

**Additional Poems:**

ADONAI

Some, like an old bear's unscratched,  
at new language, phrasings, let the anger spout,  
are mean but cute.

Please, if we are not captured and said to be extinct,  
let us confess doing that, and not the scene bruise 'or.

Crank science and derelict art clap the start  
cling to shadow that yelps, jumps  
and mouth some nit junk  
sunk with the overload ships of accolade.

Let men lean together on their troubles  
and let's see how often  
they then dash toward categories.

Great Imagination, Lord of All  
who folds gently within,  
if something could be written might please You;  
would You staff these woven hands?

Minds could wake, souls release weight.  
Go the big help, stumble if must.  
Life wears rare episodes You showed.  
Love us the good angel's wants, Hallelujah!

Copyright (c) 2002 -2012 Joe Duvernay. All rights reserved.

## EYES ON THE WATER

Rows an unused boat  
on lake of crystal dew  
and gets thoughts her stare:  
eyes like clear pools after a rain,  
that shot meaning; how  
she vitaled his human.

Going for an anti-beer, he discovers:  
"Truth, be a heart widened  
emptied this time for the wife and fishes!  
I will: nothing to forestall, hers in fancy,  
flagon entire drained;  
whole craft put to edge  
that ever welcomes her!"

Ill-timed;  
his orbs and the vermiculate sea  
tell of bonds baffled,  
how all slipped easily,  
unnoticed out of hands.

© Copyright 2005 Joe Duvernay

## EVE OF THE WATERBEARER

In a time like worry,  
few sent to calculate the radius  
of ownership and legacy, at fault on its pyre.  
Bravery thought to unseat the spoilers.  
Fed and directed on love-starved language,  
the color-nourished house,  
on monotint of gray feasted,  
and the blinkered vowed their excess and took stock  
by numbers, bad habits for better went round.  
Blood-spill hands raised the palisade

“God and my right” on bodies of the commons.  
But it was not porphyry in the bleed of night,  
nor thirst-quenched in busy waters,  
as sword and sentinel kept flank the tree of life.

Questions without borders hid in feral frontiers,  
and if native tools could not, rented had no right,  
fatted on the *fair* price  
we had seen Adam cleaning his ears,  
Eve make use the new skirt,  
and Reached Rule-by-right halt, best by heaven,  
drown, answers swelling over time.

The marred, great jest of get and keep of equivalence  
sent the trophy of climb-reason a wound behind its shield;  
Sober, displaying the muscularity,  
fine, shine pelt sallied for,  
gazed longingly to graze near the house.

Privy-counselors to a dry field,  
proud pets of the mean –  
who wanted their separate-but-equal, privatized,  
robber-baron world back –  
did not know that shoot would not yield,  
that praise for them was not meant;  
and in a sky like reason, where bells and lanterns do mix,  
The Benefit in all weathers leapt in their lives,  
and hearts fair of kind, if not dominion,  
shared and mined the great state of benediction.

Copyright © 2010 Joseph Duvernay

## CHEMISTRY

*By extension of vocabulary, by careful distortion of syntax,  
by exploitation of various prosodic devices traditionally monopolized  
by poetry, surely certain indefinite or complex areas of the mind  
can more completely be rendered... - Anthony Burgess*

Well-doing each the other, they're laughing down lanes,  
drip-wet in glancing rains;  
abnegating inner consciences  
if tiny harbingers of doubt peek out.  
Loves requite near if quiet vows  
in adurance escape Wary's trance.  
Edgar is not a Hatfield, Sue no McCoy,  
nor the isle bard's starved young  
welcome quittance in strong glare of together joys.

Bark the slight and buck bare drought,  
ruffles gale 'cross the lake Crossed-in-love;  
and morphs passion on its waves of choler,  
till turtledoves pucker, and Hades hollers  
- forsaken, unvalued, abhor way of life.

Opportunity be stalwart!  
Truth is no destination, but the entire environment  
that by degrees and in its lead races falsehood out.

On the promise, a rare few times  
you ran sharp pang of can't-do-without,  
till something in the makeup screened; off, of, from

(through) the genesis tumbled, and in descant debris that rained,  
soft ordered not its blood crown.

Positively (there is a cave)

by negative's taming of that too blue

tint to no sky above it!

Up on sheer conference table

that hosts open air that enters at the route

star is bathing where belief sticks out.

And all the certain greets

in darkening woods of fashion

fail dread its dreaded hood, that is nothing without -

umbrage frail wallow in its turn about.

Copyright © 2011–2012-2021 Joseph Duvernay.

Note: Anthony Burgess – Paris Review, Fiction No. 48. Descant:

discourse or comment on a theme.