

# A Sampler of Her *Collected Poems*

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## **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.