

Summer Showers

Matt Durham

“Summer Showers”
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cumprimentos meu amigo	greetings my friend
é mim	It is I
Eu quero dizer-lhe algo	I wanted to tell you something
Para ser honesto	But to be honest
eu esqueci-me de o que é	I forgot what it is
A vida é engraçada	Life is funny
essa maneira	that way
Desculpe por favor	Pease excuse
minha confusão	my confusion
muito obrigado	thank you very much

june thirtieth
you were pushed
and leapt
through a ring of fire
the crowd gasped in amazement
as you plunged
into outstretched hands
and your mother wept
as your father stared
into the eyes of creation

leaders
are fools
just as we all are
and the greatest fool
is the one who falls in love
and in so doing
fools the self
into believing
that love
will last
forever
ha

these poems
have a certain shape
they bounce
in and out
not knowing
whether to drift
into the wide open
or return
to the pull
of the straight line

Hace calor de fuera	It is hot outside
Yo busco refugio a la sombra	I seek refuge in the shade
La brisa seca la superficie	The breeze dries the surface
Pero no penetra la agua	But does not penetrate the water
Que fluiga, frio y claro	That flows, cool and clear
Descendia por la colina pedregoso	Descending down the rocky hillside
Traeando memorias de oscuridad	Bringing memories to darkness

it is so nice to come in here
when nobody's around
on a Friday
and write a poem
while making a cup of coffee
as the morning sun
lights up the blinds
and old beater cars
with there mufflers in disrepair
carry my distant relations

business plan
when I am 60
summer futbol program
to teach
the obvious
but also
Spanish and Portuguese
Tango and Samba
poetry and preparation
cultural anthropology
and world religion

I have an insatiable appetite
for comedy
equality
and passionate love
the scent of salt
and fragrant roses

I am not proud
of my consumption
in fact
I would like to greatly reduce
the waste I create
it is the addiction to luxury
that seems so hard
to voluntarily surrender
If I were
to walk lightly
upon the land
that would be very nice

I FUCKED UP MY KNEE
again
the other one
the good one
the same way as before
futbol madness
the three first half goals
are lost now
I have two
FUCKED UP KNEES
I'm in a pretty sad state

it is true
the best things in life
are free
the love of a child
or beautiful woman
are immeasurable
you will have to compromise
for a house, clothing
food and transportation
but the intangibles
are where it's at

no one will probably know
about my poetry
until I am dead
or too old to care
that is how I would choose it
as water
that laps against the stern
I quietly seek
to move the vessel forward

the skin
that drapes my bones and muscle
is golden brown
it may look white
from a distance
but step closer
and you will see
I am from the family
of dancing beasts
with fibrous hair
sharp nails
wild heart
and ever watchful mind

old man
walks down the street
with a swagger and gold chain
holding on
to the youth inside
just like me
on that painful day
when a hatrick's dark magic
signaled game over
I'm done
I will forever be scarred
by the beautiful memory
of a ball rolling into a net
as the great fire burned
and crushed me
back into the ground

notes on investment:
it is good to diversify
if your leg goes lame
you can draw and paint
if you go blind
you can play guitar, ukulele
if you become deaf
you can form clay
into pots and animal figures
and if your body
completely fails
you can dream
and turn thoughts
into syllables

ok
I am done creating
I yearn to listen
to all the quiet sounds
I want to hide in the forest
and watch the sun draw through
making shadow puppets
out of dancing leaves
I crave simplicity
and hunger for empty space

it would be wise
not to think of ourselves
as so important
but to be
more like trees or plants
birds, bees, animals
individually
we are extremely complex organisms
we make decisions constantly
one question is
when does this decision making become involuntary
every baby
needs to learn
to focus the eyes
and to breathe

pain
can help peel back the layers
of perception and pretension
you can hear things
through other people's minds
that you may not have heard before
I'm so tired
There is no point
It doesn't make sense
getting high
sounds really nice

for dinner
it was pea soup
and grilled cheese
a little burnt
on one side
hey
I'm trying my best
to get though
this knee business

on my way to the pool
I turned on the radio
oh....
a beautiful mozart aria
was thumping though my car
I passed the lights of the ballpark
the crabs were playing
I honked a dozen times
college students at the stop sign
I belted out a deep guttural sound
homeless man chipping a rock
on the sidewalk curb
I gestured wildly
I don't know how it will end
but I must keep trying

I felt like some forgotten bum
as I sat on the edge
of a dilapidated railroad track
with my pants down
and my broken knee
I wiped my ass
with dry weeds
and stared out
at the thorns, broken glass
and ripe blackberries
The blue bay tide was high
and hundreds of white birds
floated in the distance

I usually try
my best
not to offend or embarrass
anyone that doesn't want to be
Personally,
embarrassment
is a very painful experience
Everyone
is deserving
of some form
of dignity

Man
I'm taking my ticket
on the road
Aint no work up here
and the weather sucks
I'm a construction laborer
and aint no one hiring
I done my time lookin'
I shaved this here raggedy ass
I lived in the woods and the fog
And I'm cold
I gots to get outta here
Go where the weather's warm

looking at it as a purist
as though you were on a cloud
looking down on the stadium
you'd have to see the swing
I mean c'mon

if you're a kid
and you're learning
to hit home runs
out of the park
and you want to emulate
someone's swing...

you could argue for hours, days
about the power and bat speed
but the timing

it's everything man

go barry

a trademark of the previous 100 years
of American history
is overdevelopment
and general inefficiency
we build things on a grand scale
big buildings, big cars, big houses, big meals
with little consideration really
about what will happen next
it's become our signature
bigger now is better
it's obviously a flawed ideal

I would hate to be rich
to have the minds of the multitude
always watching
to see how you might lead your life
as one who does not suffer
as they do

and if I were famous
well that would be even worse
as it would seem
you have the eyes of the world
looking upon you
to see how it is
to be famous

I'm just so tired
I can't even tell you
I'm tired of my body aching
I'm tired of working every day
of neighbors complaining
of dogs barking
of people hating
and everyone trying to get ahead

what I need is something funny
something totally absurd
that I can laugh hysterically at
until all memory of tiredness
has been exhaled

In this primordial soup
of endless form and emotion
sometimes we have a choice
which way we want to steer
we can't control the elements
the wind direction
or political currents
we may unknowingly
be headed straight for a storm
our attempts at progress
may be futile
though we are
silently still able
to focus
and observe

I smelled your scent
on my fingers
as I sat
in the sexual harassment training
and listened to an attorney
talk
and tell legal stories
for two hours
as I drifted
in and out of alertness
dreaming
of your soft skin

do you believe
in the one god
claro
do you have faith
in the word of Jesus Christos
or the 6666 verses
ambos
but without conviction
though I also believe
we are all connected
by space
that form can be illusory
so as to say
time recognizes no limit

enough electrons
I am happy
making marks on paper
walking on the ground
rolling balls to my son
and standing in the wind
If I could let go
of all the machines
and return
to my animal nature
I would listen
to the trees speak with their leaves
as the creek laughs
under the smiling stars

one of the best feelings ever
is walking barefoot
in the warm beach sand
staring down at the flotsam
the dry seaweed
bleached clam shells
oily seagull feathers
as the wind blown ocean
brings coolness to the skin
and you watch the people
and their dogs
and goat
with curiosity