

PATHOS OF LEAST

{RE-SISTE-NCE}

By Donald {D.O. }  ehser

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... I just find Donald Curtis Oehser elliptically delicious. "Elizabeth Taylor sweaty in a satin slip sipping / Lemonade spiked with Jack Daniel's..." "Sblood, I'm gob-smacked, D.C. is just jam-packed with mischievous gibberish. "Nothing survives, save that which is saved." "(Listen! I think I heard a flower open)" Bored, certified? 'Nat'l Archives – Light Chain Chronicles #1' ♪Oh, say can you read...♪—it's a must. Talk about pulling a Star-Spangled boner...hilarious anthem-antics. (Wouldn't you just love to hear this rendition performed at the next Super Bowl? Better yet, sung at tonight's supper table?) I'm so glad Oehser offered us the opportunity to infiltrate his unfiltered mind. Maybe it's just me. Pathos of Least Resistance also speaks to Oehser's depth of reflection, however dark and sardonic. "Give me a rutted meadow where I might stumble, / Or even fall."*

Pathos of Least Resistance

There's a part of me that says I should want to have a lawn,
Flat and devoid of branch, leaf, or twig,
Uniformly green and close-mowed once a week,
Clearly demarking where my land ends and my neighbor's begins,
A lawn which will grow a college degree,
Which, in turn, will spin on a looking glass tree,

Which, in turn, will reflect everlastingly,
The firing squad which was meant for me.
Turn and face it. No blindfold.

I know I was supposed to be
Somebody who walked through the door
Of opportunity and took advantage
Of the possibilities.
Lock's misguided, blind ambition
For a rusty skeleton key
Has been lost between the shelving
Of a dusty library.

I don't want a well-kept lawn (*thank you very much*)
I know not what golf course others may take,
But as for me,
Give me a rutted meadow where I might stumble,
Or even fall.

Nat'l Archives – Light Chain Chronicles #1

The Osage cannot see
Through the dawn's oily light,
What? (so, what?).
What so proudly we endure the hailstorm
With our headlights high-beaming.

Whose white broads are on strike
Through the merriless plight?
Whose gallantry's waning?
Which gents while smiling stare
At The Rockettes' legs bare?
Eighty-proof through the night,
With empty bottles left leaning
By the stage door, they say.

Oh, say! (by the way)
Do they still hold any meaning?
Those curling, baked-yams-orange pages
For which we have sacrificed our sons and integrity?
Give the grandchildren some clean, white construction paper
And...and...and a box of Crayolas,
And...and...and let 'em start afresh.

The Four Seasons

They've changed the window treatment at *Josie's On Main*
A sure sign that Spring has returned once again.
(feel the gentle breeze)

Elizabeth Taylor sweaty in a satin slip sipping
Lemonade spiked with Jack Daniel's, trip-trap-tripping
On a hot buttered rum-tum-tigger tin roof.
(gone like a co-o-o-o-l breeze)

Eleventh Mountain's trickle has been slowed
By the blowdown and the green fibrous moss Kotex pad.
"Where's the path?" you ask. "Gone 'til summer" say the trembling
trees,
"Head down. You'll likely hit a road".
(north wind zips up my hoodie)

Nothing lasts forever except everything
Which has an expiration date.
Nothing survives, save that which is saved.
You can try Mason jars, if it makes you feel better.
(Listen! I think I heard a flower open)

THE POET SPEAKS:

Many years ago I was a volunteer at a conference where my “job” was to stay by the poet, Robert Bly and get him what he needed. He didn’t anything so we’d just hang out and talk. He told me a story which pretty much sums up my feelings on poetry. He was speaking to a group of college students and after reading one of his poems a student said he didn’t “get it” and asked if Robert could explain its meaning. Robert said, “If I understood it, I would’ve written an essay”.

AUTHOR BIO: Donald C. Oehser is, among other things, a musician, poet, songwriter, visual artist, cancer survivor (so far) and vehemently opposed to labeling. He holds an honorary degree in Existential Angst from Kilgore Trout University. Born in a log cabin which he helped his father build, raised in Virginia when it was still the South, he now resides with his beautiful wife, three dogs, three cats, and four goats in western Maryland across the river from Shepherdstown, West Virginia and the good people there who he is proud to embrace as his community.