Glasnevin, Oct. 2007 On visiting Gerard Manley Hopkins' grave

Is this truly where you lie typhoid struck below un-coffin-forming yew and holly and redwood new among ancient roots?

On this chill and bright homage-paying day above your grave mushrooms, massed, ooze ink to pen your elegy.

Your words your stygian chrism bless and mark us all with light and shade in Christ and in desire through ecstasy and death.

Yet they're edible at first before the ink appears a déjeuner sur l'herbe served up here direct by Fr. G.M. Hopkins S.J., host

La Fiesta:

La Peñita De Jaltemba, Mexico, New Year's Eve 2006

Two hours in amid the lights Beside the three deep bar Pozole tamales rice and flan Still fill the mesas

Spent replete in need of sleep We quit the party early Retire to our b and b High upon the basaltic bluff

This year's last full moon Strews sintered silver From bay shore below Far as the world's edge

Beside us to the south
Behind the beach
The sea is swallowing a graveyard
Now half consumed

Some white sarcophagi and crosses And statues of the Holy Mother And Christ and plastic flowers In red yellow and blue remain

While bayside graves the hurricane exposed Brick and concrete tetrahedrons Lie like boats aground Derelict and atilt Tonight from gusts
And seasonal high tides
Hungry waves lick the tombs
Tile shards and rosaries on the sand

Rocks crack and boom on crypts Admonishing the guests: Sra. Gomez and Garcias, Frias, Venturas and Cortez Recuerdo de sus padres y hermanos

Crack no sleep this nuevo año Boom come out rejoin the feast ¡Pruebe! like the living You could try perhaps the crabs

Uncle Art

Pale hatchet faced
Uncle Art
from Chicago
worked in abrasives
until retiring
to a trailer park
lined with royal palms

messy things he said dropping fronds all over walks and lawns so he cut his two down

Jesus Christ he laughed my neighbors were all pissed as hell

no wonder no one there strewed branches in his path but some may have sung hosannas when he passed

Spell check

Critiqueing

Change

Critiquing

Buxtehude

Ignore

Danemark

Ignore all

Musik

Suggestions

Music

Musk

Change all

Passacalia

Options

Passacaglia

Add

Bach

Resume

Close

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Fire Proof: New Orleans, Sept. 1873

my hand hued certificate from a garden district curio shop shows red and white pump wagon

hose carriage and grey smoke in this foxed gravure specks look like ash from a building up in flames

not our stationary (sic) store just one door down where firemen save our paper in boxes and in bales

and where on our behalf way up a ladder one reaches toward a blue-winged angel who's handing him a scroll

this very contract
with station number five
assures incendiary fate
strike elsewhere down the block

documents god's policy to save us not from water but from fire next time providing one has paperwork in hand

poetry final

Alex Grant

[1]

Describe the sound when a penny drops into a wishing-well. Consider the relevance of the following factors: acoustics, knowledge of wells, odds of fulfillment, presence of stars. To be written from the coin's point of view.

[2]

Imagine gravity traded as a commodity. From a bird's perspective, make a case for public ownership, apportioned by weight. Set on an uninhabited island.

[3]

Explain the attraction of the moon.

In no more than thirty-two lines, suggest a new name for the number zero.

Combine the responses in a 12-line pantoum.

[4]

Establish a seamless association between the following: an executioner's birthday party, fractal geometry, attention deficit disorder. Result must be tacitly non-judgmental, and be suitable for a sixth-grade audience.

[5]

Bonus question—substantiate your findings.

With permission from Alex Grant

Response to Alex Grant's Poetry Final How Much Time Do We Have?

1.

She thought of him and Threw me Down the rocklined hole

Head, tail, head, tail Blip-ip-ipp Onto Orion's spear

2.

Here's the deal
Each according to his mass
Is for the birds

In other words
It's good to be a dodo
Until the dogs arrive

3.

Oceans find the moon attractive They like its pull Its white all-color light Where om is for naught

They like its pull Over lovers on the sand Where om is for naught And everything is light Over lovers on the sand
Where om is for naught
And everything is light
Oceans find the moon attractive.

4.

A butterfly landed on the tumbrel Changing its direction Breaking a piñata that Where was I now Like the guest of honor Spilled its insides

5.

My findings are based on Testimony by expert witness Aka poet