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LATE MORNING MOON

They will come into sight: illumination
and host; few, if any, questions will have
to be asked, and things will fall into place,
and things to be done will levitate
into more perfect shapes. . .

Stay the road, opalescent weather
rings, and an ultimate way
extrudes into the distance –
without combative canards,
without oblique trials or unwanted fever. . .

Remember those to whom you
wish to be compared. They have
a simple loss, and nothing's misunderstood;
simple lessons taught through simple feats,
each time at each speed. . .

EXILE IN PASSAGE

When a low chorus, emboldened and at hand, trilled in seduction;
when afterwards hid in natural cover, youthful fare, rhymes;
when translucent voices had aired without far-flung echo. . .

Now,

Exile, now nestling in fresh suburban folly, now
surveys awkward oaks survive, survive
thousands of miles, thousands of days from a place
that destines him Exile. . . All he had or could
avail, out of context.

Length with its quirks, he ceded,
as Exile greets a glaze rising concordantly over a set of invaded hands;
flesh

wears
down and starts to illumine
from an excessive rub independent years perform.

What we were guides what we will try,
and what we are will carry pieces of both.

After forty, he'll take fewer notes
and rely on code. . .

Don't push too hard – it shows;
and he can't be as ambitious either,
for that's bad form. . .

And he should stand flat-footed more often –
to make it look easy, so he's welcomed everywhere.

Exile looks back in lust
to tour again, even again.

What consensus events
with crowds, on their feet, raving
for access that could fly. . .
Where an athlete who's never forgetting
and a politician who's not to adjourn protuberant chants –
with congratulations that shorten all doubt.

BY BUS TO TRANSPOSITION

Among the many standard passengers,
we hear clamors of dissent
once a usual claim could be had,

as the wheels sing in collaborative dissonance,
or as longer trust
encounters broken symmetry.

Still, it may be said
the one hallowed place,
ahead of us all,

should have been foreseen,
though none foresaw to join
this portentous trip,

it would transfix at a different point
and harbor a different route
to the abrupt crest,

where things curb in an uneven slant,
where one halts at an awkward curve,
where one knows permutation stops short

to make a full field flat. . .

THE INCIPIO GENE

There is a simple rule we learn early:
origin has but one nature:
to fill its self into abundance.

It shall not loose swells of confusion nor
powers of banality to satisfy
an intellect or voluble plan.

Without humor or debate, a fast
crush grinds to a single cause,
as craze has forged the drive.

Yet, idylls of every favored player must be broken:
nothing – not a cell nor stem
nor trait – naturally grows endlessly. . .

The early blossom, receding in stasis,
must decay to a state of entropy,
a postscript and also legacy. . .

For deep within the seed to abound
forms an end to the unending,
a germ of breach, a famishing.