

**Excerpt From:**  
**Fourth Hundred and Nine Poems**

**Pages 75-93**

**Poem 451**  
**3:50 PM**  
**April 20, 1982**

**O Life**  
**Let me hold you firm**  
**Put my arms around a tree**  
**And press my cheek**  
**against your bark**  
**Trees of life**  
**As I live**  
**I feel your pulse**  
**We are kin**  
**You and I**  
**(And all life really**  
**but others shut us out so**  
**we cannot feel the pulse**  
**Transcending us)**  
**The wind affects me too**  
**As you bear the strain of weather**  
**So do I**  
**We get cold**  
**you and I**  
**Wind is a challenge**  
**enervating**  
**as well as destroying**

**O Life  
I watch  
the autos roll  
below  
and wonder  
Can they sense  
your pulse  
Beating  
all around  
throughout us  
all about  
our universe  
Or are they all so  
out of touch  
and sensitive  
only to  
specie issues  
overlooking  
universal goals**

**Moss  
I see you  
clinging to the rock  
so I also cling  
momentarily  
to this tree  
and this life  
I have.  
We are alike  
you and I  
Finding life  
and sustenance  
where we can  
You may be unthinking**

**But who cares  
most of my race  
Think but are  
unaware  
of the pulse  
of life  
you feel  
and participate in.**

**You and I  
are kin  
I feel it too  
flowing out of you  
into you  
around  
and about  
within  
and without**

**O God  
What a gift!  
Yourself  
in this  
Universal  
everlasting  
pulse.**

**a.a.**

**Poem 452  
8:30 PM  
May 18, 1982**

**I saw some beautiful flowers today**

Pretty colors and heavenly scent  
They were  
Purple - maroon  
And lavender - white  
When I saw them, I started to pray  
What a wonderful day  
What a beautiful world  
“Stop and smell the flowers  
Along the way.”  
Remembering colors and aromas  
And sizes and shapes  
God is good  
So good to me  
That I live life  
So appreciatively

And another thought  
Almost as fast  
As my prayer  
To show them  
To you  
Share the  
View  
And  
Make love with you  
Among their colors  
And scents  
To celebrate life  
God's love  
And Beauty  
And us.

After visiting friends at a former church over a weekend, I got a telephone call from someone I knew ten years ago. She was living in Florida and would be passing through on her way to visit friends. Would I be available to have lunch with her? I told her that she could stay with me and save herself the motel bill.

She stayed overnight. My son was with me the first night. The second night she asked me to make love to her.

I said, "What are friends for?"

I took off my clothes and climbed into bed with her. She took off her nightgown and we had intercourse five times during the night and once more before she got dressed in the morning.

It was my one and only one-night stand. Every other lover I have had was a lover for three months or longer. I learned something about my self. I could not say no.

I was involved with Secretary. I was in love with Secretary, and yet I had sex with this woman for one night. This woman told me that she had such a wonderful time that she planned to come back in the fall and stay overnight with me again. If she did that, I would have made love to her again. I would not be able to say no.

I wondered if that was the kind of person I was. Was I a sex addict? Could I say no if I was in a committed relationship or married? I did not know.

Fortunately, I have been able to avoid having to make that decision since that night in May 1982. I wrote about it in the poem below.

**Poem 453  
3:45 PM  
May 22, 1982  
@ a friend in need.**

**And in the moment of passion  
do lust and love combine  
Or is it but illusion  
brought on by lonely despair**

**I'll ponder that question  
and render a choice  
Maybe somewhere in me  
Is a way to resolve  
These notions of lust and love**

**And a friend in need  
of a hug or a kiss  
or a fuck  
Is giving that unhealthy  
because of the confusion  
of lust and love.**

**I feel that maybe time  
will unfold the right  
As I become better acquainted  
with my needs, wants, values  
and goals or desires.**

Eventually Secretary accepted oral sex from me, but not intercourse. After she told her lover about me, her lover told his wife about her; he asked his wife for a divorce; then he asked Secretary to marry him. She turned him down.

Finally, Secretary asked me to fuck her; and I did. We had great sex together. Before me, she could only have one orgasm at a time. She said that they were too intense to have more than one in one session of sex.

She became multi-orgasmic with me. That was something that she had never experienced before with anyone.

Secretary had two cats. When I made love to her, I would begin to kiss her and lick her at a foot or an ankle; work my way up her body, over her clitoris, stomach, breasts, neck and face.

Eventually I would penetrate her and as we fucked, I would lick her ears and eyes and kiss her.

I called her by her first name, middle name and added "Pussycat" at the end, instead of her surname. She loved to be fucked and called by my pet name for her, but she could never make a commitment to me as a husband. She always felt that she could do better.

Poem 454  
1:50 AM  
May 28, 1982

And in the quiet of the night  
I lay down beside you  
Feeling your lips  
with my lips  
Your skin  
with my skin  
Satisfying a hunger  
my eyes could not fill  
At the sight of you  
these weeks apart

And now I feel excited  
and tranquil  
Sleepy and awake  
Many feelings contradictory  
and alike

All because my brown-eyed  
pink and white friend  
lay down beside me  
for a time.

Sleep well love  
Soft as a dove  
feather your nest  
with my happiness

Fly in your dreams  
glide in my arms

**Rest light on your pillow  
with me on your mind.**

**And I feel good  
and content  
As though you knew  
what we meant  
But that doesn't matter  
I'll love you whatever**

**So sleep well my love  
Soft as a Dove  
feather your nest  
with my happiness**

**Fly in your dreams  
glide in my arms  
Rest light on your pillow  
With me on your mind**

**For you, Dear Secretary,  
Brown-eyed Soft-haired  
Secretary,  
you still lie beside me  
in mine.**

Secretary asked me to go on a vacation with her. The insurance business was not going well. All I had was unemployment benefits. In order to have the money to go on vacation with Secretary, I decided to move to Chicago and live with my mother

while I looked for work. That would save the rent.

**Poem 455  
7:10 PM  
June 21, 1982**

**Listen to the music  
The music of the earth  
It sings  
with every leaf that stirs  
with every breeze that blows.**

**Listen to the music  
The music of the sky  
It dances with the clouds  
That whirl and dodge around  
The sunbeams passing by.**

**Listen to the music  
The music of the spheres  
Emitted from the stars  
That wink and shine  
Up in our nighttime sky.**

**Listen to the music  
The Music of our souls  
It flows whenever  
We're together: between,  
Around and within.**

**Listen close, my darling  
And you will hear  
my heart  
It sings a song of happiness  
But will it  
When we part?**

**Listen to the music  
Echoing abounds  
Our whole wide universe  
Responds to the music  
all around.**

**Listen to your feelings  
You are singing!  
Now can you hear?  
Those sweet sounds echo all around  
For the love that you have found.**

**Listen to the music  
The music of the spheres  
It sings from every leaf  
that stirs  
From every breeze that blows.**

**Listen close, my darling  
And you will hear  
My song  
I sing for you tonight, my love  
But will I when I'm gone.**

**I love you, my darling  
I'm not sure what I'll do  
I'll keep on thinking  
Until I know**

**Just what is best to do.**

**Listen to the music  
I've got to stop this song  
Or I'll keep singing it  
One more round  
And never leave this town.**

My mother had a bedroom for me. I moved my office furniture and files to Chicago. The rest I stored in Secretary's garage or put into her apartment.

Now Secretary had a bed in her second bedroom and another chest for clothes. My glass-fronted bookshelves and my aquarium went into her dining room.

There were other reasons for moving to Chicago.

I hoped that Secretary would miss me and would ask me to move in with her.

I thought that without me nearby, my son Nic and my ex-wife would have difficulties coping with each other and she would give up custody of him.

In addition, I would avoid having to fuck the woman of the one-night stand again. If I wasn't in the area, she would not be able to call me to stay overnight on her way back to Florida or ask me to come to her hotel room.

I came back to Dayton and went on vacation with Secretary and some of her family on the east coast. I wrote the next poem at the Atlantic shore.

**Poem 456  
9:05 PM  
July 21, 1982**

**As time beats by  
I lie  
In the sand awaiting  
High tide  
The ocean sounds  
are pleasant  
As soft classical music  
The waves surge  
over the bar  
And ripple across  
the filling trough  
And water hits my toes  
Sand washes under me  
And I see sand crabs  
Coming out for the night**

**Running to meet the waves  
And scurrying out of reach  
As water flows over  
their vacated dwellings  
Small crabs, large crabs  
And one rushes forward  
and into the water  
Before a wave breaks  
Afraid of the splash  
or the force of such breakers.**

**And time beats by  
Birds soar,  
Swoop down  
and away  
Three together  
in formation  
Again and again  
in front of me  
As though I  
were a judge  
Reviewing their  
aeronautical prowess**

**And my heart flows  
with the beating time  
And my breath rises  
and falls with the surf  
And the tide comes in  
like a decision made  
and fulfilled  
Ready to flow out to sea  
taking me.**

**finis 9:10 PM**

**Poem 457  
12:20 PM  
July 29, 1982**

**If loving you were like a day  
There would be cool breezes  
in the glorious dawn  
Blue skies shadowed  
By dark clouds  
turning gold  
as the sun rises**

**And at midday  
The sun would be  
a white fire  
Passionately burning  
in a sky without  
cloud**

**And in the heat of the afternoon  
loving rain would fall  
like sweat  
to cool our bodies**

**And in the Eve  
as the sun goes down  
The sun would be a  
halo of color**

**surrounded by white  
fluffy pillows  
for the night  
as scents of flowers  
sounds of music  
and laughter  
met our ears and noses  
Pressed together  
as we kiss  
the night away**

**The sun fades  
colors blaze  
And the night time  
brings the stars  
to platinum flames  
On their blue velvet cover.**

**So love can move  
in changing mood  
So we do grow  
in touch  
with each other.**

**PdR**