



# Emanations of the Spirit

By Richard Walker  
Avon, CT

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## A Prayer for America's Future

Hail all that is warm and  
All that is bright,  
Perfect blue and  
Perfect white and  
Perfect stars upon the night.

Rally all we've known to date.  
Protect us all from harm.

Born to discover  
Living full  
With common sense unfurled  
Let freedom be Earth's  
Claim to fame  
Forever under Noman's flag  
    Let the people rule!

To share and share alike  
With joy  
In the land of the Brave and the  
Home of the Free  
Lest Armageddon  
Come today  
    Where no winds blow and the  
Pity of the elements unfolds.





## Three Blessed Births

From your mother's  
Cherished belly that  
Tabernacle of tears,  
You came wide-eyed like  
Little glistening gadflies  
With five toes  
No woes  
Much to her relief.

You came from afar  
From beyond the stars  
Hung in space  
Like sharps and flats  
Dangling tangled on  
Zodiac webs.

In the early time of your  
Flower-kissed days  
Of roses and milk you  
Sucked the drops of life  
Dreaming unfettered  
Unlettered

In full bloom  
In your own phantasmagoria  
Enjoying the mad singing of birds and  
Trees burning with soft-veined sunlight.

Long may your songs and words  
Echo into the fullness of time  
My three sons.





## The Firstborn

At one year old  
Close to ground  
You mark your limits bruise by bruise  
But soon they disappear.

Old limits surpassed  
New freedom attained  
Your power grows vein by vein.

With shaky stance  
And ready cry  
Fighter's arms upheld to fall  
You sally forth out of the house  
To meet the future and the  
Everchanging sky,  
Fearless as a king.

You're now 14 and amazed am I at  
How lucky you are with your  
Strong skeletal frame  
So portable tall and all  
Self-contained  
Light and airy  
Filled with  
Wet, melting, growing, flowing  
Words and new  
Strength always  
    Unfilled, untilled, unlimited  
Will we fish together in the  
    Bright rivers of  
        Truth and beauty?



## Praise to Youth

Ablaze with lovelife  
Sunlight sifting  
From time and space  
Your soul forever freeing  
Pain and sorrow  
Never feeling  
Jump!

## Unforgotten Vows

We hiked to Dancing Rock  
Along the root-corrugated path  
To the old shack  
To view the fine-tuned sunset  
And fantasize in the youthful leaves  
Lapsing and looming in windy triumph.

Polymorphous panderers  
We vowed to be forever different,  
To forsake the  
Clamoring, cackling crowds  
By every false altar.  
Easier said than done.





## Time Out for a Time Check

Dinosaur bones of the birch are  
Remembrances of ancient time a  
Green orgy of jungle fevers  
Branches aglow  
Buds flaming open  
Spewing pollen to thicken the air  
Everywhere  
Trees like  
Giant flowers and  
Flowers like trees  
Smelling the sunlight.

Today we're overtame  
Overstuffed full of  
All 256 video colors  
Concupiscent distractions in the  
Wild streets online and offline.

With no time to reassess our  
Bulging attic of memories  
Search for the bubbling ornaments of  
Christmases Past and  
Sensoriums of unbridled memories  
Formed long ago when we  
Had it all.



## The Accident at the End of My Driveway

At 2 a.m.  
No doubt  
Celebrating the  
Football game  
Two young men  
Miss the turn  
Take out nine guard rails  
Shear their roof and  
Hang their Chevy Blazer  
In the trees  
Totaled.  
Somehow  
They crawl out and  
Collapse on the roadside.  
The passenger is the worst.  
Once totally aflame with life  
Now a motionless bundle  
Alone to face his maker  
On the hard pavement  
His disembodied voice  
His very soul indecisive in the air  
Eyes like clouds  
Open briefly to  
Prove he's alive.  
Does he know that if  
He doesn't make it  
His mother will never be the same again?



## Paeon to Life Dedicated to My Father (1918-1994)

Blown by the ponderous breath of time  
Dust swirls over the primordial land like stars  
The color of Earth  
Under a flamingo sun the color of birth.

Eons pass.  
In the uterine, liquid, protein sea  
The recurring, massive waves  
Green curtains flowing, a  
Single cell is born, a ghost-colored emanation, growing.  
More eons pass and  
Bone colored oysters in the ooze  
Whisper and cackle, earlids attuned to the  
Feeble singing of life  
Around ponds bearded with  
Longhair waterweeds  
Oily bamboo shoots dripping with glimmering sap  
Chant crystal notes and prism melodies.  
Swimming butterflies and  
Giant bumblebees like  
Golden nuances  
Glide along through skies of glittered glass.

Until a great chorus of change begins with  
The mad singing of birds as  
Man is born, a wild grassling, gaudy in his innocence  
Filled with delicious curiosity, surging emotions  
Tingling dreams and  
Hopes for perpetual  
Transcendent days.





## Scene in a Late Night Bus to NY in 1969 or “Greyhound Love”

Through the portholes of this  
Ivory eggshell bus  
Traveling home from  
College to Connecticut  
Jeweled suburbs appear  
Afloat on a sea of  
Late night dreams  
Antennae silent  
Sliced sidewalk shadows  
Sewn together with  
Strings of lemondrop streetlights.  
High above  
Tree-wicked starflames  
Maintain a silent vigil.

Within the bus  
Male and female seat partners share  
False security  
Friendship  
Which mistaken for love  
Cannot stand the revealing  
Light of day of  
Greyhound love a  
Strange and false intimacy  
Best left unconsummated.



## Three Stages of Love Life, Three Ladies

High on a hill near the Cloisters  
Above the dusty caves of the Bronx  
We inhaled golden light.  
Mary's half-closed glance  
Like two seedstars  
Full of delicious untapped desire.  
Springly Catholic  
Untouched by frigid snow  
An apple tree dream  
A young smelling  
Fecund tomato  
Grown from classical vines  
With milk-filled stems and  
Straight, white spines  
Fresh sprung from protein soil.

Insane rainbow leaves would  
Gladly applaud for Anais,  
Her dew-silvered toenails  
Fresh from a maddening dance.  
Alive with wittery,  
Flirty with chance  
Down all death's roadways  
She pranced.  
Caught in separate streams  
Sometimes we would merge.  
I hung one by one on her heartbreaths until  
We said goodbye to love with  
Dripping raindrop eyes.

(continued)



### Three Stages of Love Life (continued)

When my true love I found  
On warm Florida sand  
In search of forever  
As sea air brushed our lashes we  
Loved the lifegiving sun and the  
Search for transcendence  
In each other's thoughts.  
We strode like peacocks  
Into sunbaked grasses and  
Laughed at the Hermit crabs until  
Flying like butterflies into the unknown  
Flitting in the glossy greens in  
Retinal patterns like light underwater while  
Gentling winds blew the Florida pines  
In the peace of our secret beach alone  
Lulled by the tumbling breakers and  
The sound of our fingers touching  
We absorbed the warmth into our veins  
In hypostatic union  
Until death do us part.





## The Siren

Full-blooded and  
Many-colored she was but  
Her wiles and  
Beauteous smiles have lured  
Many a suitor onto the rocks.  
Lipstick quick frozen in time  
Like a brilliant shooting star  
Etching the sky unfurled she was  
Deathly afraid of dark secrets within  
Unblooming.

I became a fountain untapped  
Crying for her fearful heart  
In desperation  
Forced to filter, digest,  
Rearrange the present

In type like unfulfilled tears which  
Never should form alone  
Recirculating like blood in a  
Sadness which can kill, a  
Craziness which drives strong men to  
Drink who only thirst for a  
Warmth so distant like the  
Moon sliced over the open Earth.

Refusing to be just another petrified  
valentine  
Or a puppet on a stick  
I just became another ghost to haunt her  
Flickering mind's eye  
A paper spectre forever.





## To My Wife of Many Years

The perfume of dreams of you  
Sleeping and waking  
Co-mingles with the flowers of spring  
Aflame  
I will always share the world with you  
Through the eyes of a poet  
To expose you to the minutiae of  
Beauty of formal buds and  
Unknown blooms.

I want all joy for you  
In the warmth of the new air  
Cleansed by the melting snows  
In the everyday winds resounding

Overhead.  
You are, after all the  
Earth Mother  
Working to transfuse new generations  
with a  
Quick burst of love.  
In the NICU your patients  
Struggle still suffused with the pains  
of  
Birth gone wrong.  
But your skillful  
Tiny fingers still their cries and  
Calm their fears.  
Can artistic creations  
Ever be as great as yours?





## Kalmus Beach, Hyannis

Moist water sheets  
Rub the sand and  
Tickle seaweed mops  
Wet tufts of gland.  
My mind is full of  
Foamed weeds  
Tiny, pink-grey cowries and  
Pebbled beads.

Each shell-washed wave  
Brushes the top of my head  
And lays it back disarranged,  
Damp with sweat and tired.

## Childhood Lost

Was it here in these forever landscapes of fields upon fields  
Where light bends at the horizon to  
Betray the curvature of the Earth that you  
Lost your childhood?  
Just give me some moonlight and a  
Forest of brooks and I'll meet you there on  
Peppermint Hill.  
Together we'll travel the topless ridge.



## Dissipation

When innocence is born  
Pure joy is its bedfellow  
Blood brothers both  
Until youth dissipates into  
Bittersweet remembrances and  
The ceaseless erosion of time and  
The pollution of desperation  
Dilutes our thoughts and  
Wrecks havoc with our  
Dreams.

## Brindlefeather

On All Hallow's Eve  
Brindlefeather the Candlebird  
Flickers through skies of  
Pale milk  
His wings like teeth  
His feathers like silk.





## Fillmore East NYC, Moody Blues Concert, 1969

A day-glo horse  
Floats in a tree  
Moonlit bark pasted with  
Frozen sound  
Until red fire worms out of the smoke of  
Marijuana echoes  
So thick you can't see the stage.  
Everyone deep in trust in  
The Age of Aquarius.

Heart breath  
Lung beat  
I become a cock clawing empty sky  
A naked egg locked in a shell  
A cork lost in a wine bottle  
A lost chord  
Deliriously happy in many colors and shapes.

“You can fly  
High as a kite  
If you want to,  
Faster than light  
If you want to  
Bluebird...”  
Wild in the moonlight  
Stung by the sun.



## Imagination, In Honor of Wallace Stevens

The obsidian snake pulses in the  
Amber waters...  
Pale hunger  
Asleep.

High above in the green curtains,  
The Candlebird tastes the  
Tangent oranges and  
Flies off on  
Bright, blue  
Shining wings.

## A Lifeforce Evening

A trout fishing evening  
Perfumed with the odor of pine needles.  
The land is eager for its  
Bath of dew.  
The grey-black clouds  
Whisper to the evergreens,  
Wise  
Sleepless  
Their moonlight sticky bark  
Still warm with  
Chlorophyll sunlife.



## The Bronx

What a trip for a  
Country poet afoot in the city  
Looking for unseen dew which  
Evaporates from the sidewalks as  
Sun-dried New Yorkers  
Wander between clay brick mountains  
While, unbeknownst  
Distant sea breezes  
Filter into their  
Urban canyons to  
Tickle their rouged faces and  
Claw the smog clouds.

## Morning Poem, In Honor of Conrad Aiken

Awakening slowly  
In my mind still flying  
I see white moths on  
Wind-lashed waves floating,  
White moths on the  
Strand flying and dying as  
Orange juice flowers  
Spring from the  
Seawashed sands.



## European Haiku

Rosebone china cups  
On teakwood tables  
In the greenwood  
Delicately hand-painted by the  
Pine trees.

## A Lesson

Oh, skittering jays  
Quarrelsome things!  
Always the egg,  
Ever the tree  
But still they sing of  
Ways to be  
Free.  
A small one will drop  
Frozen dead from a branch  
Without ever  
Feeling sorry for itself.



## Secure Sunday

Over Pumpkin Hill  
Near the village  
In a brushed  
Green meadow  
I can hear the solid echoes of a  
Neverland sunday baseball game in  
Goofy's America where  
Men in security masks  
Warm their ego to  
Mollify the deeper rhythms.

Meanwhile  
Golgotha the Bluebird of Fantasies  
Lurks unknown in the shadows  
On the far side, dark side of the  
Pleasant Moontree.





## A Few of Mother's Gifts

Homemade root beer  
Needed yeast  
Clean bottles  
A capping tool  
Childhood wonder  
Sunlight for fermentation.

Travel to Hammonasset in 1950s  
Via 1948 Ford Woody for  
Tent camping  
Meant endless time on cot  
Reading comics  
Riding new Robin Hood three-speed  
To wooden pavilion for ice cream  
Trips to the ice-house  
Wind for kite flying.

Autumnal pilgrimages along the  
Mohawk Trail, Vermont  
Featured stops at  
Gift shops for  
Maple sugar candy  
Evergreen sachet  
A rubber-tipped Indian spear.

Sun, wind, trinkets all  
Mementos of a  
Journey made possible through a  
Mother's love.



## Counting Memories Before Sleep

The sizzling fountains  
Granulate like scorched sparks  
Crackling in the flashing  
Ebbing sky  
As I lie helplessly sleepless  
Until wistfully  
Drawn into the  
Night tree winds  
From my bedroom window where I wander into  
Forbidden memories of  
Hitchhiking to Mexico  
Along the California coast down Route One  
After riding a motorcycle cross-country.

I remember bedding down in a  
Pacific pine grove at the edge of a massive cliff  
In a grove smelling of fresh gumwood,  
On a primordial carpet  
With the  
White Goddess of the Universe.  
Far below at the cliffbase  
On a beach of shells like broken glass  
Of microbes and molecules and  
Protozoans turned to limestone the  
Rhythm of the soporific waves  
Prevails and the  
Fountains scream no more as into the  
Spontaneous combustion of dream we go to  
Gather the pure bonedaisies of memories together.



## Nova Scotian Cormorant

They call me  
Crow duck  
The worst of fowles  
I've been compared to Satan.  
But I can fly smoothly  
Slicing the water  
Deep in the forested sunwaves  
Thunderwing the fish killer  
Tracking lines of light in  
Achieved orbits  
I jab  
    Stab  
Flutter and grab.  
Or I can perch on a topmost branch  
On a pink  
Time-frozen cliff to  
Orchestrate the waves in  
Glorious symphony.

## Sidetracked Again

“Get those Bobbledy Blocks out of here,” she said,  
“Those P with a capital  
P with a capital  
POEMS! You see, said she,  
“I’m nuts about your knee!”



## Cross Country Motorcycling

Like a surrealistic mannequin  
Clad in black leather on my  
Cloudback swan  
Jamming like Easy Rider  
Precision engineered  
Coupled with fire and  
Hard-forged iron  
I leave my mother and sister  
Crying in the  
Driveway of the  
Connecticut homestead.

Beetles like bullets  
Bounce off my armor  
Face oiled with glistening sand  
Fanned by the hot breath of the engine

Heart linked to the throttle  
Ears tuned to the  
Turbine wind whine  
I sing a song of freedom and  
Nothing left to lose at  
Seventy eight mph  
I pretend invisibility to the  
Careening metal monster autos  
Making it to California the  
Paradise at the end of the rainbow  
The land of succulents  
Forever hospitable  
Except for the people.





## To a Child Born Prematurely From: Her NICU Nurse

Flesh colored  
Transparent  
Fern fingers  
Seaweed fingers grasp for the  
Remembered uterine waters  
Desparately striving at 23 weeks old for  
Mother  
Gasping  
Plunged into a skyful of light  
To be met with needles  
NG tubes  
Intravenous lines  
Electric shock.  
Born too soon to people the flood  
Forgive us your suffering life  
Tiny sprite with eyes like the  
Souls of flowers.  
An incubator is your home now but  
I am your temporary mother and  
Shall try to warm your brain and blood  
With love  
From my reserves.  
If it is to be  
May the  
Merciful waves of death  
Wash away the starless hours and  
Return you to the  
    Slow  
        Swirling galaxies.



## Sun Dream (To Rimbaud)

Far from black ground  
Along the brow of the sea  
Enticed by the fire  
From a silent  
Silver storm of  
Forested sunwaves  
Dancing white moths  
Disembodied white wings  
Can be seen  
Sailing  
    Sailing  
        Sailing  
Along sun's sparkly web  
Toward the Sargasso Sea  
Of dreams unlimited.

## Bawdy Limerick

A few bits and pieces of grief  
Tied to a tail of soon  
Hung in the sky like  
Green droplets of leaf  
As the sun romanced the moon.



## Flight or Fight

A bell cold night  
Brimming droplets ringing  
Low flying plants winging  
Grey-black  
Barnacled  
Darklit woodstones  
Greenly glowing and  
Awesome treemen growling.  
Revert, revert,  
You can control the cloud visions  
Rainman.  
The hill is your friend.  
Prevent image loss,  
Space cowboy  
Fighting the elements for a  
Pretty phrase a  
Small list of dreams of  
Star memories of  
Past snowmen.  
You are what you think so  
Hook on your golden buckler and  
Fire up the engines of scream.  
Work out  
Stab skyward and  
Uniforce a fling here a  
Fling there  
Bathe in color streaming  
Where long and short together meet  
In the crazy kingdom of dreams.



## A Father's Legacy

We were young together and  
You were the strongest man  
On Earth as I played  
Superman from the pump house roof  
While you built your house and  
Sold communications equipment in Connecticut to  
Churches, schools, factories.  
As a tyke  
I pelted you with snowballs  
While you worked.  
What patience you had!  
You build traditional poems and  
Stone walls to last  
Though you did not.  
Your 1929 Packard Roadster which you restored  
From a wrecker  
And in which we kids rode in the rumble seat  
While touring and on  
Treasure,mystery hunts  
Will last forever.  
The past is present always as  
Your guiding hand is felt every day  
From above.  
Did you work too hard?  
Still, dying with your boots on  
In the great outdoors is a  
Great way to go.



## Simple Pleasures As an Apple Tree Pruner

Golden webs of appledust  
Waft through the  
Clear-lighted clouds  
Along supinely skyblue curves.

I dream fantasies in the leaves  
On this devoid  
Glassless day with  
Hidden emotions.

Gentled by winds  
Like Rip Van Winkle  
During lunchbreak  
I rest and watch the acorns grow  
Their shoots  
Between my toes!

## City Blues in the Bronx

Anonymous eyes  
Never link.  
Like soggy cigarette butts  
Floating unlit  
Like empty words.



## What is Class and Who Cares Anyway?

Is class found in  
Brandy snifters?  
Teak and mahogany paneling?  
Louis XIV chairs?  
Prize horses?  
Chamber music?  
Dusenbergs?

Or is it found in  
Shared sensitive silences?  
Poignant but hearty well-turned phrases?  
Enjoyment of the Hudson River School?  
The smell of fine rich fresh-turned soil?  
Perhaps an overriding concern for  
Human rights and justice?  
Add your own to this list if you dare to care.

## The Worm Ouroborous

A baby Eastern Ring-Necked Blacksnake  
Four inches long  
Starves trapped in a  
Cobweb while  
Trying to swallow his tail  
A perfect circle for all eternity.



## A Bird's Life

Bits of snowflake-feathered seeds and  
Leaf dust shaken from  
Bird-most trees  
Float like satellites  
Over autumn hills licked clean by the  
Tongues of  
Frosty bees.

Bronzed winds and  
Silver stubbled fields  
Leave bird to  
Shiver in his down and  
Warm himself with  
Dreams of future worms  
Clear plant sap and  
Warm fecund soil of  
Tripturning and flipping in the  
Spring rare morning  
Freshwashed sky  
Directing the silent symphony  
Starnotes trailing like  
Smoke from wingtips  
Inhaling his portion of air  
Unearned.



## A Hospital Operation On My 10-Year -Old

In pre-op my little blonde-haired boy  
Dies again  
For the second time in his life  
Drifting into the nirvana of a  
Demerol high until the  
Buzz-sound of Pentathol flies  
Blends into a golden sizzle in the  
Flashing, ebbing sky.

Finally purified  
His strange intramuscular tumor  
Under the shoulder blade  
Removed (excised).  
No cancer thank God  
For wonderful doctors  
At the Hartford Children's Hospital.

Each pulsation of my heart waiting for  
Word after four hours under anesthesia is  
Like a shattering of mirrors.  
In my mind I refuse to see him with  
Shell hands calm on the sheet  
Transparent veins slowed  
Ready for the knife.





## Canadian Geese Fan Club

Just another fan in the club  
I stand transfixed in my doorway  
Fresh out of bed as a  
Clamorous  
Glamorous  
Parade of Canadian geese  
Announces its presence  
Heading up valley  
Arrogantly silly  
Honking its head off  
Confident in numbers  
Defying the hunter.





## About the Author

Richard Walker is a communications specialist/editor for Kaman Aerospace Corporation. He has been a publicist/editor for the Greater Hartford Chamber of Commerce, Central Connecticut State University, Cambridge College, and University of Hartford (12 years as director of the speakers bureau). Walker was a newspaper reporter for the *Waterbury Republican American*, *The Hartford Advocate* (art critic) and *All About* (writing poems and film reviews). Other highlights: ambulance attendant, swimming pool painter in the Hudson River valley, house painter, apple tree pruner, hospital orderly for handicapped children, chemical salvage worker, janitor. He has a B.A. in Communication Arts from Fordham College, and an M.A. from Trinity College, in American and English Literature, with the thesis on George Orwell. He is working on a science fiction novelette called *Mandabrey*.

## Dedications and Credits by the Author

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