

dAnCe *Spiri^T spirit... spirit... et al*

by **ben mcnair** ben mcnaïr ben macnair ben mcnaïr

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... So much poetry, differing so much, so subjective, so seductive...Theodore Roosevelt once either said or wrote, "...comparison is the thief of joy." How could I deny the joy I receive by not forsaking original thought in such varied abundance? How could Teddy have known, he might have been made less historical, usurped, even elliptically eclipsed, by a nephew who would have rather waited out a war than led the charge? And, what if the same thing happened to De Niro's father, as McNair points out? Yet, all our lives are burdened and divided by regret and temptation. If you're reading this, what would be the chances you just might be a word-junkie? Well, McNair's your new candy man here's where you get your next dopamine hit (The needle went all the way to the right and broke the glass on my ASMR meter.) No need to try to hook you with quotes on this entry, but you might want to reconsider what's hanging on your walls... (Spacing is poet's own)*

Dance Spirit

Some scientists don't believe in ghosts.
They say that there are areas that capture energy,
and play it over and over again,
like the groove worn into an old,
well-loved, well-played record.
Maybe that is what they are.

Maybe a ghost is just a shadow,
caught in the emotion of dancing,
and every time music with a good beat,
or a mood or a sense memory is played,
that is where the ghosts are.

And so it is that when we play our favourite songs,
put on the music that we used to dance to,
Waltzed to with lovers,
Or played with bands,
Sang in the pub and around campfires.
It always takes us away to somewhere else,
with all of the shadows,
and the ghosts
dancing in remembrance of things past.

How to own a Matisse (Fibonacci sequence)

If
you
have the
space on your
wall, choose the painting you
live with, knowing that friends and strangers will
judge you, perhaps unkindly for the colours you like, the images you want,
the subjects you like, and the impression that you want to give to the world, and friends who pass comment
on
something so personal to you, it will be like your choice in a lover, only sometimes more permanent, more
long-lasting.
Your Matisse could be Woman Reading, or an abstract nude, an undefined line, or
something untitled, waiting for you to give it
some meaning, because sometimes it
seems that is
all there
really
is.

Robert De Niro's Painting

Years before his son had uttered the immortal line
Are you looking at Me?'
Robert De Niro painted.

Whilst burning his legend into Celluloid,
Bobby Jnr would walk the Mean Streets,
become a Taxi Driver, play the charismatic thief,
the cantankerous Father in Law,
and act with a cartoon Moose.

Still, his Father would paint,
be spoken of with such names as
Pollock, Rothko, Motherwell.
His scenes would capture the eye,
before his audience's attention
moved to the artist's name.
Improvising scenes, as his son did,
carving their careers out of the air,
using their skills and talents to the best effect.

Sea-Glass

A saltwater wash.
A deeper blue.
A thousand different pieces.
The original liquid it contained,
only drops in an ocean,
battered by time, and the cruelty
of nature that lives by her morality.

The rubbish from ships,
or too many romantics looking
for answers in a message that nobody will read.
A love letter consigned to memory,
all of the little things
that were never really meant to be.

A benign sun and an indifferent moon,
guiding the tides that pull the ships to the shore.
The glass, created in the fire, broken by distance, is carried
for mile after relentless mile, until it is beached,
washed up, and disposed of, a kind of beauty
missed by anyone looking for perfection.

And we, like the glass, are buffeted by
Human nature, we all live by our morality,
and though time and life may have broken,
scattered what could have been,
leaving only fragments,
those pieces have been rubbed smooth,
have their worth, to be treasured by anyone
who knows where to look.

Symphony

The ambient noise of cars,
the atonal honk of impatient drivers,
rushing to work, until

March 2020.

When the Skies became clearer,
the Roads, quieter,
the deadlines, the timetables, simply

Memories

The Birdsong,
the rhythmic tarmac strike of pedestrians,
a Symphony.
The Quiet third movement of a Concerto,
and at the end,
only one sound,

Blackbird music.

THE POET SPEAKS...

There are three main prompts to my poems.

- 1) Real lived experience*
- 2) Researched writing*
- 3) Things overheard in the street on public transport.*

During 2020 and 2021, 1 and 3 weren't really available as they had been, so number two came into play.

*Dance Spirit
How to Own a Matisse
Robert De Niro's Painting
Sea-Glass
Symphony*

Dance Spirit took its inspiration from the memories we associate with music. I have spent time as a professional musician, so I have a technical understanding of it, but there is always music that makes us think about something or makes us remember someone from our past, or just makes us move.

How to Own A Matisse is a Fibonacci poem, but instead of using syllables, which is the traditional form, I used words.

Robert De Niro's Painting came from Wikipedia, with a bit of fiction and supposition added in, and I looked at the relationship between acting and painting, taking the raw materials, and creating something completely new out of it.

Sea-Glass was inspired by an art piece I saw, whilst Symphony came from a walk, and hearing silence, for the first time in a long time.

Writing doesn't always finish where you think it will, and sometimes it starts and wants to go somewhere else. It is up to us to guide the reader through the meaning so that they can see something new in it.

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