

# Six Partitas

Poetry by Jnana Hodson



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# INSCRIPTION UNDER THE LID

to the glory of, et cetera

just keep singing

or moving your fingers

all these years, still floating

# FIRST PARTITA



Why should I any longer than  
Covet that thing that will not be?

But rather to leave now at the last  
Then still to follow fancy,  
Content with the pain that is past.

Anonymous

*The Court of Venus* (ca. 1536)

## PROLOGUE

harsh, scoured earth / stubby, volcanic

how closely aligned: SCARED and SCARRED

four silhouetted men with heavy packs  
trek up-slope at sunrise

two use their ice picks, while another's  
points upward from his knapsack

they all still wear their caps against chill

"let us throw off everything that hinders" (Hebrews 12:1)

Good luck, boys, and be careful

the mountain climbers continue  
this time with the lead man using two poles

*hickory, dickery, dock*

all know the hawk soars

I wonder what I would have written had I stayed in Ohio  
or lived nowhere but the Midwest  
not gone to the clifftop of my endurance, emotions,  
ambitions, or abilities  
where the ledge washed out just steps ahead of me

## TARANTELLA

did she ever weary of the torrid flowers?  
the black demon dancing in its burning heart  
the mountain of twirls

*the full moonrise dashed by roseate thunderheads*

just who, I can't say  
still going through the sexual contortions a new lover

casting a spell? See, that is,  
oxymoron or just plain advertising,  
I'm not sure which),  
dog.

in those years  
when I found physical closeness,  
yesterday morning to let me know if we could get  
free tickets

running off into drugs and or the dervish

## REVERIE

she's grown so fat in that blue muumuu

looking for somebody who really matters

*Eve, tempted by her television, bought the apple anyway*

## CIRCLE

gold, brown, and black

(hair stick in the topknot)

*with different social circles attached*

gazing off somewhere

upside-down, from where I sit



riding the hearse

places we've gone for a meal

or love

the table or bed

you could say she was beautiful

## AFFIDAVIT

sometimes you're a refuge

the Fat Madonna

enthroned

in alpenglow

*a cloudbank contributes to many of my works*

two kinds of mountain laurel

*the viols of wisdom*

lupine or golden-slipper orchids

up between blackened leaves

how sharp, the unopened forest

## MINUET

John Wayne hit by a flaming arrow

Bart Simpson with crow wings and a plastic alligator

Napoleon or his heir of insanity

holding a martini glass

to a fiberglass carousel horse

to say nothing of the prostrate foot in black fishnet and black heels

*"don't sleep on the blood on the floor"*



heir to salvation

air to salvation

paper swan

pink baby



learning of ourselves, our own natures and harmonies

most of the sub-alpine flowers had already frosted out

how could he be critical or stingy?

exhaustion and disillusionment



besides, I'm delaying

Saturday night, three hundred dancers

the installments reveal the path up to this point

there's been little time

it apparently didn't matter if I lived or not

to recover my lighter nature

harder yet, realized his own fears his feelings precluded

I've made it and he hopes I'll be around a long, long time

## SECOND PARTITA



And since I saw the Angels blessed eie,  
Her worlds bright sun, her heauens fairest light,  
My mind, full of thoughts satietie,  
Doth feed on sweet contentment ...

Beautie, the burning lamp of heauens light,  
Darting her beams into each feeble mind.

Edmund Spencer  
*Colin Clovits Come Home Againe*  
(1595)

## COURANT

with closed eyes, a bare-shouldered  
    young Victorian woman  
and black gloves  
holds the exploding champagne bottle  
    upside down

*the next leg of your journey has been canceled*

smells the foaming

am I waking?

I keep forgetting where I've been  
(where I put this or that)

who said what  
even me

*on the horn: "the One who shall not be named"*

keep trying to admit

where I am

*the raised garden beds as love letters*

how others perceive that negative side, especially,  
certainly, toward me,

an ambulance with its lights flashing  
at an intersection beside the Laundromat  
is forced by congested traffic  
to wait for the light to change

it's Friday and I'm running late

## POLONAISE

ballet dancer en point in imitation of Winged Victory  
upholding her billowing banner

long-winged owl in flight

the double-yellow banded highway  
entering green Romance

*safe and dry before the deluge*

will she dive into the pool  
or just jump  
after posing with her arms outstretched

*"overwhelmed" or "swamped" fits the bill better these days*

or remains locked up within synapses of thy cranium and heart  
the little mysteries complicate our existence  
give it minor excitement or turmoil

behind the apricot, white grape, and plum tomato  
sake labels

a long flat stone  
spans the meandering pond  
of a Japanese garden

*passing the gift-energy*

oh, how you, too, bound eastward

this scream  
from cascading streams  
together, on fragile new wings  
surely left out some news

to find rumors about us subsiding

## SOLICITUDE

I don't know who she is, so naked in the water

she ponders whether to rise anyway

*were you a bit afraid on the whale-watch?*

from one who burns both ends of the candle

deal me in, to your favor

this once, in spirit

“Don't be seduced, that's not a compliment”

passing through, finally

butterfly. Instead

Yes, I am HAPPY!

though hell has meant being too deeply in love

when my body ended at the base of my neck

that SUSPICION after all, if I KNEW,

alas, mere vanity awaits

looking down into Z's rowboat at the dock

misc. surgical clamps

goldfish in a laboratory beaker

self-guided tour

*secure knowledge no one*

hand cupping clouds and a tethered dinghy

forever and a day

yes, a peacock with zircon comb and necklace

## SQUARE

tell a straight story, if you can  
close those eyes and scream  
out the details

*of course you want to be somebody*

if only out over the bay now

*the outrageous, inventive, colorful, outspoken, offensive skinny creep*

without such plastic cynicism

*the pool seems like bath water*

*Are you out of the shower?*

## RECOLLECTIONS

*a breaching whale*

Niagara Falls with a rainbow

mother bear and two cubs crossing a mountain highway

fifty-two Barbies in bikinis  
floating in a green pool

Lady Liberty

on her toes, her dirt-stained soles lifting from a field of daisies

the Tampa Bay bridge and causeway red against black water

two bicycles chained together

Uptown

the story of Leon Leonwood Bean

## MAZURKA

twenty-eight children in laurel and flowing costumes  
held together by upraised hands as a chain  
in their Victorian spring pantomime  
at the beginning of a vacation

under fifteen umbrellas  
thirty-two Edwardian women  
costumed for the beach  
all of them in shoes and stockings  
all but two of them in hats

*'ello! 'ello!*

two young women dressed for a ball  
fixing their hair and lips  
so full of intent and calculation

## FADEOUT

a hussy in an improbable hoop skirt  
and headscarf  
lights a wall of candles

salmon-colored bands on a wall, plus a solar diagram  
and an Elizabethan lady

black chair, as two birds flying in opposite directions  
as she reads her book

*in a balloon, the fog*

handbag and coffee New York

# THIRD PARTITA



With each sweet bird's sonneting,  
Notes that make the echoes long.

William Brown

"Thyrsis' Praise of His Mistress,"  
published 1600, *England's Helicon*

## PROCESSIONAL

an agenda

old business, new business, negotiations, nominations,  
and new business

*to lay out our varied projects, without all these miles between us  
half of the time*

the grace of the functional line

a keel, a shaft

the arrow or passage itself

Joy & Anger

parked on a downtown street

strewn with flowers or

*the time when everything of ours can be in one place*

a lobster in a wineglass

a speedometer

an early SAAB fitted for racing

an antique light bulb, a glowing vacuum tube

the interior design

to accommodate mechanisms and man

a hand reaching upward

a bowl of imperfect apples

An avid Sox fan.

*a slew of calls*

*a slew of dolls*

*a slew of idols*

a double-blade broad ax

*after that day on Plum Island*

*I've never again looked*

*at a kite or a diaper*  
*quite the same*

## NORWEGIAN POLKA

a violent angel atop an apple

in the solitary tree set in a meadow between blue ridges  
or the stream bounding over boulders

*it's important to dream*

a dandelion amid violets

marigolds blooming against gray tree trunks  
or worn swim trunks

the stone arch at the bottom of the Cocheco Falls millworks

*to be sharing a home*

old women in a grove — long skirts, white blouses

buttoned at the neck

a large ribbon in a child's hair

a man in a white dress shirt sits against the base of a tree

(natural outing)

*I made bacon and eggs after chitchat and coffee*

Ralph Page, swinging a partner wearing saddle shoes

agreeing summer's passing altogether too quickly  
reflecting last year

boulder at the mouth of the cave or tomb  
or my emotions, I am

for now, I want to go nowhere  
fearing the angel or the earthquake

## MAGNITUDE

1

the aerial view

continent compressed into Manhattan

and San Francisco

smooth pale legs folded in a short tawny skirt

caviar as silvery ball-bearings

a brown bear crawling through pages of stock listings

separated by a squiggling Mississippi a fifth as wide

as the Hudson or sprawling Bay

plus snow-spotted Rockies, rather than farmland

telephones and televisions conjoined by cigarettes and coughing

waiting room and the rails

all the keyboards of Manhattan  
plus measuring spoons

2

a gabled cloud overshadows  
an abandoned farmhouse  
not a tree in sight

Echinacea in prairie grasses tilting from a flat horizon

she's over there, stewing

rabbit and crossbones

## TRIANGLE

the pack, as in cards or dogs  
or the one after

Enigma Variations but it's snowing  
and there are no birds

finally, a female  
cardinal

teapot and cup  
beside a four-poster bed  
with the long shadows of sunrise  
on a plank floor

*I love you truly madly deeply*

mountain laurel and a Cigar Store Indian  
unpainted carved wood

*this relationship has changed*

four State Supreme Court Justices, their backs together

a Portuguese woman

walking the beach with a TV set balanced atop her head  
as the husband waves

leathery kelp as “cloven tongues”

the orderly farm in the Shenandoah overshadowed by two tall silos

nine pitchforks hanging in three rows in a shed  
with two gasoline cans and four spades  
on tool pegs

a map of Sturbridge Village

a pack of poets or painters or ex-lovers or actors or dancers  
could be a loaded deck, all right, shuffled together

4-EVA

at the Hague, then Edinburgh

in the burning letters, her third line

how flat, stretched out under the sun

“Your crimsoning lips”

## GAME POINT

two girls, their hair tied back, and two boys

(one yelping, the other self-confident in sunglasses)

all in their swimsuits

play at a fire hydrant

*60's Live*

in the background

*may you have as much personal expansion*

*I've had through the child*

*but just a tenth of the aggravation*

## CAKEWALK

a trio of Asian dancers

a topless dancer in a red mask  
squats with a white banner

a ring, as wholeness  
allowing the hole  
that opens opportunity

white laundry in autumn yellow

*have enough for us, the good steward*

tide marsh as a frosted tangle

the luxurious interior of a log cabin with plank floors and rag rugs

an old-fashioned downtown with springboard

harvester in corn surrounded by golden foliage

while I start

packing for the extremes  
of Florida and Lake Michigan  
in winter

after our first weekend  
briefly, the duration of that leap

perchance a woman more serious than me  
should be packing for

## RECESSIONAL

retracing my steps

backwards

*belief does not come easily for me, never does*

I want to be sure

# FOURTH PARTITA



Such chance perchance may chance  
To cause me change my tune.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

“Marvel No More”

published 1562 edition, *The Court of Venus*

## FANFARE

a well-crafted turbine

a flower in bloom

the blades of a large jet engine

a honeycomb exhaust fan

*no stops for granola bars*

this anatomy of a rippling stone in the stream, a fingerprint

no monkeys

in the Squirrel Temple

## FOXTROT

a rabbit in a bow-tie and party hat  
laughs at a departing alligator

people holding umbrellas float over the stage

*drowning the kittens as an adult act of mercy*

people in yellow raincoats  
floating under pink umbrellas  
set against clouds

the woodcut sheep now resemble Georgia  
a plain chair topped by a salmon-fish rung

a flock of sheep already dyed

twenty-two pigs come singing on the bare ground  
"Simple Gifts" in operatic voice

a woodcut of a full stream laughing through a birch forest

## PURPORT

I confess everything  
I'm guilty  
even when it comes to crime  
I've failed  
I can't even lie, if I try  
as for confronting an issue  
I understand none of the charges

they say an house  
even an house  
settles  
but that's not precisely  
accurate, where  
sinking  
and sagging  
are more apt

## HEXAGON OR HONEYCOMB

blueberries and pumpkins  
with a seated woman

*the weeding*

of course, maybe Eve  
was the fruit, and so

blessings on the birth of your son  
bestowed with a powerful name

## HEARTBEAT

she's the one with the comb and scissors

*the fruit of my womb*

for her thirteenth birthday  
she wanted a rented limousine  
six hours, unlimited mileage, to sashay

through the Mystery Cafe "Where murder  
is always on the menu" but even then  
adjusting our calendars was the killer

maybe I'd appreciate the suggested list  
to just pull the trigger  
against Mother Nature and Aging

*what I was fit to tap out this evening*

Please stay tuned or advise with directions

crazy for lovers

Adam and Eve at puberty, separated by a large apple

a red candle-lit cloud kiosk on Copley Square in Boston

*let you peruse the*

apple perched on a suspended steamer trunk

a map of European geology free of political borders

## TWO-STEP

who else would ride a bronco  
between the sprocket  
blurring array of Mexican color

*going naked depends on who else is in the room*

a bony back passed in strapless pink

the Halloween beds still crumpled

## FIREWORKS

all of his art books were nudes

*I've seen plenty of unlicensed assholes*

a naked man stretched next to a stretched skeleton:  
flesh, muscle, and bone contrasted

*she is out and major fright is kicking in*

so little to go on  
excepting the grit  
in the end

# FIFTH PARTITA



... in pure simplicity  
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart.

Sir Philip Sidney  
Sonnet 28, *Astrophel and Stella*  
(1591, 1598)

## OUVERTURE

welcomed into my orbit

a Chicago-Baltimore axis

its own perspective

a shadowbox with sixteen cells of teeth numbered

out of the thirty-two originals

*to whip up something before a martini*

a gray vase with a cow skull

places I once treasured

since lost, yes, lost. And now?

how often, not the place as much as fragile

in the void of letters, Well, kiddo,

all the right intentions

a postcard of Florida seashells

a secretary (white blouse, tight black skirt, black heels)  
waiting for the midday train in a suburb

three close-lipped fishermen wait to build a fire  
on a rocky bend of the river

a woman in a blue dress pauses at the end of the blue deck  
before leaping into subtropical ocean

the blurry backside or figure with bent leg  
reaching for balance

to sit, wearing blue jeans and a blue polo shirt  
in a corner office overlooking parking in a desert

to enter a tall office building housing a Jekyll and Hyde club  
befit with gargoyles, sculpted climbers, human skulls,  
and Ionic columns

to pose standing in a powder blue wrapper under a Greek male torso  
and the head of a stallion

to leap in a fiery ballet costume from the Brooklyn Bridge before  
breakfast, onto a parked Harley on cobblestone

dazzling Shakti Style weavings

a Celtic bowl with three mermaids as snakes

Open 24 Hours

misery, in spicy flavors

modern glass teacups and teapot

modern glass table lamps

modern plastic table radio

*all I've inhabited but won't return, ever*

*No, waiting for a "better" scheduling day means*

*another couple of years, at best. Let's do it while we can.*

## QUADRILLE

*four theatrical scenes*

1

thirteen dancers hold large butterflies, frogs, crabs, and fish  
on sticks over their heads

*on our pallet, everyone laughing and tickling*

Christmas lights adorn a swan the size of a sailboat on the beach  
surrounded by jesters and an undertaker in top hat

*and don't giggle much*

tents with electrical lighting have encamped under a bird feeder in the  
library

*late-night lime daquiris, with or without salt*

a dozen dresses covering light bulbs  
hang from a leafy tree after sunset

2

the classic marble trio upholding the blue orb  
stands in three stages of undress

*regardless, stay cool*

3

behind the eyes and ears of her diaphanous gown

she wears nothing

*she still has eggshells behind the ears*

Salome, with her slippery hands

4

a surgical theater of the dead Romans and Dutch masters  
with a sole nun present and in prayer

*while the child skateboards through the kitchen*

elaborate mathematical equations in icing on the wedding cake  
as animal tracks through a universe

## BRAINCHILD

a feathered and furred woman  
bare shouldered, face painted white  
black mouth and black exaggerated eyebrows  
a black veil over her face

*where is the balm?*

*the salve for stinging nettles?*

potted plants on a white mantle

a bowl of sprouts atop a handwritten note  
spread over a blue napkin

richly patterned fabric  
behind a waxy flower

a pile of Valentines

reeds and songbirds  
*home is a refuge or should be*

a bar of soap wrapped in pale-tea ribbon  
a hole cut in a painting left open with crossed ribbons

two men in an open briefcase, as dolls torn apart  
so many screws and nails and tense threads  
for connections

a barn owl in front of a red barn

a red house with shiny metal roof in the woods

red hen, red comb, red alarm

*Bright day in the valley*

Lincoln's Indiana legacy  
in a place that couldn't support a used bookstore

## SPIRAL SHELL

*reading the inscription on your tombstone*

an abandoned road soon becomes impassible  
except on foot or horseback

*dumplings, broiled, steamed, and fried involving pork, chicken, Chinese  
cabbage, tofu. more ginger and any amount of garlic, scallions, bamboo  
shoots, and water chestnuts*

a bronze bespattered snake  
coils elegantly  
through an alligator-skin sandal

*nothing funny about us, just practical and direct*

"maker dressing toe," she

*she was so bold*

a mechanical hand made of maps and a yardstick

SHAKE

Edward Steichen's portrait of Leopold Stokowski in profile

a human heart just one shade redder

*a place to savor and crave*

mechanical dancing dolls

*shaving pennies*

## REHASH

*The return of the Princess Wen-Chi*

400 years later I understand it wasn't  
my fault we never connected  
but the hardness she'd become

with the curtain already up  
when the lights took hold

unicorn and gazelle in repose

*too weird, too impractical, too brash, too arrogant*

hypodermic syringe on a porcelain teacup

favorite hardware  
goof balls, golf balls

perhaps annoy or anger, delight  
and so on and on. It never ends, does it?

above the treetops

astrologers, even witches

But mostly the aroma of freshly cut grass

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S  
GRAND FUNERAL MARCH

a tight-cropped raccoon staring full of question

in the green leaves in front of an intricately tiled wall

a white panther spews water

into a pool of lilies

*320 days a year you'd be hungry*

an owl in snowfall

three landscapes, including a road through a desert

a smiling fisherman holds a salmon

the length of his leg

twelve neckties a father would love:

none of them fit for the office

roulette wheel with a ducky decoy

for games no player can win

egos as a blindfold  
tied with leather work gloves

*the pink smoke, uncoiling*  
*wordlessly*

shocks of wheat  
around a woman in dream

two more windmills

half of the sky, a rusty eggshell

*a flame*  
*as an open door*

a clock and classical portrait suspended on ribbon

wind mill manufacturers in Batavia, Illinois

## CURTAINS

to embrace something with the wisdom of the final round

people crowding the boulevard in Baltimore  
to watch Robert Kennedy's funeral train pass  
overhead

in that portrait of seven famed figures  
Annie, turned to stone under a blue jay feather

how that small town in snow looks more like Pennsylvania  
or Midwest  
than New England

Blake, the Muggletonian and lithographer  
the surviving Beats portrayed  
as Ginsberg tying a shoelace

would see something with the sharpness of the first time

all that baroque light over a cathedral altar  
*the cumulus effect*

enveloping a solo deer

naked

in the garden

awaiting snowfall

# SIXTH PARTITA



Who can shew all his love doth love but lightly.

Samuel Daniel

First "Sonnet to Delia," (1592)

## OPENING

a woman in a white nightgown hovers sleeping  
from a red wall over a red bed  
as a walkway to a half-red moon

a pale leaf with a flickering red eye  
has a stem of rootlets  
flickering the way lightning  
coagulates

*no boom-boom / just drip-drip*

how she loves the lurid red surges  
the two fat black figures counter

two clamshells clapping together

Shakespeare, his right index finger raised  
to make a point

*no rips, no tears*

the remaining matches in an open matchbook

*sorry, but no cigarette ash*

nearly a phone call a few mornings ago

2 o'clock here then 3:15 . . . 4 . . . 5:30.

active waiting (as for a publisher's response),

active prayer (playful prayer, too),

active listening

not yet exactly sure

"Why stop at six . . . why not go for twelve?"

no matter how much I might desire)

peering off into the abyss

2<sup>nd</sup>-Day legal-pad epistle again

"Thee watch out

for those Eastern liberal women!"

Jo, Emily, Beth with the gold nose ring,  
then a blur, for now

not knowing quite Agamemnon's role  
with nothing heavier than a sweater on

why don't you like wine?

## GALLOP

in the ballet, two women stand atop  
two men on all fours

while the barefooted heroine  
swipes her scarves across the floor

*even though her hair is falling down through her performance*

there are no sets

that draws me ever closer  
spoken so little so far  
something quite timeless

how forcefully I'd been praying

Happy New Year, love!  
Grace be with thee, always,

seasick in these choppy, seemingly uncharted waters  
disciples in their storm-tossed husk

Texas at Yuletide?

out and about, in shorts and sandals  
as the peaches blossom

“You know, the day hasn’t been going so hot for me, either”

flight through the furnace of sunset  
to reveal more than I’d intended  
working three callings simultaneously  
(some tests to follow up from the car crash),

send quick three words

a daring, radical act  
I see this stint coming home  
so adorably serious

*just come and be brilliant*

## PARADE

glacial ice in an inlet under foggy forest

cowboys and Eskimos

    some in furry outfits and sealskin boots

    some in front of the television

a Cointreau cocktail, twist of lemon

a six-part screen with a green star on a drum for zig-zag dancers

papoose with an awning

a frog stretches its legs and fingers

a hexagonal tent glowing

a breaching whale two canoeists pass

summer: a fishing boat churning up-channel from ocean

fall: a stone fence in a pool of red

winter: blue branches draped over blue current

spring: whale lolling in steely ripples

a hundred midshipmen in dress whites are seated  
in rows in the sun for an address

the African pastor proudly holds his daughter

below the beaver dam a redheaded mermaid floats  
on a marble capital  
as sailors in life rings reach out to be saved

in woolen gloves, carrying a wooden lobster trap  
the way it used to be, in fine fashion

a red dress drying on a line anchored by a wheelbarrow

stucco chapel atop a broad stone stairway

a young soccer player smiles

## STAR

the white figure swims into a lotus pad

a water lily folded against a sunset

*not only do I lose a red fountain pen, I lose Jessi's earrings,  
leave my swim trunks behind*

a toe dangling into a ripple

form the tall figure splayed on an oversized floating lotus blossom

a floating frond

creation, yet she says

many things in this life stretch the imagination

still trying to digest dwelling places

of rejection where I've loved

with an air of revolution  
there's no easy way out

*took a quick swim rather than shower*

## MATCHUPS

dragonfly

ivory, tan, brown

"I just paint what he writes"

"I just write what comes out of the ground"

She wanted to go to the opera tonight  
in Barcelona.

trades strategies and argues various slants  
awaits flight  
alone in the car accident

or I should buy them and he never did, either

Now (drum roll),  
(when hit, might as well be gentle

One thing we discussed was  
an insight of someone else, but an interesting one all

“Chicago”

the same. we both know the necessity of being careful, of our  
primary responsibilities

a week away from the old brick milltown,  
I'd forgotten  
this is not an old-fashioned typewriter

Thorp Fruit & Antique-Mall

from my Yakima past

perfectly matched, at last

## BIRTHDAY WALTZ

have I danced

    considering all the leaking  
faucets

in this little house of no architectural significance  
    falling apart faster than I could keep up  
(upkeep, as they'd say)

or figure don't need anyone else  
in their own manse, do they tote me around  
after those single weeks in which  
I'd just be starting to unwind  
enjoyable for all of two hours,  
dinner also the other artichoke  
something quite different in the way of  
able to trust somebody  
one at a time

So thank thee, love.

as the overture slipped into Act II, enhancing

*wild fantasies about this high-voltage mother who  
seems to have this energizing impact  
on all things in her vicinity*

“mental hysterical paralysis”

four checkerboard Valentines from Rachel

*we can keep building the anticipation, no?*

## EULOGY

a dancer in a cranberry dress lifts her arms  
in front of a wooden door

two canoeists and their dog  
come down the river

*you claim to recognize clearly*

fallen leaves float or sink  
in the clear water  
between mottled rocks

a mood, a memory, a desire

few have ever shared those rooms.  
usually stand outside, admire the exterior

the second trip, sought to see her  
within a place of much different experience  
and outlook

Instead, the figure 6.

(the family priest got down on me  
for not earning enough: I was  
the second highest paid  
in the office)

a figure that would have raised concerned eyebrows  
of many of my enlightened friends  
the first day back always like running

to drag out as much  
just in case I didn't make that probationary  
unnecessarily so, from our point

at a loss regarding structure, much less title  
(some of us would prefer the alternative,  
"Live Free or Live in Virginia")

*I want everyone to live happily ever after*

## ABOUT THE POET



The common question, "What are you thinking," apropos of nothing, often baffles Jnana Hodson. His mind ranges similtaeously over centuries and memories and random visual images on the table before him or beyond the windshield as he drives. His fondness for classical music also comes into play, with the ultimate abstraction of definable meaning in the mathematical maze of composition. Thinking? Or more accurately, feeling? Life is a mosaic, as he typically encounters it. Let us dance then, don costumes, accept a staging – all en suite.

## ALSO BY JNANA HODSON

### Poetry:

- Blue Rock
- In a Heartbeat
- Johnny Badge
- Harbor of Grace
- Waves Rolling Too
- Returning to the Table
- Elders Hold
- Winged Death's Head
- Green Repose
- American Olympus
- Over the Mountain
- Back Pack
- Susquehanna
- Riverside
- Rust & the Wound
- Long Stemmed Roses in a Shattered Mirror
- There Is No Statuary in Our Garden Except for the  
Plastic Spacemen Occasionally Surfacing
- Home Maintenance
- Rat-Tat Oscar
- Fiddler Crab in the Score

## **Novels:**

- Big Inca Versus a New Pony Express Rider
- Hometown News
- Promise
- Peel (as in apple)
- St. Helens in the Mix
- Kokopelli's Hornpipe
- Daffodil Sunrise
- Hippie Drum
- Hippie Love
- Subway Hitchhikers
- Third Rail
- With a Passing Freight Train of 119 Cars and Twin Caboosees
- Ashram

## **Non-Fiction**

- Embracing Eden
- Revolutionary Light

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