

Spirit Wind Poetry Gallery

Gallery

2015 Exhibition

Call for Poetry

Articles

Vision

Founder and Curator

David Anthony Sam

Do They Sweep Streets

My mother died before an I
could be spoken
My father sold himself to streetcorners

I shaved my head
to save time and escape
from all illusion

And so I grew tall
in the company of
quiet black coffins

The Preacher called me
a dirty Angel
who had a bright key inside

He tried to open the coffins
and set them all free
to wash baptism out of a polluted river

God was given
for my father
But he didn't know my streetcorners

So I awoke
to another cold morning
with harm in every vein

To Spiral as Archimedes

Aware here on one locus
of the far milky arm
I see the point that
corresponds to all the moving
away from what is fixed only
in the encreased mind

The mud under my feet
and in my flesh
keeps constant to its speed
as do the hidden plates
the planet and moon and star
called to our sunlight

While I feel steady in illusion
until the quaking of earth
or my own bones
angles my velocity
to the spiraling away
towards galaxy of ram's horn

My two arms may Leonardo out
to compass the constant
of all separation in distances
or to choose a Nautilus from its ocean
and hear in it the rush of all
to the knowing chambered there

Or drink the succulence
from the curving of cactus
that greens any desert
it finds the way to---
How swirl and radiant
these green fragments of stars

Graduating up in spiral line
the Great Mosques pray
babbling of a heaven---
or down in Hawaiian ferns that
still expanding and ascending
gyre me to widen ineluctable

I rotate to convert all angles
to the helixed branches
and so become unlineared
inconstant in my pace
to walk a meditating math
that sympathizes cosmos

And first and last my childhood
spirals in fall of pine cones
swirling to their pregnant
seeding of each dream
in tree aromaed new to weave
an afterimage with coiled starlight

Poetics

A poem should seem
the illusion of thick ice
seducing you into skating
a brave surface of cold
wind while the spider

cracks and air pockets
are thin enough for
sudden crash and full
immersion in the blue
hypoxia of the below.

A poem should fall
out of the lips and hum
a hive of angry bees
into honey so sweet
it hurts like death.

A poem should last
as long as a breath
and for the forever
of a fragile planet
so blue and brittle

you feel it in bones
breaking open in
bright flights of birds
erupting from brown
fields in late winter.

Inexorably worthless
and as important as
the amnesia of time
a poem should be
then become darkness.

Meditations

This sparrows winter hall
flights transience cold as wind

as I abandon visions abandoning
me to fire warmth and meal

made manifest and tabled here
between twins of darkness

something says rest is silence
falling snow muffles of earth

which way turns sunlight to
shadows long with solstice

of old or unheard music while
whistles become wind sheared

in corners of temporal walls
and shelters too brief

to solace my unfeathering
dance across the fragile warm

in here out there one line of
footfalls tapping never more

than keys becoming words
becoming meaning becoming

dusty tables needing clothing
to make them white again

like frozen falling clouds we
tremble in the knowing wind

become what may come
what the sparrow calls

hungry in the eaves hanging
with questions in drips of ice.

The Pantheistic Scientific Buddhist Tries to Live into the Mystery

"The most important task confronting mankind is to reinvent the sacred."
Scott Momday quoted in Reinventing the Sacred by Stuart A. Kauffman

All breaks into arising:
or the riverbed
creeked to its liberation
by constraints of banks
emerges from
the dark cavern
where blind fish
know by not using
vestigial blanks of eyes

This then is knowing water--
agent of the deeper
coming forth
the place beyond
quantum spin
webbed into biospheres
one and not one
and strangely attracted
to becoming

Flesh is this water mostly
figments of nonmind
arising into mind
and carrying
the in-sense of living
out of rock and long memory
oozed up and never
complete
but completing

Nonsense
argues for reduction
by the magic of
mathematics
drawn as the structure
of what is visible--
but it all cannot be
essenced to these
logical faiths

Little that we know
of all--but that we know
for all--
and raise ourselves
or decline
by rising or by
declination
of the little living
that we do herein

Nothing has become
and something has arisen
where the water
held itself true to
the limits it has carved
for itself in the rock
and soil that it waters
urging green out
of incipient cells

And cell by cell

agreeing to a whole
by each limiting
itself to play a role
and jellyfish by jellyfish
combine to stand
along this river
seven sensing
what all has become here

And cell by soul
and stride by intent to stride
we take upon the self
the mystery of things,
the wondering of unknowing
by the knowing
emergent from
this evolution
of a hungry sublime

Here then is the great
unknowing:
for we are such
dreams as stuff has made
us from itself
and our little life
arises from its sleep
as purpose and as agent
of this great becoming

Biography

David Anthony Sam is the grandson of Polish and Syrian immigrants. He has written poetry for over 40 years and has two collections, including *Memories in Clay*, *Dreams of Wolves* (2014). He lives in Virginia USA with his wife and life partner, Linda, and currently serves as president of Germanna Community College.

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