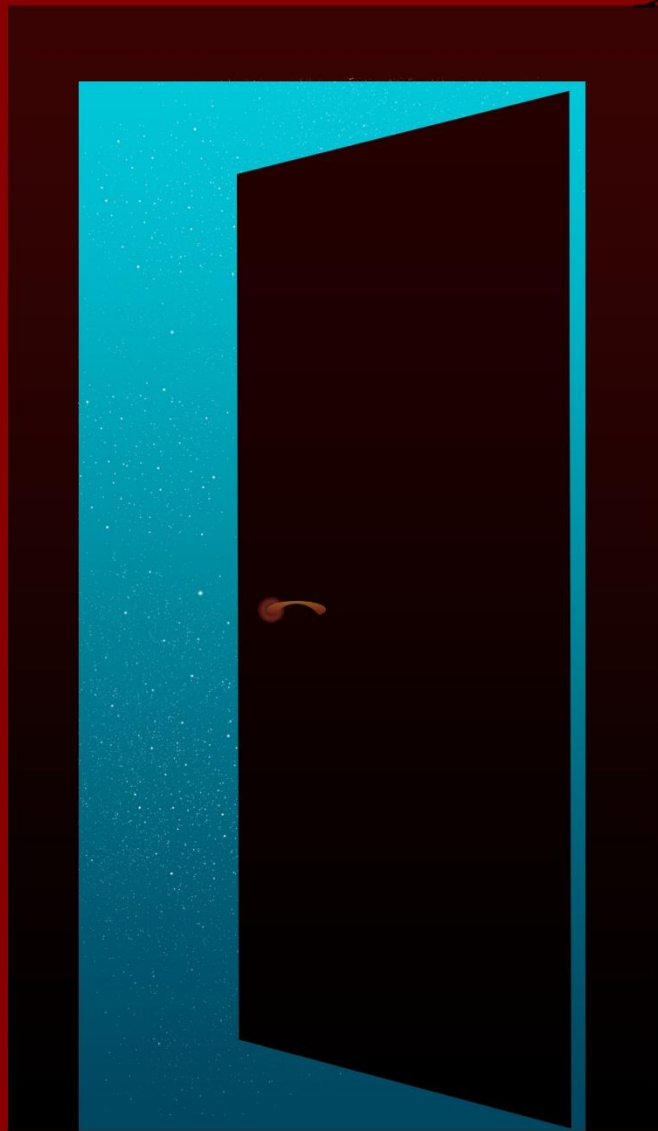


I Sing as You Have Taught Me



Copyright
1999 by Tse

Tse

Books

I Sing as You Have Taught Me

Hands We Cannot See is comprised of three little sections of verse. The first, *Baseball in America*, is a collection of nine Shakespearean sonnets. The second, *Hands We Cannot See*, is a section of 43 poems written all in the month of November; I forget what year. They are devoted to Emily Dickinson to whose poetry I took a net to capture its essence. Don't know if I did but I certainly enjoyed the experience. The third section, *A Month of Sundays*, is a collection of 32 sonnets of my own devising. It was said to me "... you have to write something first ..." and I took it to heart and did. Hope you enjoy.

selections from
Baseball in America

First Inning

Suddenly you prayed for inspiration
Uniquely clasps my hand as ere you did,
Guides me toward the path of maturation,
Forewarning me of dangers subtly hid.
I do not pause; more firm becomes your hold,
More adamant your words in echoes ring,
Adjuring me with your maternal scold:
The Sirens still are out there; still they sing.
Upon mine ear your admonition rhymes
In mimicry of what I must beware,
Charming as a hundred thousand wind chimes
Which tintinnabulate in perfumed air.
I cannot write and lie, this poem's true;
As is the thought behind it: I love you.

Second Inning

Most meekly do the voices contemplate;
Not speaking, but in their silence showing
By signs and shadows what's to be my fate:
The stars, all aligned, are brightly glowing.
With sweet intentions float they by my ear
And wrap me in a whisper of delight,
Disclosing secrets only I will hear,
Unveiling hidden beauty to my sight.
Adoringly revolving 'round my life,
They pleasingly attend my ev'ry need
Through mystical connections with my wife
Whose gifted divinations I do heed.
I praise with awe her oracles, she blinks
As baffling as the riddle of the sphinx.

selections from
Hands We Cannot See

Dedication*

This is my letter to the soul
Who letters wrote to me -
My simple tongue my muse make bold -
With modeled energy

His message is created
To hand eternity -
Sweet countrymen - Of thy verse sing
It Breathes - Your Majesty

*Refer to Miss Dickinson's 441

21

A Zephyrus air! A happy breeze!
Across the meadow flows -
It hugs the grass a little ways,
Retards its pace and blows

A fetching tune upon a reed
Which freed enjoys the ride -
And floats as far as days that are
Contented by your side.

*(Zephyrus was a Grecian deity who personified the west
wind: thought by believers to be the mildest of
nature's beings.)*

30

The moment that I was awake -
To see an angel pass -
Was less the time it takes a shooting star -
To comprehend an arc in heaven -
'Neath a haloed moon -
Yet certain was I I an angel saw!

And swayed in darkened mystery!
And prayed that I would once more see!
The angel in an arc across the sky!
But years would pass like wildernesses!
Without a hint of fond caresses!
The firmament stayed dark and so did I!

Oh! God is kind the sages say!
Though we may not perceive His way!
And if we do, we may yet disagree!
But what of that! The deed is done!
My angel is a shining sun!
And God is right and you, my love, are she!

41 *

Out of nature's flower I drew
A similarity;
I plucked it, gave it to my love
Who found it favored she:

She blushed when first I showed it her,
Turned modestly and smiled -
I stayed her presence with a touch -
More touches drove her wild! -

Her eyes communicated
What she breathless scarce could say! -
Like harbor lights that glow at sea
For sailors far away! -

The port is here! - No storm to fear! -
Direct this way thy oar! -
Wild nights are mine! - Wild nights are thine! -
Forever shall we moor!

*Refer to Miss Dickinson's 249

selections from
A Month of Sundays

I

I worry I will fail to describe you;
For in you, I must bear witness to all
Beauty glowing in God's reflection. True,
And never failing to answer the call
Of my exasperated cry, you come
Immediately, never asking why -
Always knowing without speaking the sum
Of my sorrows. Your charmed touch quiets my
Hell and silences my pain, till at last
I hear your love song, peaceful and mature,
Guiding us into heaven, where the past
Fades into the distance and the future
Is wholly given to the present. Free
At long last, I sing as you have taught me.

XIII

I shall paint your portrait using my pen
As a brush, my mind as a palette, full
Of colors, praying I fail not to win
Your approval, without which all is null
And void - I embark and quickly apply
Multitudinous hair, shocking and wild,
Moving, though on the canvas it doth lie -
Your face, turned, gazes on your womb, with child,
Whose tumbling tickles my brush, makes me laugh,
And as I laugh, a glow of pinkish hue
Encircles you, but it is not my craft
By which it's there; such things I could not do.
Stepping back ... holding breath ... my heart quivers!
The baby lives! - Your portrait delivers!

Tail of the Comet

Displaced among the ruins, hidden where
Specific feet will trod, a sculpted art
In anxious waiting lies, an unflawed air
Of honesty still cradled in the heart
Of its remains which valiantly has fought
To keep its pose intact, defying odds
Adverse to its survival, bravely caught
Where inflicting elements could at God's
Behest destroy all, rightly blaming none,
Assured its place in his'try has been carved
And will not be ignored by anyone
Who for astounding genius has been starved.
A monumental renaissance alone
Will understand its message etched in stone.