

## Objects 2

RUSSELL ATKINS

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## 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 rattletrap  
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