
Peter Viereck

My Ninetieth Year

Slower, great wheel of our circus
Of Barnum-and-Moriturus,
Sink lower slower.
Green is calling, "Stay, stay";
Gray calling, "Sink away."
At wheel's deep dip, in order to allay
What can't be stopped, this gray,
Make one plus one equal three.
Make you and me be we.
Idea-drugs don't help very much.
It's the thingness of bodily touch
That changes "apart" to a part,
Each more than only an each.
Green now is near and out of reach.
My touched, my toucher, come to me.
My Ferris wheel's now changed, as I look closer,
Into a coaster.
Mixed metaphors? Let them be strewn
Like woodchips when I carved for us
A Trojan Pegasus.
Scrap wheel tropes; I'm now unalone;
You unnamed presence, you're the one
Whose touch got this reversal done.
Running the traffic lights of norm,
My sickbed is an ambulance on
A roller coaster to the moon.
How cold my gray, how warm.

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Gate

Is there an eastward western gate?
The wind so sways the grasses
They seem to be waving goodbye
From the horizontal door.
That door's a grave.
Just now they seem to be waving
(It's Easter) goodbye hello.

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