

Samuel Greenberg

Selected Poems

the poet seeks an earth in himself

From the website [Samuel Greenberg: American Poet](http://www.logopoeia.com/greenberg/) at <http://www.logopoeia.com/greenberg/>.

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The banner quote at the bottom of the title page, “the poet seeks an earth in himself,” is from Greenberg’s poem “Fred”.

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The Glass Bubbles

The motion of gathering loops of water
Must either burst or remain in a moment.
The violet colors through the glass
Throw up little swellings that appear
And spatter as soon as another strikes
And is born; so pure are they of colored
Hues, that we feel the absent strength
Of its power. When they begin they gather
Like sand on the beach: each bubble
Contains a complete eye of water.

Killing

Lo! the foolish fell.
Silence about -
While the hero stood
And saw the gathering crowd.
What an awkward
Fall is this . . .
An unseen conqueror,
After looking toward
The shouting throng, arouses
A triumphing cry -
While David held the head
For those who stood by.

“Thus Be It Heaven Heavenly”

In our Bible, the dream of Samuel is death,
As the clouds consume his form and bare him to Heaven -
The song from colored birds so lyric and sweet
We feel ourselves no more, and pray:
“Thus be it Heaven Heavenly.”
The tales of Christ and Moses feel sacred through their Godly power
Of beauty, angels in their discipline kept
Where the clouds are not on view; we pray:
“Thus be it Heaven Heavenly!”

Serenade in Grey

Folding eyelid of the dew doth set,
The cover remains in the air;
And it rains the street, one color set,
Like a huge grey cat held bare.
The shadows of light, shadows in shade,
Are evenly felt, though parted thus;
Mine eyes feel dim and scorched from grey,
The neighboring lamps throw grey stained gold -
Houses in the distance like mountains seem,
The bridge lost in the mist -
The essence of life remains a screen;
Life itself in many grey spots
That trickle the blood until it rots . . .
A good-sized box with windows set
Seems like a tufted grey creature alive,
Smoothly sails o'er the ground,
Like the earth invisible in change doth strive.
Black spots, that rove here and there,
Scurry off, float into the cover.
Spot and grey were close together
When color mixes its choice, a lover.

Early Ghosts

When first I beheld
The sight of self alone,
Here standing upon a floor -
A new sensitive throne -
By dark corners round
I shaded myself, in hope
That some light or people
Would be seen through a grate.
But by the might of pictures
Each sighted object looked
As if my soul was but a fortune -
To its memory, meaning booked.

The Pale Impromptu

I

Silver mourned gray. Slepted the greenlight
 Pale neath coil of rock and clay
 Stirred the tasted belt, such flower sighed tears
 Kept lewd powers away - by
 Northern soprano
 The Eastern lute
 The forgotten pallete
 Strains ramble
 Pellucid quest
 times chant
 Hearts brow
 Pale heat
 Fusive bleat
 Thus of eye. lived low beyond colours earned retreat
 But dared not show - a vain vampires rath Can you forget this wreap
 Hidden winds perspired foul - as
 a palmed rose
 The well shade
 Urgent fears
 Eyes jealousy
 painted mirth
 royal flesh
 candle salve
 consumed moon
 And here, the ash tray has Blown!

II

Blue turned white, gave the earth
 a coating balzomized sooth
Though naked light shealds the trail of love
 The fold metal granite doth move
In - Waves of skin
 Shapes of tale
 tinted staines
 graceing clumps
 Slime pigments
 Lurid farrows
 Nulling marrow
 Shallows cloak
 Marble sponge
Therein I but tarry, as the yoke of Helium tinge
Unmatched, foreign, alien to the shrine of beauties cringe
Leanness will but crave
 Water waves
 torque blocks
 Skulls of saints
 patience absent
 Yellow dreams
 Sensive Stirs
 Silent hills
 precious death
His woob? hath yet nigh its breath

III

Clover sank to iron heat, stole the
 lillies of pale mat gold
The hearse in ghosts, where black
 jet black - driven in Frail - By
Solitudes wish
 Phantoms orient
 Grey life
 Fouls deviation
 Spiritual songs
 pearls from tissue
 traits rejuvenation
 Stale plants
 dim accuracy
There sat the minstrel, bent in leagues of Frozen charm
Though lightly, fettered, as perfect calm Thawing melancholy
Into
 Early psalms
 river rhodes
 tale of lamps
 Satyres burial
 Paradise burial
 Noble realms
 Mirror's envil
 Clover's muse
O soul! enlivened from dire perfume.

John the Baptist

God has shown us to a wonder path,
Whether 'Tis darkness or light . . .
The seasons, the enemy of unknown dreams
Or the psychic philosophers of evolution in birth,
Were in trance where the Vikings of stargazers
Discovered hidden bodies in darkness.
Thus this lofty joy contains sincerity
Through science - so are the rest of us
A path that simply is opened and sentimental;
Harshness disturbs, thus forever influenced
By many prostitutes, that hell is too great a
Meaning for their heavenly superstition
That often shows itself in thy immortality;
Meaning after thy death, what thou
Hast chosen and exemplified as truth!

The Holy Ghost

A dark scarlet robe covered the body,
As he lay near a monastery cellar door.
Holy spirit of death swayed o'er him,
A plaintive seen skull, features sunk,
That frightens the life in the witness -
The gauzy jet black veil. In the grey, shadowed
Doorlight the extinguished form lay in dignity
Against the wall; and the low and high corners
In shadows were ghastly, adhered around the pillars
Of iron, placid skeleton thrown to the cold sand
Bottom, forgotten and unrecognizable where he lay
At midnight; strange - we often share the unexplained wonder.

Ward's Island Symphonique

I

'Tis silent! Early morning - the spirit has
Fled from the paths of hidden woe!
The buildings seem empty, though
A life here and there. At times
Many at once in holidays come
Among the shuffled minds;
Strange, an emotion: we fear there are none!

II

A palm of rays from break-o'-day sun,
With a whirl of angel, puff-purple clouds
And the later growth. Their Father's pink, gray,
Tows their sweep across heaven's aspiring width, shows their
Charm, the distant dwelling, as the warm illumination
Sings its classic realm beyond prayer and song.

III

O God! Love! thy pulsation amongst weary souls
Where unknown pain wrinkles its woven solitude!
And the busy buzz of insects and birds about the leafless
Twigs, which have reverent care along the walk
Passing by. A music sense trembles an emotion -
'Tis silent, early morn! The spirit has fled from
The hidden turns as the sky wistfully brightens; a deep
Light-fanning hue spreads o'er purple clouds of pearls.

IV FANTASIE

The melted ruins of Egyptian cursed its ghostly colors
One afternoon at Ward's Island,
Emancipating, desired freedom. Strange seem the
Paved roads, each camp lettered to stay.
Nurses in their colored garments and linen caps
Move, a crowd of mystery and muse.
The breath of truth is visible, a garden yard of strangeness to each tent,
As the violin of science, blue heaven, singe
Each building in search of health and strength.
Though knowledge of bodily care be unknown, the deserted soul
Of corrupted brains and visions bent.

V

It was a mild hour; the Island's ferryboat arrived -
An anxious throng - many with parcels on their way to various wards,
The superior officials to see and direct their course
To each individual patient.
Love is truly a lost jewel amongst the insane paths.
Oriental thoughts flutter by, and the scenic view
Is of ancient abstract blurring!
Neatly tucked in bed! All visitors are welcome . . .

VI

Simply relating brisk atmosphere, a loud whistle.
The boat departed from the Island to Manhattan.
At the broad walk one can see the song of shapeless trees
And cultured lawns around the camps,
The faded brownstone buildings, windows' church-like shape
And spacious, religious structural reality
That arises in one sensational eloquence.
There are no parts still uncultivated. Birds chirp
To one another in their monotonous note -
A dream of spiritual necessity and wild fancy that
Hums its way when at the Island's bank in a trance.

Life's Mortality

If we should wander the globe forever, we also
Would want to feel the other side of heaven.
Our bodies are fully given, no matter, in any
Growth; and if we fail, allowance to addition
Is adhered. As the mud pools receive the
Dripping rain, we see the reappearance
Of eye-bubbles dissolving water shade.
The sparkling visionary light in which we
Reveal the dream lies as a looking glass
In our future - and the remains - the skeleton abode!