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Red Hawk Song / Mount Lowe 1978 / Higher

David Sparenberg

Paul Newman

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Red Hawk Song / Mount Lowe 1978 / Higher

Abstract

Red Hawk Song: I admit that I love you. My heart sings strongly through the fires of my body. Mount Lowe 1978: Ruins rambled, too well sifted Higher: Watching the crows' realm, treetop mopers amidst cloud erasers of the blue.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Red Hawk Song; Mount Lowe 1978; Higher; David Sparenberg; Paul Newman

RED HAWK SONG

by David Sparenberg

*I admit that I love you.
My heart sings strongly
through the fires of my body.
The sun and moon
are prisoners of my love-war;
I offer you the robes
of the splendid earth.*

*All of the simple things
I wish to give you:
wood for the fireplace,
the odors of meadows,
sensation of morning.*

I have spoken your name

*to the four rising winds.
The blood of my hunger
arises from within me;
I cannot continue
this summer of fasting.*

*Hidden in seasons,
resplendent with warpaint,
the earth-wish conspires
with this wound in my body:
I can but surrender
to love's awful beauty.*

*Now is not morning,
Now is not evening,*

*the hour of meeting,
when all creatures bend
toward a man
with a woman.*

*I am giving your name
to the sacred four corners,
chanting your name
to the clouds far below me.
My heart-blood is singing
through the wings of my body.
Through the fire of my body*

I admit that I love you.

Mount Lowe 1978
(At abandoned cablecar terminus)

by Paul Newman

*Ruins rambled, too well sifted;
the site, soulless.*

*Sharing twilight,
tarantula and boredom.*

*Eyes cast onto mountains;
do they feel such weight?*

*Fogfront seep entangles canyons;
traffic's freeway, writhing.*

*Sky becomes a color gazed;
no rest, its infinity or blue.*

*Backwards looking, head through legs,
fog turns clouds...sky, sea!*

Higher

by Paul Newman

*Watching the crows' realm,
treetop mopers amidst cloud erasers of the blue.*

*Wings gleaned from cries dolorous,
a moment looms for striking to the sky.*

*Gripping haze, rising,
become a fondler of the sun.*

*Laughing in the clouds,
Wandering the glides of the wind.*

*No abide in words.
Cries at the hunter's snarl; droppings on the snarer's
pace.*

Contempt for other's spirits flown similar breezes.

*Zenith wingspent; sagging breast.
Clothes diffuse feathers and a face enters swooping
beak.*

Loosing grip on sky...

*Wingdream now a mimic,
who walks on one leg and a feather.*