

# PROJECT PAPERS

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STEVE LEVINE

## POEM

Good morning you will be loved  
On this glorious day  
You will be hated, both  
Kissed and despised. Good  
Morning bright steps rising  
To brown stone buildings  
Colorful individuals angling  
Down them toward the train —  
Sadly heedlessly or in inspired  
Reckless ecstasy on this glorious  
Day you will love you will hate both  
Kiss and despise. The grotesque beauty  
The radiantly ugly the genius or the just  
Plain foolish and goofy, good morning  
All! On this glorious day the boundless  
White beret is on your lovely heads go ahead  
Love and be loved hate and be hated kiss  
And despise be kissed and despised!

## CLEAR WATER

Clear water  
waiting, waits  
to fill the once  
full San Pellegrino  
Pre-Alp (Italiano)  
mineral water bottle,  
and to swirl. Clearly,  
the water is waiting  
it waits to fill it  
greenly as the bottle  
is not so strangely

green and intended  
for those two new  
cut Dutch tulips.  
Once they are put  
there, clear water  
waiting to swirl up  
swirls up though just  
a few beads enough  
to slip the green  
bottle lip, and all  
of this is meant to sit  
all motion, composed, over  
there before a print of  
Johannes Vermeer's *Officer and  
Laughing Girl*.

AMY GERSTLER

#### WISH IN A WAR ZONE

Somewhere under the weather  
snores our drugged hero:  
a gladiator or astronaut,  
lying in a fringed hammock  
in his mother's garden,  
waiting to be wakened  
and loosed upon the world.  
Quick, into my arms before  
the next tremor hits.  
Just beneath these monsoons,  
an aurora borealis trembles.  
Tucked into its luminous  
gunbelt, a change of luck,  
an abrupt windfall tunes up,  
just for us. Soon,  
instead of zinging bullets  
we'll find ourselves drenched  
in concertos. I have no  
authority to comfort  
you, though I try.  
If all this is to vanish,  
if you and I are lost,

set loose, wounded,  
to wander among uncomplaining  
trees, fingering their lightly-  
haired, sticky little leaves,  
then hand me my camera.  
I must take pictures.

## OUT OF KILTER

Elsewhere sheep graze with admirable restraint.  
Elsewhere he eats and sleeps marvelously.  
Elsewhere, he remarks to his companion that the earth smells beautiful. (It has just  
rained.)  
Elsewhere the mockingbird expands her repertoire.  
Elsewhere it snows and at first the children are delighted.  
Elsewhere the bees flaunt their expertise.  
Elsewhere the fragrance of orchids overtakes him, and at last he forgets himself.  
Here, one munches the bread of exile.  
Here, one drinks the juice of confused fruit.  
Here, even the beauty of bulldozers eludes us.  
Here, adolescents collect evidence against their parents, and free themselves by informing  
the authorities.  
Here, one waits and hopes by the kitchen window like a lovesick girl.  
Here, his illness is never mentioned, or is called by the name "a clean bill of health."  
Here, I plead with you all day long, though you are no longer within earshot.  
Here, even meatless words like *putrid*, *quagmire*, *spread-eagle*, *revenge*, and *born again*  
have already been gnawed to death.