

## POEMS BY DUANE LOCKE

### ECO ECHOES 155

One or more, if not all  
Of the four causes of Aristotle  
Was or were found missing  
From human brains' cupboard.  
So for a cure a visit to an MD,  
A specialist in ontology,  
And metaphysics.  
Since the doctor was out playing golf  
Atop his summer vacation home  
Whose roof was large enough  
To support a golf course,  
His nurse greeted us.  
She was wearing dark glasses,  
Outside opaque that reflected  
The same patients in each lens.  
She always wore dark glasses,  
Except when she was out into the sunlight.  
She listened attentively to the description  
Of the distress and the symptoms.  
She took copious notes on her lap computer,  
And then after handing us a printout  
She walked away into a room  
Labelled "Private. No Entrance."  
We noticed her shoes with high spiked heels  
Were crystal, and thus being translucent  
Displayed a tattoos of scenes  
From Dante's Inferno.  
We read the following prescription:  
"Your problem is accepting as truth  
A belief in absolute identity and the  
Kantian noumenon, as well as  
The Plotinus One and Leibnitz' Monad.  
Take the prescribe antidote, 550 MG,  
Hume-Nietzsche-late Heidegger-Lacan-Derrida,  
Take one tablet every 12 hours."

ECO ECHOES 156

Oscillating opacity

When it intensely occupies hours oriental or otherwise

Opens

To oracles of obscurity,

Sculptures, paints, writes, corporatizes a contact

And relationship with the prelinguistic,

Thus emanated configured existences that say the unsayable.

When the unsayable is read by neurons, blood, bones, synapses.

Inner sand dunes replicas a new existences comes into existence,

And one possess a reality of wonder and enchantment.

When words are cleansed of popular meanings, when society's values,

Beliefs and life styles are erased,

When words are cleansed of, the false rational,

The false logic,

Life is anagogic.

ECO ECHOES 158

She sadly adjusted her blonde wig,  
Cancer treatments had ate away her natural white gold hair.

She said with a smile, "It's all gone now.

Gone, the trap that was my exquisite face,  
A cameo of flesh. Gone this net to capture,  
My voluptuous body gone.

Old age and an eternal disease has taken away the advertisements  
Of my finite attractions.

But I never had your good taste. Your excellent connoisseurship.  
I could not like you tell VINO Nobile from Montepulciano di Abruzzi.  
Perhaps, I was a Roxanne to your Cyrano. My art had not your  
Transgression, disobedience, complete disdain for what was  
Fashionably honored, prized and awarded. You owned yourself.  
I was owned by popular and mainstream taste. I was owned  
By frauds and quacks, the self-deceived who thought they  
Were arbiters of art. Now in my distress, I recognize my art  
Was trash. I, too, survived the horrors of life by self-deception.  
I should not have devoted my life to trying to be what I was not,  
An artist. I should have been as so many said, a chorus girl  
Lived a popular singer's life style which does not require any talent, but  
Being a slave mentality . A girl singer does not have talent,  
Her singing can be inferior, all she has to do is expose  
Her curvatures and make public her private parts to  
Become a popular icon, internationally celebrated.  
My life was misspent. I deceived myself  
And devoted, dedicated my existence to what I was not. I had  
No artistic talent, so I ended up a petty high school art teacher.  
My life was thrown away, even my loves tossed into the garbage.  
I recall my affairs with less-than-mediocre guitar players.  
Our only excitement was when we were drugged.  
The result was my years of suffering from  
Hip-hop, hippy disease I wish my mother had aborted me."

I did not say anything, but handed her several books  
In which my art was analyzed and praised, and said  
"Good bye."

ECO ECHOES 159

You always looked upward,  
Always at the sky,

Never looked downward  
At the mud rivers washed up on sand.

You swallowed  
Stars,

But the X-rays show  
No stars within,

Only sketches and pictures  
Of stars from textbooks.

Your diagnosis was  
Stomach cancer.

ECO ECHOES 160

We to escape from  
Autograph hunters

Slipped into a planetarium,  
Saw an inverted globe, the cosmos

She said this is not the cosmos  
It is only what cosmos' press agents

Let us know with photographs  
A partial view that the cosmos that

Resembled that rarity a good neighbor  
Or that rarity a good professor

You are right he said we are fooled  
Into believing it is a universe

When it is a multiverse  
Where there is chaos as well as order

Right, she said it is like us  
When people chase us

For autographs  
We are only look alike

Not the famous whose  
Autographs are wanted,

But people never investigate  
Only question when it is truth

People live by the acceptance  
Of lies

So when we are caught  
We fake the famous ones' signatures.

ECIO ECHOES 162

The green-berried, thick-greened trees have an insect chorus,  
When the chorus can be heard,  
It sings chants to worship what is near-by and changeable,  
But it brings a giver of growth, a sustainer  
Of roots and life, a home for worms made of pearls.  
The insects sing to worship the earth.

But the chorus is drowned in the torturous sounds  
Of passing with opaque window, automobiles,  
And for moments we are convicts in the prison of progress.

The click of horses hooves had a castanet sound that  
Sent the brain into a fluffy black quivering skirt, high-heeled Spanish dance  
With Duende and halos, slugs and leafhoppers,  
And the motion and sound of crow's wings.

As prison of progress we don't even have numbers sewed  
Our convict existence for identification,  
But are totally anonymous, totally silent even when talking, like broken telephones.  
Our speech is Babel from the Tower of the power structure.  
So we fearing  
Our neighbors' and alterity's  
Torture chambers, unique devices copied from the Middle Ages,  
We lie  
And repeat "You can't stop progress."

ECO ECHOES 163

Daughters of a quarter moon  
Are tap-dancing  
On a lump of table-top pink quartz.

It is a night when stars have tongues  
That meet to twist around each other,  
And become reshaped into shapes of Snowy Egrets.

Owl eyes write gold letters  
On the atmosphere's rice paper,  
Their misspellings become fingers that caress our cheeks.

There are only verbs in the  
Mating calls of Chuck Will's,  
Nouns and adjectives are trophies in acorns.

I read the blank spaces that peep  
From the sentences on the billboard,  
Feel a new sense of escape and freedom.

ECO ECHOES 164

At age five I found  
A wild flower, tiny,  
So small, rarely seen.  
Its shape, its color  
Resembled the wax  
Orchids in a cut  
Glass vase centered  
On our faux-  
mahogany table, wax  
Much larger, more assertive  
Than the tiny wild flower.  
I walked by many time,  
Even touched the purple  
On the wax petal,  
But it only said to me:  
“Good Morning, have  
A good one.” It said  
The same at noon and midnight.  
The voice had the tone  
Of a machine recorded voice.  
But my tiny wild flower  
Was different. As I gazed  
And loved, it spoke not words,  
But it spoke emanations.  
The emanations touched me  
And osmosed into my  
Corporeality. I listened intensely  
To the wordless emanations,  
And my body heard  
What was hitherto unknown  
In our present and past adult worlds.  
I listened to the unsayable being said,  
And prophecies articulated by the prelinguistic.  
My body translated the emanations  
Into wisdom, and still repeats the translation  
In the evening at the end of twilight.  
It can said that my worthwhile education  
Was when a tiny wild flower was my teacher.



ECO ECHOES 165

The rose-colored embrace  
Of the Cathedral  
By the rarely noticed narrow river behind the bushes,  
Felt like the touch of the wood and steel of an orthopedic arm or leg.

I stood apart and distant, watched, puzzled, bewildered  
The happy faces drinking blood and chewing flesh  
That was really wine and really bread.

The whole peculiar, alien scene looked like silver liquid dripping  
From the smashed small globe at the bottom of a straight glass column  
Of a thermometer.

I was somewhat terrified by thoughts of consequences, but it was ancient.

It was so bizarre, the tremor of the lips, the radiations riding on eye lashes.  
I wondered how and why all this before my birth had become an idiom.

So I walked away from Paris' Norte Dame towards the small sacred river  
To ask the river in its prayers to help me with the color of its colorless water  
Since I was alien and a stranger to survive among so many threatening ruins.

ECHO ECHOES 166

July driftwood, vibrations, varied textural complexities,  
Spotted with diamond water drops from wings of cormorants  
Perched above on pine.

Light bounces with down-turned hands of light a ball of light on  
Sea-soaked darkened limbs—  
A dazzling silver silvers the colorless winds.

Each arch of silver a trellis for an Indonesian to stand under  
And be transformed into a feather  
That floats without a wing,

And when in wind

Floating over shell-pulverized sand builds  
An architecture of shadows  
Shaped  
Like a Guardi cathedral.