiral,
And evolving overnight, almost,
To take lives, kill and eviscerate.

We are this species
With the hurricanes following.
They fear nothing,
Unlike a cape,
As we fear them.
We must, therefore, fear ourselves,
To the ends of the seas.

Stan Petrovich

A Nightmare

The rapid barometric stuttering
of a sudden downpour
vacating the streets
hurling rainbows
overhead:
I fear not.

the amble of a six-gun toting
troublemaker, intoxicated as all get out,
Shouting, 'I smash you head in! '
Him I fear.
The strength of arms
Against such a predator
Shall turn his head inside out;
This I command:
(At least in my mind's eye) ,
And the brunt of my hand
Can shatter his nose
So it goes into his brain.
Then I will dispose of his guns.

Stan Petrovich

A Question

Do your tiny hands
Reveal freeflying thoughts,
Or better, are you intrigued
By the stumbling block dividing naughts?

It s not possible to conceal
An admiration impossibly,
Mathematically, real:
That lore is catlike in ferocity.

Doe-eyed, implacable, studious,
Said being is beautiful of mind;
Milton's honesty, old, then dutiful,
No brokenness can be so kind.

Quaked, then towered, forsaking
Friendship's throne for tears,
A humble dossier is partaking
Of an institution asymbolic of the years.

Stan Petrovich

A Quote

Tristan Tzara, dada's papa,
Wrote that, if one can understand a piece
Of art, it is nothing but the product
Of journalism. I agree in ways piling up,
Wanting art to look good, sound good,
Or fly well; not necessarily be understandable.
I fell into a wishing-well when I was twelve,
And never got rescued.
So I did not marry and become a philosopher
Like Socrates - I am not enamored by young boys, either.
But to become a poet is not
A challenge, but a deep pit of cold mud.

Stan Petrovich

A Sad Bridge In Eastern Europe

In a Slavic city,
Unpronouncable, on a concrete bridge,
Spanning churning gray water,
Smokestacks on the shrore belching yellow fumes.
Peering over an English paper
I saw her and we locked eyes.

She joined me on the bench:
'All alone? ' she asked.
Then we exchanged pleasantries
That soon, so soon, became profound.

Of course it began to rain.
We held hands and trotted off the bridge.
Here she told
me she had to return to work,
Home or boarding-house.
It was predestined, my loneliness, for why else was I here.

Walking the drizzling streets,
Crowded with gray brick buildings,
impossible Complex corners,
I wandered for hours,
Just needing a hand to hold.

Stan Petrovich

A Wooden Scene

Headlights illuminate the tangle of branches
Where nearby you will sleep
They are bony encrusted arms able to choke a horse
You will have to close your eyes sooner or later
And who knows what they will be up to
To be strangled is inappropriate
Especially by a roughhewn cedar
Greygreen now in the headlights
And tantalizing in the wind

Stan Petrovich

Admixture In October

The burymen sit smokng and contemplating
Their new dig. It is a musty morning fog
They rest in. Then as they dig
They hit a hard hand, with curling nails twitching crust.
It is the Beast.
The creature now stands up through the tenuous dirt
And coughs a laugh at them.
No man, I am. I am no man. Its one eye spreads,
Spouting obscenities: he is Polyblasphemus.
The arms entangle the two and rife with horror
Tears them to shreds. Blood flies across the tired moor.
It is All Hollow's Eve. The fortelling was true.
What are gravedigers to do tonight,
Except call in with a vicious cough of their own?

Stan Petrovich

Agreement

Someday there will be all-fire,
Fire enveloping everything;
And also someday there
Will be a consuming chill,
A chill way beyond a sting.

You and I cannot experience
This polarity of fire and ice,
Having reached the Fourth Universe,
Having lived more than twice.

Will we become gods or goldfish, Peering out of the curved bowl, Unable to
fathom what we see?
Even gods can lose their reality.

In any case: a gentleman's agreement.
We shall both turn off the TV,
Cease arguing politics and theology,
Waiting for the fire in our life to vent.

'Peace on Earth' is no acrimony;
Just as Stonehenge is constantly a mystery,
Yet all the time in stature stonily.

Stan Petrovich

Ah! Shoreline

Clownfish, just a wiggle in water...
The plankton is its stamina.
What is the point?
I see the seacumbers hardly alive
And black bacteria wishing to evolve...
The lens of the tank makes me their Escher..
But what of that is understood here?
They are flooded with light that they do not even need:
It is for us to entertain.

Men, sitting in the seashore,
Wonder worried if the theories of evolution
Will bear viable fruit;
And suspect that their wives are being unfaithful.

Stan Petrovich

Ah, Trivial Compensation

Sit in the summer's rare breeze-
Should be a pleasure for a suffering man,
But spies alight from every corner,
From electronic device,
To make an innocent reprise
Into a naughty behavior:
My pants remain,
I do not engage in smalltalk with beautiful strangers:
I fashion lines like these,
To force back the gloomy insolence that lurks
And festers within.

Stan Petrovich

Ah, Twisted Limbs Do Crawl

My headlights seemed dim
When I pulled up to rest near
A tangle of junipers.
Set up camp.
A violent thunderstorm emerged from a wisp of white;
I threw a tarp over an overhanging tree limb;
Whether it was the wind,
The blast of the rain,
The ozone-scuffling lightning nearby
Or my bated brain;
But I saw the tree limb move
Move meaningfully
To shake me off.
I don't want you here, it said.
Stunned in my quarters
I fled to the car and
Looked at the whole tree.
It did have a face, a craggy rig
And favored not the presence of man.
Perhaps next time I'll try an oak or a fig.

Stan Petrovich

Alone

He put the gum in his right
lower pocket, where it belonged;
The Certs in this heat melted, staining his right
upper pocket, a crying shame.
The green stone went in his left
upper pocket along with the key to nothing;
the robin's egg nestled in his left
lower pocket but never hatched.

He crisscrossed the flats between
the two rocky spires and, every day,
wished he had a compass
or to find anything that could control
his life's motion.

But he never found that thing,
except for the head-bones of a cow,
and he could not contrive a place
for them, so he buried them and mourned:
Later on he died alone.

Stan Petrovich

An Eternity Passes

(written in 1965)

i still wait as a tree
waiting for you to pass
under me
i would walk but what
would they do-
they'd cut me in two-
i'd wave at buses and trains
create havoc and fusses
but i'm a wooden being
i don't know how i can see
but i see
and i scream in storms
with these limp roots in the past
-that is where you fit in-
all chagrin
when to told me to GET OUT
is when i came to this place
when i began to sprout

Stan Petrovich

And The Rains Came

After a 100-day drought
Wringing the patience from everybody's pores,
The rain finally enshrouded the concrete city;
Strange hungry plants invaded odd corners,
And tales of woe became tales of defeat.
The cars & trams were uselessly
Bound in a fog that lasted sun to sun;
Peculiar denizens of the forest deep
Fell punctuating from the sky.
An epidemic of ricketts, were it not for
Vitamin D capsules, made way.
Some were not immune.
Posters of bowlegged young men
Sprung everywhere.

Dr. Armundsun invented a tea,
With the extracts of saffron, lavender
And rhinoceros' tear. That worked for a bit,
The he, too, died.

Why was there no sun in the sky?
Because perhaps it had cried itself to sleep,
Had seen what men did daily
And groaned and wept itself away...

Stan Petrovich

Another Dusty Trail

He had walked the desert
For a lifetime; he had pursued trails
Leading nowhere but to buried dreams.
He was at last on the trail of the dead.
The winding last trail he could take.
Every other way was misleading, confusing.
He accepted that he had to suffer,
And suffer greatly,
Because he had worn-out feet.
Without feet he had no trails left.
Except one.

Stan Petrovich

Another Fine Day

Wakened by a nightmare, a recurring nightmare
With mice biting on my toes,
With bats invading and hanging like sucklings on my throat,
I drank orange juice and wrung my hands
Through thinning hair and bushy beard;

The daylight, the crazy daylight,
Brought tears to my eyes,
Because SHE has left me;
She is no longer,
Always so far far away,
And now infinitely gone,
A true and forever shadow on the mantle of infinity

Stan Petrovich

Astonishing

Thinkers are posed with the question, is there a soul? Maybe
They approach an answer through neuroscience:
The synapses are passed on in death
To some universal warehouse;
There, accumulated, they bubble and squeak for many
Worlds to employ,
Recreating different or perhaps identical souls,
Spanning the white light awaiting,
The feeling of Love everywhere,
The joyous occasion when all hearts are one,
And the perfect balance of nature and brain coalesce.

Stan Petrovich

Astounding

Rusted metal in moonlight, orange. Monkeys can't hold it,
So they even are not worth good graces.
But who, friend, is? Motorcycle men towing old ladies,
flipping off those they pass in hatred and self-satisfaction,
Scream to be mocked, for the pomp,
Their absurdity as Camus' absurdity. And today, Whitsunday, meaninglessly, the
tarantulas at the pulpit, experts in raking in dough,
Grab our soulless hearts, tug the strings of their pulpits.
Bankers are select money-grubbers, Who get off when they overfee the poor, so
they can float in heated pools.
Oil concens drain your pockets as you refuel:
You are playing their fool.
And the journey you prolong unto death
Is to make the rich richer;
But bless their bloated suicide rates,
As they sit transfixed by Fox News,
Empty-headed, lily-livered, drunk with deep pockets.
Out for the honor of no one,
Not themselves either,
Because there is direct pay
Dearly in coming
Birth, stillborn,
Conjoined at the pockets with empty holes.

Stan Petrovich

August

August is the longest month
Pouring sweat down the burning eye
Ignoble animals dousing in fetid fens
When I cannot sleep in the heat and humidity
When my skin crawls with imaginary insects
And the hot wind whips all night long

There can be cyclones in those certain alleys
Displacing persons & their homes
While 100,000-foot thunderheads
Pound the pulse and frayed nerves
The nerves needing medicine more than life itself

I have stood still in haboobs
A fool with ominous nerves
Once in my youth seeking shelter
In a old refrigerator box
That shook and withstood the dust pouring outside

It is a poor example to follow
Valley fever lurking in silica parts
Never should one defy a haboob
Engulfing the landscape
And everything decent

Let us put our heads together and seek shelter
From wild weather of all sorts
It is soft to the hardest of hearts
But disastrous to the frayed & betrayed

Stan Petrovich

Barrier

We talked; indeed, we did
And it spelled a kind of doom.
For intimate conversation is the voice of love
And our sort of love is not meant to exist
Apparently.

Quietly, I tried hard to tune out the quantitative noise
Of my contemptuous life;
But, impossible it was.
There are lips drinking from both sides of the purple cup.
I choked to death on mine...
We cannot drink from the same cup any longer,
Except via words-
Words, words, words-
We are in luck because words,
Like their predecessor, touch,
Come in bundles of joy, if we choose.
And we do.

Stan Petrovich

Bearing Arms

Note that those who
Constitutinally (USA) bear arms,
Are those who fantasize using them,
Often with perverted and murderous reason.

I will give hunters, the police and the
Real military, the arms they actually need,
No more than that.
If you wish to kill helpless animals
By inner command or outer command
Then so be it.
But the head of your stuffed prey
Will gather crimson dust
On your dire walls,
As you sit swilling etanol
And expand on terrible tales,
One and all.

The military is chiefly the sword
of religiosity, make no mistake.
A world constituted of pure brotherhood
Is the only hope remaining.
War defines mutated holy books.
And the outcome is the death of a species.

Stan Petrovich

Being Emily

She stomped on my ground
To furrow my heart,
This girl Emily.
Far and far away
With cinnamon hair
And glorious eyes,
She wrote tasty poems
For me and my kind.

Being Emily, however,
Was a curse.
Her husband was a wild-eyed puncher
Who pulled her around by her cinnamon hair,
Pretending to choke her
For the least infraction.
It burns me to distraction:
For Emily is my girl.

Stan Petrovich

Black Overhang

I first saw it in the scolding Senora Desert,
When the bats descended enmasse to pollinate the saguaros,
Flittering over my nighthead, curious as mammals can be,
But posing no threat. I rather welcomed their
Vision of catastrophic gloom.
But the rocky lava overhead pulled in my attention;
It was a place for keeps: a place worthy of return.
I spied the spring, so that meant a dismal man could
Live out his years there.
It smoldered in black poetic;
I would return to it soon and for good.

Stan Petrovich

Blatant Poem

A girl, a horse, a blinding beauty:
How many hands, feet, ankles
Did my roaming limbs do duty?
Further anatomy would surely rankle.

Then, gentle reader, ahead and steady,
In gait, perhaps the same bright girl
Towering over me on her steed,
Waiting for a wilder ride, or a steaming pearl.

Once while sitting, holding hands,
My heart enlarged with beginner's love,
Pumping out hormones, those salient glands,
Showed me where to strive, and what to prove....

Another seamless night in black,
Serenely we made our first kiss
That made me entirely taken aback
From this sorority of that garden of bliss.

Then surely love poured forth
A dull brown place made aghast,
That became insanely big for all its worth,
As I realized what was come in spates.

And I can proclaim that
I have always been in love, a natural fact.

Stan Petrovich

Blue Desert

hillocks molded ancient streams
(we stay on the trail)
at night blue is black
scorpions under the moon are not
i pick up one that curls
and stings me with old words
yelp and holler
the petrified woods ablaze
frozen in the flood of time
down some of those ancient streams
(they are dimly red)
holding clues to new life
and forgotten words

writing was always there
squeezed between flower and rock
and the men who came before us
saw the same hillocks
sharper in their time
touched the same poisons
hollered words forgotten
and dimly wondered about the past

Stan Petrovich

Blue Motel

This is the night I feared most:
Coming at me straight and dirty,
Cringing, smoking next to filmy windows,
Worried if I'm the saddest man, coast-to-coast,
A clown in a cheap brown suit.
No wonder I'm beating a retreat:
She slandered my earnestness with him;
I caught them to the brim
Going at it, so I split.
And my cheap brown suit
Reflects neon blue
On this sordid bed I slouch upon.
Close by but on the far side of town,
Taunted by the moon,
Whose company I will keep, forever,
Soon, so soon.

Stan Petrovich

Boiling Point

I see clouds covering all 'faith':
That God exists is a quandary that Science answers with a NO;
His being is illogical.
If the tornadoes that recently 'saved' several families by a god,
then where was He for the 8 who were abruptly killed
in a violent and indiscriminant way?
It is ALL, as quantum theory states,
merely statistical...

The clouds shine brightly
the moon peeks through a hole
the face grimacing on the moon is no more a supreme being
that what is stupidly called a supreme being
the face is the remaining ancient meteors therefore gods are nothing new
nothing old and nothing coming
except to perhaps wipe out the earth
of its own doing or not doing
I say that love & existence are nothing more
than a chance rendering of certain molecules
in a certain place
never to come again
but to fade into the fading night sky
in the far distant future

Stan Petrovich

Boy Amid A Scattering Of Stones

How could you?
I was waving goodbye in that photo
You were snapping it
A sapling I was
And cried my eyes out when I saw it
Somehow we were actually parting

Then you really left me
And I bent over crushed at coffinside
Really feeling the world firsthand
What the shattered rocks shattered for

Then the stones reached out
Hands to me
Teaching me how to dwell
Safely even in some tumble of rubbish
Like and like can attract
-No matter what the science teacher says-
Everything that can accrete will accrete
My wife and I suffered the rest together
Now we are dying of loneliness

Stan Petrovich

Brain Division

In right-handers, language flows freely;
Guns and arrows are attuned;
It makes for great drivers;
Makes for great divers;
Their flower arrangements
Are beautifully festooned;
Haughty also can they be in their derangements...

In left-handers we accentuate more,
Have grammar under the thumb;
See the horizon and know what's in store;
We can easily act the deaf and the dumb.

I am ambidextrous myself.

Stan Petrovich

Broken Time Machine

Hurled into the future
With stunning energy flowing
All around, he saw the death
Of the Milky Way, eaten
Murkily by the huge Andromeda galaxy.
His sun was gone.
But it was his spacecraft after all.
He roared into a star nursery
Newly forming,
And was engulfed by the dark matter
That broke his control.

Chilled to the bone,
He could not go back again.
He would not describe again.
He might not wish again;
Again he became a blazing star
And recreated life as he had known it
A long long time ago.

Stan Petrovich

Bronze Sea Statue

We resided in the Colossus of Rhodes.
Like for an eternity,
Smelling the iron rust;
Worrying on a daily basis
If the apes of the SunGod would come and
Run us through.
We made plans as we made love
In the sweltering
Labyrinth of the gigantic body.

Finally one day the ground shook,
And even Ptolemy could not affect our future:
Those dread men of the sword spied
Our nakedness on the shore,
And although their life would now be brief,
They attacked us with vigor and vengeance,
Because they thought we were the fallen ones,
Which we were.
Slain contemporaries of the wonder of the world,
Who had no words to speak
Of the subject.

Stan Petrovich

Browbeating The Populace

Throughout history
-Browbeaten populace-
They give us more than we cannot try
Than can,
And have the gall to call it 'freedom'.
Because the fish that will not be preserved
For the room of a reservoir project
(To say nothing of the visuals)
We kick mother earth
And ourselves to boot
Between the teeth.

I say let all
Decide for themselves,
Given time, given a certain inbred love,
Not to disrespect nominal rights,
If they do no harm,
Rights that do not display the love of
Killing, or raping the world.

Stan Petrovich

Bury The Night

sense it coming under the door
the feelers of icy night
running lascivious fingers through short hair
like little winds and breaths
my cranium their catscan
my eyeballs but glowing targets

Stan Petrovich

Can'T Close Ny Eyes

When the floaters float
In the crepuscule of the west
Each a gut quivering,

As toothpicks hold my eyes open
Each is gut madness
Of some day gone by.

And if they pour fear and paranoia
It's a learning experience -
Close your eyes on them,
Ripping out the toothpicks -
But at my skull they grab
And the room fills with them.
The walls visibly close in -
Everything involved in md ken,
y terror -
Like the man descibing (the best example)
Of anxiety in 'The Tell-Tell Heart',
He is my Brother, kin and ken of my own,
On my watch, during my nightly vigil.

Stan Petrovich

Celerity

Why must we go so quickly
When not going can get us so much further?
Simple meditation is the way of the world
If one wants to experience the worlds,
The worlds of common decency & a greater wealth than gold.
Find the place of extraordinary happiness
Perfection
And stay there.
One can be a funambulist of infinite wealth
Brain wealth
If we try.

Stan Petrovich

Celeste

celeste left me hanging
she hung up the phone
we were at odds
changing
she was
a certain woman
certainly a woman
i was a diving man
diving into the vortex
a whirling hole
i was an ugly man
all i did with that silent phone
was cough & sneeze

she wasn't there any more
she might as well be in montana
i just put on music
and cried my best

i'd go up to montana to find her
& stand alone at some railroad spur
the sun burning still in the sky
as my tears again come
hopelessly
pitifully
burning

Stan Petrovich

Chain-Link Fence

It takes a little pull,
But there you have it:
We are entwined,
All gray metal and olive oil;
This must have sufficed for may centuries,
Because it suffices today.
When I lift my right side
Your left raises up;
When I nod my chin,
You say yes yes unto me.

Stan Petrovich

Change

my hair goes from green
to red and yellow
bristling
my fingernails lose their summer sheen
become dull to scrape the cooling
waters
and then again
everything happens in october
i am not man
i am not tree
mineral i am not
i am the ethereal haze
growing sundry around
the straight down sun

Stan Petrovich

Chopsticks For Eating Peyote

Ah! Chopsticks: sign of civilization.
Peyote, psychelicious not.
The scupulously vile-tasting cactus,
Mushy and light green,
Queen of the desert, holding the treasure,
Of incandescent reality,
Of astral projection on earth,
Of extra-sensory projection
That really, like, freaks me out.

Out-of-touch with what is,
One is free to roam the 2
Dimensions of the tracing hand,
The tiger burning bright,
The lunar madness of a single step into the dark.
The crossroads lead nowhere
But to the heart of matter,
An hallucinated suspension bridge,
All-enduring,
Reassembling the brain,
Rendering it whole again.

Stan Petrovich

Clouds By Number

Cloud Nine lived a life of fantasy,
Barely conceding the existence of Cloud Eight,
Who felt jealousy for Cloud Seven's
Silver lining,
Although it was saturnine.
Cloud Six lived a life in a daze,
Dozing in the sun's rays;
While Cloud Five held a bellyful of rain
That it wept onto
The arid plain.
Cloud Four came out of nowhere,
Hugging Cloud Three,
Making way, hurriedly, for Cloud Two,
Who shot lightning and thunder,
And like a magic trick
Became Cloud One.
The Great Funnel Cloud,
Who left nothing after its short reign
But a painful memory and a swollen path to be filled with regrets.

Stan Petrovich

Clownfish

Boneless beasts
Whose life is no more
Than a wobble in the succulence of plankton,
Far below light,
Were mutations struck in a bad moon,
And being prey
Is the purpose of living.
In another sea
Bereft of eyes today
Some early pupfish gather
In glee,
Living for the rain to fall,
Bumping heads with eating teeth;
Wearing a grin to fill the entrails of a killer.

Now we picture the clownfish,
Fashion plate,
Courtesan appendages plentiful
Chasing its shadow under the spray,
While unthinking rocks
Make memorable mists,
Waterspouts over men's heads,
Who silently think on the shore:
Deriving theories of natural selection,
But doubting that their wives are faithful
Or if their brilliant insights can bear viable fruit.

Stan Petrovich

Cochise Stronghold

All things add up to zero.

It matters not if you reside high above the lawless boulders,

Or how happily your days are spent

For now,

Soon they must come:

Officers, Indians, fangs and fungus,

That which tears between the bones.

Little does it mean if you sit cross-legged and naked,

Or use an iron drying pan,

A day spent happily in play

Will at given times turn to venom, and stay.

Then autumn breezes will flow

Right through the thin skin,

A blue breeze, a breeze that says farewell.

The null set is then:

And it is not unpleasant

For a life well-lived;

But a terror-torrent for those who only take

And do not give.

Stan Petrovich

Contrails

With my Navajo friend Johnny,
Sitting on a dune of red sand
In Monument Valley, Utah,
And partaking in a little cotraband
Whiskey, we gazed up high,
Squinting in the air toward the sun
Where there was the vapor trail
Of a jumbo jet.

'Where are all those people
'Havin' to go? ' he asked.
'Packed up like those fishies,
Those, um, sardines in a can.'
Told him I did not know.
We rolled cigarettes
And enjoyed being landbound,
Down in the dumps,
Not double-daring gravity
And the jackrabbit horizon.

Stan Petrovich

Corona

Bioluminous, two ships adrift
Passing in the night
Under the southern light
Aurora Australis
Becoming unmoved and unknowingly
Evolved
Like the supercluster of galaxies
In which they merge
A tingle, an urge
To gaze upward and glow into
One another's maze of faces.
It takes one simple touch to guide them.

Stan Petrovich

Criminal Justice

My brother and I were falsely
Convicted for the rape and slaughter
Of a 13-year-old girl; but we weren't
There: we were shooting pool.
Because the police knew we held
No patriotic glee, they assumed too much,
And us they prosecuted.
Years of justice blind, dead-brained
Words striving to become lofty and eternal,
And eyewitnesses without wit,
Put us in the penitentiary.

Then, after twenty-two years,
The DNA surfacing like a submarine,
Cleared our names. They let us go
With a heartfelt apology.

But one learns a thing or two in prison:
Now, on foggy mornings, during school days,
Look yonder into the haze-
And feel the disturbed gut
Hovering at the very end
Of the playground breached.

Stan Petrovich

Dada

monkey see monkey do
monkey see monkey doodoo
dadoo doodoo
fuss the monkey hair
monkey fuss you
lala monkey fuss you
no-time monkeys
in-time monkeys
6 monkeys up a tree
throwing figs at whirligigs
no more time for monkeys
time for sergeants
in monkey suits
time for sergeants
in gorilla suits
a moment in time
gorilla gorilla
picking skin thru hair
till the skin be laid bare
and the gorilla suit comes clear
you see you do
gorilla suit on you
youyou youyou
time throw fire
on you

Stan Petrovich

Dead Of The Day

The palo verde bugs screeching
In some unseen green tree
Near a dry wash
The heat simmers the air at 112 degrees
Sand hovers in a man's shoes
And his death looms like the little
Green worm crawling up his bare leg

Stan Petrovich

Deep Canyon Tree

He had to climb out from
The blue canyon, a boulder
Chained to one leg,
As a communion or penance,
Into the ponderosas above.
But a thunderstorm evolved,
And screeching charges surrounded him.
And the empty spaces glowed.
He found his way out, now bleeding profusely
From the strangling chain,
And fell under old man juniper,
(South of the hiway) , who was very wise,
And spoke to him comfortingly:
'Do not fear death, young man,
For anything that lives faces its ending.'
'I fear the storm, ' he answered.
'Then shelter under my gray-green foliage,
And my somber berries shall protect you. Rub them into your wounds.'
The young man huddled,
Later finished his labor,
Took to the hiway,
And revisited the old man
Every summer for the rest of his brief life.
When he died he became a baby of the tree's.

Stan Petrovich

Deep In The Forest

I took the overgrown trail
leading down to black water,
but I did not know what to do;
I am no woodsman;
don't know cucumbers from henbane;
but I ate some berries anyway
and ulcers formed in my mouth.
Nature is supposed to be a horn of plenty:
it is also a horn of disaster,
as I lay curled in pain and convulsing.
From this point on, should I survive,
I will stick to the dunes, and carry distilled water
and granola bars. The deep woods are frantic
with divebombing insects all wishing to sting one;
and lizards big enough to chase you down,
inflicting a bite that festers over days,
so when they find you crawling with disease
they eat you.
I, by rote, am now a city-dweller,
although, mind you, the dunes of the clean desert
call: at least there one can see the snakes ahead of time...

Stan Petrovich

Deep Isolation Of The Shuttered Eye

the sea is deeply isolated:
as its overlord, landlord,
earthen constraint
stands in charge over it.,

seeking its own level,
unlike the land,
it is pushy for food
on an horizontal basis
primarily, but
with exception.

a dog is thrown into the sea;
maybe shipwrecked sailors as well,
out of element
they usually drown,
get eaten by sharks;
but what say there is
a vault of salinity
so great it solves
death in slices.

a marshy layer
the souls awake into;
demeter thrusting her crowned head
into hades
and returning unscathed;
why not so now,
if it was done then,
done well enough for homer & others to
sing it down to us

for lively discussion
because in the absence of land
we deeply isolate our imagination
in the churn of the sea.

we see the sea
as the back of our heads.

Stan Petrovich

Dig This! !

The End of the World

Quite unexpectedly, as Vasserot
The armless ambidextrian was lighting
A match between his great and second toe,
And Ralph the lion was engaged in biting
The neck of Madame Sossman while the drum
Pointed, and Teeny was about to cough
In waltz-time swinging Jocko by the thumb
Quite unexpectedly to top blew off:

And there, there overhead, there, there hung over
Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,
There in the starless dark, the poise, the hover,
There with vast wings across the cancelled skies,
There in the sudden blackness the black pall
Of nothing, nothing, nothing - nothing at all.

Archibald MacLeish

Submitted: Friday, January 03,2003

The World Is Not Ending - Only My Love

The time has come & gone:
The new age....
The aliens are not here, as I expected;
At least to my knowledge....
I wanted so badly to be carried off into
The Pleiades, for 40 years and more,
Today. But that's not going to happen;
Only pain and coming loveless death await,
I have lost the ability to love or hate:
It is the 4th Age, now.

Dire Azure

The small bottle exploded
in her tiny hands
and the infamous powder
covered her face
making it look like some sad
caricature of clown makeup.

I nearly laughed but caught myself,
like stopping suddenly in mid-windup,
when one can become seriously injured.
Go slowly when going fast,
or peer into the sky
and give thanks that muscles are sly.

Let no man instruct
a fellow on how quickly to act,
because there are volumes of times
when going nowhere gets you
there faster than rushing off.

Some undersea creatures mimic
their dire azure ceiling, stringent
in behavior to act like another thing,
another being.
Mimicry is also the call of cancer,
whose duty saws off neighbor cells
in order to replace their own fetid guts,
like growing molds, fungi, smuts and rusts.

So, in the end, my mother got cancer.
It must have been vile azure's answer.

Stan Petrovich

Dismal Days

All I know is this:

I am the front guard of the glorious country of my birth,
And over mossy berms grow riots in gourds;
I have forgotten the pleasures of mirth,
Having been on my steed,
Going back and forth along the Ill-defined border, many years;
And I have no inkling of freedom,
Only a gatherer of firewood,
Animal skin hoarder.

The fen freezes from December to April,
Then stinks all the summer long.
One day I came across some trackers,
Who hailed me at a distance,
Asking what border I guarded,
My lance pointed at them.
'Pray you, good sirs, heed my warning! '
But they informed me that my Kingdom was now defunct,
An old dream, an empty path.
Lowering my weapon then, weeping,
Pouring tears through my meaningless laugh.

Stan Petrovich

Dog Days

August the Teenth, and hot;
Runs the riot of the rot.
In these septic days of summer
Sounds begin to simmer
And the tidal pools pour over.

Those curs, those mocking frogs,
Leap from beach to logs.
They scare away the sheep
& take away my sleep.
The sand begins to catch fire.

Fire is a hunter.
It is bound and out for Winter,
But going nowhere.
Canis Major stops and stares
Into the sticky sun's glare.

Stan Petrovich

Down With Black Friday

Donate, do not spend, your hard-earned dollars.
There is a line of double-helixed beings,
Humans to boot,
Who have not heard of this wretched Black Friday,
Who have nothing to spend,
Who suffer the daily routine of grief & starvation,
The false promises of the ministers,
While Americans, with their toy cars and noise-polluting motorcycles,
Wile away the day looking for more junk to ruin the atmosphere...

Give to those in need.
Empty your alligator wallets into the hands of the needy;
This is what religion ought to encompass,
Not salvation from sins-
You'll never expel those-
But gratitude for the other forms of life,
From the bears to the birds,
From the entangled starved bellies of the African children,
Who live in the grime and dust and dirty water,
To the hole in your 'free' American heart;
Spend nothing; give all...

Stan Petrovich

Dzit Bizhi Adini, I

[In the Navajo Language the title is 'Mountain with no name.']

Part 1

Let us go, you and I,
To the Henry Mountains,
Way up high, tracking bison
At 10,000 feet; purebred bison,
That can hear our bare feet, and scatter.
No one to alarm us,
Since love has been breeding
Like the bison over the continent.
But I have to ask whether I love you:
If you are a calyx I do;
If you are but a shankshaft I don't know; if you are a morel who's to say.
And what if we happen to intertwine,
High on sunlit limestone porches, in those
Nameless Mountains.
Would the bison be
Aware?

Stan Petrovich

Eating Rattlesnake At Tortilla Flat

"It will taste just like chicken, ' the waitress said.
I poked at it a bit,
I did not finger-lick it,
I did not think of Cather or Steinbeck,
I thought of The Colonel instead,
Coughing out a laugh.
They gave me the rattle I no longer needed.
My father asked what
The matter was.

Stan Petrovich

Endgame

So I walked instead of driving
To the harrowing beach;
The seagulls were thriving
But I avoided each.

Now came the hard part:
I waded into the sand at high tide,
The winds were high and rain began to start;
Being lonely made me miles apart;

One black knight spotted me
And charged;
He was easy to see
Since it was not very dark.

A bone in the throat
Like swimming a moat
He splashed into the water green
It was the most frightful thing I had ever seen.

To dodge him I went for a duck
Practically drowning myself
In the watery muck;
I stayed on a rocky shelf.

Oh I have seen things before
That would make your hair stand up;
It was the legend of Lenore;
But I am not that tough.

Now a great wave amassed
And threw me off the sheltering shelf;
The black knight was now here
With no intention to pass.

My whole life turned as if on a plate:
The secrets, the lies, the triumphs,
The enjoyment, the betrayals, the mishaps:
He had me now:

Checkmate.

Stan Petrovich

Enough - Or Too Much -Wm Blake

Will it be uncouth
To be the wind,
Drinking from a fountain of youth-
Or is the sere service
Attire of old age
Respectable in more
Than one way-

With an eternity of
Clanging, cloying, noisy life,
There envelops no reduction
In strife, when the two
Entwine.

To life forever, then,
Is to be drudgery's
Forebearer:
The riling summer's heat,
Breathless winter's dearth,
Must be one with death
Or always the twain unsweet.

Stan Petrovich

Equinoctial Chant

A.

Even, neve
Neverending summer calms
At costs. The beads of sweat
Dripping off my nose, and the mulberry
Leaves riot in primary
Colors, along with their brothers-
The cottonwoods of the West,
Our maples flapping in the breeze,
Vinegar elms, poison oak,
And my friend the hophornbeam.
Burning bright.

But the Tyger never drops
Her ornamentation, never gives
Counsel to her shadow
Steeped directly to the east or west
At twilight time. We do.
We do.

We are the ones
Who walked into the night
And paid heed to the alignment
Of stars and the grandeur
Of the mountainous steeps, boulders
Flowing, in autumn,
In a riot of color.

B.

The evergreen
Stands too proud
To change.
Is pride wisdom?
Hardly.
Is wisdom
Constancy?
Yes; to them those
Neighbors are partying animals,

Drunks of the woods.
Adverse to noise
Are the wise;
But distended in color
For though is prismatic in nature:
There can be no black of night,
Only the hammering home
Of raw color.

Stan Petrovich

Everlasting Desire

Take this bejeweled cup of poison
And quickly drink it;
Otherwise I might kiss you, dear.
And THAT is poison
Beyond my control.

Your long body smells of lavender
That I adore and revel in.
Above the arches of our foliage-laden bed
Dew drips, and I hold out my tongue to catch a drop.
But all I get is your supple neck,
Shapely and tinged with vanilla and coffee.

If I were to bite your neck
All the poisons of the Dark Ages
Would course through your arteries
And find a home in your saddened heart.
We do not want that.
It is best now,
Far better,
That you drink from this bejeweled cup I'm offering,
While you still have a chance in hell.

Stan Petrovich

'Every Thought Fills Eternity'

My cloying succubus drives me
Mad, cursing the world I have made,
That world of seemingly endless woe
And pain. The bodlerized gemstones
Are nowhere to be cuddled.
If I could have love instead
I could light the ornamental dunes of my demons
And call it a day:
A deeply peach-oriented day,
Dizzying fragrance and soothing nerves-
But instead here I stay-
Cursing myself, cursing you and your playthings,
Cursing the high crescent moon
And the infinitesimal stars
That shine in a myriad of colors,
Deserving love eternal,
Love eteranl I cannot supply.

Stan Petrovich

Everything Hurts

My compendium of complaints
Offers no compliance
To modern medicine. These
Doctors are merely puppets for
Big Brother.
None other - I listen medical lies
Like I listen to radio ads,
Suffering, hearing them muttering
Words they're supposed to say.
And they also conspire
With the insurance industry,
To do more tests than necessary.
Strindberg wrote that necessity
Knows no rules;
But when it boils down to fools,
I give no nod to that.
I just put on my hat,
Drive off in my Jeep,
And withstand the pain
Without salve,
As I always have.

Stan Petrovich

Everything Is Okay If You Think First

Ponder this:

The world is round, like an apple

(Or pear really, the tug of the oblong poles doing the disfiguration) :

My life is worth what I understand;

Comedy is life in a handstand;

I'd rather laugh than cry,

But the world makes me sigh;

Roads that go nowhere are the best roads to follow;

Motels are always shallow,

But I like them;

There I am usually grim, satisfyingly grim.

Roads that take me to a demeaning job

Are scary as the Blob.

There are too many children on earth;

I like them so I give them a wide berth,

Forgive them but not their parents

Whose task of teaching morality is not apparent.

The older ones go on sprees,

Weaning the patience of people like me.

Screamers with long arms like primates

Chocolate-smearred faces in all climates,

I get tired of, but can't rid the world of;

Teach them to read, for gosh sake,

Not immortalize TV & games that are fake.

I would rate everything MA if I could;

But even adults can be stupid as wood.

Stan Petrovich

Exiled

They wouldn't tell me the island's name,
Just a shame I had to go.
No people were there, normally, only a boatload of hardy tourists,
Who may or may not have heard of me,
When for lack of anything better to do,
I inhabited a tree,
Making a gnarly disgruntled visage out of a broken branch,
And then blowing loud farting sounds their way,
As I watched them playfully look at one another and laugh.
But that got old fast:
I am never going to be a tree,
Not going to feel the air as they claim they do,
Or revel in the peal of thunderstorms,
As I watch envious and wait.
Soon the Emperor will call me back,
Probably to make an assassin out of me,
Like the time before;
It would be far better to get exiled
Than to see the final draw of the sword.

Stan Petrovich

Eye See You

I am thunder in the heart:

When I dive, I dive

Fiercely to grab the fieldmouse with talons sharper

As a surgeon's steel. I am the doctor

Of the forest, arresting its invading organisms;

Making them my own.

Eye see you as a man, nothing special in that.

You cannot give into the prehistory of my eyes

Without going mad with deafness

Stan Petrovich

Eyes & Voices

I

The two eyes emanate rays,
Thought a Greek philosopher,
Who also smelled the Minotaur,
Stinking as he watched an outdoor play.

While the Chorus chanted
And the audience cringed,
Oedipus put out his eyes. singed,
As the meaning was being ranted.

'Mother, may I? ' the theme evolved,
To suggest a thing or two,
Such as the motherly master glue,
And symphonically the cringe devolved.

II

In the desert, my protagonist focused,
The searing heat boiling his head,
Until of dehydration he was dead,
A victim of chance, showing his corpse to us.

As well, it showed many moons in the sky,
A gas giant planet churning up storms,
Like the eyes of hurricanes were simply the norms,
And the crystal engine was voicing on high,

How there was a ringing in the sky!
Inhuman but projected by man,
Where birds & beasts never fly,
Until it took Galileo to wonder why.

Stan Petrovich

Fable

A mad scientist made a time machine. He put his hague of a wife into it.

A young, quite beautiful girl

Approached him at a restaurant in a few days:

It was she.

They no longer shared the memory of what they had become:

Battlers, brawlers, beaters,

Drunks and felons.

He also included in the machine some love-letters.

They returned as poised and perfect as Shakesperian sonnets;

And she was so charmed by them

When he showed them to her,

That she blushed and, kissing him passionately, never stopped.

The entire course of their future was then fixed.

Stan Petrovich

Family Feuds

Wilson, Wickford and Dunne
Were gunslingers and lawmen
With a remarkable thing in common:
They all had half-brothers they needed to kill.

They rode the Jornada del Muerto
In New Mexico, shooting rattlers
And drinking bad coffee,
And smoking black Mexican cigars,
And looking up at the shooting stars.

Hugh Wilson found Jeb in Santa Fe,
And shot him in the back of the head.
Nick Wickford crossed paths with Samuel
At some godforsaken trading post,
And blew out his heart.
Ryan Dunne caught Slocum Bickford watering his horse,
And shot him from a distance (of sorts) .

Now the three were wanted dead or alive,
And it seemed for a time that they thrived.
But squabbles perked up their rides,
One would complain to the other,
And all three would hide.
Then in El Paso it came to a head:
In a fury of dust they shot each other dead.

In an inquiry into the gang,
A newspaper man gathered evidence
As to why the gang went on the spree.
Each, he discovered, had had his ego punctured
By their dastardly half-brothers,
For simply having the same harlot of a mother.

Stan Petrovich

Faraway And So Near

Don't know how you're receiving this;
I not writing it down.
You see, I'm dead.
Killed slung as a tree stamped me out,40 miles per hour;

Solids are aglow,
And my haze is a timeless rhyme.

Usually I walk through walls, and even appear to a few sensitive folks;
Some days are foggier than the rest,
And I cannot concentrate:
For some reason I'm still in full ski gear (cumbersome) ,
But no longer is the snow cold, at all.

I stumble into an unfamiliar room; it is you I feel;
You don't have the means to turn and look at me:
It's the back of your neck I see...
And lightly begin to touch it.

Stan Petrovich

Farewell

the city is sinking - i have measured it
it is on its last legs - though i treasured it
you few who stood agape & rebelling
you may now find a new city where one had been sitting

only i implore you look for the higher ground
because if words are rendered that does not make them sound

you must draw from the greats that preceded you
otherwise you will dish out a pedestrian stew
no one alive - poet or lumberjack - can stop learning
bent as he or she may be the midnight oil burning
words or axes must be sharpened with time
to fell a great tree or snare the perfect rhyme

as for me, i am going abroad
i am leaving the groups with one final prod
it will be so much for the better i presume
to find likeminded poets who give spacious room
we will accommodate
we shall never hate
they will accept my rationality
as well my nationality

though actually given the planet of my birth
i am not of one nation
only of the earth
and that counts the most

Stan Petrovich

Fear Of Goldilocks

Say we are food, like porridge;
Say our lands cuddle buns like chairs;
And hold a body or more as comfortably as a well-made bed.

Then if Goldilocks comes here
From a doomed planet afar,
To secure a new home,
We might be the fit-in-a-trillion,
And here she (they) might sit
And decide to stay.
Fear her today.

Stan Petrovich

Fog

All is still-
The trees across the park
Hang silent in the fog;
My mind is also quiet
And lurks in my back pocket, as I sit
Covemplative on a white slower chair.
The stars are up there, but
Cannot, of course, be seen.
It is the finest night
There has ever been.

Across the street now
A lonely couple walks by,
Hand-in-hand,
In the humid drip
Of the eaves of common condensation.
I hear no conversation,
Only their whisperings,
Of which I used to be familiar.
And even my own verbal thoughts
Remain silent as a leaf.

Stan Petrovich

For My Age

Now that my leaves, my hair,
Have all fallen down, I stand apart;
'Where it's at' turns my despair
Into a whimper; 'Where is it, ' I empart.
All the loves of my life,
The young giddy girls, the middle girls,
The women trailing strife
All whirlpool together in a foaming mass.
Everywhere I have touched has turned into whorls.

Becoming forgetful and siddled
With Asperger or something akin,
The stars are unriddled,
And I don't even brook the sins
Of a criminal father
And a mother who flew to the grave;
I should perhaps bother
To rant and to rave;
But rather stay hidden
From storms in my cave.

I have reverted to a cavedwelling ape
And plead with nature
To turn, turn away
Ans somewhere else gape.

Stan Petrovich

For One

Would good graces allow
My stiff head to bend, and
Windward, though blowing less hard,
Among the crags and sharpened stones,
I would turn about from this:
Feckless course, and gainsay
Something far less tedious than
Adultery.

I would bear tumult,
And some strife in seeking current,
Making it so.

You are not apt to know.
But you might intuit my harsh stormcloud
Approaching in the dead of thought:
I will have to fill you with words,
Rather than the brownian energy of avatars
In the smiling sun's disk.

Stan Petrovich

Free No More

It has descended;
the madness has become that
parasol on a hit of white ants
I have forever dreaded.
In grandiosity I am pleased
to ride out the night,
now a wizard in white,
now a placated being
with nowhere else to roam,
since I have been everywhere;
and everywhere having gone,
I am chained to a sofa that cries,
its belly distended.
I cannot sing to you, having
sung to the crickets their songs.

Stan Petrovich

Freefall

the bouncing
of garbage
in a too-warm wind
slave of the street
i collect it
it is ugly either way
boxes bottles plastic bags

Stan Petrovich

Freemasonry

All this trash

Like Dan B. spews,

And engulfs so many wasted hours, is best described by a simple entry in Webster:

'The act or habit of arrogating, or making undue claims in an overbearing manner; that species of pride which consists in exorbitant claims of rank, dignity, estimation, or power, or which exalts the worth or importance of the person to an undue degree; proud contempt of others; lordliness; haughtiness; self-assumption; presumption. Closely related to the act of arrogating.'

It is on the dollar bill.

Stan Petrovich

Fright Of Birds - Independence Day

Because I love my country for its deep breadth,
First for the freedom of religion
(Or irreligion) and, in my case, the freedom of expression
And speech, I am harmed by those who in the majority
Take advantage,
Doing more harm than good.

The fireworks come at dusk,
For winged creatures, unexpectedly,
For a captive populace, ceremoniously;
Then come the tunes of glory,
Praising Land that is really only drawn borders,
As if somehow inevitable,
In both stature and in worship,
Primal falsehoods enduring.

The climax comes around ten-
Thousands of birds in terror,
Moving from trees to other trees,
Trembling on the watch of the parade of our feet,
Only for a now-meaningless English defeat.

Stan Petrovich

Funnyman In The Morning

As the dew settled
And I lay reaped with sadness
After another lousy day of distressed spiralling
And burst hopes;
I settled in my vile bed,
Then deciding to raise my weary head,
I remoted the TV.

A fellow of comedic standing
Was delivering dirty jokes
Hidden between the lines
Like Swift or Milton or Shakespeare,
Who all fell into hefty humour
When it came to the jokes
About VD, farting or holding a poop,
Uncontrollably.

My mood quickly abridged,
And, sitting up, I smiled
For the first time in weeks;
I was laughing well enough
As I wondered why the formerly suppressed,
The Hebrews, Blacks, the Native Americans
Were so damned funny,
While listening to this African-American,
His audience bending over in an almost hurtful
Embrace of delight.

By the time he had finished and the theater went dim,
Twilight was evolving out mt windows.
This day
This day
I will not hate or sob anymore.

Stan Petrovich

Galaxies

Averting my vision
I can see the smudge
Of a billion or more suns,
Many light years away.

They have telescopes as well, I think,
And I might blush in this torpid state;
For I am an ant-
They have fortresses of clarity.

The night moves on,
So I swing to another galaxy.
This one is in collision-
What suffering there must be.

If I stare into the blank regions
Of space, calmly in tune,
The chirping of earth-life all around,
I will only see the back of my head.

Stan Petrovich

Ghost Image

You have delivered tectonic shifts
To me-
Wirelessly;
You have gagged & bound me in this box,
Chasing me-
Runaway fox.
Your simple photograph
Set me free,
Such a commonplace simplicity.
But, oh, with you, girl,
It was different.
I could curl your hair
Between my fingers,
Although it was not there;
And that sly smile
Dangling behind your eyes
Gave glory to the dawn.
There was the aura, too,
The aura hovering about you.
I did not know any more about
What was real and what was representation.
This could not be love,
So must it be infatuation?

Stan Petrovich

Girl

In constant fear
For your snaking thought
Rounding my selfish and prone position
Fishes of contact
Undisturbed by the cloudy waters
I am stuck
Wishing against farewells
Because for that I am a most tired advocate
Der Abschied
The farewell
After which there is no other.

Stan Petrovich

Gladiator Carmine

Red river exploding round the boats,
As red as the sunset expanding,
Or the blowhole of a dying dolphin,
The sanguine across my porch,
When I am inside and wounded,
Sick unto death
Of the dreariness of pallid color;
And red is the pounding of my forlorn heart-
Stay away!
Come near to me and I promise I shall make you red
As well.

As the audience gapes upon the flourish
Of a swordfight,
Where the pure white snow will never fall
Upon the frozen beard of the antihero
And, more than all,
I will not drop down ever again,
Because of the yearning for freedom from
Red.

Stan Petrovich

Great Pyramid At Giza

First, I can only think
Of the work, the strain, the backs, the bricks;
But the Egyptians had good medicine,
And it kept the workers going.

Khufu's memory was completely
Looted. Strabo himself called
Attention to it,
Prior to the Arab caliph's arrival.

Where is that gold now?
On your finger,
In your teeth?
And is gold always defiled, like it seems?
The curse of the mummies
Follows us as shadows,
For nations are also built with gold;
And the dust of gold with nations.

Stan Petrovich

Greed, The Common Factor

All that you clutch
You will lose:
You have to.
All that you think you own
Is not yours:
It must be lost
For it is a mere vision.
And then your hurt
-Yours-
Is real, is it not?
No decision.

Stan Petrovich

Grovel

There, on the beach,
I grovel to the tune of the universe;
Night is just a cluster of woe,
'No more sailing' for me;
I want you in my arms
On the nightbeach,
Out of the city's reach
Out of the tune of men
The contraptions of metal and mental,
As we wait & wait for the tide
To carry us back to the infinitely deemed
Shores of pure love;
Over there where the rocks choke up the flow
And spray deliciously curved waves
I want nothing more than to stroke your wet hair
And to beach my heartache forevermore.

Stan Petrovich

Guilty But Beyond Evil

In the foregoing month
I have committed atrocities (some might think)
With mere words.
Hellenists would have me exiled,
Which I might even like;
And I would be proven to be in league with the devil,
At Salem, where that would be ridiculous.
I said that God had no hands,
Therefore could make not a thing;
That's the way it is for me,
And an author can only say what he or she thinks is true,
Or they lie too.

Stan Petrovich

Gunnery Range Camping

It was illegal, but I and a buddy
Made camp on a gunnery range in Yuma County, in May
Of a certain year, when it was Already 115 degrees F., and,
At sunset, over the backdropp of some unnamed butte,
I watched a vulture carrying a snake in its talons,
High in flight.
That day, hiking alone to the south,
I stopped to take a drink from my canteen,
And looking up, locked eyes with a mountain lion.
She was watching me from atop a rocky ridge,
Only about twenty-five feet above,
And was indifferent.
The night was indifferent as well,
As we drank strong drink
And listened to an AM radio broadcast of a basketball game
From Phoenix far away. The Suns lost.
Insects divebombed into our cups and Stevie Wonder music played.
I had aligned the truck-bed with candles,
As I had previously aligned a cleft
In the scorpion-infested badlands of Anza-Borregga.
The Suns lost that one, too.

Stan Petrovich

Harbor

Where dawn drains the sucking clouds
In agony for the russet rocks
Colliding on the beach below,
The undersea's ironic calm
Teems with the energy of heat,
primitive teeth aiming straight and true,
Unlike the wildly random lightning flashing above,
The tortoise not in love
With the seasnake;
The electric eel discharging on barnacles,
Particles of wind-driven rain
In the face of yellow-suited sailors,
Who shout and steer as if they were born there,
High-tide creatures of the sunken wave.

Stan Petrovich

Haunting Thoreau

He was burly, thick of thigh,
And could construct
Meeting costcutting demands.
More, he could write like the devil,
Accounting the country.
And he had a Pond.

But I have a shack
And a rivulet fresh,
Only lemongrass extract
-(I smell like a grove) -
Deer are out there, and one bear
At least.
I have my music playing on Mp3.
Ravel: how did he come up with that?

Still Thoreau haunts the woods to the south.
Maybe all the woods of the world.
He can write evenly and quickly.

Stan Petrovich

Heavy Pup

They sang it was so
Even without words,
That Malakui, the Brightest One,
Had a pup conjoined.
We celebrated for many years.

We worshiped the oscillating stars
And their constant cousins,
Granfather Moon,
The Blood Star and the
Roving Lion Pair.

I, Himantiab, was the man
In the jungle moving,
Who first the little ones observed.
In my loincloth they laid hands upon my shoulders,
Brought me down to my knees,
And when feeling my face and lips
I first heard their song without words,
Their song of lights in the newborn gaseous sky.

Some came from far North,
A group of Whites,
And they wanted to know
How we knew of the Heavy Pup.
We kept the secret of those
Who sang without words.
So they gave us the wrong name,
The Unnaming Tribe, or some such,
Not Dogon,
And we laughed around
The fires of eternity.

Stan Petrovich

Heracles

He was a massive storm:

He was never meant for the norm;

His missions were simple:

Slay the Nemean Lion. Slay the nine-headed Lernaean Hydra. Capture the Golden Hind of Artemis. Capture the Erymanthian Boar. Clean the Augean stables in a single day. Slay the Stymphalian Birds. Capture the Cretan Bull. Steal the Mares of Diomedes. Obtain the girdle of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. Obtain the cattle of the monster Geryon. Steal the apples of the Hesperides (He had the help of Atlas to pick them after Hercules had slain Ladon) . Capture and bring back Cerberus. (from Wikipedia)

But he ate the lion's gizzard;

He was quite the blizzard;

I was able to fight him,

But, oh, how I lost:

Into the frozen waters tossed.

Never again will I fight

Either hero or god:

They ground me under their iron-clad boots

Like sod.

Smitten with woe I beheld their glory undecided;

Hercules had won, had won uninvited.

Heracles was another name for him, at times, like Euripedes used

Instead, cloying, a forgotten muse;

All in the universe came together fused,

When I met him

It was not an occasional whim.

He towered

His eyes glowered.

Our hatred for each other flowered.

But hate only leads to defeat;

I lost, being the more hateful one, replete.

Those rocks on the shore were my watery grave;

Whose luck was a thing I will never stave.

Let us celebrate the coming of my death

As a thing happily brave.

Stan Petrovich

He-Was-Clever

Ominous clouds enveloped his pate;
Social graces have just met their mate.
He was wet & homosexual;
Outstanding were his shirtless pectorals.
Not a limp-wristed gay guy;
Instead of a man of steel who, if need be, could fly!
I met him once at a party for the King;
His presence meant a great many things:
A world's most interesting man for sure:
He could drink beer and make it golden pure;
He could drink wine and make it old;
Whiskey sitting in front of him would automatically turn royal bold.
Woman were a magnet to him:
They always wanted to go with him to the gym;
They did not understand, but for all his advances,
It was Jim behind the bar that interested him with glances;
The two could have such a special time!
He ordered a Dos Equis with a wedge of lime...
And winked to everybody else in good time.

Stan Petrovich

Hit By Lightning

Needless to say
It came in a flash.
My feet took the brunt;
My hair caught fire;
My heart came up my throat.
I gained the wisdom of Socrates
And the rest.
So, on hands and knees,
In respiratory distress,
I shook it off.
And went to a variety store
And bought a set
Of little plastic
Dinosaurs.

Stan Petrovich

Hole-In-The-Wall

It's Papago Park, man, 1974,
Independence Day, and a throng went climbing
The redrock pockmarked bubbles between
Two litup cities. The sky, as well,
Lights up in a thunderstorm that encroaches from the east,
Blowing dust from the sandy east,
While we climb drunk on cheap wine and stoned on skunk weed.
I slip and scrape a knee
A long way down.
Are you all right, man? someone asks.
I know not.
I reel with the reeling in my head,
The throbbing in my knee.

Even had I broken a leg off
I'd sooner be there than
Suffer today,
For all the bitter cold I like,
I breath and blow,
For all the mounds of newly fallen
And eyepleasing frozen snow.

Stan Petrovich

Horses Of The Sea

they come and frolic
these horses of the sea
they are stiff and melancholic
as are you and me;
young, once agile as slime, they galloped
their merriment to some
boulders at the shore;
but now they play no more:
just fester like our slick hair
in the west wind,
and float like our days gone by,
as we hold back the urge to cry,
seeing the stiff in the road
beat his land-horse to death.

Stan Petrovich

How To Know If You'Re Dead

Traversing the steppes of the midwest,
without a heart on fire,
Taking in what the blackhearted sheriffs say
and gathering guns;
Punching away at shadows of yourself,
vainglorious postures of an ego run rampant;
Evesdropping on two giggling lovers
in a trailer in the rain,
and hoping for their demise.

Go, and lie in the leaves
fallen last autumn;
snore to the sky.
If I kick you twice
in the side
it will be confirmed;
I will confirm that you have died.
It will be the not-knowing
that seals your sign.

Stan Petrovich

How To Make A Man

You need four things-
Silicon, quartz, titanium and wit.
Maybe a bit of the old drawing board, for foiled days.

He will be rusty at first,
Until you grant him speech,
To rise above the animals;
And then his desire to know what he is
Will be all-consuming.
It is only natural.

I like the idea of giving him a scowl;
For a robot shouldn't laugh at his maker.
Then a suit of blue clothes,
Nicely tailored for the world of wannabees.

He will make a living, all right.
But to raise a family is like being
A flock of birds in orderly flight.
If he does that, I'll make another:
Every man should have a brother.

Stan Petrovich

Hurricane Heart

My heart is the eye
Of the hurricane:
A calm central wall
Divided from the storms
Of my body.
The suspiration of violent
Heaving, passion.
Flows out in funnels,
Breaking what it meets,
Good or bad,
Sandy beach or saddened brows,
Undeclared lovers of the sudden
Sun, under which I hide,
And the unleashed currents
Beckoned by the tide
And the continuity of time itself.

Stan Petrovich

I Give You This

There as searing beauty in the air
You breath. The is viscous tartar
In the teeth I leave.
No one can be wiser than the
Man who has worn it all,
Close to his chest.
I have worn nothing but diffident
Bequests.
So, you are better than all the rest.

Stan Petrovich

I Lost It

there was a dead puppy in my hands
there was a dead baby girl
i couldnt tell which
her doeeyes were closed dead
i was personally involved somehow
and began to cry

was is dog cat or human
it did not matter any more

Stan Petrovich

I See Faces Everywhere

In the starry fields
WC Fields, with bulging nose;
In Hubble pictures of Venus,
Shostakovich, with his coke-bottle eyeglasses;
On Mars there is a real face,
But that one is a fake,
A mere symmetry that looks real
But is not. Ray Bradbury is there instead,
Where he belongs, at the floor of a crater cracked
And with ghostly shadows.
Carl Sagan rests on the face of Saturn,
Hidden behind Titan's shadow,
Wallowing in evidence of life out there,
His bushy eyebrows forming clouds
And a pillow of streaky red gas for his flowing forehead.

I can't go walking anymore
Without seeing these faces in bushes, trees, burms and woods;
Convinced they are not real,
They propose explanatory details I cannot resolve,
And therefore do not explore.

Stan Petrovich

I Went Down To Cherry Blossom Lane

Going there was certainly to inspire hope
Of changing seasons, their new pleasures to cope.
But all I saw was a rock-strewn cliff
Made for suicides, hopefulness adrift.
I bent my toes over the ledge
And tears streamed down my craggy face.
What is the use of living in the rat race?
I fell upon two knees and howled like the wind,
Which answered me, one of a kind.

When a choice is to be made,
The wise react first, then take it in.
The sullen relect in verse
And, often adverse, do nothing.

It was the time for action.
I was no poet from then on.

Stan Petrovich

I, Morphed

It IS growing hotter;
The sheets are soaked,
Feeding feathers.
I awake,
Go to the mirror
And peer therein.
A mass of foliage,
Wild and white,
Blooming eyes.

Stan Petrovich

If Lost

the vermillion cliffs rise
at an impossible angle
at an implacable distance
home to the hierarchy
of golden eagle and turkey vulture alike

from the top there are no new
trails down - being the pariah plateau
where only the selfinflicted go
& tangle through the brush
of the edgy forest
and nonindigenous manzanita
reminding them they don't belong there
either

if you find yourself lost in trees
do nothing halfheartedly
if paths are to find
they are the age of mankind
they may lead to lower ground
where you will be found by
yourself or some other cliffdweller

why not try

Stan Petrovich

If There Were Nothing

If there were nothing
then something would arise
via the Higgs boson
(which CERN has isolated now)

It is not the 'god particle' as fools would suggest-
just a thing that needs no preeminence

Stan Petrovich

If You Are Nervous, Take Heed

Ask why, if the maple trees get nervous
As the dry winds of October strip their leaves
And all are lost,
Do they fret?
They close down but do not die.

If a doctor tells you
Of the cancer eating away your pancreas
And you have precious little time
To go, do you take action,
Take another step, if into a canyon in Utah,
Then you will die shortly-
Do what you never tried, act
As if you're falling fast,
Get in the time you always had lost,
Gross love, potent charity, heady learning?
Never say die, as Kipling would say,
But die if you must
With a brazen calmness.

Stan Petrovich

I'M No Composer

Beethoven, it is said,
never used an eraser;
I down my bourbon
without a chaser.

Let that Mozart use too many notes
As he laughed at his Times
and disregarded boats;
I feel flushed & giddy when using rhymes.

TS Eliot and Mr. Thomas rhymed
betwixt & between every other hope:
couplets would suit me fine,
some Modern-day Alexander Pope.

I hear Stravinsky playing n my head:
a forlorn dream he often did dread.
Shostakovich wrote that he composed
not for us, but for himself instead.

I dislike rhyme but pursue it in vain
in rain
draconian-like, no Mark Twain;
Peter, Paul and Mary had more than one hit:
I tell all you second-graders ', eat it! '

Stan Petrovich

I'M Not Crusoe

Could not have survived Crusoe's labors;
Am not that fit.
Without speech for years
The rescuers would push me aside:
'He'll never be back,
'Although we'll bring him in.'
An island west of South America,
A plantain in my ear;
Bed are like The Rack-
I want to sleep standing,
Preferably in a hole;
Drinking water, not bathing, because
It doesn't work like that.
Washing spreads sores, I discovered.
Later, when the buboes spread
In London,
Tormented so many people,
People true to the Empire;
Loving silent speech and wailing
Through the night.

Stan Petrovich

In Arizona

Take the rounding road west
Of Old Tucson, after the mock gunfight at high noon,
And stop at the Point where the
Grand Sonoran Desert is at its best-
I have scoured that desert
And found things stranger than arrowheads and old cans of A-1 Beer: seashells.
What is that?
Testimony to a forgotten time quite differing. Now the dark desert pavement,
Hardened by the harshest of heat there is,
Is underfoot, and Bigelow's Accursed chollas,
Looking like teddy bears,
Are poised to get you.
Rattlesnakes abound. There is something in the air, the smell of misfortune and
ghastly death,
Around the corners of abandoned shacks, hanging black widows,
Broken window panes,
Ghost towns,
Where even the glass
Seems to melt
In your hands.

Stan Petrovich

In Sync

Everyone of us is the same;
There are particles floating around the brain;
Mesh & infuse they are timid but not tame;
I look in your eyes and I see myself
More often than not;
If we fight we fight ourselves,
For foraging emotions are the equal of rot;
Let us begin to see the aura at the end of time;
Is it neither devilish nor benign;
The universe ends with a whimper
And sadism is no out or glimpse
Into the future of things gone past;
It is sometimes necessary to fast;
I contemplate the disgusting nature of food;
My word, do I miss you.

Stan Petrovich

In The Lonely Apartment Den

Whether the clock's striking three
Or nothing at all,
Life begins and ends here
The universal atoll.
Sprightly feelers begin a search-
For words, for the correct words,
In sound and/or time,
Honing in on heart and/or mind.

My couch sounds differently
At three am
Than at two pm,
When it is, for the most part,
Silent.
It does not breath then
Like in the early morning;
It doesn't stalk then
Like in the middle of the night.

The walls also pervade,
And guess riddles
Like, 'What did the chambermaid say? '

I am brightly quiet
Beleaguered by roundabout thoughts:
Who made the Tyger's maker
In the forests of the night?

All I can do is hover there
And begin a twitching fright.

Stan Petrovich

In The Midst Of The Sands

Take all the heartbreak the world can dole
And ball it around the foam at the shore, our shore.
I toe into it, my thought seized by the rain in my face
Comingled with the tears;
Can these clothes ever be dried out again
Now that you are gone?
The fates seized you, in a quaking instant,
In the wreck of a vile car:
You simply went too far.

We had come down here often before,
Leaving the car with the brake off;
Our brakes also were off;
We smiles and twirled in an irruptive kiss.
It seemed to last the whole tide cycle,
And it did. The seaweed entangled my ankles:
Getting it off was a riot of fun.
But, now, all that is done.

For you are not the same,
Having become the ghost of a memory.
I cannot, I will not believe
That you live elsewhere, reincarnated
To someone else so beautiful
As before. I may kiss a memory
With some difficulty.
But try as I may I cannot embrace the fluidity you brought
To my life.
I weep, for these recollections
Are naught...
They are less than I thought.

Stan Petrovich

In The Mountains Of Madness

In the Mountains of Madness

There is one, and only one, large outdoor cafeteria.

It lies between frozen lava lakes and soft sandy peaks.

From the patio

One may glimpse the desert far below,

And the distant sea.

The desert is wrought with black outlines of giant monkeys, runways and cosmonauts.

It never rains there,

So the patterns remain distinct,

As they were for viewing from the aeroplanes of the Second Century.

If one sits at the cafe in the Mountains of Madness,

Sipping espresso after espresso,

The wild fury of H.P. Lovecraft invades the mind,

As it begins to snow.

The snow gathers in the small cups,

Being only the dandruff of the fallen gods.

Stan Petrovich

In The Sullen Night

I know the lovers' moan
For I too have moaned, a lover, too;
Then, the bell tolls for you.
And the foghorn, somewhere, groans.
Life forgiven is nothing,
Nothing forgotten.
Our actions move mountains
Of infinitesimal concatenations.
.
It is a portentous paternity;
It is a monstrous sorority.
From what I know
Of the moments of human
Bondage, indulgence and craving,
All forms of which pervade,
All craving invades, ant-like,
Eating up whole countrysides.
I am the speaker who chides you,
And then I hide in my den,
Hide from you:
And is hated too.
I accept my fate with cunningness and fear,
Because even your rippled words of hate
Are dear to me.

Stan Petrovich

Inconsistencies

I loathe inconsistencies-
In food, in plans that change on a sudden,
Of people who morph their minds regarding itineraries.
I must be grounded in foregone conclusions
Or anxiety is disquieting: OCD.
I think like a game of Chinese Checkers,
Round and round moving solidly,
A direction premeasured.

So when you give me instructions,
And then they change,
My hair needs pulling.
Thus life is torture, throwing
Curveballs at which I swing and miss.
Another good reason to repudiate rhyme,
The disease of rhyme.
I must write this stuff freely,
Even disregarding iambic pentameter,
Which is inconsistent.
But I emulate Will Shakespeare,
For his tragedy alone
By which I set my watch.

Stan Petrovich

Inferior Man

He grovels at shooting ranges,
the peicemeal remnants of
luck that he cannot make
for himself. Greed,
laughing at the portent,
he is wholly fraught in his
present goodness. The wizards
and gods present his presentiment.
What call does he make to the
blue mountain ridge? His anguish.
What makes him laugh the most
is the suffering of
kills animals with high-powered weapons made
in Connecticut. They discharge back
back into his gloomy face, a
face to be reckoned with, red
and drunken with self-destruction.
His sex is violent and unworthy,
pocketed in \$100-dollar jeans
he never paid for, his wives paying
him to master gravvity and graveness.
They are well-dressed, and they never think well enough,
or see the storm ahead.

Stan Petrovich

Intrusion

If & when the blinds suddenly
unfurl, then there is the blatant intrusion of sun;
the evil it has made is dastardly,
lifegiver, lifetaker, stylish god to indians, mesopotamians,
what-not, cliffdwellers & subterraneans,
hairy stinking beasts who carried forth our genes
on watery trays of indecency
sitting all day in the sun complacently

I do not like contemplating the forest man
his spitting can
his unclad feet crushing all cantipedes,
scorpions, curling bugs that want to hide,
yet cannot via the intusion of humanity

Stan Petrovich

Ion

Cations anions
Come in strange colors
Unlike fermions
That are much duller

I would prefer this storm to be named Io
The priestess of Hera
Seen first as a moon by my hero Galileo
Bubbling with volcanoes everywhere

The system is quaking Chicago
Mean & fiercely marauding
It is both Io & Ion
Bursting forth plates distraughting

Very cold air is coming to me
It is a billion battles of will & wind
It is too close not to see
Coming down like a falling tree

I love the cold because it is better
Than the torrid heat
Blowing snow is a real go-getter
Coating terrain with white sheets

Glistening sheets I prefer to mirages
Like when I walked so thirsty in the desert
And insufferable was the heat in garages
And cold refreshment I imagined was pleasant

Cold refreshment is so pleasant

Stan Petrovich

Is Austerity Possible

Liquids: are alcohol and gasoline
The friends of man, food for thought?
I have bumbled through many thorny nights,
Heavily drinking ethanol,
And many a stormy day with beer in hand;
And I pumped gallons of gas
Into strangers' tanks as well as my own,
To travel to far-off deserts,
Where drinking alcohol like an idiot,
I tore up off-road tracks in the land that I love. It was foolhardy.
They call it democracy.
But, rather, I would fain substitute
Powders-psych meds I need to take,
Combined with recreational pharmaceuticals,
In which powder,
Condensed into pills,
Or encapsulated into capsules,
Tear up the brain I love,
Are not a friend of mine,
But open up a spacious nature
Superior to liquids and gases.

Stan Petrovich

Issue

'For Her I'd Even Try and Turn the Tide.'-Johnny Cash

To the feathered decks
To the breadfruit isles
I suffered, we suffered,
And I alighted after much
Ruffling and unease
At a land unknown,
A vault of the sea.

My woman held me comfortably, Balanced perfectly,
And we were rewarded
With an issue,
A vegetable-child,
Who cried not,
Who teethed not,
But who grew handsome and sturdy,
Promising in his wild-eyed youth
To become artistically profound,
And feed millions his tuneful song
Of patchwork rind and seed,
And give hope
Against the greed
Of rulers, of strongmen, of former presidents,
Far and wide,
To turn the tide,
And grant them the freedom to eat,
His own progeny intertwining all the continents
And the seven seas.

Stan Petrovich

Isthmus

By the time my back was covered
With the black and stringy hair
I got rid of the last of my clothes;
Then I began to howl at night
Looking out over the green shallows,
Toward the Isthmus,
Where somehow I knew there dwelt others like me.
Also this is when I began to eat centipedes.
How to cross the short straight,
Get to the Isthmus?
I could swim it;
Or actually wade across.
And when I find them,
It will be time to eliminate them,
Letting my fur-covered hands crush them down.
Then, only then,
I shall be King of my world.

Stan Petrovich

It Comes From Beneath The Sea

Mars, on the other hand,
Is dessicated. It comes from
Beneath the soil there. Translucence
Is its armour,
And thoughts & images pouring like rain
Another form of defense.
On gas giants, plentiful in nature,
It wafts in poison atmospheres
Unscathed. Among the floating
Predators. Untouched,
It will find us, soon,
And quickly lurk in the storms of dreams
It seeks. We, the dreaming
Denizens on the minor marbled planet,
On its foretold way to the grand alignment
of a tortured little
Galaxy.

Stan Petrovich

Jack-In-The-Box

Hi, I'm God. It's dark, lonely and quiet in here, now,
On this dusty shelf.
No more children to come and twist me to life;
I used to thrive at that,
Popping out and making them laugh!
Now, nothing.

But yesterday, something-
A mouse came by and straddled my handle:
If only it he had pulled down...
I could have given it a terrible fright.
But now the silent night;
And my red and white striped shirt keeps me not a bit warm.
I long for the sun to flow on the shelf;
I wish I could play with myself,
But I am without hands;
Only the hope to be seen by a passing boy,
Who will be curious,
Who will think I'm only a toy.

Stan Petrovich

Jagged Edges

Imagine, yourself-no, be there! -in a canyon,
Crisscrossed with sharp steel edges,
Rim to rim,
The Grand Canyon of canyons;
You're at the bottom-
There is no way out
Unslicing yourself.
That's the blues, not the greens,
(Like the colored wedges) ,
You feel wedged in every day
In the canyon of imperfection.

Stan Petrovich

Jason And The Stony Argonauts

Jason was one with the Ram,
Who took his Argonauts to sea,
From Colchis,
To seek the Golden Fleece,
The perfection of sunlight
Streaming off the waves.
Funny, today I can find it easily:
We have come a long way.

Stan Petrovich

Kowtow Land

For what remains (precious little) ,
America is nurturing a generation
Of unemployed criminals; parents
Are to blame. Lack of education is the core. The love of
Gasoline propels us to doomsday.
I cry as the icecaps melt. Those dread dinosaurs and failed plants that provide
fossil fuels are our failure. The
Country moves fundamentally to the right,
Two psychotic women at the fore,
And except for constitutionally exempt tyranny,
We will remain only partially stable. But America is ready to crouch. I have never
gripped an agenda, but with this overweening motherhood
Of madness permeating society,
Blaming it all on a President who is only a part blamable,
The road is set.
The other side of the earth must lead,
But leading is too late.
There comes only the summer of our discontent.

Stan Petrovich

Largely, It Is A Case Of Misidentification

Never meant to hurt the guy;
Even through we had brawled
a time or two;
He had a weak time expressing displeasure,
Short of fisticuffs,
Exercising in the mud;
I was the sort to make an equation of it,
Hammer home the blatant stupidity of war.

Yet I find that when adversarials are opposite in their attitude toward what is real
and what is a grand delusion,
Blows will be exchanged as frequently as the wind shifts.

Stan Petrovich

Last Christmas

The blizzard worsened
then twittered
as I plowed through the snowy leaves
on my way home
a home that was not there any longer
far gone as the big bang
but leaving detritus and dust
of my memories
of my holidays
of my family
all gone

I stopped and climbed stairs
wanting to jump off and join them all
but it was an invincible task
where were they really
really gone
or merely hiding in the snowy leaves
over which I had trampled before

Sitting quietly down by the Rock
meditating I wept
but christmas passed
and this new year would be my last

Stan Petrovich

Lavender Walls

days days trudging alone
rock sand sand rock
sand
and i found blue canyon
at last
but burrowing in its narrow walls
i was missing you
noticed that the walls were really lavender
not blue
like our crying eyes
always were

Stan Petrovich

Let Your Children Think For Themselves

i do not dabble in drivel
i say what i know
not just what i'm told
please don't ply your children with fairy tales
like santa
the tooth fairy
pink unicorns
god
& give them a chance
punishment unheard-of
to avoid wasting their time
in labored and outdated books
the bible included

i like to read when jesus
rips off Buddha
and thereby makes good sense

a bloodthirsty god is a bashing
of believability
and why does HE have a sex?
did he mate?
who made him?

Stan Petrovich

Licking The Toad I

'Time rushes towards us with its hospital tray of infinitely varied narcotics, even while it is preparing us for its inevitably fatal operation.'

Tennessee Williams

That first wanderer who ate the peyote cactus
That reeks in the mouth like a filthy sock
Spread the news among the tribes who had discovered the
Mushrooms that made them see through reality-
And in South America there are jungles rife
With altering vines, corroborant herbs;
Many many many
Teaching that the gods live only through us, not above,
Because we can create worlds upon worlds in our reeling minds
While reading the thoughts and fears of others.

Stan Petrovich

Licking The Toad II

'Doctor: 'Are the tablets beginning to work now? "

Miss Alma: 'Yes, I'm beginning to feel like a waterlily on a Chinese lagoon.'

-from Summer and Smoke by Tennessee Williams

The Aztec people had a closely related god of sacred psychoactive plants.

Xochipilli, Prince of Flowers, was the divine patron of 'the flowery dream' as the Aztecs called the ritual hallucinatory trance.

See them there:

young naked hippies gamboling in the hot reeds

along the Colorado River

in southern Arizona

looking for toads

chasing the hopping delicate toads

whose only defense

is what makes them prized

their poison

their recreational high

Slough them off!

Dry the skins

let them renew their

poison

Paracelsus' dosage

and go live freely

among the black Mojave rattlers

a snake so insidious

that its venom can instantly kill

even the most attenuated herpetologist

poking about with leg-guards

keen awareness

of its terrible behavior

its skin replacement

its striking distance

Stan Petrovich

Life Can Be

Life can be a little pat,
The limp handshake of a mounebank
Who steals you blind.
Life can be a poisoned substance,
Abuse, ethanol breaching your existence.
Tears gushing & accidents
Tearing off both legs,
Nose swollen red like an obscene fruit.

Or, Life can be a sultry sun
On a cold blizzard's day,
Warming you and your happy family,
Your fortuitous wife and beautiful child;
Life can be cool, cool water
Lying amidst the burning desert sands.

I, for one, would rather sit on the beach,
And watch pelicans diving for their catch,
Happily fed,
Flittering off then to an azure sky,
There to ply.

Stan Petrovich

Life Wth Death

Following. Don't you dare shoot that dog
or eat your horse.

I don't care if you're starving.

So be it.

We all starve- -of love, of hate
of tempestuous ills alike.

Then we all die transported
into what we cannot fathom.

I see tiny cells attracting
& repulsing; they know not why,
except they want to keep up
the mindless struggle
against their strange mates,
who, in turn, want to relish them,
destroy their taciturn little existence.

In my head an unvanquished foe
grew. Peptostreptococcus;
it had a medical nomenclature.
Antibiotics were none but a thrill for it,
burrowing bubbles.
Doctor Pitt, he of the booming & healthy voice
operated, the puss squirting out across the room;
and retired. He must be dead,
his brain a mere rot.
But he saved me twice;
my head was large as a watermelon,
my eyes shut tight.

All living things will one day
say 'goodnight.'

Stan Petrovich

Like A Hawk

Everywhere one goes
Eyes are drilling you like a hawk,
Looking for assymetry,
Disfigurements, enlargements,
Entanglements, perfection.

Every one looks
Eyes turn to you, or away.
Neither for a millisecond do they stay.
But the effects are engorging,
Annoying, exciting or displacing.

I once gazed at the corpse of my mother,
Who, peering it seemed high into the steeple,
Saw nothing except hazel.
But then I noticed something about her
I had never seen before:
Painless peace and superhuman
Repose.

Stan Petrovich

Like A Wasteland

Nature is the cruelest thing,
Bringing dead flowers to a cemetery,
And sneezing as a ghost passes through.
I spent the night reading Keats
And have no one to share him with.

Loneliness is the hardest thing to stive for;
When I get there I cry with happiness
And careen with fear.

Stan Petrovich

Loneliness

A voice without a body,
I am wandering through the avenues,
Seeking shelter from the harm.
Negativity begets change
Productively, for good or evil,
But, beyond that, I respond
To the dales of grief
Of the downtrodden.
And calling out as their voice-
For change...
But no one hears a voice without
A body of evidence.
No proof, just conjecture.
I do maintain this effrontery
Against the mass of greed and hate out there.

Stan Petrovich

Long Lost Love

She wakens;
It has been a decade's sleep.
She hearkens;
It's I to her depths, not cheap.
A lovely brown curl is twisted
By her crooked finger;
If I had only listened,
I could have heard the murmur of her shapely heart;
The murmur of her lips apart;
But in enticement I grow stupid,
And, lanced by some succubus cupid,
Only did tell her I loved her profoundly.
And she shakes that off like a fly, roundly.
And flees off into the night.

Stan Petrovich

Lost

Again, here am I
In this torrid clime.
In my pocket
Half a stick of Juicy Fruit,
Sweet though dried-up.
A gust of sand
Spins up the railroad track:
It is the end, again.

I find a cigarette
But have no match.
Looking about
Everything shimmers.
The only thing wrong with death
Is that it holds no desire.

Stan Petrovich

Lost Love

I have lost my love of mankind, for his predominance and unstable
stewardship of our inadvertently unstable planet earth;
the errors that have occurred cannot be reversed: ask the polar bear,
ask the space junk falling on our heads. Ask the dreary sun
that will fade soon in the clouds of carbon we created.

That one has children and engulfs them with love
is no more than a indiscreet lesson for the coming death of us all.

Stan Petrovich

Love & Latitude

To love from afar
-Little tip-
Then to scurry and call
Your name to the sky
Through wires & machines
Across the continental
Drift,
Is like breathing
With a beaker for a helmet
-Suffocation-
And starves all the string orchestras
Playing in all the nations;
Love songs glowing in the dark
-Old-time radios gathered-

When I love what is
Not mine to love
It becomes the leak of love,
The foiled radiation
From a humming radio
Not tuned to love songs,
But to speeches of hatred.

I do much better with longitude,
Where one hat works for the same rain.

Stan Petrovich

Love Eternal

That tag is not nonsense,
Except that nothing in eternal,
Not even the universe
That will only fade away to nothingness
In the distant future, as has been shown.

But for our little purposes,
Flying backwards
Like insane birds,
You & I can get on forever,
Until our lives simply fade away,
Like everything else.

Flocking, but apart from the rest,
A miniature flock,
A miniature lovenest,
We can forcefeed our young,
Until they too drop dead.
Our love, it seems, will last eternally,
But it can't,
So let's make the best of it now.

Stan Petrovich

Love's Isolation

In the sorrowful past,
When Love theoretically conquered all,
I found myself wandering in a forest
Of reeds, lost & unloved.

Finally she & she came along,
Marriage was in the works
But it failed miserably,
Childlessly.

I entered the stage of rebellion
(cf Camus' insightful *The Rebel*):
Drinking and drugging were all
I had on my hands.

Then along came my current wife
Of thirty years
And we flourished in money & timeless love.
I can watch her now, burrowed in bed.

Think of how many divorces Italian-style
Have come & gone during our time;
It is a miracle we remain together
Chained in the domain of love.

Thinking about what constitutes it
I am wont to say patience, above all patience;
And more importantly for self-preservation,
Remaining a gentleman and putting up with the flares of madness

That surely will raise its broken brain some rainy day.

Stan Petrovich

Machinery For Raising Water

Great passage of water
Through pipes, branching from the Euphrates:
That was Nebuchadnezzar's gift to his twerking wife Amytis,
Who longed for trees,
Who longed for Medea,
And its heady fragrance.
Strabo's map of the world,
Going all the way to India,
In 17 volumes it is said,
Was a product of his squinty eyes,
So closely set he could watch Babylon from Athens.
He could also see the back of his thinning hair,
Like a hare,
And divined the sizes of the sun and the moon,
With which he discussed with Augustus,
Over black wine,
That as well as the mysterious perfection of Imperialism,
While Augustus drooled
And the Empire slobbered up his spit,
Just like the pipes
Driving high
The gangly waters of the Euphrates.

Stan Petrovich

Mahler On Black Friday

Among the fools of commerce
Tempers flare;
Little or nothing makes sense:
Buyer beware.

There are carts loaded with angels,
Spraypainted with silvery dust,
Fictitious scenes of mangers
Down the throats of children thrust.

Somewhere in a forgotten corner
Lies a copy of Mahler's Sixth:
The tragedy of being human,
The suffering of existence,

No one buys the recording
As grubby hands envelop candy canes,
No end to all the mindless hoarding,
Stocking up for next year again.

Stan Petrovich

Man Alone

He assails the desert Mojave,
Down the rockiest of dirt roads,
Thinks of the uses of agave,
But food, drink, those ol' rice & beans
Can now forever not be his goad.

Coming upon an old white railway station,
The kind the loves to find,
Huddled between two dangerous mesas,
He removes his boots in order to unwind.
A mass of sores & carbuncles covers his feet.

Written in baked blood upon one of the abandoned walls
He sees the dying confessions of another man alone:
'You are born alone,
'You live alone,
'Even in the company of others,
'And then you die alone...'

He happens across a sliver of a broken mirror
And regards the crags of his face;
He wonders if what he sees is real,
Whether in sunup everything is a mirage.
But he has indeed put on the necessary mileage.

Suddenly captured by the thirst of being safe,
Seeing a sea of scraggly cacti surrounding;
Death is the fortress out there:
In the mystifying blaze of the heavy air.
And he gets the chill of the fact-

It might be simply better to die now, here,
Than to remain intact.
The birds of prey are regarding his own shade.

Stan Petrovich

Man's Counless Fears

i am stuck here
in some kind of walled-in pit;
had i legs & arms
i might climb out of it.
by the light of the silvery moon
i could see the edges better
but i haven't had eyes since june,
when the weather started getting wetter.
i must listen instead
but i have no ears,
there being nowhere to hide,
i can only crouch in my fears.
fast i can feel my heartbeat
& i wish i had a sweetheart
but no, nothing, no one to touch:
my suffering is a bit overmuch.
i am the proverbial cooked goose
merely a brain
suffused with endless pain
on the loose.

help me, help me, if you can
friends, no men, giants,
fetch me from this frying pan:
i'd sooner take the wallowing
stranded at sea,
seeing the waves swallowing me,
seeing sharks smelling after me and my trail of blood;
but i do not even bleed- -
i am after the mercy of whatever's
following me.

Stan Petrovich

Married To The Wind

I was married to the wind
Until she flew off with colorful clouds
To the East. She went in amber
And fingered your hair at sunset
Like the rays through invisible high dust
Hanging in the air. At night over the sea
She swallowed purple mist
And flowed into the ships' quarters.
And dawn's breaching streaks allowed
The dilemma of indigo to drive her on.

I remain a crag-man, high aloft,
Carving these words in stone, slowly,
Captivated by time yet consumed by sorrow.
The language to which I strive
Is not dead, but one of true peace,
Beyond greed, beyond trust in otherworldly
Beings. My trust lies in my rustless tools
That create signs
No wind can warp.
Over time they only change for the better.

Stan Petrovich

Mauseleum

Dedicated to Aries,
Vile god of war,
And duplicated by such fools
As the Masons and even some governments,
Who on earth should bother with the dead:
There are no ghosts as all, you see;
And they even if they existed
Would not care about you and me.
But the site of Hellicarnassus
Is ruins,
Like the ruined castles of the Anasazis in Arizona,
Playthings for tourists and photographers,
Not worth a dime
For any other activity,
Maybe music the single exception,
Like Ravel's 'The Tomb of Couperon',
A great affirmation of life over its own dire subject.

Stan Petrovich

Meet The Cowboy

Handing me the pint of 4 Roses whiskey
He whispered (or rather) rattled,
'They say the hills have eyes.'
'Yeah, it's a movie, ' I noted.
'No, ' he replied, 'the hills ARE eyes.
'Look there: those two granite slabs are the iris.
'Two pine ledges perfect brows.
'And I can see a nose, even if you can't.
'In that old busted-down cattle tank, there.
'The mouth you gotta see from the damn-blasted highway.
'I've been to them caves.'
i gazed at the caves that were indeed impressive,
Hollow emptiness to swallow men and horse alike,
Hollow entrances into the real gut of the earth.
This I proposed to him.
'They ain't goin nowhere but down to a bunch of bones, ' he said.

Stan Petrovich

Mental Therapy

The following statement is true:

The previous statement is false.

I am torn and I am tossed,
Because I loved my mother
And hated my father
(One or the other) .
Every day I dread
(Lie awake in bed) :
Every night is a vigil,
For sleep is impossible.

He turns in the chair and says,
'We have to dig deeply into this.'
Psychology is to me visticial,
Dream of reality, not physical,
Product of soothsayers who say no sooth.
Long in the tooth, they tell me
What I should examine;
But there is a famine:
A lack of truth, a paucity of wisdom.
I don't belong in their kingdom.
I think I'll go out for a smoke.

Stan Petrovich

Michele, The Next President Of The Us

A growing network of total insanity
Pervades the South and the North.
I would take some quotes of Bachmann,
Put them forth,
But they could and should sicken
The strongest of men;
So grab a pen,
Look them up,
You won't need notes,
Even if you don't throw up!
She is ahead in a few states;
Misguided idiots they have to be:
She doesn't know the fig from the tree.
There are the rednecks who,
Like her,
Advocate a return to slavery,
Advocate unemployment so they can get their worthless asses elected,
And feed off the misery of the masses.
They cannot be allowed to succeed,
Even if we had to banish her to Crete.

Stan Petrovich

Miss The Mountains

</>I pine for eternal snows -
hanging higher when draped in white;
When I went there and my breath blew
hard and visible, I derided city life:
the belching buses, the encapsulated airplanes;
Where are these people going anyway?
What vacuum is sucking their heads dry?
Where is it written that they cannot enjoy
a simple dawn, and foresee what can be done with life?
In lieu of mesmerizing clocks, adjusted
by governments; damned be Ben Franklin,
who it is said jokingly invented 'saving' time...
Lousy joke that, as it kills the lovelorn hills
Grasping twilight that comes too late
in the polluted summer dew.

Stan Petrovich

Monster In The Bath

Well, it happens once every year:
There is a monster lurking somewhere near;
This time it has been locked in the bath,
Scratching & screaming to get out;
But I have a family to feed:
Who must not fall in destiny to that need.

Stan Petrovich

Moodswings

With the Gorgon's head
Flush to my cheek,
Her ungodly breath
In my nose,
Whispering to me:
'Take the extreme I give you
And plunge it into your fellow man;
For they deserve no less.'
Like an arrow I shot out eyes with my eyes,
A spear, I controlled little lives.
Having changed now,
From a simpering fool
To the devil's tool,
My core is apple-rotten,
Misbegotten,
And all I require is forgiveness
For my tiredness,
Which is the Gorgon of moods.

Stan Petrovich

Moon Menagerie

If you take a dead stuffed dog
And aim it at the moon in a false howl,
And set the scene in stone,
Then ship it to England:
Lord Y says to Lord X.
'Nothing, mate, ever changes.'

A crack opens in the glass:
Everything changes.

Stan Petrovich

My Grass Is Dying With The Weeds

No evil intentions
When I sneeze;
No ghost is walking through me
As I toast my handful of flax seeds.

There by the dirty window
Overlooking a garden of weeds
And teetering to drink last night's beer
Holding on to a brazen sneer.

What was parted but you, not the Red Sea;
Perhaps my unwashed hair
As I look at Cezanne's now-rotting pear
And gasp for forgotten air.

You troubled me, maiden.
My pinned pupils give me away;
They in the end hold sway
And then there is a knock at the door.

A delivery, nothing more:
An old friend sent me a parcel of weed.
How it got passed I know not indeed.
But I light some up to see what's in store.

The dizziness, the photophobia
In the dusty air I breath;
This apartment is the essence of claustrophobia
And smells like my deserved death.

Yes, almighty one, approach me, death:
I am sucking up my final noxious breath.
I spit out the damned flax seeds:
My grass is dying like those obnoxious weeds.

Stan Petrovich

My Heart

As there is depth to the ocean
There is an infinite calling to my heart:
The variety of sparks flying
Tragically evolve from one
To many
To all-consuming.

These sparks may be wings
(Sudden flutter of wings) ,
Sad large brown eyes
Of cattle, horse or donkey
Preceding their cruel bending
At the hands of humans;
The sparks can be stars
Or many stars, galaxies.

The dead are calling to me.
My heart is an open container.
It is not really my property;
It is the conclusion of my pain.

Stan Petrovich

My Last Day

It was a day like any other:
I shaved, I ran the shower.
The bus was right on time.
My necktie was green, like lime.
I stepped lively off my stop;
On the regular corner the regular cop.
My office bristled with business;
I felt a little dizziness.
The only difference from that day-
All the best, all the rest-
Was that it turned out to be my last.

Stan Petrovich

My One

It is a savior's nightingale
bemoaning the tides;
she & I wallowed on the beach
neverminding the sand flies,
although they came and went.
We were there for ourselves alone;
the beating drum of the tide tuning our hearts
like so many before.
I got to thinking,
- -who else has been here and in love here- -
when a flurry of wind whipped up foam over us
a constant reminder that we came originally from
that sea.

Stan Petrovich

Night Falling

Now it is dark at last
Twilight time for the forsaken wanderer;
The junipers are a backdropp for some evening smells;
That take on a meaning of their own,
One of wisdom, one of experience-
For they have held sway in all weather and time;
They are not graven idols,
Or burnt offerings-
They live as my life goes on,
Tirelessly showing me that
Not-going at times gets one farther than the quickness of light itself.
In time at night they act like the old humps they are,
Talking about seeding the clouds,
And they are most familiar with all the cloud-types,
The Romulus and the Remus
Of watersheds.
They speak of weather like men speak of food,
Natural goodness abounding,
Hungering for more weather to brave,
Like eating hot peppers,
The brazen fruit of the desert,
The quickening pulse of the thunder.
I will always seek latitude with the trees,
Even protection from the storming men
Who have always sought my hide
At night,
With guns and binoculars
That cannot ever penetrate these trees.

Stan Petrovich

Nightmares Fall

The sky is crowding!
Far off in the
Milky Way a civilization far more advanced is crushed,
Their domed city but a squeezed- out blemish on a dead planet;
If they have come, we start awake with fearful dreams;
If they have seen,
We cannot see them;
If they begin to conquer,
All that we fear the most
Comes true.

Stan Petrovich

No Peace In Suicide (1979)

Grandiose, spread-eagled, he is lofted from the window
Only for his head to bond in a pool of blood
-Never ming the five kids in the blowing snow-
This man's last act was a thud.

Women, they say, prefer pills,
While men a pearl-handled pistol.
Either effectively kills;
You become a self-defeating missile.

Once I drove high into the rainy mountains
On the Navajo Resevation
To compose a final note of my intentions,
And end it all, final anti-insurrection.

But that old ball point pen kept skipping
And the note was illegible.
I threw it nto the pine cones dripping
And tried to think of things more tangible.

Like driving to Gallup on a Saturday night,
Drinking with the Indians, a guttersnipe,
And, barring accident, wandering home,
To marry my problems to the bone.

Is it best to live as long as possible
In a painful body and senseless drift?
To blast forth a day at a time
And make the best of this shameful shrift?

Stan Petrovich

Not Johnny Reb

I am not decadent;
And I am not your servant
-Confederate traitor-
Or servant to use
Like a cutlery set,
Unleashing the taste
Of love by wiles.

I am not wanton,
And leave everyone I can alone,
If that's what they want,
Because it is a built-in right,
Not an invitation forever
For an excuse to fight
And become so flightly
By nature or nature:

Get thee to a nursery.

Stan Petrovich

Not Of Earth

I do not know what Earth looks like,
But I can fathom the faintly strawberry smell
Of your lovely hair, dangling there.
Where I am is anybody's guess:
Hopelessly meandering in bogs,
Wordy and throaty as a toad,
Not so blunt in recognition
That the whole oblivious continent
Is joining the condition
Of the rest of the fetid world.

How am I aware?
I have never been down there.
Two plus two are always twins;
They say the same thing over & over again-
We we begin to breathe
We suffer air-
No getting away-
I can see the unsettled yellow trees
Bending in a once-wholesome breeze;
It is the change of seasons
And my feet ache
For a couple of reasons.

Stan Petrovich

Nothing Is Unstable

From absolute vacuum
Virtual bubbling particles
Popped into being, and popped
Largely into being,
Creating creation.
Missing gravity and symmetry
Antimatter destroyed all but
A billionth of what we are.

So says science, and it has to be right,
Or you & I could not gather on a warm summer's night
And gaze at Cygnus, stars in our eyes' heart

We generate waves of thought
That also come from nothing
Attuned to waves of electromagnetism
We were granted (by virtue of the particles) .

A nothing with grand potential,
A pinhole of supergas,
A wormhole for weary stellar travelers.

I want to hold your hand
But mere biology has cannot explain
What is overhead, the enmassed
Galaxies, clusters & strings of galaxies
Warming our pates
And making it a prerequisite
To wonder.

Stan Petrovich

Nowhere Roads

Northern Nevada,
Where they lay a road
Through a choked desert
Up a mountain,
Then down to another clawed land.

Somewhere between the deserts
I saw a single boot
Dead in the road.
Where was this man, I wondered?
Stumbling hurt among the cacti?
I doubted it,
Peering into the shadows
At the ghosts
Who were nowhere.

Stan Petrovich

Ode To An Arizona Cliff (After Keats)

Still undeniable scene of quietness,
The eroded child of silence and slow time,
Silvered historian, who can express
A tale more shapely in rhyme;
What rock-fringed moves about you shape
Of ghosts and men or both.
In Tempe or the dales of Patagonia?
What overhangs are these? What minerals?
What wild pursuit? What struggle to erode?
What spires and entrails? What ecstasy?

Ah happy, happy leaves! that cannot shed
Your twigs, for ever leave Spring behind;
Ah, trenchant melodist, unbearable,
Ever stumming guitar songs novel;
More happy songs! More happy, happy love!
For ever warm by the sun,
For ever breathing life in his passion,
All human passion far above,
That drops forever into an abyss of sorrow,
A torrid tongue, and parching fingers.

Who is coming to the sacrifice?
It is their pleasure for the cunning
Of the steep hillside, deeply.
Axious men and overwought women,
With forest branches for hair and the trodden sod.
Thou, silent gulf! could tease out the thought
As if eternal. Cold Pastoral!
When old age this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of another woe,
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest:
'Beauty is truth, and truth beauty - that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.'

Stan Petrovich

Ode To Conformity

Do as I do, not as I say;
Find an effing way;
Go beyond the stupid teacher;
Be your own inner creature.

Run the glue onto the blue paper,
Then stick it firmly together;
On it draw a perfect face
In exactly the right place
So if you hold it up to a mirror
You'll see your own interior,
Your intelligence
That is your diligence,
And astounds the professor
Who now has become your confessor.

Get one job for effing life.
Get out of bed
And head for the rifeness,
Turning your back on the ol' blue paper,
Still the same
Still the same
Still the same,
Playing a newfangled game.

When you go out for something to do,
All you do is forget the glue,
And drink yourself into a stew.
Nothing is ever new.
Ever.

Stan Petrovich

Of Joy

it is the young, creaking and tangled woods
in a rising morning mist,
an eye alighted by the flash of amethyst;
and a galloping of a carriage conveying goods
to the town where I am welcome.

and my lover's quarelling mind alone
in her self-suffering thoughts
(that I also make my own) ,
to be with her there, together distraught
in the little town where we are celebrated..

death's doom sounds, above all the foliage
a greening penumbra of flagrant sound,
a rush of scattering birds,
where run wolves chased by inchoate hounds,
never, never to be carriaged
near the village where we prepare to die.

still our final stance is vivid
and we enter joy forever; it has been meant,
in the streets that undulate nowhere
nowhere near a perpendicular settlement.

Stan Petrovich

Off To Maine To Live In The Land

No stopping now:
Interdiction pricks.
One more poem for all,
Read about chopsticks.

Stan Petrovich

On A Ledge

I do not see any longer,
And I became real depressed;
Now I sit on a ledge
High above the traffic
Like Mars sitting above the outstretched city skies;
I am recording this so all may know my random thoughts:
It is an old-fashioned cassette tape, too,
Showing that I am a lowclass beggar
Committing a vile suicide.
I decided to be naked for this action,
(Let them get a jolt out of my mangled nakedness) !
Let me tell you my philosophy of life now:
All is nothing and there are no magical gods or god-
Dogs are magical, and insofar as they are true,
So are women, red sky at night, the froth of fresh beer.
I am the king of my castle and you cannot intend to harm me there-
Or I will take off your head in oh so many ways.
But being blind sucks, and I'm going to jump now;
No one below is watching or to the side (I think) :
Yippee Kay Yah, I go now and leave it up to you
To do the housecleaning on the street below...

Stan Petrovich

On An Island Beach, New England

Swards of pockmarked ocean floor, heaved up,
Bifurcated beach with the 'bathtub rock, '
The sands preferred by feathered crits.
After a day's muddy walk we arrived,
Gasping at the suddenness of the expanse,
Of the blue and tidal shore.

Stan Petrovich

On Her

The door closed
On her
As she fiddles with the
Hunting knife
Feeling its surgical sharpness
And its dread potential
To kill herself.

She draws the bath
And watches the waters whirl.
Someone said to her
That to live is to suffer
And suicide was merely a giving-in.

She pondered her arm
And where the sheath of dead dreams
Lay.

In all
On her
Was the dream
Of dreaming no more;
So she dropped the knife
Into the warm waters
And retired for another
Desperate night of fright-
For fear engenders fear itself
And always comes true
On her.

Stan Petrovich

On The Death Of Albert Camus

At 200mph
in the deserts of Algeria
he and his companion fully grasped the true meaning of 'absurd.'
They plowed headlong into a tree and were both killed
instantly.
The buzzards ate the eyes first, the good parts,
As they flew into the absurdity of the future.

Stan Petrovich

On The Horizon

One never knows.
A beast with tearing claws
Or the golden pond.
There might be doom alighting
In your hair like a vampire bat;
Or morsels of soma in a silver bowl.
The thing is just to try,
Simply try to get there;
And when you do
Stand agape at either
Your fortune or your loss:
The important matter is
Trying.
I have withstood both
And lived to mark them down.
The choice is yours.

Stan Petrovich

One For Her

She longs for peace so much
That a thatched cottage appears
Round her when she sleeps.
Snowbound, a resting place for a man
Who desires small candles
And the wafts of incense
Over the dragons of his day.

Comforting words are plied as though
As natural as autonomic breath:
'See me, I love; hear me, I love.'
It is the rejoicing of an overbearing day
To stay by her side.
And the moon sighs softly.
And the gentle flakes fall.

Stan Petrovich

Optimum Verde

Green I wish were the color
Of my lover's eyes,
But instead she gives me a rush
Of hazel, floating upon itself,
Unmoved by the glint of the searing sun.

Thrice were the teardrops of agony
When we split:
There was lost fluorescence,
Damnable fallen bloom,
Nothing but a loss of a loss.

When I met her again
Lore had been tendered upon a spit,
Lost and broiled away,
Just like her verdant eyes
That, alas, had never been hers
In truth.

Stan Petrovich

Our Cousin Held Hostage

He made it through the Civil War;
he can make it through anything, coming back
from rampant hellfire and target practice
and so we should honor him
but humans
honor only invisible spirits
dead things well past their glory;
murky books without application in today's world.

Take your christmas tree & worship that:
they has given you too much to enumerate here;
fire, medicine, fruit & spear...
c'mon hold your the hostage dear.

Stan Petrovich

Outbound

Not having pulled away from the Station, But still I am outbound-
I am at all times outbound-
When I grovel under my overhang,
The rocks above are black then white,
Very unstable,
So I have to leave my home again, forever;
And never do I know where to roam,
To find stability
In the world.
It doesn't exist,
For one thing.
Because something ominous will Hang forever its head,
And from there I must be outbound again

Stan Petrovich

Over The Top

If I climbed any higher
I would become a cloud.
Thunder & lightning embraced me
Like a lost child. I cried out loud.
The land below was divided into parcels,
Fields of brown & green
Where the moisture abounded.
I waved upward & caught a lightningbolt
That I use as a fork
While partaking of crusty basalts.
Rocks were my lunch and stanchion,
Being stronger than I, having more passion.
Look, look, the sky is parting- -
There is the bright blue where I am going.

Stan Petrovich

Painted Desert Allegory

I gaze far off
-Wearing a jump suit-
To the Home of the Kachina
Atop the great extinct volcanos
The flats now streaked
With blue-blood
And blood-red
Sands. Heaven,
White, is the 'eternal snow' up top,
But in August it is a byproduct of mere chance.

Stan Petrovich

Pan

A lilting melody accompanies me
Down the white-rock earthen path-
Played by Pan, half man,
And the air is an arc of rainbow drops,
With the forest smell pervasive,
The tug of gravity pushing my thighs;
The brunch underfoot of my creature company;
He scares me more than a little,
The cleft feet and all;
The rank putrid smell,
But at the town gate he blows a piercing f sharp;
Turns and disappears into the foliage;
Leaving me lonely again.

Stan Petrovich

Parallels

Scene 1:

I sit on the south end of the table

Across from you;

You say: 'I think I'm leaving George, Ezra.'

I say, 'You can stay with me, Hilda.'

Scene 2:

I sit on the north end of the table

Across from you;

You say, 'I think I'm leaving Wanda, Hilda.'

You say, 'You can stay with me, Ezra.'

Scene 3:

George, Wanda, Hilda and Ezra

Hold hands in a circle,

Round a grave marked 'Karen';

They all weep copiously.

Stan Petrovich

Paris, 1912

I was born a hundred years ago;
Made it to the Mecca of art
For art's sake;
Picasso's circle constituted by poets,
Mainly;
Gathered in outdoor cafes
We came up with modernism
By slamming the door on the old
And inviting in the new:
'If the artist says it's art,
Then it's art.'

(I look at the streets now,
A hundred years later,
And am griefstricken how
The gasoline engine has
Singlehandedly reduced
The role of poetry in young lives;
I am so sorry I think rap music is neither
Poetry nor music;
Crude braggadocio has plowed into
Inspiration; motorcycles, riding lawnmowers really,
Tear up the streets, noise-pollute as if it
Did not
matter: motorcyclists read this:
respect a little others, or go burst
into a bucket of bolts at 85 mph.)

Dada was the first idea
Of the Punk movement,
Take my word for it;
They respected nothing old,
And thus became something valid.
Surrealism is the bright yellow bulb
Springing from a masked face;
It again is time.
We need warriors in poetry:
Men & women with staunch
Desire to change the climate of the world itself.

Turn into pinwheel galaxies
Of thought and desire.
It is indeed our inborn right
To embrace ire...

Stan Petrovich

Passion (Counterfeit Suicide Note Written Once Only)

In the integers of dark
Morning, I live & pine
For your return,
My bloodstained tongue
A cheek away from insanity.
Mobster movies are on.
Their guns do nothing but
Make the victims slowly slump;
That isn't right. When I shoot people
In the dead of night,
They fly backwards,
Scraping pavement, then halt all of the sudden.
I have not come alone:
I have this; I have that.
You have to be mine again
Or you will be forced to.
'Antisocial Behavior Disorder'
Is what he said I represent,
So I shoved the table onto his shins,
Hearing them crack
To my delight.

But like Cagney lit ablaze in White Heat
I will now shoot myself between the teeth-

Stan Petrovich

Peregrina,

I fly over the wooded creek
Always a friend to seek.
There he is, a man, an archetypical Hermit,
Living off the land
Hard & bold
No matter how cold

See is no pretender
He controls the fire
Into which embers glow like ire
By my winds fanned:
I do not understand

I am destined to be a guest
In his little wooden house
Traipse in there
To catch a mouse
He plays cards and holds a deuce
He blinks at me
I swivel my head & blink back- -
Like in the Exorcist, no excuse...
No humdrum meaning

Stan Petrovich

Petite

the tiniest of watercolors
by a man called Ernst
transformed me into a caterpillar
dreaming of erstwhile flight.

my wings are powder-blue
like the cloudless sky:
I crisscross continents
ever on the fly.

I don't know what I eat
-perhaps nutrition is born and bred-
(not the cowdung that would make me retch) ,
maybe it's nutrients from the air I fetch.

I alight in a predetermined tree
and chew bloated leaves-
one summer passes,
and then I leave for good.

some super-being, or the earth herself
understands.

Stan Petrovich

Petrified Mouth

petrified mouth

Posted on March 11,2011 by pseudoprometheus

words formed before flowers–

the grumblings of thunder

the screeching lightning

eons of rain pouring

made the sonorous poetry of the earth;

bleakness of the plains defined the

sadness inherent in our thought;

all that was uttered was eventually gained:

pressed between rock and flower,

testament of the light syllables

as boulders dropped the bombs of novels

as men were dying of thirst.

until they knew the word for water

and could point it out

with the slaking of tremendous thirst

they whetted their appetite to name things;

between forefinger and thumb

the writhing scorpion that will be eaten;

they heard the bumblebees

and composed the origins of verse.

copycat men:

reiterating the beat of nature

the meter of the beetle's

scurrying feet.

Stan Petrovich

Phantom Tiger

There, quietly stalking into night
Silent as a shooting star,
Her name spelling panic and phobic
Fright, her stripes as good as fingerprints,
The back of her ears showing white eyes,
Her enemy to hypnotize.

Tiger was hunted to near extinction
Under the hands of the Brits;
Towering on the elephant phalanx,
Guns frightening many a beast;
Those men took aim and put down the bloody, mighty corpses of the magic
animal.
Now tiger is beneath
No elephant and rifle,
But a new wave of compassion and cheer,
Compensated with protected territory.

But if the same old story holds sway
Men will blossom first,
And if they bludgeon again the tiger
Completely, they shall have to die
Of thirst.

Stan Petrovich

Planet Woebegone

In some galaxy (we call The Sombrero) ,
On a planet soon to be swallowed whole
By its red giant sun,
A huge rock formation,
A caricature of a human face,
Lay.
Its brow, eyes and mouth
Were not carved by the typical forces
Of rain and wind and sand;
They were extruded by the organic might
Of deeply embedded molecules.

After a thousand centuries the brows bent down;
Another thousand and the eyes lit up;
Finally, from the mouth, a deep cadence,
A fugue of sorts
Joined its newest neighbors
That encircled the planet, top-to-bottom,
Or side-to-side.
They all sang a chorus of woe,
So, at one nearby time,
By an alien race
The planet was dubbed 'Woebegone'
And avoided like a plague.

I was exiled to Woebegone
For being an 'unbeliever'.
They put me in a reinforced aluminum jail,
I heard the faces wail,
Each telling a version of my tale.

Stan Petrovich

Poem Attack

Poem, having grown teeth,
Somehow got out of a notebook
That lay on a dusty shelf,
And jumped me.
Its assault lasted an infinity.
It honed in on my hand,
Ripping to the root a
Penile finger, which action,
I think, gave it the idea
Of hitting me below the belt.

The doctor in hospital
Moving my bandages away,
Mechanically asked,
'Do you smoke? '
'That ain't the half of it, '
I answered.

Stan Petrovich

Polaris In The Eye

Our ship broke apart
Like so many paddle-boards,
Crushed between bergs
And attendant ice floes.
All hands were lost,
Into the frigid waters tossed,
Except me and my cur, Mutton,
Who, gravely injured, would die too soon.
I used him as warmth for awhile,
Then he transfigured into merely a useful bunch of frozen fur.
I had a partial tent
That, torn by the searing blow,
Became a mere sieve in the howl ahead.

To some Eskimo fires I had spied
In the distance
I prepared to go; my beard milky white,
The only way to live, to vie,
I trundled on, chewing warmth, Polaris in the eye.

Stan Petrovich

Post Impressionistic

Where did that tune
Come from? An inner organ
Composing 'Clair de Lune, '
'La Mer, ' tales of the sea
And the moon.
'Jeux' ponders my wistful night's
Vigil, when I listen & learn
The genius that burns.
In the end it all comes down
To one thing: a man is only as great
As the best thing he could create.

Stan Petrovich

Pretending Trees

The trees take pretend trips
When we are not there
To cut them down or burn them up.
They imagine rising into the air
On moonlit romps without gravity's grip,
And mate like snakes, entwined,
Going as high as stars,
Looking down upon cities
And their captive kind,
Crying out for us to let them go,
To let them entwine without the cars,
The noise or the neon glow.

But their desire is doomed
Because what they get is pruned.

Stan Petrovich

Pretty In Placerville

Hands are made for grasping
Gold, dust in brown canvass bags, nuggets
For teeth impressions.
Dust trails lead in and out
Of toil and thirst. The thirst for
Gold, soul of the merciless mine.
The gold is mine.
My fingers are worn short
From rolling in the abrasives;
My lips made thin by kissing
The sun come down to earth.

Stan Petrovich

Radio Waves

In SETI

Radio waves are the beacon
Of hope This is
Anthropocentrism Because
Eusociality (the hive mind) as with
Bees, ants and wasps
That trail & discover
Is a totally different matter
So might they
They may be undiscoverable
This way via the top hits
Of the galactic jive

Go then
There are animals right here
First to find

Stan Petrovich

Red-Hook Talisman

'Either you are on our side,
Or you are our enemy.'
Fire can fall from the sky,
And death shall be plentiful.
There are machines.
There are machines with magic eyes;
They curl and coil
And whip up a striking angle,
A desperate death to you all;
Summery death before the Fall.

This joker thought the Marines
Should not defend the right for our kids
To puncture themselves,
With studs and metal clips (or whatever they do) ,
You would rather they wear fatigues? I asked.
What's wrong with that, the fool questioned.
He is military might,
Blind of sight,
Parading as a poet;
Look him up and soundly ignore him.

Stan Petrovich

Roads

Roads are vessels rot buoyant tires
that churn us along paths
where we have always been
all the while;
Veins are vessels that direct
platelets to where they need belong;

See out there in the sunset bush
afire with the dying sun's light,
and you can be free of the longing,
the longing for place
you can never be.
Even if you get there freely
and stay forever.

Stan Petrovich

'Sack O' Woe'

I saw an outlaw the other day
Carrying a severed head in one hand
And holding the other to his own bandaged head,
Screaming, 'Get me away! Get me away! '
So I did him a favor
And shot him in the leg.
He hopped off bleeding into the desert.
When will it ever end,
And become mild and pleasant again?

Stan Petrovich

Sadness In The Starry Bog

In the torrid spring's turmoil
After my love, with her cerulean eyes
Pierced my heart with love,
And she abandoned me for another,
Whose marriage is forthcoming,
I walk the bog at night,
The sky alight with the stars that made me,
The carbon, nitrogen, molybdenum and all,
Starstuff ringing in my ears,
Starstuff forming my trenchant tears;
I could easily walk down into the watery grave
To save my life from eternal grief and sorrow:
But there still is tomorrow;
I peer at Orions' fuzzy belt
And turn softly home.
May she be happy as can be with him;
For I hold no prejudice,
For if she is satisfied it saves me the time,
Perhaps the time of my wretched life.
A nightbird calls; it's all I need to know,
It being nothing more than another star
Hidden in the bog,
Yet calling, calling my name
A sandy screech of terror
Reaching deeply into my gut
And then, in practice, avoiding my watery demise.

Stan Petrovich

Saint Valentine

For you, my sweet;
an apple in your mind's eye;
a strudle in lieu of a pie.

We would, if we could,
walk the sandy shores;
there the birds always croak,
'forever more.'

It is a form of a joke,
following the birds at high tide;
we wince laughing at the pelican's poke,
and amuse ourselves at the albatros' blue hide.
There are too many kinds of birds to count,
so we leave it to La Mer to taunt;
I have heard every bird in there;
Sandpipers running like crazy as we stare;
the swirling music breaching the clouds
and the shift of rain chasing the forgotten gulls.

Stan Petrovich

Saturday In The Town Square

The women gather are dressed to the nines;
Floral designs of cornpetal blue and lace
Adorning their cool blouses.

A black pit holding fire
Smoulders and is left to burn, on the side,
Offering smoke to the pellucid air.

A newly made gallows stands,
And a very tall man in a tall hat,
With an axe and a black mask,
Takes his place-
He is in charge.

A large crowd gathers, talkative
And unashamed, in a hurry though.
They lead out shackled red-faced Rudy who
Looks like he has a belly full of gin,
But he really has a gut full of regret.

Exactly at eleven the tall man
In the black mask chops the rope around Rudy's neck.
Dropping hard and snapping his neck.
He uncleans his pants quietly.

What a fine thing for a town to do
On a bright crystal Saturday morn;
They split into two groups,
Some laughing loudly,
Some shouting and hollering for more.

At last the fire is out
And no more smoke sullens the square;
The next day being Sunday,
The day of peace, forgiveness, prayer.

Stan Petrovich

Schrodenger's Cat

Fifty-fifty is the probability
That the cat or even we exist,
After the atom splits;
Whether the cyanide gas turns us blue or sets up a clue
Not to open the box
And observe a cat
That is not there.

There is always the chance
(However small)
That we repeat the experiment,
Once, twice or infinitely,
Ourselves throwing the dice;
And live on forever after,
Opening an empty box,
And patting lively kitty on her head.

Stan Petrovich

Seascape Dream

It is not the moon I know;
So it is a false lunar bridge
Above my nose;
Dreams are the sad loafings of time
And entity, identity.

Stan Petrovich

Seat

Wet ancient beards saw
The seat of being
As a muscular davenport
Encircled by a dome of ribs.
Their thunder was the entrails
Looping below. Love was sated
In the loins, it made perfect sense,
And the earth being flat
Chained all the stars to the ground.
Grumbling gods determined
Fate, had walking-sticks for sex parts,
Having made all the things.

But in spurts revolutions came,
Meeting steely resistance,
Falling heads, a tumult of wrath,
That given time
Became self-evident.

Stan Petrovich

Sensory Deprivation

See not the crocus crack its bloom;
The evening is still as an endless dream;
No screaming child, no tortured men;
There is no hiss from a snaking sun,
And no report from an unloaded gun.
Silence has reigned for a kingdom come.
The air plays in the waves no more.

No water splashing on the seashore,
No sound in conches held to an ear;
Mounds of golden sand stretch without end,
And if the moons must revolve
They will not react again.

To the observer, who now sits in two
Unparalleled dimensions, there are the
Awkward points of light, burning above,
And the obsessive fear of unwanted flight,
Never from below, but above the wastrel breadth.

Stan Petrovich

Sharing Samadhi

Raising a glass of water,
Holding, hold tightly and watching,
I get an idea:
Can I think non-verbally,
Merge together with an object
I meditate upon?

Starting, there are sounds,
-A distant truck
-A lad's moan somewhere
-The touch of your cat.
Now you are in this as well.
New level.
-Grrrind
-Whrrrr
-Pop!
Pop is a palindrome,
And I'm thinking verbally again.

Was it a failure?
Not all the way-
Four some unknown number of
Seconds, the ego slept.
We gained refreshment
And tranquility way beyond wine.
A joy better where dreams
Dream too.

Stan Petrovich

Shelter

I give you salt in this cave

this cavernous body of ours

you eat meat with salt as well

the tongue, the brain, the skin

first that lickerish liver

I am all over it as well

as we gorge on a plentiful kill

the feast is for us alone here

hidden

and we use everything that is offered

by the beast

is not the beast us?

is the praying for meat part of our skin as well?

were there others they too would

participate, sated,

salted, their bellies ready to burst;

but, no, my love, it is only we

having an all-night supper;

gathering strength for another day of

hunting one another...

Stan Petrovich

Shoals

On shore I like to sit
Entranced by the evergreen algae
That someday became erect
And gained self-awareness;
The time it took stretched to the bottom of the sea.
The time on the order of billions,
When even the sun will give out.
Alas.
But I must,
Because of the hour today,
Hurry within,
For I hunger for shrimp,
Smelling it's nearly done,
Smelling it's my turn.

Stan Petrovich

Shrinking Lanscapes

Cluttered with the final blocks of glaciers
The Beaufort Sea, rotten ice,
Unlike the solid Antarctic
Settled down like a swollen glabrous
Skin, solidly couching the earth,
Steadfast in polarity (for now) :
When the heat from the bowels of the Amazon
Contrives to smolder over Europe & North America,
The creatures of the south shall come north...
Our disadvantage is the crops that will wither,
As our minds melt in the confusion
Of this dire prediction.

Stan Petrovich

Shuma

When I was little
We moved next to a forested
Gulch (a 'shuma' in Serbian) ,
Where a neighbor boy led me down the place
To get acquainted with the trees.

He pointed out poison ivy and oak,
He showed me the beavers' dam,
But I best recall Daddy Long Legs,
The spider I thought looked
Like those killing machines in 'War of the Worlds.'
Daddy had far too many legs, however,
And, according to the boy, posed no threat.

In winter, sledding down there
Was a gas, was my purest thought ever.
My parents were still alive
And posed no threat.
That once-upon-a-time
I held no regrets.

Now I cannot look into the mirror-
My youth is bereft.
Tired branches sprout from silent ears.

Stan Petrovich

Sink Your Sorrows

Look into a mirror
For there are your sorrows.
Align another one
And yes your Sorrows are compounded-
But it is artificial
As the pulse of your heart on your breath.

Sink your Sorrows through that mirror of the sea's surface,
Aligning in wave after wave
Of the moon's captivity,
And let the tides become your heart,
And the seabreeze your breath.
Sink your sorrows into the sea.

Stan Petrovich

Skills Of The Artisan Revealed

The brujo of Love:

He was an artisan.

He was born bright white

With an archer's arrow

In tow.

Met him once or twice

And he led me down a glorious path

To perfect love aglow.

The fireplace crackled as we spent some yuletide times

Together, lying on a mat,

Drinking the wine of Dionysius,

Who visited us there,

And thereby we crackled too,

In lust & love commingling

With the brick wall,

Behind,

In view.

Stan Petrovich

Sky At Night

I'm there; you're there too;
We enter the haze of stars up above
& within;
Those two nebulae interact as puppies
As we do. They pour color off a dog's tongue.
The moon in a crescent melds into view,
Low and overhanging with green mists;
The green are the plants;
The brown is the soil.
The nature of the forces holds us together,
And binds our eyes with symmetry,
The symmetry of love itself.

Stan Petrovich

Sleep & Dream, Dearest

You have fled the Western desert dry,
For a much older culture & clime.
There is too much water on Earth,
There is too much water off of Perth.
Sleep & dream of what could have been
Dissociate any old feeling of sin.
Go under & sleep and dream
In the waters of the night,
But, lovely, sleep in the deeply cooling waters
Of newfound life;
Sleep & dream away all strife.

Stan Petrovich

Soma

Is is a bitter pill to swallow
But what is life but a bitter pill?
Then a feeling follows
That stuffs the Vedic gods to their gills.
Did it come from India or Persia,
Or only a lab in New Jersey?
Depending on your version
And what reaction it brings:
Skeleto-muscular relaxation
Lack of pain and spasms,
Flat-out beating an orgasm.
And the myth of soma is a truth-
No secret herb or root,
Just this bitter pill after all,
Indeed only a pharmaceutical.

Stan Petrovich

Something Nicer

In the Salt River Canyon
Right on the white bridge,
Photogenic,
You stood, both knees exposed-
I clicked and clicked.
The off-white salt pillars
Could be photographed all day;
And a myriad of stars all night.
One can see the richness in the lore exposed there: rock and tree.
I envy those who first came here,
Centuries ago with no cameras
To capture the glory,
Only tongues to tell the tales.

Stan Petrovich

Somewhere, It's Dawn

Somewhere first light opens the eyes of the downtrodden;
And mirrored mountains paint the morning bright;
Somewhere the warm winds relax,
And the songs of the sea and field
Sing a heady yield;
Somewhere two lovers meet again;
And a dying poet puts down his final pen;
Somewhere a man of unending torture
Rests his forgiven head,
And free blankets and thick pillows billow
On a fearless bed.

Stan Petrovich

Spires

There was a man, an angry man,
Who after many misadventures and close shaves,
Drove his horse around the manzanita stands
Until, suddenly, he found himself
High on a wooded cliff
Where he stopped to admire the view.
A great chasm chiseled in red and white,
Spread to the long horizon.
Hanging spires choked aspens and greenery;
His face relaxed completely;
It was the work of a beautiful planet.
It made him rethink his violent ways.
That deep gorge reached into his heart
And pulled out a soft bunny.
Life was not about fight or flight;
It was about serving the earth
And all things in it.

Thereafter the man mended his ways,
Becoming a blacksmith in the town
By the calming gorge.
As he hammered the intractable metals
He hammered his own little chasm,
His secret hideout with many small iron spires
And some asparagus-shaped tubes of copper, tall together,
That greened with age and weather.
I was a special palliative place for him, indeed.
Beautiful in width and depth.

There was a happy man...

Stan Petrovich

Starstuff I

We are starstuff,
That supernova deriving my being, my feeling,
Will remain long enough
For me to wander wood and shore;
Then I will die,
And be no more.

Stan Petrovich

Starstuff II

Will all of me go?
Will the 'collective consciousness'
Gather at a shiny place,
Somewhere in space,
And give newborns a hint of my grief or intelligence?
So when they too wander wood and shoreline,
Or ponder the stars, (cont.)

Stan Petrovich

Starstuff Iii

Will my admiration of E. E. Barnard's incredible eyesight, the Many Worlds insight
of Dr. Everett,
Robinson Jeffers explaining our life,
Trace a mark?
Doubtful.
There shall be others to grip the truth.
I can't wait.

Stan Petrovich

Statue Of Zeus

My Lord High-Thunderer,
You are in a deep well now,
Are you not?

The mad Caligula, a man of shallow waters,
Nevertheless had your head removed,
Not replaced.

You are the same as the whole messy string of gods there have reined
In the minds of madmen and greedmongers:
For the lot of You, I do not feel;
For the respect of You,
I will not kneel.

Stan Petrovich

String Of Pearls

Around a jetting quasar-
A black hole that can no longer
Keep its hat on-
There comes a string of pearls
Phantom glowing pearls that
One cannot wear or even assemble
Their size and heat are so terrific.
Over the expanse of light years
I want to take on the trouble,
The suicide danger,
And capture these pearls for you,
To metamorphize them into something
Manageable.
And, then, string the cosmic
Circle around your lovely neck,
So they may dazzle the whole world,
Even more that you do without them.

Stan Petrovich

Stupid

It is so stupid & sad
that 'poets' feel
that if only they invoke the word
God
their poems are automatically deep.
But they are really employing the language of sheep.

Stan Petrovich

Summersalt

I went to the beach
On a furious day
Rain & collapsing wind adrift the dunes
The seaspray salted my tongue
As I called your name
But you did not come
Except in a wave
That overpowered my feet
As I fell & wept your name again
Imagine what those seagulls saw
Myself prostrated in a wave of grief
And barely rising to give homage to the gregarious sea

Stan Petrovich

Sweet Poison

In a tireless mist
In a tireless fog
The crunchy yet springy heath
Hastens a wet death.
Some sweet poison had breathed
Into her lungs,
And she drank the foul runoff from the grave;
That culminates in a bloody cough
And, since she will brook no doctor's vile remedy,
The fat cattle watching
Her crumble and moan,
As she can barely walk or talk above a whisper
And heaves out a pitiable groan.
Death's rattle for Emily
Burnishes the waste,
Tarnishes the chaste,
And finally she is gone.

But what she embellishes
Stands in time embedded.
We can only wonder
What courage it took
To carve out the book
From disparate sources of cliff and mossy gleam.
She is now the ghost in the window
In the window it seems.

Stan Petrovich

Sylvan Scene

Crunching through snow,
High Arizona plateau;
Mt. Humphreys as backdrop,
Aspen forest,
I see a cabin church,
Crude thing,
A cross in perspective set
On the highest peaks behind.
So inside I went,
To the warmth,
To the candle glow:
It almost made a Christian out of me,
(Like 2 Mahler) :
Fond memory.

Stan Petrovich

Table Rock

Now, listen, pipsqueaks,
I'm One of a Race of Giants- -
I sport a black,40-ft. beard,
And so now you know my name.

I could take your eldest son
And crunch him between thumb & forefinger;
Certain death;
But I only punish in retribution.

Otherwise I leave you be,
To war, to make weapons of war,
To divide and conquer:
I interfere merely for vengeance & annoyance.

You little kippers often disrupt my sleep;
Television too damn loud, reckless gasoline noise pollution,
So I like to strike without warning:
I hurry believing that revenge is a dish served piping hot.

There is this mountain in the desert.
It is a mesa, flat as an enormous flapjack,
On which I dine with basaltic utensils; I eat & drink heartily.
I eat children & drink the convictions of your beliefs.

Stan Petrovich

Tearing Of The Cloth

Stuffed full of dense clouds,
My head is heavy with non-emotion.
Such is the present weather;
And I cannot keep thoughts of Kafka away.
(He tried to burn all his work,
But ((good for us)) it was saved.)

Men of the cloth have been deemed
Tarantulas. They slowly abrogate
Mind and sense. I rather respect dedication,
Except for nazi-like ideas, creepy communism or capitalistic cronyism.
De-evolution in society and politics
Is running rampant beginning
With the Industrial Age.
There's the rub: to 'improve' living
We have to sacrifice the planet.
Forever.

Waking up to a new day,
The azure morning following
A night abuzz with thunderstorms,
I tear away the cloth before my eyes,
And desire someone to begin telling the truth.

Stan Petrovich

Temple Of Artemus

Callimachus wrote:

'Let none disparage Artemis. For Oeneus
dishonoured her altar and no pleasant struggles came upon his city. Nor let any
content with her in shooting of stags or in archery. For the son of Atreus vaunted
him not that he suffered small requital. Neither let any woo the Maiden; for not
Otus, nor Orion wooed her to their own good. Nor let any shun the yearly dance;
for not tearless to Hippo
was her refusal to dance around the altar. Hail, great queen, and graciously greet
my song.'

So the Great Temple was for the Amazons, who mated with their neighbors
Every 26 years.

The Temple outlasted that,
But not by much:
It was both wooed and raped
By the Earth Herself,
The first Amazon of all.

Stan Petrovich

Thanks To What

'Let us pry, ' wrote James Joyce
in 'The Wake.'

He was never one to fake.

If, and IF, we are lucky enough today to eat,
then it is probably that we cheated
someone along the way.

Those millions who are starving
we give no thanks for
because, like the earth
to this vile generation,
they are expendable
reprehensible- -

how can they live off the fat of the land
without paying taxes

(that GE and the church duck):

they must be too lazy to work
and so too lazy to eat?

Not at all.

I curse those who cheat- -
corporations, churches, lawyers replete.

'First, kill all the lawyers.'

I'll go along with that as well.

But back to Thanksgiving:

Since there is no God to thank
we must put our priorities in rank.

It is phenomenal;

we can only thank the genome
that made the turkey
so tasty.

Stan Petrovich

Thanksgiving

I am thankful for laughter, except when milk comes out of my nose.

Woody Allen

I am thankful for milk especially when it comes out my laughing nose.
Thanksgiving is the only holiday I support. The rest are self-serving materialistic
garbage; honoring nothing really important in the long run...

Stan Petrovich

The Abyss

To test the 'Stare into the Abyss' bit,
Toroweap Point is a perfect place-
Hang your legs over a volcanic 3,000-foot drop,
And stare anywhere you like.
If you are firm in your commitments,
The Abyss will free you;
If you have low imagination,
The Abyss will drive you away;
If you are a great philosopher, poet, scientist, or musician,
The Abyss will nestle in your heart;
If you have drunk far too much wine,
You will become one with the Abyss.

Stan Petrovich

The Acrophobic Mountaineer

I have kooked into Baha'i: Truth in Process; Buddhism: All is Mind; Christianity: But I Say Unto You; Christian Science: Spirit and Matter; Confucianism: A Culture of Order; Daoism: The Way And Its Power; Hinduism: Thou Art That; Iconography: The Shape And Colour of Faith; Islam: And Muhammad Is His Prophet.

They take themselves too seriously. The heaven's are indifferent.

The cold stillness of the stars grabs my attention and moves me more.
A galaxy of stars, a great speeds, is but a smuge wiping the end of the telescope.
It eats and defecates stars like language.
There is an icy unmovement to the heavens.
I look down at them from a cliff;
At existence and am dram to fear it.

Stan Petrovich

The Ashen

White and powdery are our
Faces, as they draw near one another,
Sticking out sticky tongues
Covered with dead flies.
Our red eyes are sullen and sunken
And contain nothing like love anymore.
Bright and blazing noise has turned our thoughts to mush.
We have developed webbed toes that we use to
Flap in the muck that was once called cities.
The seas are now very much part of life,
And strange new forms have evolved.
It would have been up to our scientists
To derive antibiotics against the dread posed by seabird
Droppings, but what good are the scientists with
Webbed feet and mouths full of flies.

Stan Petrovich

The Beat

Everything changes,
Except for me:
This paradox burns my boots,
And into life I pass;
Beating the well-meaning devil phrase,
Long night's doctrine,
pharasaism of time;
A jolt to the groin, pinhole of supergas-
I remain upright,
old lion in trance.

Stan Petrovich

The Bee

In search of something real: to it it is nectar;
When we look for ink, paper and nomenclature;
For ours is a world of representation;
The bee's is a world of satisfaction.

The bee can feed standing still;
Have you ever eaten a dollar bill?
My example is what the pedant calls 'heuristic.'
But it's only the beating of a beat simplistic.

Stan Petrovich

The Body Vacant

All those eyes upon me:
Now liver, now heart, now nerves.
The chemical balances are tenuous;
I have suffered hyponatremia and hypokalemia,
But whose pair of eyes knows that?
The microorganisms that abound in space and place
Wait and watch for the opportunistic jig
That will dance them through the skin,
Wrecking the bloodflow and balances,
Growing into the moistures of sickness.
We can all fight them with the antibiotic, antifungals,
Antiviruses, biologics;
But in the end the game is over before it begins,
Like all games,
And the loser is a predetermined loser.
It is you.

Stan Petrovich

The Brief Lives Of Lighthouses

Having entered many,
In New England-
Maine, Massachusetts,
(West Island) ,
I am aware of the importance of guiding sailors,
And though sturdy,
They often fall due to Tectonics,
Like the Pharos of Alexandria,
Dying for all its sturdy steps,
Falling into the sea
That it scrutinized,
Swallowed whole.

The Lighthouse of Alexandria,
As has been brilliantly documented,
Lies dormant under the waves,
Guiding nothing but cameramen, who are
Caught in the dim.

Stan Petrovich

The Bursting Bladder

Can't hold it like I used to;
The pee is a dominant force of Nature:
(Emerson must have written about it someplace):
In high school I could traverse dry terrain aplenty:
Now it only becomes a poop in lieu!
Never part ways with the waystation (or you'll rue the day) ,
And when relieved, find the most pleasure outside of reproductive coherences;
Take little to heart outside of bodily functions;
Always, always know when & where to fart.

Stan Petrovich

The Bushwacked Notebook

Well, I was trying to stay
Tidy, keeping the 'font' small,
But rain kept falling
And the ceiling leaked
Red - brown.

So now I'm proud possessor
Of a hundred and one poems,
Completely discolored, charmless,
Dumb as a coffee stain
And wearing a frown.

Stan Petrovich

The Cold Spot

We may be, as we speak,
In the process of being
Impinged upon by another universe. That is far more important than the
behavior of my clouds!
It means that many a universe may stand beyond ours:
We cannot visit them, as such,
But in Poetry we can find perhaps, a touch.
So Deities and Philosophies are no more;
But look at the
Stanchion of Poetry,
Stronger than Blake and the rest of the classics and us combined.
If anything vies for eternity,
This is where to look first,
And look last.

Stan Petrovich

The Doldrums

Ashen faces flood the street.
Change abounds so much so that its retreat
Is lauded & called the doldrums.
Hernan Cortez facilitated pogroms,
A sacking that gave Spain a brand new fleet
Of towering masts & enemies to meet.

Warfare now has become as well an ashen face,
Rivals to the east & an unknown west.
Unkempt maniacs with plots fooling plots
Is all they shall get-
There being no maker to meet;
No invisible virgins replete;
No sultry shores of whinnying sands.
The can look forward to no thing-
No thing but bandages on their heads & their hands.

The rest of us die for no visible cause, as well:
Food, family, shelter, flag,
Santa Claus.

Stan Petrovich

The Dust Settles

Interfering, yet definable
The dust covers my eyes.
I once saw brightly,
But now it seems I am always in the shade,
A shade of miscalculation
And demise.
There is a barren tree
Looking like the skeleton of an ancient horse
In my way;
It is possible simply to go around it,
Or must I fight, a prisoner of the settled dust,
And lose. I cannot bear the crazed embarrassment
Of losing to a dead horse.
Had I a machete, I would certainly win,
And win with aplomb.
You cannot beat what you do not see.
The Quixote of the barren gulch;
The pallid rider of the fiery-frayed & dead horse...

Stan Petrovich

The End

After he swallowed his defeat
And fell into the dread silence,
If no longer had the need to cheat,
No tower of strength and balance;
And toppled into bed
A moan tearing his belly;
There he stayed for
A bunch of blue moons,
Not looking out soon
From steamed-up windows
Of yellow and brown
-fear-
Till death was near.

Then he arose and went out,
Only to fuss and fight,
Drink a mighty bunch of beer
That he expelled,
The color of blood.
As his lingering body
Began finally to flood,
He passed on and returned from whence he came: the mud.

Stan Petrovich

'The End Is Near'

A bum walked the sidewalk
With a sign proclaiming THE END IS NEAR.
Passersby occasionally remarked,
'What is it the end of, fishing in the bay due to mercury contamination? '
-Or-
'Is it the intrusion of the sea due to the polar ice caps melting? '
But he never answered stupid questions;
He just kept walking with the sign.
A man asked him one day,
'Does that mean the end of all things is coming? '
The dosser handed him the sign, saying,
'It's now your turn.'

Stan Petrovich

The Endless Love Of Hatred

the needles
it is a city in california
named after desert peaks that fly upwards
and pierce the cloudless sky
the cloudless sky where i encamp & listen
listen for some shore that is nowhere
to be found
in lieu of that there is my torrent
another camper singing cowboy songs
that i cannot stomach
there are enough things to stomach
but i feel i'm being followed
by critics
of the moon
rising on my paltry plate
the moon is indifferent to my hatred of mankind
his wars & tubthumping & guns
there are too many things to annoy a sole practionioner
of dry climes
& all the dunebuggies
can go to hell
as if hell were not there already

Stan Petrovich

The Exchange

With nothing left to lose
I went high and far into nameless
Mountains, climbing a high hill,
And, exhausted, fell asleep in a lush park.
I awoke enveloped in a kind of mist
That somehow spoke in my head:
'I want what you have: bones,
Manly muscles, blood and pliant gravity.
'You want what I have: flight, freedom and eternal life.
'Say the word and we can switch.'
Barely considering an answer, I spoke into the fog, agreeing 'yes' to it.

Now for sixty years and more I have
Swirled among spires in canyons,
Overlapped evergreen forests, hugged
Lush parks, at times frightening campers.
Then you came along,
Strumming a guitar that caught my fancy.
I saw your beaded hair and your fashion glasses and
Your shapely female form;
I enveloped you:
I whispered into your ear:
'I have a proposition to make.'

Stan Petrovich

The Fence

I recall a violent shipwreck,
Hitting my head hard upon the deck,
Dazed and out-of-bounds,
The surge of sea and blasting sounds.
Now I find myself in an Elysian field,
Surrounded by a that fence that cannot yield
Egress of any sort; ,
It is ten feet high that makes me quite short.
But I am called homo sapiens,
And what I do depends
On wit and cunning,
So I built a ladder from the ship's board running,
And peer over the fence:
Dinosaurs were aplenty over there,
Some with feathers, none with hair.
I was stuck where I was,
And had to find a cause.

Crosslegged was the way, clearing the mind of verbal thought,
Depleting the insects' onslaught,
And I had a vision clear:
Charity, all-change and world peace I began to hold dear;
But how on earth to spread this message?
I had to rebuild the ship from a ton of wreckage;
That took years as I survived on the mangos
In the trees that grew in tangles,
In my Elysian field.

The ship I guided to the nearest peopled land,
Whose shores were owned by a naked tribe with a helping hand.
They worshipped the gods of Sun & Moon & Shadow;
Which I taught were a was a feeble substitute
For Nature; Let us praise Nature, I taught.
And for nothing about that were the distraught.
They took me in for all these years,
When I learned their language and wrote it down,
Sowing my seed of peace to become renown.
Which happened in 1844 when a merchant ship made port
And 'rescued me' in part;

But I took my journal back to England
And showed it to Mr. Charles Darwin,
Who I think used it on his most famous voyage,
And entered it in his log after his own coinage
Of natural selection,
Which I myself had a predilection.

The world is now a different place,
With all the animals proving their hidden grace,
And the ebb and flow of tide and time,
Makes them for always different as an inherent rhyme.

Stan Petrovich

The Future Affects The Past

The universe has no single history. Light from some quasar
At a distance unholy
Can now be interrupted,
Thus making its origin different,
Shifting time and space itself.

If my own life were to intervene
With all my past mistakes,
The thousands of them,
And those boats I sank
Could be righted,
I would leap at the chance.
My first real love,
A sweet and brilliant girl,
Would be here with me right now;
Then there being no single reason to write this,
As we, in that reality,
Are quite engaged
In each other's hair.

Stan Petrovich

The Gods Do Not Intervene

The battle between Athens and Sparta lasted a lifetime and more.
Men who ate lentils
Were not interfeared with by any gods,
Said Thucydides,
who is the father of scientific history.
He did not outlive his own battle,
Dying suddenly by an iron sword.
His blood spurted on his pages,
But most were saved. If one reads Greek,
One can smell,
On the pages
Blood and lentils and pointed iron. And read the first truth about the horrors of
war.

Stan Petrovich

The Iniquities Of Orndinance

I followed down a wash
My boots a little too tight;
Winding up with a deicious peace
And an angry blister.

It was on a bombing range,
Yuam County, Arizona,
Where even as an American citizen
I was tagged, watched and ostrasized.

You know about the mountain lion
With which I locked eyes there;
The she scampered off into the barrens
Double-time.

Later, on the highway looking back,
That mountain exploded,
The lion vaporized along with my trail:

"Things that matter most must never be at the mercy of things that matter
least."

—Goethe

Stan Petrovich

The Kiss

What began in stone-marble perfection,
Eyelids a-touch,
Mouths wide open,
Clambered for much,
Remembrance unspoken,
His hand on her knee,
Excellent panoply,
Frozen in time and memory;
For they felt an inordinate thrill
Lasting an Age,
Carved with living hands.
On the rickety scaffold that bent,
And when it finally went,
The lovers remained
Broadcasting no shame.

Look at the various angles,
And their lips remain entangled
In a light and airy eroticism,
Beyond any critic's criticism.

Now those models are long gone,
Their feign is evermore;
So by the ticking of the clock
It is the norm That their lips stay locked.

Stan Petrovich

The Little Waterfall

waterfalls enlighten
they are the king of the old elements
so fire speaks & wind & earth
but each of them are liars
nevertheless water is too simple to lie
simplicity is the key
moving water to flood
is the winds fault
tsunamis require the push of the earth
to run aground & devastate
and fire opposite fire
is the sizzling foe of the shredded toe
& one must be victorious over the other
or the world indeed would end in fire

i know
well not much more than a seep it is
in the sonoran desert
with a natural seat below for contemplation
raised ground & rock merely
from which you could listen & hear talking water

i do not become enlightened by that tinkle
because
look at me now
bedraggled & unclean
i know i will never find the place again
and i fret
but i recall some of what it implied
it motioned to the elements above
it hinted at the beauty of the fluttering white dove
that happened nearby
its shadow eerily cast onto the cacti
and in the end it showed me a rainbow
ultimate gift
and foretold that things are there
of which we are stultifyingly unaware

The Loveliest Place In The World

The jays jump, plump in blue
Plumage among the fallen pine cones
In this tilted land of ponderosa pines.
Spaced apart are the wise old junipers,
Drifting sleepily in their heady odors.
You are quite tired from hiking all day
And lean against a solitary rock
Where the blue-white light shines
In cool dense breezes.

At twilight the forest is stock-still.
You might see a tireless black ant,
So leave it alone;
Leave everything alone.
Even yourself
That you may soak in the forgotten
Songs of the moon and milky way.
All musically tuned to the arrowhead
You found on the high blue trail.
And hold it tightly in your hand,
Sacred as it is.

Stan Petrovich

The Mountain Like A Lion

Windsor Seep was dry and covered
with pine cones and dirt; on hands and knees
I could never have extracted water
there for my barren tongue to lap.

The saddle, with deer plentiful
as pests, huddles my tent and me;
where I saw the spinning stars
against the towering twin peaks.

My boots were wired to my feet,
kicked by rocks and prickly pear,
whose fruit I'd had to eat
for the juice bound by a thousand neddles there.

Then, another night.
The winds of autumn howled down the peaks
like javelinas,
yet the mountain itself was a lion,

Looking me between the eyes,
then pouncing.

Stan Petrovich

The Mystery

Where is he come from,
Why is he doomed?
The Genome is only the punch-card
Computer of a generation or more ago,
Filling up buildings, no colored displays,
Just the buzz of magnetic tapes-
You need a quantum computer to solve
The real equations, everything in between.

He beckons from the eleven dimensions.
He repeats and does not repeat.
The folders of his quest
Are infinitely stacked
And infinitely variable.
Time stretches-
I finally get it perhaps-

His tombstones need not bear resemblance
To one another.
(Although they may) .
For the key to the universe is probability,
Not mere possibility.
I am more than an example of a collection
Of particles inhabiting a certain space-
And it requires no anima to grand me
That place.

Stan Petrovich

The Night I Have Is Only Yours

Only yours
Becoming brave
In endorsement
I holler as we make simplicity
Out of the most complex
Of matters
I wade in the suffocation
Of your waves
Of your smell
And then end all things
Either alive or dead

Stan Petrovich

The Screamers

The men who screamed the most had amputated legs;
The men who screamed the least had only bad haircuts;
In between
The eyeless socket-men roared instead of wept.
The earless bloody-necked men shouted dully;
The armless twitching men sniffed the air;
The castrated men lay in total silence, peering off into space.

The official men in their prefabricated buildings
Toasted their savior with much vodka, straightening their uniforms,
Singing merrily into the delightful night.

Stan Petrovich

The Simple Pleasures

The supple pleasures of taking you into
My arms, and squeezing the breath from you nostrils;
Like a tornado of health, you carry me away.
We had frolicked in the seashore, the foam to our knees;
We had squinted in a thousand sunsets on flowery slopes;
We had enticed one another into crazy motions, swinging in delight.
Now there is cheese on the table, lukewarm & ready to taste.
But I would fain taste your buds, ever so warm & ripe
As any a cheese could one day become.

Stan Petrovich

The Sky Is Winking At Me Tonight

It is as if there is something
I must not know:
I quickly dig up my dogeared Kant
And search for an explanation-
It is all thete, if one goes deeply...

Our senses are blundebusses at best.
There are hidden forms, gossamer wings,
Are tangential eaquations,
We stupidly overlook.

I think - no, I say - that they walk among us,
Tripingly in laughter, and point
Out our absurd predelictions.

One cant find much
humor in being laugher AT.
But I do.

Stan Petrovich

The Slumber Of The White Knight

Busco en la muerte la vida

Busco en la muerte la vida,
salud en la enfermedad,
en la prisión libertad,
en lo cerrado salida
y en el traidor lealtad.
Pero mi suerte, de quien
jamás espero algún bien,
con el cielo ha estatuido,
que, pues lo imposible pido,
lo posible aún no me den.

Looking death in life - M. Cervantes

Looking death in life,
health disease
freedom in prison,
closed as output
the traitor and loyalty.
But my luck, who,
I hope never any good,
has ruled the sky,
that ask for the impossible,
I can not even give me.

Just as certain as horrid dreamscapes unfolded in his
Head,
The sword unsheathed chopping limbs for the Church,
He slept on one side in the filth of the barn:
And the dream came suddenly on:
The arm he lopped off
And the bony knob left behind wiggled-
Now he sleeps in yellow dirt

And flies breach his armor argent.
It was a good and glorious fight;
A grand plight;
His steed bounding through the peasants' thickets
As he torched the delapidated shacks,
And the crows on every fencepost
Crowing his Kingdom with a cackle.
Then the unarmed man came running with a stick,
Swinging without chance or grace-
There went his arm. Did he also run him through?
It was an unpleasant meandering of thought
That running him through, unarmed in two ways.

What did the House of Blanco want anymore?
For this was indeed the knight, Blanco.
His killing must stop
Or go on for a thousand years.
He must earn a respite.
He must stop on a rail.
Or he must turn tail.

Stan Petrovich

The Units Of Euripedes

Still figures of headless Greeks
wholesome forms of dominion to them
while talking all along

without heads but with heady words
leaning into the still of discovery
ages unto ages
their faces only masks

their courtyards the kingdom
of painstaking boredom
but reaping the nature of our
tortured time to come

Stan Petrovich

The Wine Of Samadhi

This is true:

In a state of meditation

(Straight)

I left both mind and body behind

And in a trance melded with the flow of the universe,

Surrounding my partially enlightened consciousness.

Unlike wine that can make a man a clown,

As Shakespeare was perfect at describing,

I became a vessel of perfect love,

Thrilled as the time I experienced ESP,

So frightening I had to cut it off immediately like a limb,

So amazed at its truth I can never doubt it;

Two strangers in a room full of people, merging

For only a few seconds,

Wood, metal and water,

The earth turning beneath my clambering feet,

The world talking the language of solid feeling,

But with another intervening.

The Samadhi was momentary too,

Equally astounding.

I was alone

Yet I was with everybody.

Every joke, every crazy love, every plight of wondrous energy.

Then it left me like a brief breeze

In the loneliest desert.

I changed of course but remained the same at the core:

Tortured by karma but saved by the Samadhi.

Stan Petrovich

They Are Coming

The giant hissing cockroaches
And centipedes long as your arm
Will be here
Due to global warming.
It's too late to stop it, too.
We have poured the fuel
Down the throats of our carburetors
(And big oil)
For long enough now.
Your grandchildren will not have the pleasure
Of azure skies and red sunsets,
Only green acid rain
Because the 'devout' who disdain
Evolution (science) and funding proper education

First will come the mosquitoes, blackening the skies
And with the mosquitoes, bats, moving the skies;
Next time you get a bat in your home
Go out and sell your car
And take the bus.
No more Sunday drives.
They are a slap in the face of humanity.
Rabies is coming as well.

Make no mistake, they are coming.
I see it every day.
I will not say to you, 'Look at the diminished polar ice, '
Because you already know about that;
It's the monster that come in tow;
About them I want you to know.

Stan Petrovich

Tidbit

The nights were afire
In my salad days-
I found what I was after,
Counting the ways.

The pale green flesh
I consumed made me One
With a glorified Nature;
The Native Americans & I
Fought no more forever.
The Little Big Horn
Is a dried-up gulch
Nowadays.

Let us not divide
Our rights & plights.
Let us not eat at McDonalds.
Let us not
Fall into diabetes' lot,
But sweat our bodies
Into submission.

Born into every body is
Death; it is not behavior.
I & they must respect
The dying, even as they waver.
Go to a Hopi plateau
And look out from there
And into forever.

Stan Petrovich

Time Of The Tubers

our thinking tribe
hands sandy from digging yams
compelled to fight the mesomorphs
who captured women and girls
came upon the white carcass
of an alligator

the Bald One rubbed his head
and tasted a string of raw flesh
it was when we first
invented cooking

then we faught
crying sputtering wrenching gutcrunching
in a short gulch that resounded
they with their brawn
we with our forethought
and longer staves
so handily we triumphed
getting back the women and girls
we did not eat the fallen ones
for a change though they
were pulled apart all

and we came upon a wall
a crystalline unclimbable wall
but we could by the light
of the moon and the turning stars
peer through it
so then we began to wear clothes of leaves

our hands begat a city
using the wall as had been hinted
which kept the enemy at bay
for centuries
as we developed this iconography
and mulled upon great questions
such as why the gods ad become angered or had died
and left us pain famine chagrin dissimilitude drought

and that encroaching mountain of ice
that depleted the game

who were the one like us
but not the same
the ones fed all the time
and claiming territory
over the water to the east
they were not only men
but partially beasts

they took women and girls in droves
and beheaded many a man
until scattered we
essentially became them

Stan Petrovich

Time/Sand

The sundial spells remorse;
The sands in the hourglass,
Half empty, half full,
Prepare defeat,
Dividing the northern and
Southern hemispheres-
Extinct, non-extant time-
Travels of my feet.

Dispels relief.
Dry, dry is the desert
Of the triumphant return of the
Hero, even anything sweet:
Death, dearth, love,
Instant jaw burial,
Scientific discovery,
You & I lying awake,
And fearing nothing
But the future
Anew.

Stan Petrovich

To Be Gone A Spell

Not admitting defeat
I embark after the
Thorny jungle of prose-
There anything goes
From airy speculation
To frothy exacerbation

A multiverse trying to convey
May make me mad
By the very first day
The nameless character who shall
Do as I say
Think in words terse and mirrored
infinitely

Everyone has 'doppelgangers'
Doing the exact same and then
Very differing things
Your 'soul's' dead ringer
If you are say
Ten places at once
Like a honey bee
You may not be here
They are over there
Just look in order to see-

Stan Petrovich

Today

I went down to that foaming sea today,
Having nothing better to do;
I felt the whirling tide coming true
And all the strange sameness
As the force of oneness applied.

I cried so many tears into the sea
That the volume rose to meet me
In harried winds and tearing gulf,
It brought me back in time with it:
Far, far back, when the water minions rose,
And the crab was the proper king.

Stan Petrovich

Travelogue

Keeping a fit timetable
Is an improbable countenance
For a guy, like me, who has
Been lost, and given up for lost,
In unforgiving desert mountains.

I once lived in an abandoned
Tungsten mine in the Hualapais,
My legs outstretched on the boss'
Desk. The difference was the
Dessicated peccary underneath:
A death-doll grin, gray-matted fur.

There was fresh water in the
Mineshaft, and one other man-
Or perhaps a Minotaur-
Dwelling within.
Either way, his breath stank,
Hanging on to the still, lightless air.

Stan Petrovich

True Story

A bar; a dive.

Ethanol springs, thrives.

The clown arrives;

The selfsame clown who,

To impress girls, speaks of the expanding universe,

then quickly misidentifies the speed increasIng,

At a distance,

As a 'paradox, '

When it the obvious function of the balloon expansion between galaxies.

'What is paradoxical, ' I offered, is what happens to tire very small.'

The clown: 'I just want to know what keeps a plane flying.' A hubbub of agreement.

So off I drove, lonely as usual, but with the satisfaction of being correct.

That is small, however,

As one drops into am empty bed.

Stan Petrovich

Truman Capote

I do not care a bit what you think:
Fiction is better than reality.
A smelly purple-green swath of cloth
Is hanging over his grave.
'Based on a true story' is never art;
It is a lie, for 'the truth' never reveals anything but anecdotal crap.
I say, use your imagination,
Never read 'In Cold Blood', because it is crap;
'Reality' shows demean the essence of art.
Let us ply & fly to the stars,
A spaceship loaded with all,
Going to the nearest star,
Going to a non-reality
Nearly the speed of light,
Which is a real thing.
The limp-wristed can show us a thing or two
- Look at Proust-
He made up his stories, like James Joyce,
A real one-eyed man,
Suffering for his art based on mythology
Not reality.

Stan Petrovich

Two

We two, together on the giant porch
Overlookng the giant cactus-strewn badlands,
Are holding hands
Breathing in the dust of passing cars
Drinking wine
And thinking how it is a prerequisite
That we both be here
In order to be here-
How it takes two to love properly

Stan Petrovich

Unbeknown

In my cavernous dwelling,
(A lookout tower or a cliffside cave) ,
I glare over the sea the wrong way,
Not the left way, as it should be;
Far sighted in eagle eyes,
Stinging from the fear of your sight.

Imagination stirs reddish moss
For hair, speckled hands soft to touch,
What face is staring at me there?
And, forever, without destination
Perth. About as far as a metro area can be,
As I home in this metroplex from Baltimore to Boston,
A steaming jungle of road rage
And the noise of relentless trafficjams
We do have great science and some
Poets of note, not no mountaintops
Of mirth and rattle, of shaking floors and flowers,
And mirth ridden beds.
But birds nest in my hoary head
And in my hoary hands.

They cannot stray if I make them stay.
Shut all the way, like now is my mouth,
Uncomfortably.

Stan Petrovich

Underachiever

What molded the variegated
Vegetables, anomalous animals,
Machine-like bacterial roll-a-dexes,
And travelling thought,
To say nothing of the absurdity of transubstantiation;
Somethings must surely be a crock.

Baal, Yahweh, Allah, God and the
Host of the Tooth Fairies
Are imaginary;
At least they do prove WC Field's
'A sucker is born every day.'

In my study is the bust
Of Charles Darwin;
He is not my god,
But he is my elevator or crane.
Were there a creator
He would be an infinite underachiever'
(From Woody Allen) .
Batural selection without all those bursts
Of nastiness and acrimony you bible-heads deal wuith,
Made us all - and all we eat.

Stan Petrovich

Virtual Unreality

While we entwine
Making love
We also miss by a thousand miles.
If my kiss is not
One fat lie,
Then is it real?
May I steal
Reality
In the twinkling of an eye?
In the orbit of
A cold hard satellite
Beaming your lips
To mine.

Stan Petrovich

Walking Music

Celestial strains above
My walking frame
The pavement is a keyboard
And I dance a scale;
They will not rent me a piano
Because not such a thing
Is done. I want
To play, to exaggerate
My feelings with sound,
Make my world round,
Harmonize in E major
To flatten the enemies
Of peace. The stranger who looked at me
Twice, painting his eyes through
My nerve centre and lost
Betrayal of mind.

No one is kind.
Not the King;
Not my hands:
They have nowhere to dance.

Stan Petrovich

War

Everything is silence
Over the battlefield
Except for a few measly human groans
And the dying snorts of horses
Smoke trails slowly
Here and there
Near where the punctured bodies lie
One brave wounded soldier stands
Then topples into a snowbank
Quite dead
Long spears grow from carcasses
Like some grotesque reeds

And there is no winner here

Stan Petrovich

Whan The Final Sun Comes

When the last srteaks of the glorious
Red-bloated sun envelop the earth,
All is forgotten:
The bluebell patterns on simple skirts,
The porcelan china baked in the fround;
Sexual normakcy, deviant sexuality,
Walk-off grand slams,
Monsters beheading monsters'.
Contrarily the best of charity
Ever conceived, man unto man,
Woman unto woman; we to animals:
All lives forever.

Is there nothing to follow?
Debates among the sage still rage.
I prefer a compendium of All,
Of All likes and dislakes,
A new ball
Stuck in a distant galaxy'
As yet unnamed.
As yet unwarranted.

Stan Petrovich

What I Believe

Having dismissed Pink Unicorns
And the invisible bearded man in the sky -
Watching our every move -
Looking through our very eyes -
I can see the fearful storms at sea
And positively thrill;
I can watch the elephant charging,
And sit perfectly still.

There is untold beauty in natural
Rock formations, strewn & sculpted
By wind & rain,
The adoration of rain & wind.
If the earth's inner core plows up
And kills a hundred thousand;
If hurricanes devastate a defiant coastal city,
There is not one iota of design at work.

But fall for the woman of my life,
Who is as perfect as natural selection can account for -
This I believe to be the truth
And goodness need no further proof.

Stan Petrovich

What I Believe (Ii)

That there is nothing beyond the universe
Except bubbling universes encroaching;
The back of one's head is the front someone's else;
What you and I are is determined by quantum enticement,
An accumulation of space/time/matter that just so happens
To dwell in consciousness right now. Also if love is intruding,
The outcome will be shrouded in glorious mystery,
Mystery that must be unfolded,
And found to be an unwoven rainbow
That goes on forever, someplace....

Stan Petrovich

What Matters & What Does Not

the bleeding baby seals
feeding the inuit are unimportant
the brokenlegged horse
lying & dying in the field at night
so frightened
is important
the deaththroes of greenland
matter
the squid i dissected in school is
unimportant
except i will never eat calamari ever
you are neither important nor unimportant
you matter

Stan Petrovich

What To Do

When the seascape walls are crushing
their force upon you,
What do you do? When the herons
are picking out the best part of your bloated
body, the eyes, what do you do?
When the screaming mess of cities
and the abhorred citizens are threateneing you,
what remains to be done?

I cry into the tide at noontime,
but how much more volume does
that increase the ocean by?
What is there to be done,
if nothing works at all?
Nothing staves?

Stan Petrovich

When Death Is Survival

The last of your family is
Gone. You are now alone to contemplate
Motionless sands or sere waves
In deep purple, crying oceans
To turn the tide of what could
Have been.
No family. No friends.
Just the bellyache of a vast hunger
For richness of thought,
For a dream of clear vision.

The rocks are one color alone.
You are one color alone as well.
Might as well join them.
There is no heaven or hell.

Stan Petrovich

Who's There

Twisting and turning
In the viable clouds
The swirling air
Came a dark mass
Casting figures
Over the square
The figures changed
And reports mounted of various descriptions of what people think they saw:
A tree, an axe,
A black demon-rider, an old tower, a harrowing canyon, a bowl of roses.
Death himself.
The town newspaper got wind of these discrepancies
And asked for more submissions.
The most popular answer was you see your most loved one,
In demise transforming,
Returning to mother earth.

And everyone was scared
Because none was prepared.

Stan Petrovich

Whose Boot Is It Anyway?

Alone & footless,
Sideswiped on the highway,
South of Grand Canyon,
The boot weathers the rain.
Whose feet had felt its pain?
The absent man hurdled from a car,
Dead, now a ghost among the juniper flat.
Gone now, but a pariah to his own left boot's wall.

A bum, a hectic gambler, a heretic,
Or just some dozing motorist;
Another question remains;
Was the little white cross sticking out of the pavement
His? Or was that happenstance,
Laced up to the top, some unlikely chance?

No man is here.
Yet a man was there.
A man who lost his life & line,
Leaving one boot as a puzzle to find.

It gives me a chasm of a feeling,
& at 80 mph my mind is reeling,
Where in all this wilderness
Is the fellow with at least one bare foot
& what fate did he meet?

Stan Petrovich

William S. Burroughs

After he scored & injected,
he wrote t was like sighng in a warm bath.
He was paranoid,
being both priest and doctor.
The rght-wing dystopia is not only
concerned with narcotics,
but especially with godlessness.
They thrive.
They foam against big government,
but to enforce their hell
a government very big there must be.
In their horrid hearts the want a return to slavery,
like the 'Founders' had slaves.

This clown Santorum
piling on the anti-sexual slogans,
is a walking stick of
an anachronism. HE is really for
The Empire of the Ants,
all honor to Him. Against
birth control is inappropriate doggerel.
'Be fruitful & multiply, ' is no longer
advice to be taken seriously. Danger.

Burroughs' world was parolled by harpies,
and the harpies want to be elected. So all of us
can die in their poisoned talons...

Stan Petrovich

Winter Light

He pastor, in tears,
Had long forsaken his god-
Or had his god forsaken him?
When he preached to an empty church
And tried giving solace,
The parishioner took his own head off
With a rifle by the raging waters' edge;
Then they tarp-entangled his blood body
So that his pregnant wife could not see.
It is the way of the world.

Stan Petrovich

Wish You Wait

I glare across the causeway
But cannot see
Beyond the lumbering beachcombers
And their city of twisted gray shacks
Any sign of life

Then again no man may see into
His future
Or past
The marine landing
Mirrored in a pane of glass

Will I see you again soon?
Will you fall into my reach?
Will you wait for me until then
On that rockstrewn brazen beach?

Stan Petrovich

With The Polar Bears

About to become extinct,
My hand hurts,
I go to the beach-
Far north of here,
In lieu of the heron and pelicans I watch,
My brethren are about to hurt
More than I:
They are about to go away,
Lost forever in the cold waters,
Into the tides where
Even today
I stand and shed my tears,
Filling up that much more
Of the sea.

Those bears are just like me:
All they want is unchanging
Everything, a niche,
A barter,
And a steady course
Away from evil hands,
Hurt hands;
It puts them at the mercy
Of fools
And uprooted seasons.

Stan Petrovich

Wonders Of The World

And why do you suppose
The World so plainly deposed
Its so-called wonders?
I say it was because they
Predisposed the Earth for betrayal,
Like the husband who cheats
Predicts his own divorce.

Stan Petrovich

Wordwright

I crouch at this dusty keyboard,
And the light of early dawn slants
At depressing angles
Throughout the room. A chair,
Worn from duty, Sighs at me; I sigh back. There is no such thing.
It is but a pomegranite in my head:
So many cubicles, juicy with thought,
Wanting to get out. But one cannot bite into it, as such,
Without bluntly making a mess,
A dribble of noise,
A concatenation of words,
Either making some kind of symbiotic sense,
Or falling flat on the pallet of palaver,
A deal of nonsense.

Stan Petrovich

Wordwright II

Sitting, slouching, at the keyboard,
Dusty as day's first thought,
The light spitting in my eyes,
I consider what to write.
Holes in the heart,
The majesty of nature,
The shortcomings of men,
The screaming of the beaten,
The smoldering greed of all in charge,
The rampant nitwits at FOX news?
Why can't there be miracles?

Stan Petrovich

World Is Cold

You are groping for the wind,
Child, and I regret you'll never
Catch it.

I hate regrets,
Which are the stuttering of thoughts,
Or a loud fltus in church.

Primarily misunderstood,
You are neither neither here nor there:
You are between notion
And upheaval. You may never learn
The consequences
Of your inaction
When it comes to charity
(Real charity)
And unfeigned forgie.
sceneness-
Alone in the wilderness
Of an unthinking universe
You might expand
To your own size,
Burst upon the scene, and even the strong might
Regret your negative prescience,
Failure to grasp.

Stan Petrovich

'You'Re Fired! '

The Duckster...

Born choking with cash,
even sent to military school,
like some damned fool,
he breathes nothing but hot air
into a buzzard's environment,
a whimpering Presbyterian ('Oh, so nice! ')
A face like a Roman spear,
clothes made in China,
ashes to ashes,
I can see him as a swaddling cloth in the mirror,
his hair combing itself back.
Be careful, he might even
steal your ego.

Stan Petrovich