

Objects 2

RUSSELL ATKINS

Originally published in 1963 by the Renegade Press (Cleveland, Ohio).

Tempest

's nightly subterfuge
someone is sitting restlessly
their hands stir dead of night
out) night's a-fledge
and gathering furious birds
in a commotion the leaves damp
when 'ts HARSHLY
that falls and WHO and WHO'S
about New England
windows !

Anxieties

Throw no more o! Gothic, you lit night-leaves!
It suddens the hark at lone or lamp there:
No reaching for toward disheartening fat of all
Dismembered things under moon, going where?
Now cease hysteria around the awnings for God's sake
like too-late for or same confounding fate
to be declared. Wherever I might be in all today,
leaves, leave my resigned a dare!

Anguish no more in the gust'd as though I
submit to a nosferatu'd lure.
That has long of ago been driven pure.
Leaves, what I haven't done I have not!
Never mind, insinuating by furious racket.
The rose, the tear and the paycheck,
and then summarily
a strait jacket?

OF PHOTOGRAPH OF FLOOD

there rose hysteria'd thick
bluster'd from dusk
its furious weather:
like an apparition
too late come away
met the day, drear'd
to a baffled decay
as it shrank darkly
stress up of sea
collected twists all
summoned embroils
of thrall !
long lies a crash
a pity of towers
is by
 and the wept
streams in
waste

In a number of houses that faint light
(that most dismal kind of light)
went out by day and someone ill,
I thought, had failed at night
and the insidious, spectral
would wear away with some
one's call

Elegy To Hurt Bird That Died
[Buried in a Matchbox]

I suppose you suppose that yon of little burial
Is non of? Rather it is of universal o'er
Unvast because it unvast looks?
Well, how wrong, sir. How it propounds
Means utter, confounds, evers,
Wee-rosed as it is, alas,

I suppose you suppose, as some,
It was one of the lone
Who did thus? Ah yes,
As if one's boned
Skeletal'd in uneager sands
On shores undroned.

But we are other of
"Little Bords," each undone:
Laid in his "matchbox"
A last, at last no one.
Why if living bird dies
Should I not solemn him?

Bird, you shall be wept
For too. I do. From dogs,
Children, the cat, we made
Hurried away. Fragiled
In hand - - I knew then - -
Too frail a bloom.

Trainyard by Night

A THUNDER

then huge bold blasts bluff
hiss, insists, upon hissing insists
on insisting on hissing hiss
hiss s ss ss sss ss ssss s
ss ssss sss
when whoosh!
the sharp scrap making a fourth lap
with a lot of rattlettrap
and slap rap

I listen in time to hear coming on
the great Limited
it rolls scrolls fold in fold
like the traditionally old

hiss meanwhile hiss
insists upon hissing hiss
hiss s ss ss sss s
sss s s
s

X

'og tonight of F
terrible 'og, a lamp
was F and 'og its drear
um um came too
For hours F stood
'og made no sound
nor moved (some slow
could move if 'og
permitted Even
so, slow would
come upon F
until 'og turned to F
arid thus
Fog

Night and a Distant Church

Forward abrupt up
then mmm mm
wind mmm m
mmm m
upon
the mm mm
wind mmm rn
mmm
into the mm wind
rain now and again
the mm wind
ells
b
ell s
b

Waterfront

Ex

comes over shoals so

Out

disappears violently

around perfect edges

Now hurry scatters about everything takes
up ephemeral whir Ec1amatory the color
upon a laugh-like glass!

Momentum

shriek up

flinging off silver move!

dispatch word to away China

to France, Holland

thrumming be deep

Farewell

a streaming through some air

a bell

Lamps New-Lighted

Ten o'clock
the taking away of immense of storm
while there has been much making of frail realms
against overwhelm.
Lone of a light has dared the bang - -
the others all fall alack

Waste of citied huges through dim
mum and dream mysterious'd: loomed
like a drear'd history. Footfalls
stealth to eschew. Somebody swifts by
a between of things silences through!

There is an amount of waiting to keep
and considering some, with a sigh perhaps,
the few differences between awake and sleep

Lamps new-lighted now - -

making frail realm
against overwhelm

After

When all's eved upon by accumulating nox
I'm in recline of chair or on the living room divan

of smoke of my cigarette is world

There is Spain in it of amber'd wander;
miserabled Spain!

The old grandmother's of approach
a it nights above
her eyes hag at me passes
her, rackety rack

up of smoke

A footfall behind'll
Be the gunman's I swear.
None the worse when I
Am in the hearse
Should I return, the house
(What less?) is gone:
Burned into none.

Or say upon return
Coronary farewell
Leaves me lie. Ugh!
Dare more? Be nay'd
Tomorrow, tomorrow
in today?

Eloge

Someway he saved us world
subtling on mysterious'd err:
spirits veiled everywhere would
gaunt against, of her,
spell

No trumpets up'd for her;
hers was not the drawn -- as for others we knew --
of some rare out of
public thanks; she had
none of insignia'd;
none of flag

Achievement

Isn't it Achieved
when my adieu extremed
flies out of the Hadley Bldg.?
Isn't it Achieved, verily
when with no signing, I
leave a drugstore
for eternity?

Prelude: Dawn

Foul, I mean insidious, spectral
(although portentous all)

In a number of houses shown an early light
(the most dismal kind of light
save one lit when someone ill
's expected to fail 't night)

Up having drunk of the cup
shades high, clock set, I
went into the portentous all
which was insidious and spectral

Evening Reflections In A Birdbath

Still is there in our birdbath
strangely eye-like. Light
repeated from the sky.
Ill of it there is the so small
touch of a world's beware

Some leafy shadow overs
from trees wind-swell'd
and so the yard of commonplaces
in household sentiments,

Till more stark than ever
in the round of bowl
the always terror
stares its lo !

Irritable Song

Says-so is in a woe of shuddered
 leaves
Foreboding huskily.
For who returns (said by its rasp)
Save leniently chanced
To the begun? There is fatal
 instance.
A low hanging of bough
Plucked my eye; automobile
Wheels, furious by,
Stuck objects upon
Of a deadly bruise
And strew the stone;

Lone and wander all'd
about her! Her never
had repose wilds me
with memories, places of fled,
closed scare of shades,
barriers of lock
against too fear

She never truced, but foe'd
or sometimes to break.
Hers a someplace ideal:
no, not of ditch earth
but o what ever vision,
not of peace yet rich

Such seer many who had
no had repose; to whom
nothing trophied came
of care; who strove to save the world,
I threnody them all
remorse, for it is drear to tell
how lack is of them
sculpture