

poems by arthur honeyman



when i am an old man

*when i am old i shall keep on keeping on
and i shall live and work
with the same zeal and dignity that i do now
and i shall always pursue my goals and my values
of lasting integrity and abundant activity
and high productivity and constant dedication
and endless creativity and i intend to leave this life
hunched over my computer completing my best work
or while otherwise engaged and absorbed
in some exciting venture or important activity
for i have no desire to be remembered as one
who stole flowers from the gardens of others
or sat in the gutter or spat on the sidewalk
and because after all it is bad enough knowing that
my last act will be to defecate in my pants
and when i am old i shall wear blue jeans
just as i do now*

layers of love grow ever deeper and the differences blend and shade ever more subtly as the years pass by

*myriad electric and eclectic years of profound love for you
have transported me from a world of linear dimension
into a multitude of realms and dimensions of vast variety
thus broadening my understanding of love and marriage
and despite my all too slow ability to fully comprehend
what you seem to intuitively know about spontaneous love
and giving and the open expression of your feelings
i am learning that there are so many more facets
than i ever imagined and that i merely touch the surface
of loving and giving and the like and that the big picture
which ranges far beyond my narrowly romantic view
for i have long had the tendency to devote and commit
my energies primarily to my loved ones more than all others
but you my darling wife have taught me the art of giving
thereby reaping its countless joys in infinite ways
and on innumerable levels which are indiscernible at first
but which slowly become clear and profoundly meaningful
as time passes into moments of personal history
and as i reflect on how very much you mean to me
my heart bursts with pride for everything about you
and my eyes with tears of ecstasy at the memories
which crowd my mind and fulfill the needs of my soul
and even expand its goal of being in love with the woman
i fell in love with so many years and lifestyles ago
to include the treasure trove of a new family of loved ones
as if the wonderful life with which you formerly enriched me
were not sufficiently blessed for me to count myself
supremely fortunate for the love and joy you instill in me
and for the mysterious ways you make my heart soar*

eyrie on the coast

*without lying
i have long had the desire
to quote this claim*

*high on a promontory
jutting into the pacific
i am perched
gazing into the mirrored image
of my existence undulating
its eternal but elusive tale*

*or as religionists put it
the eye of god*

*but honestly
without compromise
i can only say*

*on a grassy bank
above an oregon beach
i am in a wheelchair
staring as the awesome sea
pounds its surf on the sands
ever so slowly reshaping the coastline*

*or as scientists put it
the dynamics of existence*

the marrow of oldtown

almost any city of consequence
possesses a steamy seamy section
of town where crime and disorder
openly thrive and challenge
the forces of law and order
established and enforced
by the more respectable urban citizenry
and in the case of lovely portland oregon
as well as many other metropolises
that dubious honor belongs to oldtown
where indomitable cockroaches and wharfrats
seem to rule the roost in more ways than one
no matter what urban renewal or renovation tries
in order to stomp out the little buggers
and if they were exterminated from those streets
the essence of oldtown would become sterile
and the security of home and suburban malls
would replace the disgusting winos and their stench
along with the druggies and purse snatchers
and a variety of other presumed derelict conditions
and the amsterdam of rembrandt or paris of rodin
or the greenwich village of ginsberg and kerouac
would disappear from the waterfront of portland
and even though there may be an immediate increase
in popularity and interest of the cleansed environment
its very similarity to the malls closer to home
and its bland and colorless two dimensionality
would soon precipitate the demise of the neighborhood
for the thrilling lure of momentary disgust and danger
would be gone and so too would be the marrow of oldtown



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