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Feast of Venus
Saturday, April 8
8pm at the Belfast Shrine Club

Costume as a fool, a sailor, a denizen of the sea, an island creature, a goddess, a poet, and to dance your heart light as a spring breeze.
April Fools, one and all —
We're sailors on the stormy seas of love.
Ship-wrecked on an island in the mediterra sea
Seeking a vision of Venus.

Feast of Venus
Saturday, April 8
3pm at the Belfast Shrine Club
Bring something to share potluck feast
$3 to feed the 3-headed dog at the door

Costume as a fool, a sailor, a denizen of the sea,
an island creature, a goddess, a poet, and to dance
your heart light as a spring breeze.

Oh She who is worthy of praise! Oh great one!
Oh Goddess:
Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali,
Inanna,
Oh Venus!
Lauds and obeisance to You!

On April 8 we gathered to worship the Goddess, to celebrate
our love and feast in her honor as ourselves. Our host and
patroness was Mary Weaver, Scholar in Drama, at this,
the 19th annual Feast of Venus, in Belfast, MAINE.
The Pageant this year reflected the theme:
"we are sailors on the Stormy Sea of Love,
Seeking visions of the Goddess from above,"
and ended with a rousing audience sing-a-long,
lead by none other than yours truly, a fool for love.*
The food was ethereal ambrosia; the music was
made of the Gandharva's or celestial musicians. The
dancing was ecstatic revel of the Baccante's. The love was
all-pervasive: *"ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE"* ~Sheila H.
Sunday May 10th

hordes of blackflies in blood lust
decimated by dragonfly multitudes
Somerset County back dooryard
talk of national sports on TV
hiding deep in themselves beneath
Town of Saint Albans tar roads and gravel
harlequinade in the raspberry thicket
three-legged stool and a chair
ten quart pail full of dreamwood objects
personal letters of a gold leaf island
surrounded by the woods and hayfield fences
farm pond where Great Blue Heron wrote
made the wind gust eighteen knots
sail white paper plate off-lap
flying dinnerfood marigold hair and the twins

in the treetops
intermingled with the dictionary afternoon

I was trying on awareness
listening to voices concealing sad hunger
yet laughed at blackflies snatched in mid-air
zipturning dragonflies reflected flashes
glistening rainbows their fourwings

the way a conversation abides
of itself not in words yet is a poem

compelled to turn pages
discover the solution to the ultimate mystery
at the center of creation
dreaming God.

from Maine Weather Service/Poems From Windjammer Hill
unpublished book of 32 by Daniel A. Russell
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The Risk Of Receiving A Compliment

Someone likes a painting.
It is mine;
a disturbed thought
caught on canvas
years ago.

Does this tell me
we are twin souls,
exploring the same unknown
threads of a web
I once wove?

Though pleased
that someone likes
my painting,
there is
beneath that pleasure,
fear.

Jean B. Laier
May 12, 2000

On Ion Poor O Nion

we didn't care we
followed the
onion all over town
peeling him layer by
layer every
one on the street
ignored his
cries for help which
grew higher and
higher until we
reached the tiniest of his
center tones some
one said we did
it because he was
a foreign
onion but truth was
we did it because we
didn't care
All Americans mothers want their son becomes the next Clinton.... All Italians mothers want their son becomes the next Raphael!

To be an artist first rule you must create art; a little talent comes along its helps! Best to be is being a virtuoso they will give you moolah, the key of the city, honorable titles, etc... alas Oscar Wilde said: "People is very magnanimous they can forgive everything but genius" so watch your step!

I ain't no problem because I am a self confessed genius! Strange there are good souls ponders if I ain't?

150 years ago, to be a great artist; primo he must be reckon by his fellow great artist; secundo an important dealer shows his works; tierco a major art collector bought his oeuvre and last he is sung by an important art critic !

100 years ago to be a credible artist the man must be a Spanish or Jew, be a pederast helps a great deal or simply self sufficient rich! Nowadays the only requirement is to be rich... period!

You don't choose the site of your birth hence better of to being born in Italy if you are Cellini! In America you are a suspect if you are an artist they tag you a cope out! In France they love and envy, hate you the same!

Being artist; advantage is you could pass for a dreamer or loco here is an easy way to be reckon as a major artist: go to a dump take some metal junks, emptied bottles, old rags put them in a fancy designed plastic crate... not for long some museums directors will ho and has in front of your masterpieces; alas déjà vu!

Inspire and consolation for artist is there always some chickadee think you are the best thing since a slice of bread when desperate you overdose on booze or dope she will jump out of the window follow you into glory!
science moves ahead despite daylight saving's time

JABIR’S PROOF

That out of a blind and senseless universe
Would arise billions of eyes like yours and mine--
Could it be any plainer than that?

That a thousand human tongues
And billions of non-human languages would emerge
Out of an utterly meaningless universe--
Could anything be more persuasive?

That out of a heartless, dog-eat-dog universe
Would have arisen
Something as full of love as You--
What could be more obvious than that?

We hold these truths to be self-evident--
This intense, non-symbolic experience of the senses
Your lovely Presence here beside me
And everywhere surrounding us
This vast Cosmos clothed in unspeakable beauty.
Vertical or How Halved Gourds Glazed with Rain Water Reflect Atomic Clouds

It’s one of those blistering desert days, not a cloud in the sky other than the one mushrooming behind you. You stand in uniform, arms akimbo, a smile on your face like you wish it were always this safe to stand in the middle of a desert somewhere and pretend what rises behind you isn’t deadly. On the horizon a train or what looks like a caravan or trucks, wagons on their way to the slaughter house, two power line poles, their cables like hair almost invisible, your own shadow cowers beside your dusty, black boots, a wind sweeps down from snow-capped mountains, all along the explosion behind you blooms, emptying like rain-filled gourds behind you, it’s a blistering hot day and everything wants to melt, suffocates under the taunted forces of nature, physics, what we’ve come to know thus far, all that can destroy us, make us vanish. If you listen closely, you can hear the heat zing.

Jerks During Sleep

Incubation, the art of filled pockets, a rock in the hand, a swallow stuck to a rock, a hard promise, premonition, a black-winged moth turned to breath. My wife claims I get the heebie-jeebies right before I fall asleep, muscles spasms, the myclonic jerks, the pros call them, this twitching as if falling, a car slammed into a tree. The way poor Jimmy Dean crashed into a tree, or was it a lamp post? No matter these bodily hiccups, the body’s refusal to give in, float away into nothing.

I snore too. Breathe heavily. Who knows what I’m dreaming, I can never remember, all I’m guilty of is these sudden moves.

If I were a somnambulist, I can see myself getting up, opening the front door, walking out into the dark, eyes wide open to join other nocturnal creatures. They too move in the night. They too dream. A cocoon wriggles. A mouth opens like a cave. Awake.

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The “nirh-song” or “drum-song” is the Eskimo’s way of replacing a law court by a public poetry contest. One imagines that there would be fewer suits at law in our own world if each party were required to state his grievances in satirical verse before an audience that would arbitrate the issue on the basis of the disputant’s power of poetically arousing sympathy for himself and ridicule for his opponent.

Katherine Donithorne
Natasha Bernstein

"...out here, out there, out where I dare:
dare to travel, dare to see,
dare to dare to let things be me..."

TERRORIST OF THE MIND

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FOR OUR TROUBLED TIMES!