

Three (3) poems poems poems

By Gerald Wilson

WHY I LIKE IT: *Guest Editor JOEY SCARFONE writes...*

Gerry Wilson writes with profound sincerity, going from a personal attempt to understand everything to a humble acceptance of the human condition. His images are surreal and simple at the same time. They capture my imagination and make me think that everything is the way he is saying it is. Spiritual would almost be a superficial way of describing his work. It is deeper than that. It makes me feel that everything is OK even when the world around me is in chaos.

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...*

Gerald Wilson is busting through the door, knocking you on the floor, top drawer, high score. Doubtless first choice for poetry editor at Fleas, if only he had deigned to do so. "The journey to the self seems the only one: the river of / inherited genes and cultural dreams, the blind spot of / self-interest and survival at any cost..." In stars and cards one skeptic always beats a full-house worth of cynics. "A face / you saw yesterday turns into one you knew long ago. / Swirling circles of conversation spinning you dizzy." "You are empty enough to listen / to the stillness." Lo and behold; as above, so below. Skeletal remains rising: "looking like trees / with leafless white branches.... need for belief no longer served them... a / certain sorrow seeped into our spirits, making us feel dales, / perhaps thinking we had not loved enough,..." Stay sweet, Gerald, our undeclared, ascetic-aesthete laureate. (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Scroll down.)

Five stars

(These three poems are from 'Swirling in the Stream', published by Jugdish Publishing, Sault Ste. Marie, ON, 2020)

THOSE AWFUL ARMS

The journey to the self seems the only one: the river of inherited genes and cultural dreams, the blind spot of self-interest and survival at any cost, the endless movies playing those popout robotic programmes, a shifting collage of connected contingencies assembling and disassembling, an underground whose invisible roots extend far below into deep intricately woven fields. A face you saw yesterday turns into one you knew long ago. Swirling circles of conversation spinning you dizzy. Added strings tie a story together with you, as the hero, the external craver. If you are lucky to sit quietly, if you don't fall asleep, if you realize you've been lost for not sure how long, a sweet release comes, a retreat into the higher eye, the tangled loops loosen. You are empty enough to listen to the stillness. You are not your thoughts, but countless witnesses to countless stories of which most pass except the persistent ones whose arms grab you into doing what they want you to do, no matter how much running, running trying to escape them, as if you ever could.

A HURT BIRD MY MOTHER FALLS

Beyond the duality of earth and sky, my mother seems gone. Now and then, I see her hovering above the rafters until she hits something and falls to the ground. Weeping, I bend down to pick her up. She knows what I am eager to hear from her. But not a word.

WHO KNOWS BETTER THAN THE DEAD

The earth shifted as the dead in unison, began to move their bones. From their dark graves, they broke open the earth, clawing their way up into the air, looking like trees with leafless white branches. Living among us, they walked the streets, looking all alike: men, women, young and old. Their blank stares looked beyond our superficial differences, through our illusions, our desires for food, sex and money. Our need for belief no longer served them. Their lack of facial expression told us they felt no fear and no happiness. As for us, every time, we passed one, a certain sorrow seeped into our spirits, making us feel dales, perhaps thinking we had not loved enough, letting those so many moments of our lives drift away like smoke.

THE POET SPEAKS... *The map is not the territory. The world is not the thing. From that perspective I am suspicious of the thinking, writing process: its limitations and contradictions. What I think about anything frequently doesn't match my actual experience. So what I say and I think is a sort of façade, a deception. So I hesitate to say much about the writing. Or if I do it's with a lot of caution because I know it has a falseness, a spin, a bias—plain, not the truth. This view in itself is a bias. So what is one to do? What is the truth anyway? Living and writing involves uncertainty, a mystery in which I live. I accept that and surrender to it. Enough said: let the poems speak for themselves. P.S. I write in longhand.*

AUTHOR BIO: Gerald Wilson was born in Sault Ste. Marie (ON) where he now resides. He has published two previous books of poetry. Ten of Gerald's poems were published in **Issue 7**.

GUEST EDITOR'S BIO: Joey Scarfone lives in Victoria, BC where he owned Lazy Joe's Vinyl Emporium—a store devoted to classic vinyl. He devotes some of his time and all of his interest to poetry and music.

