

Selected Poems

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THE SEA GAZER

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To behold unbearable flowers
has been my recurrent fantasy and wish
meanwhile I await an invitation to love

Called down to witness God
in his loveless immortality
I am drinking the moon

Let innocents hold to their ignorance
The sea reveals nothing to a novice heart

I was not always like this
Remember now my several years of faith
Some element of truth removes me
Undone I prepare my heart for the shock of paradise

Be jealous of sorrows

We are hurt and crying in the wood
the night is brief
and permanence belongs to God

This generation singular for a lack of heroes
we do not mourn what we have had
but what we cannot have again

So a man walking all night
will be found drunk in the streets
far from consolation and far from himself

There is in these lines something I must forget
All things connect in our elements

We have all been children and in fact lost
The women come later
and She is old and wiser than poetry
who also knows that a dangerous world
is the best and only world for men

So we live for the promise
that the mind might revolt
to some stronger condition

But mostly we are weak with horror
at the soul that wants to swim up
through babies and marriage
through murder and religion
yet wisdom might come from that

There are desperate contentions

To walk with one's self
is to know a painful endurance
To ride in a chariot gilded with friends
is to be admired

All things connect in our elements

I am a sea gazer plain enough
watching the white boats ply nets
among the trembling fish

Beset by the strands of my own life
I am often in need of salvation

Nothing is what it seems
I have watched my beauties change
and to me nothing is safe

After an hour the room is changed
not so much by light
as by the entrance and dismissal of thought

What were we thinking of?
That the universe is well made?
That God is not absurd?

So you see what I mean

It is too early for me to take up
the history of the region
and consolidate my intimations

I have seen my beauties change
and I have forgotten paradise

Did I say at the beginning my wish?

The wind is in my face
I go blinded by the flowers.

SOLAR FUR

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At birth everything is taken from us
and everything is given

The hair stands up on your head

Your face is being melted
by a wind full of sand

that levels the sea of promises

You are like a man who has eaten
half the melon of life
and you are spitting out mistakes

Shipwrecked on the actual
your imagination is digesting
the rind of patience

Patience intemperate one
the sky intoxicated with color
is preparing your illogical reward

It is clear that you must become
a magician of internal temperatures
a wizard of energy

Somewhere near the center of one atom
(the brink of thought)
you will undergo the full bombardment
of sighs and gestures

Whatever self you discover
whatever self you can endure
may show us our lost innocence
wrapped in the darkness of a smile

One morning your eyes
peel back the fresco of sleep
and a blank wall redeems you

Indifference

What has occasioned
this gift of silence
this opportunity for vision
to grow a new face?

I don't know who you are
but I know your sure passage
through the split sky of my ribs

Exactly as a heart
my song of you celebrates blood
and hallucination

All of my life has moved towards this hour
this disappointment flooded with light.