

I run

Poems for the age of intervention

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1

Alight!

Love needs, Love cries
she whispered and I grew eyes
my dream of sky blind.

Letter from jail

Dissolving milk in the sea of green
the body drifted, naked, clean.
Delicate hands motionless in the waves
a faraway voice calling his names.
Every step descended further
from the vertical wall of water.
Muted, the incantation of claims
recessed to the World of flames.
Calm, where once burned white
the sweet-smelling stings I want.
this is my goodbye dear readers
fellow inmates, fellow cheaters.
I only took what I left behind
I only did as best as did my kind.

In the grey water, bottle-wound
a letter of sixteen lines's found.

Polaroid

I see your world spinning right over my head
I see your clouds weeping on my tired eyes
I see the thousands of words dancing around you
I see the flames of love licking my chapped lips.
Haste come and bring warmth from you.
I feel the gates of Death opening up my heart.
Fate come and quickly taste what you want
I feel my trembling hands reaching towards you.

Rain

Rain, rain, you must wonder
from one into the other.

Oh how lovely!

Oh how lovely!

Can't you see whose hand it's in?

Oh beautiful

Oh beautiful!
I've heard of you
what could you do
to a Man of Science?
Oh, No!
What simple lines
can you recite
while bending so?
Is melancholy
this new to me?
My hand will shake
if I just let go.

Inanna

Surrounded,
in this smoky bar
by the scepters
lost in apathy
and ether and war
arms flattened
my whiskey far

when suddenly,
Inanna appears

Immortal Inanna
white marvel Inanna,
Inanna with the signs
laid on her hands,
sandals on her feet,
twigs on her forehead,
a measuring tape
held in one hand,
a wide gold bell
gripped by the other,
Inanna with dark
lapis lazuli eyes
that dazzle every time
she walks in hell.



2

West is here, but,
as we learned at school
not exactly real
on a spinning ball

A place of mind then,
to rest for a while
after a good meal
before the nightfall

Message

I was born in 1996.
I remember well
when Daddy left to fight
the evil man
with a broken heart.
Only six years old
for the last time.

It was in 2036
the World was burned
for right or wrong.
My beloved land
torn apart from far.

It's late in the morning
the sun is dim,
ashes are falling,
black and thin,
as I send you my love
for the last time.

On Might

I heard a short poem,
long ago,
half dreaming,
in class,
it went something like:

"If you didn't prepare
with sport, your arms as stone,
Oh crystalline hands and limbs,
for the stone brace thyself!"

It made an impression
for the warning, I thought,
was for me,
drifting in my cloud
lost in art, empathy and wine
far away from the angry god.

Forty years have gone by,
the strong still rule the land
and now, with melancholy
I hear wisdom's nod.

We, all of us,
are not worthy.

Let the land belong
to the ones who want it most.
Let us say our goodbye
dressed in our clothes of folklore.
Let us pack our heavy bags
and leave this beautiful World,
bare once more.

Pride,

I took you for a sin,
but you are a song
of what we are,
for that is the question
at the tip of our tongue.

And you let us down.
We thought we were
the best that was
Our home, our land

our father's fathers
upon our shoulders
they had not fallen
so we could fall

Pride,
I was wrong.

You're an engine of
morphine to pack lies
into the nothing
that waits for all.

Just don't forget

that this Nothing can be
as pretty as you want.

The opposite of sleep

When all you've gathered
counts for nothing anymore
and your sense of humor
and your accelerated mind
out of place on your face
twinkles all alone,

remember that this land
is also made of flesh,
and the long voyage home
to the first touch, the first smell
the sweetest you've ever known
can no longer be found.

Matters not if you never left
or made it back a thousand fold.
Matters not who built it high
or what ruin was just born,
for sacred is the place
where you are touched the most.

Sacred, the beautiful word.

Masters of the Universe

Above the highest highs
zipping past mach nineteen
I see you all hiding
through my X-ray eyes.

You can't even begin
to suspect my immense
but small, my proud,
my darkest round ball.

Cloaked in invisibility,
this solo as my guide,
I vary my geometry
and pretend to fall.

Secure in the wisdom
of the laboratory,
in the precision of design,
in my spirituality.

I press the orange button.
I log the obscene number,
here to give nothing
and to take it all.

Hope

It does seem without hope
this, this violence
that you can never defeat
hiding with your children
holding on to your feet.

Allow me, selfishly
from distance, to point out
the defining moment
on the plains of Marathon
of the Western World.

Time is a strange thing.
A sparkle gets carried on
by those you leave behind,
a story, a gesture, even of love
against the background of machines
and money and oil and fear.

Like a drop on a hot dry rock
or a seed, a fluffy nothing
translucent against the sun.

Lowland

These days I can hardly keep
my eyes open, barely a slit
reading only one line
before succumbing again
to the wonderful warm sleep.

But I am paid to sit straight,
an angular face under gelled hair
tight clothes, polished shoes,
looking through cathedrals
made of numbers, not faith.

The busy-ness of every day
is robbing me of my family,
my thoughts lines from TV
my arguments another man's
twisted mental foreplay.

Yet in my dream, a remnant
of a brash youth falling in love
with lovely pale eyes, soft skin,
a gentle man for the first time
gauche trying to repent.

Heat

The slender arc of the horizon
fades between the two blues.
The plane jerks up, then down
invisible in the cloud's embrace.
It is cold outside
and I have been traveling
ever since I remember.

Below lays a land
that my father called home,
that bound him with a love
he rather not have known
running to and fro
in praise and in slander.

But just because
he believe with conviction
doesn't make it come true.
We can't plan the next
one hundred years,
the next twelve wars,
or the bounty to recover.

I see but a sliver
between the dark clouds.

A lit candle perhaps
for the children, not ours,
lost in the desert
that will cover the world.

War

As I didn't watch
the prolonged defiling
on the March fourth,

I couldn't sleep
from spring through summer
imagining the missiles,
The burn, the air,
the skulls, the mess,
the "they had it coming" affair.

War, I've read,
is resourcelessness
of the powerful,
dressed up fear.

If so, last I heard,
nailing to the cross
didn't change a thing.
I am ashamed of being
alive, or human.
I welcome now the change.

What matters is
certainly not money,

which doesn't exist,
but the memory of what was,
brooms sweeping over
ornate heaven.

In anticipation of another war movie
which I probably won't see
unless forced of course..

It struck me that the current elite
all come from the "University",
triangular and columnar,
mathematically clean,
the perfect child of Mr. Temple
and Miss Always Right.

Where you are separated
from your family, or society
and thrown into the know-how
without the wisdom of the past,
for these are not your father's words
(from his humbled personal heart)
but a gathering of what works
for any particular task.

That's where the plans come from,
from lonely little offices
filled with books to the top,
away from the warmth of the sun.

That's where you meet

fellow-minded citizens
bound to bring on the new
one thousand years of fun.

And when it doesn't pan out,
you can just shrug your shoulders
and move on to the next subject,
insect, or country, or loon.

This is what wars are always for,
truth versus Lie. What is truth you ask?
You won't find it in a book.

Not even that one.



3

I dreamed I was alone
bathed in light
in a straight hallway

Not led like a dog,
or pulled by my hair,
not having to stay

Do Wonder

Imagine a bridge high over water,
high enough that the depth below,
lost among the thick fog,
glows with the golden rays
of the early morning sun.

You're there with your family,
son, daughter, parents and wife
cousins and uncles and aunts,
and a bit farther your neighbors
and farther still your town.

Although you can't see
you know that it's longer than that,
not only filled with the people of now,
but of other times as well
some of them almost not human.

Every now and then someone jumps.
Not in a rhythm, but like rain.
Some with a surprised look,
some contorted and in pain,
or resigned to their fall.

Your mind reaches out for sound,

or a break in the jeweled cloud.
Could you go back, you wonder?
You among all? And why?
as you give in to the gentle tug.

The earthquake

drunkenly rolled into town.
A town that, seen from above,
was the greenest line
holding onto the hill's shadow
to guard the olive grove
from continuous sunshine.

It was two in the afternoon
when nap time in the heat
flattens you out to extract
the most comfortable dream.

The balconies were thus
full of sleeping beauties,
for what is more beautiful
than a young man worn by work,
with a newborn on his side?

The simple life, older than
the written account of the town,
was snuffed in less time that
you might take to read these few lines.
before the prayers, or the burning fires,
before horses came to graze.

Most never woke up,
the lucky ones that didn't have
to search for their daughters,
or wait in line, to be sent finally
to the city they despised.

And when the rain came again,
the mud bricks returned to mud.
But through the silence, it was said,
echoed often a shrill and angry wail,
in this latest ancient maze.

Astrology

Be weary this fall
for darkness is eying
you growing up
as a deer to a wolf.

Avoid colorful conduct,
all flowery words, or dress
that could be taken
in the opposite direction.

Even though you may
think of yourself as tall,
Foolishness is seldom
seen married to Luck.

Lay low. If not afraid,
at least practice
unrebelliousness.
Real is the force of doom.

Only Time is your friend.
Avoid the seven sins
for the sake of judgment,
and weather the certain
coming storm.

In tomorrow

It wouldn't be too far fetched
to say that you'll need
everything you got to face
your blue tomorrow.

I've looked into this for years,
through thick dusty books
filled with alchemy
and theatre of absurd,

through the encouragement
of the psychoanalysts
that to the south repeat
what Tibetans know best,

through the lost tribes
living in fear, or anger,
differently colored altogether,
and restless at the border.

You'll need to remember
the steam of strong tea
or whatever else that lets
you hold on to the rest.

Or, simply think of a number,
but it has to be large,
and it has to be yours,
while you wonder
all the toys you can buy
and in what order.

I have seen your future in my dream,
it is the deep blue of rare sky.

Astrology II

Step out of everyday
and into the starry sky
for without science
you have no aim.

Eyes now covered with hair,
from this gentle warm breeze,
focusing hours on end
on a blink from far away.

Perhaps blink is wrong,
something more akin to abandoned awe
for an object of light you could call
an angel.

Perhaps not that far either
since it came for you
through your retina, absorbed in
and part of you from now on.

The vault above your head
slowly turns towards pink.
Your shivers are gone.

The lone song

It was hot in the desert
a heat as sharp as the steel
of my financial defeat.

In the deep end of the bar
with sweats of alcohol
sticking my shirt to the seat,

I was done. I knew well
the way back home through
the familiar humiliation.

"Are you ready to submit?
to accept, on your knees,
the way to salvation?"

Why was I shaking then?
What was this invisible force
taking me back from my death?

"Do you want your doom?
or with a click of faith,
the same as the greatest greats?"

Today, notorious but not great,

in this vast colonial room,
I reflect back on that fork.

The weight of the future
is crushing my aging back
as I cry in the hallways at night.

The solace of the drink is gone,
and my friends are hissing
in the dark.

Head or Tail

Have no fear,
even though the center
of your psyche is far
from cupid's loving stare,

even though the finger
of the news points at you,
for nothing in particular,
personally, every day.

As you reluctantly carry
the weight of your birth
like a serpent on your neck
while it should be a joyous affair.

I welcome you now
to the select club of
Germans, communists,
Jews, religious or not.

You are beautiful in despair.

The Capital, again

is sucking on money.
Hanging about town,
among the riff raffs,
and the worried pants,
I noticed all of their faces
reflected in the glass
of this of all places.

Strange lines danced
around their eyes, little arrows
pointing to surprise.

The old TV, placed high
and menacing my beloved,
took a notice of me,
then coyly asked for another dime.

My Liberty,

Have you noticed how short
my poems have become?
How desperately I hold on
to your transparent matter,
before you run off to the next
indignant or ranting word?

In your jewel studded dress now
you strike your favorite pose
amidst ruined houses of clay.

I lament death for sure,
but also the transformation
of your beacon of Hope
to this burning sword.

The human league

There you are, sideways
as you've never been before,
in front of the window, white
and bare in this lush decor.

You're half smiling, half surprised
at the irony of your fate,
not sure anymore of waiting
for a sign full of wonder.

I suppose I ought to have
followed you in. I wanted to,
but honey, you know me
I'm not of your golden world.

Soldiers returning from Irak
might know what I vaguely mean.
A curtain lifts, and there you see
all the wretched, young and old.

And they call on you. Anything,
a healthy eye, a pint of blood,
a prayer half heartfelt, and half
submerged in absolute thunder.

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