

PHILOSOPHICAL  
POEMS  
2<sup>nd</sup> Edition

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Published 2007

Printed by CafePress.com in the United States of America





## ADRIAN

Adrian knows well the unsaid rules  
Demanding that one be what one is not.  
Restraining the fierce appetites within,  
Interning the insurgents bent on sin,  
As he matures, he learns to love his lot,  
No longer heeding the laments of fools.



## BEES SWARM ALONG THE FRAGILE EDGE OF DARKNESS

Bees swarm along the fragile edge of darkness.  
Open wounds attract blood-hungry flies.  
Near my heart lie savage little souls  
Neatly arrayed to feast upon my life.  
In eight days God will be through with miracles.  
Even so, life is a gift of love.

So how does one enjoy this gift of love,  
Even as one moves from light to darkness?  
There is no moment free of miracles,  
However swift and deep one's passion flies.

Glory is the dancing quark of life,  
Alight with love and lust in all our souls.  
Born of the cataclysm, our burgeoning souls  
Race towards infinity, love  
Infinite, lust infinite, life  
Eternal as light billowing into darkness.  
Little do we see how far it flies  
As we spin through Earth-bound miracles.  
Nor can we comprehend these miracles.  
Darkness is the center of our souls,  
Like still black water in the moonlight. Love  
Is of this emptiness; unburdened, it flies  
Swiftly in widening circles, skimming the darkness,  
A motion outward at the heart of life.



## BEFORE EARTH, WATER, AND AIR IS FIRE

Before earth, water, and air is fire,  
On which all subsists,  
Not as flame on oil,  
Nor candle on wax, but with-  
In, as in us, each  
Element in love.

So we are:  
Each organ mad with lust, tingling,  
The blood eager to cleanse the spleen, nerves  
Hungering for connection.

Gifts are tongues of flame.  
A blood cell delivers its gift of oxygen. Why?  
Brain cells surrender memories.  
Reasons are beside the point.  
In love we do only what we cannot help,  
Each pinpoint moved by frenzy,  
Longing to give, to be accepted, consumed.

Most of us have ideological toes,  
Or live brightly, with understandings  
More reasonable than real.



## BEVERLY

Beverly enjoys a conversation.  
Even when alone, she chatters on  
Vivaciously, convivial as a bird,  
Eager in pursuit of some bright word.  
Reality to her is a relation:  
Language is the sculptor of sensation  
Yielding to the wisdom of the stone.



## BY THE TULIPS

By the tulips people stop to take  
Pictures. One wonders which are more  
Beautiful: the people or the tulips?  
Lush, almost fluorescent, like cups,  
Like vases, like wet crimson towels  
Hanging loose about the naked style.  
Or an Annamese girl in striped mini  
Just below her drawers, on her forehead  
A pale red moon. Or two Indian women  
In brilliant prints and gold nose pellets,  
Nipples pressing through silk. Or an old  
Man with his mother, identical blue chips  
Glinting through corrugated skin. Families  
Like flower beds, varieties of love  
And anguish, phenotype and genotype,  
And Babel, magnificent garden!  
Or the glory of laughter, that needs  
No language, the glee of children racing  
Away, the silence of tulips calling  
Wildly, pouring out love in perfume.



## CHARITY SHOULD MAKE THE GIVER SING

Charity should make the giver sing,  
Happy in the undertow of sharing.  
A gift should not be given out of duty,  
Remiss in both its pleasure and its beauty,  
Intent on rectitude, bereft of caring.  
The burdens of the world may be worth bearing,  
Yet gifts should still a certain lightness bring.



## CYNICISM COMES FROM SELF-DISGUST

Cynicism comes from self-disgust,  
Yearning for a world one has surrendered.  
No vision is complete but in repose,  
Implicit in the steady gaze within.  
Come, then, to know that good and evil must  
In everyone with due respect be rendered,  
So delicate their dance, as much in those  
Not cynical as in those steeped in sin.



## EACH MOMENT IS A WORD OF GLASS

Each moment is a word of glass;  
Each life, within a bubble sealed.  
No pleasure save what one has said,  
No love save self in glass concealed.

How shall we gaze like fiery stars  
Upon this gallery of breath?  
One says only what one is;  
There is no rostrum beyond death.

Speak, then, of dancing particles  
Within the curvature of eyes,  
And with equations sow the seeds  
Upon which data crystallize;

While in the forests lovers gleam  
Like whispers on a moonlit stream.



## EVEN TREES AWAKE TO A BREAKFAST OF LIGHT

Even trees awake to a breakfast of light.  
In hungry excitement they elevate their leaves,  
Great green choirs with ten thousand open mouths,  
Hosanna-ing the sun from silent boughs.  
Trees know glory with neither sound nor sight,  
Yet spread their limbs with phototropic ease.

No one knows the inwardness of trees;  
Imagination, though, rapport allows:  
Nor sickness, fire, drought, nor age, nor blight  
Erodes their silent worship of delight.



## EVENTUALLY, MEMORIES SETTLE DOWN

Eventually, memories settle down;  
Later still, perhaps, go back to sleep.  
Life cannot hold so much of life for long,  
Yet now I hold it dancing in my hands.

Though everything is now, now is not;  
Each moment dances in a sea of light.  
People were and will be, never are;  
Present is a glass through which we wonder.  
Everywhere are ghosts that dance in dreams  
Rounded by the curvature of time.



## EVIDENCE IS RARELY EVIDENT

Evidence is rarely evident.  
Very little meets the wandering eye.  
Each meaning means far more than what is meant,  
Leading one to sense some large intent,  
Yet beyond the realm of what or why,  
Not knowable but known, though gingerly.



You wouldn't be yourself without the pain  
That twists inside like penitential dancers,  
Making you the stage of some strange beauty,  
Like no one else, the host of our redemption.



## FEARING FOR MY SANITY

Fearing for my sanity,  
I shed my shirt and tie,  
Walked out on my rectitude  
And waved myself goodbye.

I did precisely as I pleased,  
Said only what was true;  
Cared not a whit whom I might hurt  
Or what debts might be due;

Chose my orbit on my own  
And lived by my own light,  
Hurling through the gravities  
That rule the lidless night;

Unknowing in my innocence  
The iron laws that be,  
And that the more I worked my will,  
The less I would be free.



## FIFTY-FOUR

Fifty-four sings softly to herself  
In harmony with what she cannot hear,  
Filling an unfathomable gulf  
That those who turn from silence wrongly fear.  
Years pass like songs too beautiful to bear.

Fortunate are those who find life fair,  
Open to the winds that stir that sea!  
Underneath each word precise and clear,  
Reason reaches out to mystery.









































































































































