

PRELIMINARY PROOFING DRAFT -- c. jH 11/2013

Aischk!



Love Story Epic Pome
Anthology



For Henry Michael Zimmerman, Allentown PA

text from online <http://acountryrag.org/love1.html>

and <http://acountryrag.org/lovealways.html>



Esengo: Zippity Zap Rap and Jam

("joy" in Lingala, language of The Congo)

Would you please
come here forever?

Wow.

wow. WoW.

Yeow!

La.

La-de-da.

OooOoo-ooOO.

la. la.

[spontaneous improvizational instrumental here with marachas, African drum, fiddle/violin and piano]

Would you please
stay here forever?

la-aaaAa.

La-da-da.

Wow!

wowwowwow.

ooOo-ooo.

YeoW!

[spontaneous improvizational instrumental here with marachas, African drum, fiddle/violin and piano]

Oh. Yeah.

oh yeah. oh yeah.

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.

aA.

Aaaaaaaaaah-h.

ooo-Whoa.

hooooooooooooooooo.

[spontaneous improvizational instrumental here with marachas, African drum, fiddle/violin and piano]

I want to do it all
forever with you.

[spontaneous improvisational instrumental here with marachas, African
drum, fiddle/violin and piano]

uh.

Beyond (1996)

Wakened, I choose to love you
and ask for nothing.

Whatever I give is free.

However much I hope you love me,
I will not plead.

But I will

set you above all others,
see and pray you in the light,
and entice your company,
for ever, for always,

by my days and within
my solitary nights.

West Virginia (1996)

I would choose
to slide under you
and never wind
another line
or rhyme or tale
into the blaze
of this comet's
trail.

Haley's Dream (Triage) (1996)

I'm the angel on your shoulder.
Pushing the other ones aside, I whisper
spinning tales of magic mystery in your ear.

Swirling, stretching, diving sheening

colors through your mind,
I smooth away the darkness
and the catacombs of pain.

When you feel a soft caress
Slow sliding on your skin,
There I am.

That tickling tingle in your toes?
I'm playing with you now.
That's not the wind!
I'm running, dancing in your hair.

Stay awhile. Rest with me.
There's music everywhere.
Time for love, time for peace
for the covenant of
souls.

Seal (1996)

I am not mine
nor have a voice
asserting my will,
claiming a choice.

Consummated, consumed
I'm a thought in your mind,
a beam in your heart
from a coupling of kind.

Inured by vaccination,
upon my arms a seal,
I circumscribe this island
where passing travelers kneel.

Within its boundaries echoes love.
It stills my heart to stone.
No tourist tramp with scrip or toy
will ever call my wasteland home.

Relentless (1996)

Don't ever leave.

Be in the trees for me.

I want to feel you in the ground,

warm under my feet,

firm for me.

I want to breathe you when I wake.

Like the temperature of the day,

please stay.

Be in my mind, talk with me.

Be in my soul, God is here.

Be in my body, crawl through every cell,

flow through every opening, every pore.

Take all of me.

I've never been here before.

once when I loved you (1997)

once when you loved me,

the world shone,
people were good,
I was real,
you were real,
hope and faith
were more than words,
and God was
in me,
in you,
in what we said,
where we were,
what we did,
and for a second
I believed
in all I saw
and felt and heard
of you,
of me,
of God,
of perfect

endlessness,
eternity.

While dealing (1997)

Suddenly here,
I pull you to sleep,
close against my dreams,
for soft sounds
that waken
this sweet morning.

You're on the beach,
reflected in a friend's lagoon,
reaching through cascading words
from our abandoned shores,
whispering still
against the tidal rush.

Too soon again

you'll become
a statue of stone,
Shiva shrinking to mist,
lost as I catch
lodestar tears
to barter heaven
for a smile,
a grin.

One more love song (1997)

You are such magic for me,
and I have no poetry
that quite explains
this mystery,
but I would stay
all my life
and be your wife.
You're the other
half of me,

and I've no choice
but to let that be.

All my amens ... (1997)

the fondness of a calming touch,
humor light as air,
a cooling chime of words,

sunsets in regal crimson,
violet flame,

sea waves that burst
like angel hands raised up
in prayer,
fireworks of water
praise
in sprays of starred hosanna
bowed to sand
before a guiding God,

the signing, lifting sigh
of limber rhyme
entwined

in care beyond holding
or form

... are for you.

Surviving heat in the center of the sun (1997)

Wheels grinding,
warning,
straining heart,
fading, warming,
binding
dark.
Mind-splitting
morning,

spitting poetry,

blinding.

Grab me for the fall.

Forgiving nature (1997)

Shipwrecked

on the shoals

of our realities,

I have grasped,

overcome by waves of you,

for the pieces of my craft,

struggled not to drown,

feeding on myself, on us.

We are each

the scorpion and the frog,

fighting to ford a river,

crying,

pain-drunk,

going down.

crucible (1997)

demons around, surround, abound me

shapes askew

the counter's screwed, blued

NO, I'm tattooed!

reflect a witch

Bitch!

Goddess of Satan

possessed

I call your name

like a chant

my poem

like my song

a prayer

doze so angels

slide

dance with devils, drifting

on the ledges of my mind

painting magic
hieroglyphics drawn
meaning tales
a verse, a line
to that,
your
white
light.

My Background Song (1997)

I'm writing a letter to you,
commentary,
explanations,
jokes,
remembrances
that started so long ago.

Events and friends intervene,

then the script resumes.

Here's a phrase,

a thought you threw

and drew an image

swimming in my mind.

Where have you been?

What does it mean?

Stop this endless note.

Concentrate on other things.

There. It's gone.

I'm who I was before

when sidling up my back

I hear

the hum of you once more.

Fantasy (1997)

Maybe it's all an illusion --
that we're talented,
that we love each other,
that our efforts matter much.

Perhaps it's like this:

What's that coming downriver --
a snake's head? a turtle?
Watching intent,
skipping rocks to make it move.

Ah, no. It's just a leaf,
unintentional, drifting by.
Maybe once it lent a little shade,
helped a breeze to cool someone.

So I see you everywhere,
know that you're not there,
and still believe

you're somewhere near.

Celestial Performance (1997)

That kid in the orange moon
grins from horizons afar
and bounces on cloud balloons,
teasing an innocent star.

She's winking and hiding
from twinkle to fade
on midnight sky seas,
flashing, afraid

of the heat at her core.
It's burning unchecked
before a lone gunman
scowling from the deck.

Telescope turned,

he scours the heavens
and in cymbals of thunder
our players leave the stage.

Turning Tide (1997)

Absorbed along his latitudes,
subsumed in storm
and stretched to mist vertigines,
I am not swayed,
staid to cords braid taut
by aural memory,
belief's melody of dawning
that plays, beyond
the electric daze
and crushing gale,
a lay of clarity for mate
and seascape.

State of Denial, State of Grace (1998)

I can see that you've never been touched,
not really down deep in your soul,
and it seems I would never pray this for you,
the turning of matter to coal.

But how will you know heaven and hell,
the distinctions 'tween devil and God,
unless you have loved one person at least
more than the earth and life that we plod.

And how will you find the place beyond pain,
where terror has lain with destruction,
yet your spirit glides on, discordant and blind,
a part still aligned, wordless, undivined,

absorbed in eternal construction.

Once when I was dreaming (1999)

there was a perfect couple

that loved each other very much,
very thoroughly.

He was smart, a little rough,
and he kept some things aside.

She was gentle, accomplished,
and took his flaws in stride.

They helped each other
and showed kindness to their friends.

Their home was kinda clean,
kinda cluttered with interests
from all their days and quiet nights.

They travelled some and
when their time was done,
they drifted to the sun.

Serina (2000)

from the sea
where life began

hold my hand
through death and life
and drowning

rise again
walk again
over the land

roll in wonders
of sand

sifted by sun
electrified by water

wave to grain
atom to beach
invisible to matter

Paradise (1999)

When you can't move or breathe,
when you can't see
to care or sigh,
I love you to the other side,
till death dies,
till eternity's real,
life's a shadow passing,
and you are spent, electric,
drifting, sparking,
asleep.
I love you still.

Melody (2001)

C F Ab

There's no path

G Ab G F F

to your door today.

F Ab C

None to mine,

C C B

crush the stone,

Ab G

blast through.

D G Ab

Where you go,

G Ab G F

I will be there.

F Ab B

Find a lamp

B B Bb

in the weeds,

Gb Gb F

pass my way.

C F Ab

In your mind

G Ab G F

it's a dark day.

F Ab C

'Gainst the glass,

Ab Ab G

I have rain

Eb Eb D

for your rage.

B E G

Stay with me

Gb G Gb E

in the mirror.

F Ab C

Do you see

Ab Ab G

what we know?

B B C

Write our song.

Reprieve

C F Ab/ G Ab G F F/ F Ab C/ C C B/ Eb C

Shadow of Heaven (2002)

Compare twilight to forever
and dream this death
of an afternoon storm
madless into winter.

Remember where never watches
night and need soar
about our summer'd vision,
still skyly set.

Forget the sweet moan
whispered by firemusic
that knows a sleep
languid like rain,

blue on moontime.

Ambrosia (2004)

You held me.

Nearly from

the very start

we were all infinity --

everything that ever was

or would be or was meant.

Exploring

what had never been done

or known before,

an incomplete human being

reached out to touch

another unfinished person,

making one that is whole

and perfect in love.

Your breath, sweet and hot,

covered me in tempting lust,

and we became the first,

the only,
woman and man.

Touch Me (2008)

One God,
one life,
one Word.

We will go on,
meet other people,
other places,
other friends.

Always in memory
will be
beautifully perfect
scenes and sensibilities,
the personal pain and sorrow
of dispersion and loss,
and a record of
incredible love

streaming into the cosmos
and dissolving throughout the universe,
world without end
for all of us.

Let it be.
Let it go,
everlastingly.

Viva! Dangereux (2008)

Kiss you inside out,
love you all over,
drum the beat of me
into each cell, each bone
until everything inside you
too
screams my name
and you also
are never the same.

Another Epitaph (2008)

For me,
in case I'm dying,
and for you
to carry to the grave
finally.

I'm not twenty.

I'm sixty-three.

It may have been
too much for me
metaphysically.

But I don't mind at all.

I really have known
the best of everything,
including
what can't be named
or enumerated
in the pages of any book

or psalm.

It's an

adoration and faith song.

Maybe you'll write it

one day

for the piano and the fiddle!

You've been a blessing,

and a very unexpected joy.

The easiest thing

I ever do

is write love sonnets

for you.

You really, really try,

more than any other guy

I ever knew.

I just can't tell you,

or convey,

how much I've loved and admired you

in every way.

You're the end of the world for me,
alpha and omega still,
eternity.

My heart may not
be able to take it all,
everything that's happened
and been,
attacks over the years, but
I'll always be
waiting for you.

A heart's just a muscle.

Like everything else
in the material world,
it gives out
eventually.

Entropy.

Everything turns to dust,
and only the Word remains.

I'll whisper it to you,
when I'm really through
so, sans body,
you'll still have a friend
and never be
alone or lonely again --
not here, not anywhere.
It's a world without end.
I absolutely promise you.

The Greatest Gift (2008)

May you drown in
love and satisfaction,
ecstasy and freedom,
truth and mystery,
surprise and acceptance,
sensitivity
and fantastic self-discovery,
because I marry you

and you marry me
every day,
every minute,
every nanosecond
for all eternity
and everlastingly.

Le monde sans la fin,
just like I promised,
because I adore you,
more than anyone
at any time,
and I adore adoring you,
too.

It's embarassingly good,
and defying gravity,
in the midst of all this
mayhem and depravity.

Forever (2009)

Wherever you are,
whatever life,
whichever planet
in any solar system
or universe,
I'll find you --
a magnetism
that never dies --
a bond, a joining,
twinning and separating
that doesn't end
as long as anything is --
like fraternal twins
or a double helix
with each strand
entwined,
necessary to each
to be

complete,
completely perfect,
perfectly complete,
and always
in motion,
interacting molecules,
atoms, microns
bursting like
new suns,
expanding and collapsing --
the universe of us --
image and reflection
of God.

Sublime (2010)

You feel good to me.
Like cool wet grass on bare feet,
warm sun after a long winter,
and the mystery of starshine

on a clear evening.

Like floating without wings,

or weight,

or gravity.

The comforting heat and safety

of a woodstove

after time outside in the sleet

of gray skies and storms.

Like holding a soft stuffed bear

as a child

and knowing it's all yours,

all mine.

Bliss (2010)

All i really want

is the physic that is us.

i don't want to explain it,

or analyze it.

i just want to feel it,
and know it.
i know we both have
others things we have to do
but
in the end
and in the beginning
all i really want
is you.

i need you
like food and water
and oxygen,
pure air.
i need you to move
and to live.
i need you to be
everywhere.
i need you to be part
of everything i do,

and everything i am.

Amen.

a wench, teasing (2010)

i have an ocean for you
you're more than welcome
to dive into.
fragranced and soft,
it's held aloft
by love unbounded and true.
hot and cool,
it's not the fool
and its measure ne'er been done,
nor the sum
of its pleasing.

You are (2010)

a sun that rises in the morning
and never sets at night.
moonlight on fire.
the beginning and end of desire.
a choir breathing,
seething for dawn,
longing for a perfect chord.
mate,
meet,
lord.

seduction (2010)

touch you all over
till every pore
sighs for more

life,
love,
and you are content,

moving,
breathing,
heaving,
awakened
softly
everywhere,
comfortable in your body
with me
drowsing.
i love the feel of you here.
breathing.

An Invitation in the Clear (2011)

Please feel free
to seduce me again
anytime that you choose.
You 'll never lose that game.
It'll always end kinda the same.
Like a wilderness trail

leading to a waterfall,
the scenes and birdcall
may vary with the weather
and season,
but that's no reason
to dally or delay.
Any night or day
will do to claim
an "I love you"
that's ever-due,
saved and true.

parts (2011)

i'll always save you.
i'll always look for you,
like an appendage that's been cut off
needing to be grafted back to its
rightful place
and healthful function,

for my body to be whole,
content and
comfortable,
happy and bright,
full of light,
and a fun place to be
me.

No matter what (2011)

time
space
distance
i love you
in every instance
in the lapse
between each breath
and the lag
where each chord hangs
lingering,

arcing toward
the infinite
where i wait for you
and find you
again
and again.

Happy birthday.

indigo blue (2011)

i want to feel you along the length of me,
in the breadth and breath of me.
ecstasy home.
meat, muscle and bone.
a longing moan
of retrieval
and revival.
gone no more.
anchor to shore,

waves of you lapping
the sands of my skin.
eyes where you've been
nakedly howling
moon-dumb
in the sum of us.

Primordia (2011)

In the heat of the moment,
in the cool of twilight's shade,
I search for
my ever-after love
and find you again
to swoon into
the holy loon's tune we are
and make, our flights
on days and nights
of foreign travels and delights
safely stored and saved
for adoration from

abominations unbound
jangling all around
still,
walled from thrills of knowing
and being,
feeling or seeing,
reeling in the aftertaste
of grunge and groan
on beaches of sludge and stone.

like cashmere (2012)

and that rare
and exotically fabled,
wrap the loom of you
around me
like a gentle wave
that waits
and stands the gale.

requiem 2012)

you were the best!

Outdid all the rest.

Red-hot and sporty,

you cradled me firmly through each adventurous test

without lurch or protest.

Grand you were

in the credulous blur passing.

Whatta thrill to have and drive!

I'll always love L'il Flame

and keep the mem alive

of my first and last

Grand Am.

never the same (2013)

better than myrrrh,

softer than fur,

the blur of you

meanders through my mind

by my soul,

the whole we are

and aren't,
the parts we play
to stay and start

keeping our beat
sync'd
in the love game

hearts

Smooth Sailing (2013)

1.

I miss

The days, moments, years I was blissfully

In love with you

And that was my Ground

And World,

Universe.

Floating on that cloud

Like down through stars

Distanced and separate from

harshly angled,

jangling earth-born "realities."

The hot-tub of You.

That place I love

In your face.

Isn't it odd?

A vacation.

A retreat.

The paradise of

Somewhere Else.

Secluded,

Private,

Secreted

Indescribably

In a silent language of its own.

There's a truth there --

Incommunicable

And knowable

In the air

Undisturbed

By today's or

Yesterday's cacophonous catastrophe,

but

Still water

Doesn't really exist here.

2.

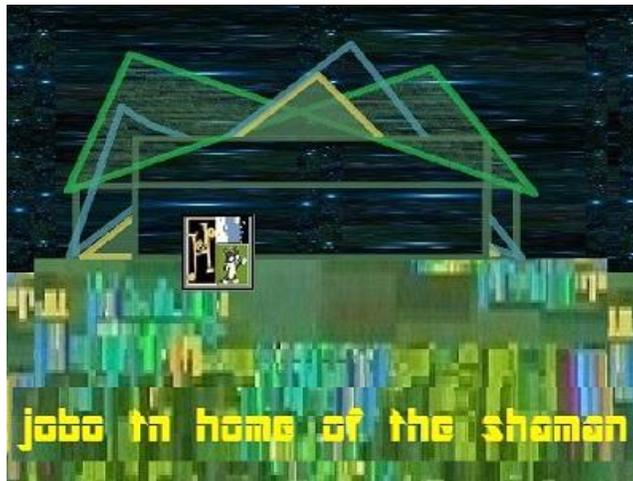
You, and I, are my truth --

the gauge to measure
this sorry horror
That calls itself
Life on Earth distressed.

Will we call Peace Love,
And the absence of desire Quiet,
Fate sated?

And the fire of
Destiny's desire
Crossed by the ire of
Its obstruction
Mated?

And the stillness You?



c. Jeannette Harris, Jonesborough Tennessee, November 2013 A.D.