

Five Poems from *Three Four Five* and Poems from *Pieces*



Hank Lazer

i thought
she would
run out the clock

gracefully
she did not
i wouldn't say
that her death-path

haunts me
the entrapment
the lack of choice
& no control
sun-faced buddha moon-faced buddha

12.26.2021
Duncan Farm

truth is neither
known nor
held cloud

cover in early
morning & a distant
rooster crows
three dogs 2 4 & 14

at rest in different
metrics of remaining
life the new telescope
human curiosity
in search of beginnings

12.27.2021
Duncan Farm

i don't know
for whom poetry
remains

of interest
this space
of being
to which

i have given
my life
all to sense
a hidden
rhythm

1.1.2022 (4)
For Donald Revell

let me tell you
how this book
began

years ago
in a little village
or big city in Russia
or Lithuania or Ukraine

a man named Henry
was the mayor & a very
learned & curious person
he died in America
before i was born

1.9.2022 (3)

is being
itself
the quicksand

you are made
to thrash around
in place it
gently under your

tongue she said
it's *mishegoss*
but she had seen
the pogroms
when she was very young

1.13.2022 (2)

from PIECES

11.12.2021

each
& every
shall have a say

*

thinking
is the real
dancing its way
inward

*

say
what

*

11.12.2021 Duncan Farm

delirium's
insistent
sibling

*

vowels
collide
clotted
cream

*

won't be
summed up

*

becoming
something

*

have you
found it
mystery

suffering
miracle
of being
incarnate
*

all
go
through it
*

a light
too bright
*

by his very
being
he summoned
goodness
from others
*

sing
the idiosyncrasy
of this
as it whispers
through
time
*

until
it casts
a shadow
*

warmed
by morning light
sun
above the tree line
*

as he said
some time ago
we wonder now
if there will be

a future

*

world
made of his mind
is it this one
is it that one

*

no
not
what thinking knows

*

i wish to bring you
to that back country
pasture hillside
& old farmhouse

*

remote
depends upon
your willingness

*

all the buddhas
past present & future
sit with you

*

time's
indecipherable
rhythm

*

no theme
no plan
proceeding
as is
momentary
guest
in the house
of being