

A Sampler of Her *Collected Poems*

by Constance Black

Fame	1
The Door	2
Dream House	3
Bach In The Morning.....	4
How sad, how sad.Consolation.....	4
Consolation	5

Fame

Fame

Passed me by, whispering
Seductive words into my ear
As I awoke this cool spring
Morning, fog shrouding
The monument, the world pale
Icy grey.

Fame

Passed me by as I stirred
From dim dreams and forgotten toil,
To the morning rituals, while
My body, now complaining, found
Again the labor of moving away
From dreams into physical day
Laborious.

Fame,

Passed me by with a wink
And averted eye, rushing in
A busy stream down the narrow
Street like a flooded stream,
Following a clanking calliope
Around the corner ahead where
I could not see.

Fame

Stared out at me from
Fevered eyes, sunk in a warm
Seductive bath of admiring glances.
I don't understand but I see
The parade, the rushing fevered
Throng, away around the corner
And gone.

The Door

The cats hesitate now when
I open the door in the morning as if
They have become more sensitive
To the wildness that beckons, or
Is it my fear, my tameness filling them,
That hesitates, sensing that boundless
World of instinct that lies OUT THERE, beyond
These safe barriers, and yet---

The leaves are edged now with red.
The Virginia creeper will explode soon
In a riot of color. The mornings are dense
With fog, lifting over the harbor to reveal
The endless beauty of light moving over water.
As the cats move out on their secret journeys,
I sense the wildness deep inside myself that calls,
That longs to move with them on that mysterious
Dark journey. How do I stop that? Fence it in?
Not as long as I live on this earth
And feel moved by its hidden stirrings.

Dream House

Finally, falling asleep again
I found myself back in
A familiar place I knew
Was home and opening
A rough hewn door I entered
The back of the house. It
Was hidden there, waiting, only
Dimly remembered, with two
Old pianos, needing tuning like
The one in my real house,
And space. "Why don't we use
This side of the house?" asked Carl.
Of course, why not. I envisioned
Meetings, theatricals, concerts,
And space for all of that. "I
Must fix it up, paint," Immediately
The walls were a bright cheerful yellow.
The medium was instantly changeable,
Not like this reality where the changes
Come with much labor. I awoke
Feeling refreshed, wanting to return
Again to that hidden space. Somehow
It speaks to me of unopened rooms
In the house of our mind, only waiting
For the opening of a door. Sometimes
A spark of love will open that door,
Illuminate that space within. Love
Which is the spirit opening towards
The object of love—and then
The weary world, like a rundown house,
Opens its doors and becomes filled
With radiance, with new possibilities.

Bach In The Morning

Bach in the morning
St. Mathew's Passion
Lifts over all distress,

Trees now turning
Their traditional yellow
Burning towards November.

We walk through the days
But cast again into
That psychosis called war.

Listening to Bach, how
Can I possibly hate you as
You turn on the spit of your anger?

Listen Osama, Muhammed Atta and friends
You are missing the beat. Only Bach
Enfolding me can live with me here,

In this room, in this moment and
You are missing it all.
How sad, how sad.

Consolation

In my dreams a young whale
Breaches and swims, playing
In the velvet water along the back shore.
A woman sits, staring quietly out to sea while
Children play, racing along with the whale.

Yesterday I swam in quiet waters
And a gull swam with me. Nature
Conspires sometimes to be a solace,
To have communion. It speaks
To me of connections, although
I didn't realize I asked. My wish
Must have spread out, unknown to myself
And the universe answered, "We are here
We are here."

Human words create remoteness, distance.
I see briefly behind the mask and dance
Only briefly, with the universe.