

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