

This Is Me,
Not Robert Creeley,
Speaking

Paul Bussan

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This Is Me, Not Robert Creeley, Speaking

A new labor, not
entailing sweat nor death,
I, and only I, am being,
not by the Oracle
of Delphi, nor
the Sybil, called
to do.

I Know A Self

After Robert Creeley

As I was saying to my
self, because I am
constantly talking to my
self,—Paul, I sd,

since that's my name,
and I always call my
self by my real name,
the darkness around us

isn't all that bad,
and the headlights on
this new car I've bought
see far enough ...

So drive, I sd.

What's Love Got To Do With It?

Carrying, heart-shaped
and twice its size,

a candy box
between its jaws,

a squirrel, without
ever, because

it's empty, therefore
light, dropping it,

runs down a hill,
and after, at

the bottom, looking
left, then turning

right, vanishes
from my sight.

For All That Is Worthy In A Man

Nothing for
a worthy man;

no bar of soap
to wash his hands,

or off his balls
those grains of sand

that give to him
those bits of grit

which will scratch her
just a bit.

Desire Path

With a stick,
of lightning stirring

concrete as
the mix I'm pouring

into a form
where it is curing

beneath my feet
as it is leading

cold and hard
to what I'm looking

for with each step
I am taking.

3 Truths At 24 Frames Per Second

“As Jeanne Eagels,
Kim Novak
is out of
her depth.”

“William Holden,
in a movie,
hasn't looked
so alive in years.”

“... and on
the screen, a
vacuum called
Eddie Fisher.”

A Watershed Moment On St. Croix

To save on
the supply

of rain, from
storms passing

overhead
collected, and,

in cisterns on
the roof, stored, I,

seeing I
was clean enough,

turned
the shower off.

Beyond W.C.W.

So much does not
depend

on fountain pens
that are

disposable
when they

are all out of
black ink.

Practice Makes Perfect

I've died,
and risen, and
died and risen,
then died again
and risen again,
so often I, at
the same time,
can now do both
with one eye closed.

The New Scientific Method

As opposed
to Bachelard,

I believe
my dreams are hard

evidence
of the stuff

that my life
can be made of.

After Berkeley

While I, based
on who I am,
who I see myself
as being, am being
seen as, am
seeing others
as they are,
is to be.

Autumnal

I stood and watched
the ceremony,

unlike the others,
through dry eyes

that saw the tree
limbs were half empty

against a background
of grey skies.

Today this couple
isn't happy,

and this should come
as no surprise,

after all
they chose to marry

when leaves are dropping
like dead flies.

At The Tubes Of Liberty

Out of gas, a
fuel truck from

the mountain's side
emerges and,

to get me through
those tunnels shaped

like shoes they nail
to horse's hooves

for their protection,
and, for good luck,

over entrances
to a house, fills

me up with
just enough.

Beyond Robert Duncan

Being
a realist,
as real as
the world that
my poems create,
the one I base them
on I want to be.

Beyond Lew Welch

“In May, 1971, Welch went off with
a rifle, leaving behind a despairing
note, and was never heard nor seen
from again.”

—*The Oxford Book of American Poetry*

In November, 1999,
leaving behind my rifle,
I set off on a note of
hope, and since then,
over and over, if
only rarely seen,
regularly
have been
heard from.

Bonnie And Clyde

Other than
the robbing

and the killing
and the running

and the ending, the way
it should be.

Metaphysical

Than the Russian, the
American, and
the French
combined,
more blood, a
revolution of
the heart,
spills.

Cur Poema?

Because if it,
using words
for nails, and
paper for a cross,
isn't first, in black
and white, sacrificed,
life more abundantly,
both in the poet
and the reader,
it can't have.

On Molly Peters As Patricia Fearing In “Thunderball”

Cosmetic red
on her lips

and yellow in
her brown hair,

her honest lust
authenticates.

Duende

As hosts that I receive from priests,
those beasts, Machado, beyond

those tombs of the dead he
feared in the dungeon of

his soul, heard stirring
in their cages, when,

from the ones in me,
by the demon of my

dreams, they are
released, almost

as strong are
making me.

Fairmont Hotel, SF, CA

Inspired by Donald Hall's "Gold"

Despite a
devastating

earthquake, and
disastrous

love affair,
not due to gold,

the hue of
yellow roses,

on its walls,
but iron

reinforcing them,
it, like yourself,

is still here.

Omnipresent

Since savoir faire
is everywhere,

no matter where
I may be,

the atmosphere
I only need,

and, without fail,
of what to do

I am aware,
to inhale.

After Juan De Mairena

It is the genius in us who knows
that the past is most definitely past,
and therefore not forever sealed but forever
open to creative reinterpretation.

—James Carse
Finite and Infinite Games

... or, to put
that in poetic

language, only
once, once and for

all, the past is
dead and buried

can, for the
future to grow

in, it become
fertile soil.

Lines Inspired By Stephen Crane

As I was walking
down the road,
the Buddha,
in a long, black limousine,
pulled up next to me,
rolled down the window,
and asked me how ...

I told him to get lost.

Goethean

In that leaf
which fell from it,

that tree, which
from the forest

I can tell,
in its entirety,

I see.

Payback

Do you,
look at me,

do you
remember, I said

look at me,
do you remember

how, when I was in
your shoes, I said

to look at me,
you looked at me?

Well,
do you?

Ex Audite

Long after
Ruth's called shot,

and Thomson's heard
around the world,

in my ears,
have stopped ringing,

the crowd's cheering,
as Piersall, is

from behind,
rallying, in

his mind, to
beat fear, clear

and loud, I'm
still hearing.

The Test

Tired of,
before the swine,
casting pearls, I,
to make sure
they're worthy
of them, one, on
my tongue's tip, wear,
and only with the
ones who see it
there, share the rest.

Beyond Creeley

Increasingly
an un-

-worrying, un-
-stuttering, but

strange cadences
and off-

-beat line
breaks, still pos-

-sessing, self-
-consciousness, I

realize
I'm realizing.

Restorative

Dreaming dreams
of an adult

while sleeping soundly
as a baby

leaves me, when
I'm waking up,

feeling like
a man reborn.

Sunflowers

Unlike when they
were immature

and, because they
liked to watch it

set, would follow it
into the west,

now that they're grown,
from dawn to dusk

they face the east,
and even when

they're getting wet,
endure the rain,

to wait for it.

Zen And The Art Of Self-Maintenance

“Always,” my car mechanic says,
who, when he was in the army,
to piss off his superiors,
would, around his neck, a
medallion of the Buddha,
wear, “whenever you
have seen me, on
me, a gun some-
-where, I
have got.”

More Lines Inspired By Stephen Crane

A man
on fire, faster
and then faster
and then even faster,
all the time saying
“If I stop I’ll die”,
until, in a blaze of glory,
he flamed out,
kept running.

If You

cannot feel
what I am feeling,

cannot hear
what I am hearing,

cannot see
what I am seeing,

and cannot think
what I am thinking,

then you don't know
what you are missing.

Timing Is Everything

Now or never
once it was

but since I chose
now, not never,

now it's never
now or never

but whenever
I decide.

Theanderthal

Having learned through living,
which is the only way I could have,
that friendship, except with myself,
is highly over-rated, and all things
considered, something I am better
off without, and that true love
between a woman and a man
is very rare, and if it isn't there,
better than to make a mediocre
marriage, to remain a bachelor,
I've come to know and to appreciate
the pleasures of that self-
-sufficiency Aristotle says
only a wild beast
and/or a god
is capable of.

The Square Cube Law Of Poetry

Content eight times
as profound, and,

four times as much
as what it was

before, doubling,
or otherwise,

the poem, a
big bore, to

read will be, the
amount of

lines calls for.

The Honest Mailman

Having seen him chase,
while dodging, without regard
for life or limb, cars, a-
-cross the street,
junk mail which I
will throw away
the second I
receive it,
to retrieve it, al-
-most as much
as I trust God, my-
-self, and any
angels watching
over me, I do
the letter carrier
on my route.

Wanderlost

Maybe in
Montreal, or
better yet, Paris,
what, so far, I've
not found here,
I won't there,
either.

Brazier

Not burning, but,
like living coals,

put at the end
of the bed, from

which, through
the soles

of the feet,
from foot to head

the heat is flowing,
a rich blackred

my soul is glowing.

Eat My Dust

What they
don't know
they're missing,

and, how much
they will, will
never know,

I
only
offer once,

and then
am on
my way.

The Ontological Wager

Gambling
that that better,

when confronted
with the lesser,

I think of,
isn't just

in my mind,
instead of for

that lesser settle,
all I've got,

someday finding
it is not, I

am betting on.

The Knower, According To The Capacity Of
The Knower, Knows

It comes as no
surprise to me

that in your eyes
I do not see

that depth you don't
in those I do.

Adulterous Dialogue

“You’re married,” I say
as if to say I shouldn’t
have to say
this to her.

“I am aware of that,” she says
as if to say
I do
not.

“So get unmarried,” I say
as if to say
I shouldn’t have to
say that either.

“What are you saying to me?”
she asks, as if to ask
what am I
really saying?

“I’m saying,” I say
as if to say I mean
exactly what I say
“exactly what I said.”

She looks at me, as
if to say, that
wasn’t what she’d
hoped to hear.

I look at her, as if
to say, that wasn’t
what I’d
hoped to see.

Beyond Machado And After Creeley

Since through two eyes
instead of one

I now see
I now see

a rising, not
a setting sun

it is, and
also see

instead of done,
this day is one

that's just begun.

Inspiring

Green Bay 24, Dallas 17, 1967

He gambled
and he won;

instead of going
for a tie

he went for it
on fourth and one;

he chose to make it
do or die

and so avoided
sudden death

by scoring on
the final play;

you could see
the players' breath

condensing in
the air that day.

Affirmation At 57

When I was young
I couldn't wait

to grow up
and become

the man I have.

On Why I Am Up Before The Other Residents
In My Condo Association

Only
a poor poet,

and I, with him,
agree on this,

Machado said,
his dreams, as

source material
for his poems, would

draw on, so, there
in lying there

in bed, first thing
in the morning,

trying to
remember them,

is no point.

A New Inner Order

Napoleon
and Alexander
and even Genghis Kahn, along
with all those mothers of theirs they,
by being world conquerors,
were trying to impress,
this law inscribed
into my heart,
are now
subject to.

Napoleonic

I take,
the way

he took
that crown

which made
him king

of Europe
and put

it on
his head

without
assistance

from the Pope,
that host

the priest
puts in

my hands
each week

and place
it on

my tongue
myself.

F-Scale

I'd heard
that it could put
a straw
through wood,

but it
just took
the windshield wiper
off the hood;

I had
to stop so
it could
be repaired,

and to
this day,
of twisters, I'm
not scared.

In The Spirit Of Bukowski

Harder than his
cock when
he got
horny,

than fists
he made when
in a bar
room fight,

than, from
all the booze
he drank, his
liver had become,

my faith is.

A Thumbnail Sketch Of Christ

Inspired by Romano Guardini

Between the lines; outside the box.
At an angle that's oblique;
Heterodox;
Non-generic.

Below the radar; off the wall;
Marching to a different drummer;
Existential;
Like no other.

Beyond the pale; no holds barred;
Pushing it to the limit.
Slightly scarred;
Flesh and spirit.

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“The debut work of Paul Bussan, *A Rage Of Intelligence*, is an impressive work of poetry offering brief yet impressionable free-verse selections that leave an indelible imagery upon the mind’s eye. Describing small aspects of life and fleeting moments in a way to bring the transcendental out of the mundane, this work is highly recommended.”

—*The Midwest Book Review*, September, 2003

“The voice of Paul Bussan’s *Sonnets Inspired by Irene Jacob* is irresistible in its vulnerability. Written in the tradition of *Teasdale’s Sonnets to Duse*, in praise of the inspiring actress, these poems nonetheless draw more frequently upon feeling, with a greater degree of directness and transparency, and with their own unique investigations and conclusions. They rhyme with a knowing innocence which is rare in contemporary verse. “I cannot tell apart / The muse from lover,” the author writes. If you have despaired of finding again in modern sonnetry the high idealization of the lover/muse, here is a book for you.”

—Jennifer Reeser,
author of *Sonnets from the Dark Lady and Other Poems*

Paul Bussan is the author of two previous books of poetry, *A Rage Of Intelligence* and *Sonnets Inspired By Irene Jacob*. For more information go to: www.amazon.com/author/paulbussan.

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