

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/3

*Hugh Fox & Eric Greinke*

### **Carnations**

They finally come up with age-stop technology  
but the trade-off has complications,  
like having three wives,  
eyesight improving while memories fade,  
hair, legs, hands not fading fast enough  
to replace lost self in memories  
that increasingly dim and scatter  
into the ancient ether  
that I become increasingly a part of  
while more of me disappears.  
The morning mirror turns into cloudy fragments  
as I pass into the water cycle  
and memory rain falls on all my past loves  
germinating new seeds with old faces.  
I'd like to plant them again and re-begin  
while magically retaining memories  
to expand into new realities  
to contract into new beginnings.

Sitting by a river, I see flotsam:  
voluntary versus jetsam me still  
corpus bound by morbid buttons  
that I want to unbutton and emerge like  
a pink cloud of startled flamingos  
escaping from endless killer hungers of  
famished alligator luggage bound for  
white houses, black houses, tents and  
towns, megalopolis and yellow meadows  
that drool with ancient accents always moving  
in the dark shadows beneath the mechanical  
cranking outs that empty the earth  
stealing time, souring the sky.  
Waiting for celestial/terrestrial symmetry to  
float beatific visions by my weary eyes  
that slowly relax into visionary cups of  
rainbow wine, intoxicating but  
also opening the inner-eye doors to  
see the heart inside the stone at the center.

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My fifth reincarnation, from mouse to moose to  
moss to wind, threw my soul into a  
nuclear-byte whirlwind looking for old skirts and faces  
under cybernetic rocks and swirling asteroids  
in an infinite universe contained within  
a fifteen-inch flat screen dream.

Missing all the old Prague noses, eyes, whys and  
wheres, circles and squares, each so  
echoing of the never-die gene-banks  
that crowd the oversoul universal subconscious  
that refuse my resistance to expand into  
cosmic dust, I wait for signs.

Next generation noses, eyes, yeses and whys,  
fly by my wildly reeling line of sight,  
and I time-travel back and forward to zones  
of never and always happenings. Then I  
reluctantly return to the funereal evening news and  
the lighted room, the real people in it.

Pre-nuke, -cannon, -gun, -sword, -lance, -club,  
even pre-tooth and warm, running blood,  
you find your grassland, hill- and mountain-land,  
you follow the road map on your palm to  
another kind of sparrow-deer-gopher humanness  
that lies beneath evil, beyond anger and ego.

The mistake is corrected, tissue death but cellular eternity,  
energy expanded beyond self and species into the oversoul.

Every stretch-out bedtime wrapping mortality  
around me like a security blanket, I wonder if

I ever was, will be, how many of the after-heaven dogmas  
could really be as men have perceived them,  
or are we just seeds for a million future us's/uses  
that fall through time like sand through an hourglass?

Summer-surrounded by daughters turned into grandmothers,  
fawns into does, goslings into geese into the Godhead, I find  
myself feeling like flesh turned into the Fountains of Rome,  
the water of my blood flowing into an infinite stream.

Again, begin in endless Springs of respiritualizations  
evolutions and transformations bubbling into multipolar galaxies  
of new worlds filled with all the relics of terrestriality reborn.

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A thousand reincarnations or one death and flight into forever  
to join the eternal pool of energy that fuels the  
transitory dreams of eternal tomorrows  
for infinite grandchildren galore, but not for me.  
Evoke me down the frozen river paths, swamps, and cattail heavens,  
the laughing northern wind that tickles the treetops,  
the grrs, squeaks, claw-rasps, millennially outdated accents that  
fly by my third eye, open but still mystified.  
Perhaps there comes a time, surrounded by aging offspring,  
when one is ready to give up the ghost, but so far, not for me.  
Grandsons/daughters out in the forest backyard re-become  
ancestors angling for re-emergence into activity.

Every day calculating where longevity lasts longest,  
a man loses the experience of now.  
Buddha satori messages every night slithering through  
the divine branches that scour my blinking windows,  
the multi-layers of my lives and whatever-after-lives  
dissipate into moonlight, and *I am alive*.  
Every day floating over duck-deer-pond forests  
my spirit swirls through whirlpools of cosmic love, my  
eternal theories revive, yawn, stretch their arms and  
greet the fleeting audience of the breeze.  
Rethinking Creation, how about a thousand turtle years  
converted into seconds per organism? Why  
get all the right silverware fill the walls with poems and  
the calendars with dates, only to slipstream through time like  
ice dissolving in the first downpours of resurrectional spring?

Summer fed me warm light, but now I starve in a cold wind.  
I go to bed alone and drift off into the worlds I never had.  
I become everyone and everything, playing with myself.  
Reading the obituaries in the paper every day, wishing  
negates my last moments and denigrates theirs.  
But no one ever really leaves, all the legs, crevices and hair  
variations of mortality, morphing into essential mist.  
The voices begin after my midnight sleep pills as I stretch into  
the darkness of winter, into my debate with the slippery dead.  
They call me back into snowball park and  
up to the tops of trees climbed as a carefree boy.  
Dream-walking back into the neighborhoods,  
a man was born, a son to everyone, his name on the wind;  
and then the wind stopped, for how long?