

To Whisper Warn

Poetry

Anna Ecco

Copyright © 2020 Anna Ecco

All rights reserved.

A Duel

So what's to say
the hey of the play
to call one to
the entryway

Take your place
en garde still
sit back, look on
let your hopes build

House lights down
tell me sir what's the time
show's begun –
like that, on a dime

Ma'am I've come
shield and sword in hand
none yet to challenge
matchless I stand.

Witnesses

For the strugglers emaciated by a destitute
knowledge

The land of opportunity
was famished for you.

I see you,
cane in hand.

You, you found the bench with sunlight most
blinding

And its unbearable glare
also casts forth your beauty.

To look upon the one
who wanes with you
and bends a knee to photograph fragility

...how frail and weighty might it be
and still hold life within.

Ghosts

No need, the beauty of it all
Horse hair, thick and full-coarse
Comb, come, approach
Untangle –
Wrangle, brush
Tender-headed yank, southern
Western, Montana,
Wyoming.
Not quite audible. Shh, shhh
Casper, a whisper
Gone.

Indefatigable Lull

Indefatigable lull -

a bystander

withstander

in the steady

radio-transmitting static.

Tune in, Tune up!

The look-see becomes hearing,

and the drifted balloon string

finds its soothing frequency -

that rhythmic hum above.

Sunlessness

Flee, child, flee
for the lights have grown dim
and the sun has hidden its shine

Reaching for the colors
to stay in the sky,
to last a little longer

Your arms are long but not long enough
The glimmer disappears
leaving no trace of the light of day

Not enough a half moon tonight
Where are the stars they all wish upon?
Have they each fallen from their home?

I wait forever in the dark
confused whether the sun that once was
will show its face again

I hear the waves flow and feel the grains of sand
The birds and fish have buried for the night
And I am here

Looking up to mid-night
Waiting for the great light
To turn up for the next morn.

Live!

Should the nightset train a man
To hold dear his loosened neckchain
May his bosom drum forth, rage on
A fury resurrected from black ash
Conjured from a nether-land into being

Dust Might

About the dust that sits on the sill
pay no mind.

It did not collect last night,
but over time.

And if we do not blame the maid,
then what have we?

Buildup? Residue?
Simply an oversight.

Eat the Road

And it goes and goes
from somewhere onward
to the place that was and is,
on the heartsides, a swallow.
Taking the fork to play
with leftovers.
A food fight smeared with ingredients
too high up for digestion.

Heartburn.

Morsels make like skintags
and rub with every beat.

Sandpaper. Friction.
Unfolding the miles,
flat tires, empty pockets.

This is a walking place.

Track and Field

Ovalesque prints
outlined by has-been shadows

A picture never realized
and I circle the same track

Looking for the slated runner
disallowed on technicalities –
a great sum of them

The null scoreboard
creaks from a violent wind

But the zeroes don't concern me as much;
it's the missing runner that empties this field so

Season Beings

Birds were chirping sounds of spring,
I bring my winter with me.

Shriveled buds and barren trees,
my eyes shut tight afraid to see.

All is numb. I cannot hear.

A light, cool wind speaks of a heavy
watering to come.

But attending a funeral
doesn't do me what I'm wanting.

Onions to Apples

Curled skin, rings and ringlets

How much stock in the pot.

Let off some steam.

What?

Lift the lid!

Oh, steam. Let it out, they mean.

Shouldaknown.

Guess I'm just a Pink Lady at the Gala trying to
climb Mt. Fuji.

Timeless

Record the night line, the string
of time threaded by hands.
Machinations know not the way
of the village elder, hard-earned
by blood and wisdom, and hardened
to pave road, stone by stone.
The presiding poet sounds as a
trumpetess, a call to more
than arms. To a spirit who hears.
A grasping that comes through
postures sown years before
by a bare one stripped of hope.
The prolonged nakedness they call
understanding.

Sad Eyes

Hazel tones, green, blue, brown, black, amber.

Tigers, fierce, tearful 'diles.

Elated by millimeters and returned

to size when the ravens stay at bay no more.

Pick, peck, speckle,

gleam back at those who peer from the

lighthouse.

They scan seas and retinae

with binoculars to detect irises at the ready.

Live pupils, some of fish, some of man.

Unmercifully disbursed buoys

favor not the drowning.

They reach swimmers – the gilled and helpless

alike.

Return to the sea floor wide-eyed,

and may the gods of resourcefulness be for you

today.

Whisper Warnings

Revolutions of horse dreams, encircling
encounters stop short of figure eights

Nines and tens rank highly exceptional
above the sky-laden ceiling where shapes form
freely

Boom! Flutter, fall, yet fly again
in that direction, the one that cast me off

Into a denied place where my face lay low and
lowly, dejected from a fate deserved.

Yes, rejected from a seat reserved.
Has heaven smothered me and shouted aloud!

The earth's untruths allowed me to look
again at the blinded, through my dust-covered eyes

A residue of ground fragments, powder fresh
from their annihilations sent to whisper-warn me

Of the orphan plight where remains remain below,
unheld and still with godlike resemblance.

Nature

Across the airs of high sky
where bluebirds nest with their
loved cubs and calves
of old and new lie
on the bellies of buffalo.

This land of lovely and hateful
yells to another, "Riot!"
to be held by its captor tenderly.

Fiercely without aggression.
A featherbound life chants uneasily
and these chains hold.

As if birds are born of trees themselves, and roots
their midwife.

Carrying-on Hours

At the ticking hours, pray pray
Prayer and replication. A prefixed suffocation?
Pre-member, re-collect. Don't forget the dead
at Consequence's grave.

Elephant Soul

Trying to trace the outline
of what cannot be remembered
A tricky task it is.
As it lives and swells
inside, in the lines
Careless scribbles show attempts unharnessed
Scraggly lines, indiscernible shapes,
I think I see an elephant.
No longer content to be on the page
it walks towards me
Growing bigger before my eyes
consuming my line of sight
I hear a gargled mumble: "I cannot be hidden any
longer."
Giant tears and tiny ones
fall out in search of a home
and they too form elephants
Big and little puddles,
herds of the endangered,
scattered about,
elephants everywhere!
In the rooms of my body
in the timbre of my voice
in this very room.
A harmonica acts as the call of the shofar
bringing together pieces of shrapnel
all shaped like the elephants.
A trunk, a tail, an eye
and a toenail
For parts disassembled
their cries are loud, even the mute ones.

If only a smile and little empathy
could put them back together...
'Fraid it takes many more moments
and mudbaths than that
And although mud-filled nostrils make it hard to
breathe,
disappearing acts have become weary-making.
Shall I train for the circus or for the wild?
The answer is futile so long as I don't
do either alone anymore
The unbearable separation
brought with it combustion
Repair, connection, l'attachement!
Don't the elephants long for a mother also?
Aren't they born from carriage and labor
until their grand arrival?
Must my hand and foot revealed
mean a cutoff from the safer place?
Oh, but that the entrance would not have opened
and
left me here!
Blind and without a mother
Such childbearing is too heavy to hold
Yet all my stomping and stampeding
is without avail
There are no terms to come to, only loss
and instead it beckons me.
A grief transaction that costs me more than what
is fair
and came without warning, as I into the world.
So if fairness is forgone
what will carry me through this canal?
Will it be love or mercy or

a heartfelt “Bon chance!”?
Perhaps it’s the ropes -
The tangible
and the invisible,
tied not to the ground or the tree or to a pole,
but to the other elephants.
To big ones and little ones and medium ones
round and round again
May we braid these ropes nice and strong
with double knots a plenty
and tie them only as we become ready
- I know too well the breaking.

Opportunity Costs

Expression less,
amusement little.

Covet the shallow
who need not consider
crossing the street.
They don't know danger.

Only trust. A granted
tangible – received and dismissed.
Bless them,
and damn them!

For how they live
without its
knowledge, yet
will never know.

But I was drafted
and the price
I owe for living
is life.

A death my own, repeated
in scores to quash all pesky vitalities.

The Subterrain

Unknown extension
extinction/distinction
through tunnels with hubcaps
and subhuman merchants

Wheels stripped from rovers
beds ripped of covers
a ruse of mass transit
until it feel quiet

Arrival/departure
one and the same
an echoing hmmm
tales from the maimed

Shifty and shiftless
a cast of all types
says doer and done to
is a role of the dice

In comatose religion
the robes chant their fibs
and the dangling hang
threads stitched across lips

Insomnia Bath

Sit on the tub floor wet and
naked with shivers

A catatonic stare, downstage left to
watch the flecks

Flowing slowly to the drain, wishing
they were yours

Particles of years, that go, must go
down, down below

If you could, you would trade the big
you for the little them.

Out of Line

Wondrous what was once
or could not be still.

Motion makes up micro-pieces
undiscovered elements, essential for
existence.

Angster of ages, born too soon,
blossomed too late,
was not ever
to come.

No entry
at the exit
door. I cannot
stand in line. Form, form
-ation, another way.
A better one,
please.

Untalker

Let the untalker sit with characters aspread
in her head.

Disclose not.

The sacred falters beneath and the untalker owns
nothing more.

Keep the letters from becoming words and
numbers.

Hold them as thoughts inside

forever sore.

Bastillard Day

VHI saved my life
when it drove me crazy
I danced to forever
your girl.

Simon Says

The way that makes
you come then go!
No stay go, Simon says.
Stop, red light and green.
Yellow?
Pause. Slo-mo.

Bubblewords

Flee, the fleet
of ships
has sunk

Its number
was divided
by itself...

only one remains.

Rudder-less and
stuttering. Another silence
mistaken for deafness.

Prescribe an operation,
cut open, explore, stitch up -
(Vomit).

“Wake up!
 Don't be dumb.
 Speak! Can you hear me?”

Sink and breathe
underwater
if you must

Until the bubbles make
sentences to be seen
with intelligible goggles.

Train-ed

Short train through the wavy ways,
where lies a wand of something majestic.

Invaders were here;
they captured it and ran;
its magic disappeared.

Some lifted hands to those they sought refuge
from
in the early escape.

Ominous nagging let them sigh not.

A Good Pine

Woodgrain etched liked veins
pining for something to run through it.

Color, life, evidence.

A handprint, shoe mark,
a leftover fruit peel.

Please hear, here here, come here.

Lover of the Moving Things

O creature full of mission
veering every known trail,
muster up all your pounds
left flailing so frail

Heel Deep

If the way to the ship's deck
shall extend over open seas
and the planks should rise
to float like magnets
against that ocean floor,

Then may the creature who tugs
at the severed anchor's rope
lift it from its heel-dug
home in the sand.

Lights On, Doors Open

Do with the days
away, a way to due
the unpaid dones,
the unplayed ones
where brightness blinds
sans lampshade tight
and revolving doors
neither latch nor catch.

But stacks reserved for
presidential libraries
can tuck away no more.
Those written unutterables
will be read at last,
for once,
preserved for seeing-eyes who
know that cataloguing art.

So remain within your house.

Take down the flickering fluorescents,
and score new doors, and set the hinges.
For no – this house is not for wrapping up.

Make Room for the Moon

False lights interfering

The crescent has not a night to cast shadows

And if the sun appears beyond the moonrest,

that thunder stolen in fabricated tubes

shall twinkle nevermore.

Epileptics be healed!

Cover your eyelids with fingers

And dance until the rain pours down.

