

Eleven Poems
by
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Conversion

by Scott Russell Edgar

I know,
As I floated above a watery grave –
alone and exhausted,
With no one aware and
No strength to deliver myself,
That, despite your worlds without number
With their countless inhabitants,
 You knew
 And delivered me.

Emperor Concerto, II at 1:40

by Scott Russell Edgar

The strings prepare me
Like a good opening act
For the moment the piano comes in,
Like a ballerina on point
delicately entering the stage.
I'm speechless every time.
In awe (reverent almost)
As my body absorbs the sound waves
Harnessed two centuries ago by a deaf man
Who arranged them into beauty then
Converted them to ink and
Stained them on paper.
And now I sit transfixed
As a modern-day acoustic alchemist
Transmutes the ink back into waves
And floods me with euphoria.

Forgotten Walls

by Scott Russell Edgar

Clarity comes

And the walls reveal themselves –
tall, strong and immovable.

In the haze and fog,

Which is his daily walk,

Their existence is blurred;

They are forgotten

Though he was there when they were built,
and even added stones.

Now in clarity, he looks to bring them down –
stone by stone.

And so he works relentlessly, with shovel and
hammer

As his salty sweat stings his eyes and

His muscles and mind fatigue.

Yet his only yield from this Sisyphean task is

Bloodied palms and frustration,

While the stones remain, one upon the other.

Then slowly and imperceptibly,

(under cover of his exhausted heart and
mind)

The fog seeps back again

And hides the stony barricade.

Ocean Blue

by Scott Russell Edgar

You're like the ocean:
Full of life, always in motion
And reflecting the light of the sun.

Your heart is big like the ocean:
Reaching far with gentle emotion
As the waters reach the distant shores.

Your spirit is like the ocean:
A calm and peaceful disposition
But rough and feisty too at times.

And your eyes,
They're big and blue
Like the ocean.

The Winds, the Water, the Years

by Scott Russell Edgar
(In memoriam Jack D. Palmer)

The land in which you were born
Has a beauty earned through resistance.

The winds have worn the faces of the rocky cliffs
And abraded the plateaus of cedar and sage.

The waters, too, have worked their part
Cutting canyons to the deep, carving depth and
dimension
Into the dry, high desert land.

And the years have watched, and opened the way
For the winds and the waters to work and create.

And on it goes, the wind, the water, the years,
Forming beauty where the land resists.

And you, a son of this land,

You have a beauty, also earned.

The winds, howling as they did for Adam –
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread –
Have hardened your sinews and chapped the
skin
Of your calloused, crooked hands.

The waters, in floods of self-doubt and
uncertainty,
Have carved the lines deep in your persevering
brow,
And etched the wrinkles tracing down your
solemn face
Which carried tears in your quiet, desperate
moments.

The years, reflected in your pale blue eyes,
Have watched the winds and the waters work.

And now your course has run and you've
returned
To your land to sleep low and undisturbed.

The winds - They howl no more.

The waters - They cease to flow.

And the years - They closed with your tired eyes.

But your beautiful soul – it's immutable, and it's earned.

But not through resistance;

Instead, through submission.

Unconditional

by Scott Russell Edgar

Thrust into mortality
New and unbroken yet
And you,
 Having just crossed the valley,
With tender reach,
Pull me close to your body
Which was broken for me.
In your safety
Your heartbeat communicates to me
Of love,
Of possession –
 belong to you.
In that moment,
 I alone am your world.
 I alone am your joy.

Death Comes

by Scott Russell Edgar

Death comes and he walks.
We are the quarry — we all.
He takes whom he will.
Employing no subtlety
For we're tethered finitely.

Rho Cassiopeia

by Scott Russell Edgar

Your brilliance greets me
Light years after it left you.
Are you still shining?

The Universe

by Scott Russell Edgar

Hubble found your truth:
Expanding faster, faster.
Red shift was the key.

Vincent

by Scott Russell Edgar

I feel you here.

I sense your soul in the quiet darkness

Of the slow, flow of le Rhône

As she wanders under your

Starry Night

Past the place of your Yellow House.

In the day light,

As the yellow sun arcs

Through the sky of broad, blue strokes,

I see the fields (littered with ancient Rome)

In your colors –

yellows, greens, and blues

As if painted in windmilled paints –

Bright and layered thick.

And the heavenward sunflowers turn their heads,

As if searching for you –

Wanting to be immortalized on your canvas.

But you've been gone for ages –

Your sadness took you away.

Ruines de Tourvieille

by Scott Russell Edgar

Where are those hands
That broke the black earth
And raised you up?
That cut your stones and
Fit them one upon the other?
Where are they now?
Was the black earth broken for them?
Has that same earth
Brought them back into itself?
And who wept for them and
Kissed them in their cold, last moments?
Or did they go still in silence
Among unfamiliar faces —
With you, a crumbling house,
Their only vestige.