

Old Poems of Love & Grief (selection—Paul Carroll 1970s)

**I. LOVE/LOSS**

What?

I. You must read my tongue.

say “I”.

Is not breath fun?

But words run out-

so I try

to drop gold

in a murmur    my secret sight

sleeps in brown flames, O

my word!

You don't know

the Animal.

In action, then—

what's missed in my warm

swarming touch, now?

Flower how can I speak

out of cloud, my sick sleep, this—

more than forty words, then-

No a

Bribe of winks, he hides

the Ark. He thinks.

The eyes—golden!

II:

The problem then

Is not the

Is not my

Is not my is it.

Is it? To do right since I am left.

And here this null-set's mean.

This trust of what?

Are these my leaves      where is

no path in them? After him—if

only in his...

old ways, my secrets,

in-divi

duality.

III:

Will not define

so will not do my self

but in: you

I deal

Two

A void self

love.

Eros eros eros eros

air.

Think back to the form of our being

the body surrounding

This stance the distance dance  
admire us, crowds of rain, and  
I like the bodies as well, full, of  
Flat-lying rest, hold us in  
our strivings, shivers, spurts

of my feel for you is form

sometimes

Firey, round as the sun  
of your form for me is

...

IV:

you

th I

shape

s

hold

tu blue

I s

In no

sense with

hold

far far there

tu – ma

muse.

V

Oh withhold, withhold me

yet still more so

hi ho u 4 he's stolen

my style and left me a set

a set of directions

told me, told me quiet

now I list to make

corrections.

I glove you says

the body, with

I glove you said

the body, in

form you'll feel content.

I am informed

it pays the rent.

## II: LOSS&LOVE

### POEM 1

To be is not to,  
Be; embody –  
Know – no slowly me,  
to go.

Shall I go  
a-probe-lemming  
to  
know you know.  
ex.  
ex.  
De: finition  
And so about  
Face: back out,  
Race, in to  
the ocean.

### POEM2

To not be I love  
eye for eye and tooth for tooth  
I was; and you were all.  
Now all is you.

Love to no

Self

No self

No love

No is not

Love, is love

L

O two

Be.

We love our difference

s

Pace, various place parts

we fill our space in

we fill out forms, now,

again, try each on for

size, compare

pay price, for

each need

the flame does love air.

POEM3

Oh no           matter

Love is           virtual

These           no words

Complete as if you ever could.

No thing complete but in

what I will not show.

No matter

Love is

Virtual.

I call you ladies marms, swarming round me to be

Tickled; I'll file

Under

In formation

Lines charmed small.

You cannot know me

Or complete me.

Narcissus:

A word, unsaid

So uninformed am

I to be blind-

Flowers

From love dry out,

Broken in light, un-suited

As tender to the play

They'd make, swimming in

Latest styles, performing grass-

So virtual, so hung

Towards a conservation-

Of charm, no more.

I'd find

The garden gate

Is there...

#### POEM4

Self-less Self,

Equation, I am Sum

may be as a moment deep flower, some devotion.

I am the Self Consumer of my woes' distraction.

Vitae summa brevis spem... the more I write

The more I write the less I am

Written; the less balancing and balancéd.

dead and dedicate equated; love t'is seen in flowers

be yond eyes night screams flash green,

wet spring night s in earth's green hours.

Love in music riots fire, to the mind, yet

Second fiddle plays a shelock hey to

Diddle diddle, love in music theme distraction,

About the dedication pieces written; to you, Love;

Writing, written, writing written

I desire so negative desire, you

As I divided self equation

So as to know I will not write more

But be sum in you, sum; animal's

Devotion, dumb now I'll only hum

To you soft, dear, and we'll be near

#### POEM5

Now I'm after

Ours.

I have a secret, how can

I sing of

Come with me to sleep

And wait

Till waking break

Fast

And passings

Passions take you

Past sleeping

To sleep now

Not in words.

POEM6

Fallen gone

all gone all fallen gone now

gone fallen now under

standing

where I

waiting the winds

touch

she leaves

falling

goes

in this all

what

will grow.

No thing

cannot

go

more

Nor grow less.

so to be you let pass

all but passing hold no thing

that cold love

wind

that in

our voices

flickering

POEM7

I mean to say un-flame, this shadow,

adores the light, and is adored.

Absence makes the heart

Maybe

body answers

Yes—death; go on without me

balance, oh go on, this

Elect ri city!

Loves's self

conscious

animal breeding

Loves

self out  
will control you  
My hands wait  
like flames quiet  
opening, losing  
letters and more lines  
A wind moves them, stirring  
what was  
in them, life still.

#### POEM8

At sleepfall;

Not in sleep

Now I'm after

Ours.

night like summer

clothes

not like sleep

when I knew you

would wait

fast

not broken

whole

past sleeping

come

with me to sleep

and wait  
to sleep now  
not in  
words

#### POEM9

He went like clouds  
From the flame of his  
    Perfection.  
His white round step  
Touched the earth,  
    Gone out  
Of white storms,  
Still and heavy there.  
As the air gives rain,  
    So to rest  
He gave his step, his breath,  
Maybe to all in the soil  
And the potash  
Where wheat has burned  
    With the intimate sun

#### POEM10

O: Heavy Above near blue  
O- Once I AM  
Here below we miss you, i n



Believes

sun still all

golden

fall; come about

so bear to me

none to

grow out

relieve

out-read

earth.

Billow,

hanker-chiefs

veronicas sail down

precious to him.

(under- stand).

POEM12

Avert the eye s

and carry the dead.

poor me, I earn

in labor a void child,

loss cold, drained

waiting in earth,

dark open box-

lace enraptures,

I spin about the sun  
only motions;  
bawling dream  
in white black.

In white black.  
negligee, prayer  
he bore  
himself along  
under a white sky,  
for getting the-  
O-Centric a;  
for getting  
in silly grey chill,  
fretted, wet down in  
the strange rain  
the anthropic  
( )

Grace note word-  
thanks; horror, wind loves  
as a bird, and fills his place  
cold, fall weeping leaves  
so wet, pretty-  
how here to  
therion, the  
ri- O morphic god ! there I anthropic  
wait the space in out

POEM13

O I am reminded

A smile's small terrible glitter falls,  
from green hours' closing sea, condensing  
in it curse, gently, so—now  
in the deep, still bed I run across  
a pearl, as my own flow evening flows in.

O!

now no dim blue, high wind shoves steps beneath  
or waves white nets to take me  
to a star, my dream (YOU)  
that fire does not resume, but in the grey  
sensible dawn speaks a silver wink;  
A sphinx, near, embracing now  
her secret like a pearl, the sole  
bitter seed, her glory, day;  
all aflame with wisdom is she,  
given my regard, that is new dawn, there,  
in her; I am desire, the fish down low  
ready to climb the stream's  
white slippery ropes to bury  
these tiny thoughts, and all to come,  
in the gardens of the sky, where his  
hunger may be, and in the mouths  
of his shadows, guarding.

POEM14

CATalogue

Particular, # 1

1) A worn red hide,  
debauched, all hairs in light,  
lies beneath me here;  
consider him a Persian  
that rides the river of his sleep;

2) the blood bristles with this same voice,  
dreams bellow in the Pipes, and titter  
strange readings of the row on row  
Mechanics; would the carpet Fly  
if I knew the sense of these faint flowers?

3) the Wall, too, carries its singular code,  
strange valentines, up to the top;  
and hangs; mum like the others, over  
me. Still-

4) in bed here; languid sea  
thick, Maitresse of dreams; Lap,  
at my feet, of the SUN –  
Box-Spring! Flow  
In figure eights, the eddy Always  
in between the boards?

rising and the four Posts' stand –  
safe. Now is Not this Soft Rot;  
do I not lie with a Companion, that  
determined shade, a seal in the waves  
and wake of morning, warm \*

5) the sill is dirty, empty  
now. I think  
it must be cold  
6) and shutters

#### POEM15

Love all alone

Had better be shut

Off like the gas.

But we shiver.

Gas-

My code crackles in the pocket,

So my genes inflate. Can you

hear them murmur All

mine, even now alone?

Prayer burns in here, festering,

the Word-

Interpretations curl about

me; wind higher to an

empty cry.

O no matter.

Life's not in me- 'Neath  
the crawling shore, the dark-lands itch,  
and writhe abed in Mystery. Who  
will let the cat out of the bag,  
into the shaking box, deep down, under,  
to thump, to thump? O-  
I'll throw this Code-piece out,  
and blow the flame into an even roar!  
"by Myself" no more -.

#### POEM16

No stick            sapping out  
the mouth. Now is stone-  
wounds rust. Flower man  
rips himself, a cut  
forced bloom. Discover  
  
and rising.  
Swords sharp steel  
but pointless  
thrust flower  
black, salts, rusts  
eats own flesh fingers mouth  
as love                    was.