



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.



Salad Days

Hail the peepers with their
Hayrake voices and Roman noses,
When soonest spring
Turns blooming full of
Fresh energy in the
Earlyworm morning chant of the
Sun and the
Budding maples are like
Blended roses in a
Potpourri of
Coloured gardens,
Scattered against a Sunday sky,
A beauty pageant in technicolor,

A brief splash of glory.

And when the classical summer sun
Burns current reflections
Through the trees and the
Common leaves of the oak
Beckon in benediction,
I feel that each faithful
 Palpitation,
 Each brief breath
Is a gift uncounted
Precious beyond worth and words.





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 overtake
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.
Swooming 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 suntorn 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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