

Poetry Series

warner treuter
- poems -

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Believe in Buddha..... and his words: Be a light unto thyself.

2010-Dec.(June) - The New

You've spent your life responding to the new
And never found someone to share with you
The marvels of this world or what's ahead.
They're either into money or the bed.

Sure it is you could have been more bold
That way you could have bought into the life
Of all the things that others bought... or sold.
Which is: the repetition of the old.

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2010-Dec.(June) - First Step

When you take that first step
Expecting to take others
Which you may never do, but
The first will be enough.

One step up and you will be
So different you'll never see
Quite like others quite again.
Just so you'll know, I write these words.
Now choose, , , as if you can.

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2010-Dec.(Nov.) We All Need Help

We must never be cheap when it comes to helping ourselves;
That's what we're put on earth for, a job we must do.
There are those that help others (to the betterment
Of all concerned) . but first and foremost: help yourself.

Feed the mind as graciously as possible,
Feed the body with the best food practicable,
And feed the spirit with hope and luck congenial:
And in the end may God help you in your Karma.

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2010-Dec.(Oct.) - Black!

- from an old, old remembrance
now put into words -

Listening to the author intone
Over and over inside his poem
The word 'black', its shifty meanings,
My mind flew in and out of new
Climates of atmospheric view,
And picked up in its ride new gleanings:
I marveled at the subtle meanings.
I marveled this to my love, sat near:
She smirked, or was that a sneer?
'Only a fool would not know what
Black means.' She lifted her bottle of beer.

'Black is a color, ' she's loud to insist,
'Why would you make it a problem? ' she hissed.
She drawlled, as if to a foolish child.
With revelation my heart went wild!
Then lapsed into a forlorn state
At the power of liquor over a mate.

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2010dec.21 - I'LI Admit

I cannot tell the difference
From Eternity and a moment's jot;
But I feel it's more than inference
To know that I am here from not.

The future as real does not exist
Yet where would we be without it?
This present surrounded by Future's mist
Completes itself, not caught it.

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8-08-10 The Writer

No more hi-falutin' poetry for me.
Expending an effort that nobody will see.
Doggerel verse works just as well
For philosophy or to tell a tale.
Now, if anybody is out there
And of this verse is not aware
I shall not care.

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A Disappointing Year

(a la Alex Jones!)

Everything is a lie and a cheat
And a steal.
America is (no more) honorable.
Proud to be an American? My xss!
Come off it! Where it's at is profitable.

Money, money, money, money. Crass!
All relationships are now a deal!
Money, money, money, money,
Alcohol or grass!
Demoralizing is what we see as real.

As Americans we're starting to see to fight
What must be fought to return to our birthright.

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Afterwards

I said to him, when the visitors had gone:

'Master, why didn't you tell them what they wanted to know? '

'They didn't ask right, ' he said.

'They didn't ask the right questions? '

'No, they didn't ask right. It's a lot like quantum physics, '

He added, and turned and left the room.

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Alex Jones

- note: just a quickee poem of alert on what could be the major turning point in modern world political history. -

Alex Jones

Don't look for info from your phones,
Write on your PC: alex jones.
You'll hear what's happ'ning, truth that's bared,
To come away rightfully scared.

It seems, like cattle, we're being herded
Into what's fenced, called One World Order,
Where bankers ruled by moneyed power,
Will bring about our darkest hour.

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Auld Lang Syne

an old acquaintance of mine, on reading
some of what I've been writing nowadays,
remarked that clever commentaries are no
substitute for real art. I, of course, heartily agree.

What I write is what I would call didactic verse.

Here are a couple of old examples of where
I used a modicum of imagination, although the
poem concerning the two ten year olds was, in
actuality, as true as I can remember it.

1. Plastic Man

Plastic man
Was always lonely
Stretching away
In every endeavor
Every relationship
Stretching his youth away
Towards greatness.
In old age
Past his prime
Still stretching
He knows
Closures must ensue
In the wake of going through.
There he goes now!
He must have been here!
Goodbye... Plastic man...

2. I Can't Recall Her Name

She had an 'agate' eye she could not see out from.
I learnt from other boys to call her: Snake Eye.
I would play with her, where other boys wouldn't,
And was pleased how gladly she could turn from harsh to soft
After her mother came and told us boys the score -
That we were being cruel with words - we didn't know -
Or did we? - us boys had to stick together.
I liked her after that. The other boys would still

Sometimes tease her, and never want to play with her.
One time we talked about her eye. It felt so good
To be serious with someone not in play -
I could have done without the games throughout that day -
I liked her, only I. One day she moved away.

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Bukowski

Bukowski

(The good, the bad, and the ugly. American phenomenon, writer of trash, one of the most interesting and popular writers of prose and poetry in America. Now, unfortunately, deceased. A strange phenomenon of pop-style genius, softer-hearted in real life than shown by the content of his actual works. Not a poet whose books you would take home to your mother. But his poetry was commercially viable enough that he could live off it, which is a rare phenomenon in itself! Few can deny he's fun and easy reading when he's not writing the garbagey stuff, which was all too often, as I remember it. As I remember it, there was not much redeeming value to reading him, apart from the style and the entertainment, and none at all for the squeamish. But when he was at his best his was an art that knew how to please and hold one's interest. And that is a very hard thing to do, I think.

Having but yesterday read and watched and listened to him on You Tube, maybe I'll get back to looking at the few books of his I have stashed around here someplace... if ever I find the time, that is, if ever I want to make the time. He was a drunk and I have nothing in common with drunks but I think I could have liked him.

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Bukowski - Part 2

Bukowski -part 2

It took me 45 minutes to part 1 without losing it so I can't take a chance on putting this poem there, as I was going to do. Oh, well, at least I didn't lose the first part, which I had worked on while on the computer here. This is hardly a poem, I know: I just wanted to clarify my own outlook on an unusual writer brought to my attention and recall yesterday by coming upon him on You Tube. He's the kind of writer you can hate yourself for liking or accept the best part of him and be charitable to the rest. He's the kind you don't forget, though many would not want to remember. Henry Miller is tame in comparison. I remember one bookseller telling me that he got tired of Bukowski's throwing up (puking, Bukowski likes to call it) and so quit reading him. I felt similarly but I didn't find much of that in his poems, those that I read. And I've read only a small number of the many books, both prose fiction and poetic fiction that he wrote. One cannot always tell the fiction from the embroidery from actual factual remembrance in Bukowski, for he writes in a storyteller style, with great talent for nuance. And it's usually in a Been around the Bowery and back, kind of way. And he has.

On 2nd thought, all I have written below is probably only my attempt to understand a type of person so different from me, a drunk, a good guy with extreme talent, but still, a drunk; maybe I'll never understand. But just like Bukowski, I try. Once in a very great while.

Bukowski

He's not like us.
He never neglects his
Self-awareness. If only
He could live likewise
In a sense of beauty.
But no, the ugliness
In the self-awareness
Of his neglect of beauty,
Is always there...
Being attended to by him.
He's likable because
He really tries
To be truthful to his views,

To be faithful to what he knows,
To live his way of searching
In the future for the New
Within the realm of self's
Lowest common denominator,
Leaving him to feel
A kind of anthropological
Importance exploring these
Low levels of himself.
I know there are
Mountain people
And desert people,
But I am not sure
About attic people
And basement people.
Having explored all this myself
Now I'm finished, I know
Bukowski would say to me,
And rightly so, 'What a crock.
I just like to be drunk
And when easy, stay drunk.
My God, no wonder
You can't write. Be simple,
Like me.'
I can't do that, Buk.
Not sure I'd even want to.
But, as far as your writing goes,
I'm glad you can. Oops.
Wishful thinking. I mean: could.
Goodbye. It was nice.

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Chakra Wheels

Even chakra wheels run down
Set within the body;
The wheels remain immaculate,
The body becomes shoddy.

As a windmill much abused
By gale-winds fiercely blowing,
God's energy, enough used,
Will close, and take its going.

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Chuang Tzu's Buddha Butterfly - 10th Version

All the beauty I have known,
(For me extant in palimpsest;
Real, would weigh a trillion ton) ,
God carries archived on His breath.

The palatial dreams of my youth
Never have and never shall
Be built by me, no, my growth
Is as the sounding of a bell.

Chuang Tzu's butterfly, I roam
From civilized to primeval,
Earth but my temporary home
For chrysalising beauty's larval.

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Chuang Tzu's Buddha Butterfly -7th Version

All the beauty I have known,
For me extant in palimpsest,
(Real, would weigh a trillion ton) ,
God carries on his breath.

The palatial dreams of my youth
Never have and never shall
Be built by me, no, my growth
Is as the sounding of a bell.

Chuang Tzu's butterfly, I roam
From civilized to primeval,
Earth is but a temporary home
For chrysalising beauty larval.

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Considering

(caution: anyone especially sensitive to,
or bothered by, dark and perhaps what
might be to them, morbid-like thoughts,
skip this little reflection brought on by the
death of my best friend far away in another state.)

A Consideration

I don't think there can be much doubt of it:
The soul lives like a plant on the body,
The body being its earth. Now, when our plant
Detaches itself in death, we shall have to
Thrive on something else... like parasites do...
Or experience everything differently.
My, my, what would we do without a body?
Well, we'll soon find out, won't we?
Myself am not looking forward to it.
I guess there's not much use talking about it
Or writing about it so... here... I stop.

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Cutsey

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was soft as water,
Which was a naughty little lamb
To do what it hadn't oughter.

note: notably succinct, I dare say.

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Didactic

Because I know one secret of life,
For joy or happiness expedient,
To employ against the strife
Of relationship, an ingredient,
To forward us toward elation,
I write this message in a phrase:
'The practice of appreciation'
Will help us feel better, always.

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Fare Thee Well, Gold Goose

The golden goose that gave gold eggs is gone.
Its last poor eggs were alloyed anyway.
It did not leave a trail to inspire one:
Giving to those who could not true assay.
The trouble with the golden goose was that
It had a golden heart but was blind as a bat.

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Growth

The apotheosis of humanity
Is Buddha, Christ and likely others.
In this they may be one with what's beyond.
They go up to as far as we can see.
Do they go beyond humanity?
Here any son is only his Father, though,
Up to the point his likeness makes him so.
We exist by division here below.
Christ liked to call himself the Son of Man
Meaning He grew as far as anyone can.

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Hand In Hand

Sense of beauty is religion's handmaiden.
Like religion it can be warped
All out of shape
Into phenomenal creations. But
The basic sense, unexploited,
Is what motivates towards improvement,
To become less ugly, within or without.
Often it is for our sight only.
Spiritual sensibility is
The other side of beauty's coin,
The coin that buys us
Our ticket to Heaven.

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He Comes Again

Every time a child is born
Christ is born anew.
You've strung the Old upon a cross,
A lesson for to view.

It had to be, the money tree
Grows in the hearts of all;
Not even the power of God come down
Could uproot that tree so tall.

Christ tried once, he'll not again,
But we need not despair;
God has another plan for us:
With each child born, He's there,

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Leaders

The earth will not be free of hate and violence
And be filled with thoughts of good-willed tolerance
Until we've rid ourselves of the old religions,
And hold beliefs not edifice but stanchions.

In fact, the known persona most like Hitler
Is Moses, taking his orders from Jehovah.
They say Hitler had his Daemon. I can believe it.
What man on his own can do what Moses or what Hitler did?

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Let It Go

This hate you have for your family,
Let it go.
Right or wrong, let it go.
And of course, you're right,
They're evil, depending on your
Definition of evil.
Holding them close
You can only see
One part after another.
Let it go, let it drift away.
Then, even should they still appear
Evil as all get-out
You'll see it clearer than ever,
For good or for bad.
And, most important of all,
The sight shall not
Be touching you.

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Life's Run

She likes the sadness,
Life has let her down,
Prefers to smiles
The furrows of a frown.

Each of us farms our life
In our own way,
Prefers to grow what crops
We first learned how to say.

When she raises up her face
To enjoy the sun,
Farming still in trace,
She feels the freeness
In life's run.

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Love

Love has blessed my life.
It took me outside strife
By spreading beyond bounds.

So rarified its rounds
As to be purified.
Naked, it does not hide.

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Monday 9-14-09

In Remembrance

Paul is gone.
My best friend died today
In another town far away.
Death is a little like sex:
When young you may want to do
Or contemplate writing about either;
When old you'll maybe do
But want to write about neither.
Paul is gone.
Dying is a little like sex.
You are either willing to or not.
But it's no fun to write about.
My best friend died today.
Last of the childhood buddies.
I don't want to write about it.
This is just to record the date.
In lasting remembrance.

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Monday, September 14, 2009

In Remembrance (edited)

Paul is gone.

My best friend died today

In another town far away.

Death is a little like sex:

When young you may want to do,

Or contemplate writing of, either.

When old you'll maybe do,

But want to write about, neither.

Paul is gone.

Dying is a little like sex.

You are either willing to or not,

But it's no fun for the old to write about.

My best friend died to day.

Last of the childhood buddies.

I don't want to write about it.

This is just to record the date.

In last remembrance.

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My O My

We say, We miss our loved ones when they die,
But then, We'll meet again beyond the sky.
Will we know them? Will the old be old?
And of the infants, could your own be told?
Would you keep your old aunt old forever?
And your lost baby young to grow up never?
All our ideas of God and Heaven on high.....
So silly and irrational, O My!

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Not Safe Anywhere

June 4,2010

latest on my Inbox

(From Michelle Coul, [Coulibaly,20 years old], asks me if I would open a bank account for her here in the States, offering me 15% of her 3.5 million left her as an orphan by her recently departed daddy.

Well, I guess this proves that Poemhunter doesn't rede our messages. Sure glad cool Coul didn't use any foul language - she could get in trouble that way. She forgot to tell me how beautiful and lonely she was, unless orphan was suppose to cover that. Just goes to show you, we're not safe from critics anywhere. She must have read my age in the bio.

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Of Innocency

(perhaps kind of corny but I think contains a slip of truth)

One of the most desirable things in life
Is to be born a perpetual innocent,
Whence though mistakes be made, experiments tried,
As others do, there is this difference:
They will be seldom things, mere stepping stones
Towards a new, a deeper, fuller wide,
Carried towards love by a perpetual tide.
The danger in being born to such happiness
Is dealing with those born gifted with craftiness.

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On America's Honor: Food

Hello, Mr. Tanagier
I said to my neighbor one fine day,
Stocks still doin' it for ya ok?
His face lit up like a sunshine ray.

Ain't made so much since Aunt Bee died.
What am I into? You can ride.
Sure, there's room for all in Food.
I'm out of Philip Morris for good,

Except the bit that's owned by all
Big companies that never fall.
It's not that Cigarettes was bad,
In Food more money's to be had.

Now, people say that chemicals
Are being put in food that kills.
Would we do that? They said the same
When we ran the tobacco game.

But they kept on buying, that's the proof
Of what's right. Profits through the roof!
Now there's so much bickering
I choose to invest in a better thing:

Food! and you can trust us to
Deliver what is best for you.
If it's American, what's good -
On my tobacco-man's word - is Food.

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On Prejudice

What I like most about Pollacks
is their names.
So much fun trying to pronounce
and remember.
Next what I like most about them is
they're generally nice.

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Paramhamsa Upanishad

note: I am not in entire disagreement with the paramhamsa u. only I think it can only apply to the exceptional one in a billion who may be ready for such an extreme action. It can in no way be a way of action for any normal devotee to grow. An ideal almost as far off as Death itself. Speaking for myself, further. (this is just a fun poem while considering the strange dictum of the Paramhamsa U.)

Feelings of love, the givings of love,
The Paramhamsa Upanishad
Tells me to grow above.

Sex is difficult enough
But something in me goes along
With turning sex to snuff.

To renounce love for friends and all
Is an order which, to obey,
Is just too goddamned tall.

For now there is no way.
All love's content with being small
And loving all today.

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Profile Of A Presidential Candidate

McCain,2008

Two thumbs up and a broad silly grin
Shows you the state of mind I'm in.

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Ravelings, Unravelings

It's happening already.
Don't you feel it?
The subtle changes
In the evolutionary body
Of the human race?
Or is it just
The direction
Imagination takes
To accord with
Growth's complexities?

To protect ourselves
We must always be capable
Of deviousness.
Yet, the love we need
Would always join in accord
With honesty.
So we find ourselves
Plastic men and women
Stretching into telepathy.
Coiling and uncoiling
Our future.

warner treuter

Release

Boffo, Boffo, it's near the end,
Tend what you know you most should tend.
Take Life's baggage by the tail
And piece by piece discard it well.
What took youth's joy to accumulate
Age must labor to liberate.

note: hardly worth reading, I know,
but may be o k as a reminder.

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Revisions

Revisions are what poetry is all about.
Double-digit revisions show you care.
I remember writing a poem about a man
Who lived in a weird area where
Many of the deer seemed to have a nick in their ear.
After 30 years of trying, our hunter always returned
Without his deer - except
One day he drove home through town
With his kill, a good sized buck
Strapped to the hood of his car.
A solid head shot. He explained to everyone
That now that he had got his deer
He could quit hunting; besides, he said,
My eyes is gettin' too bad to aim, anyways.

I like to write poems like that, but they do take
Some revisin'.

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Sammy

'I've lived three lives in one, '
Said Sammy Davis Junior.
'Stuffed the doings of three lives
Into the one life God gave me,
Stretched the short into the long
And enjoyed the fellowship of it all.'
(We all knew it was because
Of his continuous use of drugs,
Mainly cocaine - he knew we knew) .
He lived the life he chose and now
Was contented with dying young,
Not too young, somewhere around
Sixty-five, as I recall.
He was a good man, a fine man,
Great entertainer and singer.
A man we all could wish well.
And he lived three lives in one.
His choice. It could have been worse.
He never knew the deeper levels
But hell, he would have been content
And maybe not as successful
On his superficial levels,
Anyhow even without the dope.
So here's to you, Sammy Davis,
You lived your way and never became
A bad man. What more can anyone ask?
Even I, who love sobriety?

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Sub Limn In All

My love is shy
And will not show itself
Beneath the sky
Where loveless hearts may see.

Still, amidst the common man
In sorrow or frivolity
When I say I
It calls to me.

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Sub Limn In All 2

My love is shy
And will not show herself
Beneath the sky
Where loveless hearts may see.

Still, amidst humanity,
In sorrow or frivolity,
When I say I
She calls to me.

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The Chakral Opening And Folding - Revised

When I was younger and got religion
And got filled with love
It seemed to me that nobody cared
Or rather that they hardly cared
For each other or the things above.

I accepted what I had to accept
Of what was there for me to love
And saw by that there was good beneath,
Or rather a genuine warmth beneath,
The hurt that they carried above.

With this I found I'd got a job
Something to do quite naturally,
Resist resentment and simply be
Shedding love like a Christmas tree.
Of cares and worries I was free.

Fifty years this worked for me,
To love, till one day love moved on
From age's lack of energy:
Love waned and said Goodbye, was gone.
I am complete with the memory.

addendum.
Love works differently in people
So it's best we do not judge.
Love is there to open doors
And round off corners, nudge.

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The Impress

The answer is not in the dark
Which you continue to investigate.
The answer is in the light.
This is because the constituents of problems
Are dark; of answers, are light.
Two different sides of the same coin;
Turn and turn about equals newness.

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The Lie

The lie is in the way we live,
The processed foods, the chemicals,
Each stupid pharmaceutical
That dumbs us down to suitable.
When you go to Heaven from that dumb care
You'll meet your Doc; he'll beat you there.

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The Reminder

Aaaiii...Aaaeee.....
O the glory of it all.
The love, the love,
The dedication, hopefully
Forever and forever.
Never leave me, O Lord.
You come as a reminder
Out of remotest hiding
And I accept,
Accept any condition
You see fit to vouchsafe.
May I always be here
Waiting for You, O Lord.

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The Tree Man (Revised)

Leaves from his branches are falling off:
A human tree in wintertime,
Said to be deciduous.

Time to revert to an inner core,
Source of his sprouting long ago.
There is no book to show him how.

His book collection concerns
Cherished buds and others' flowers...
That flourished once in sun or showers.

As to be young was to be lost,
And not much different being old,
Faith grew in purpose, being tossed.

Settled as an old tree trunk,
To return as seed where he was born:
He believes he's from a garden.

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To Find A Match

You think that love, though separate, can sing
Itself a special pleasure born of two,
Or mediate what's old to get what's new,
Or hear joy shout amid love's whispering;
But this is not the way love thrives and grows.

Like plants, which grow in rain, the sun above,
We need to share a goodwill which allows
Us match through care the honesty of those
Whose taking is in giving, is of love.

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Wally

A guy i used to work with
Called Wally, used to say to me
Over and over, every once in a while:
'Look out for number one, Treuter,
Always look out for number one.'
I was amused. After a few years
I began to realize how serious he was.
I was happy caring about everyone
But I considered Wally's advice.
He was older than I
And had been a marine invading Saipan
Or one of the islands
During world War 2. He 'd carried
And used a flame thrower
Routing Japs from their holes.
One of the nicest guys you could ever meet,
He would sometimes get a bit disgusted
And could be heard softly saying:
'I sometimes wonder if Hitler
Should have won the war.'
Apparently he wasn't always satisfied
With the way people were treated
Economically, but otherwise
He was always good-natured.
When i reflect, this is a lot like myself
Nowadays, and the refrain that rings
From my heart over and over
For others is: 'Look out for one another,
Always look out for one another.'
Myself, I live alone nowadays,
And what I do is
I look out for number one.
Thank you, Wally, wherever you are.

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Wet, Windy Night In San Francisco - Edited

Wet, Windy Night on the payment,
Lonesomeness with a will,
I walk the somber city streets,
Skirting the sides of a hill.

All that's ever met with is only this,
A mood of love and longing, wistfulness.
And my prize for Idealism's quest,
A solitary, rainy, hint of bliss.

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Wet, Windy, Night

Wet, windy, night on the pavement,
Lonesomeness with a will,
I walk the streets of San Francisco,
Touring my side of the hill.

All that's ever met with is only this:
A mood of love-and-longing, wistfulness,
And my prize for want, a fitting payment:
A solitary, rainy, hint of bliss.

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You Are All Sanpaku

Osama, the founder of Macrobiotics,
Said that. It means:
You are all destined to die
An early death. The cause:
Unhealthiness. And why?
Not because you are eating wrong foods.
No, though you might be led to believe so.
No, it is because your civilization
Has habituated you to eat
American!
If you take the selling of a system
Out of the system -
The way to make a buck from it -
What you have is the bare truth!
You are all being poisoned!
A surfeit of processed, chemicalized foods
Is not conducive to a long life.
It might not matter much
That you die early,
Only,
The sickness, the terrible, horrible
Sickness
That lasts for years and years and
Years!
My fellow Americans.....
You are all Sanpaku!

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