

Always Our Sprawling World is a book of my recent long poems, collected to highlight how I continue to draw inspiration from our ever-changing world.

ALWAYS OUR SPRAWLING WORLD by Marc Williams

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ALWAYS

OUR

SPRAWLING

WORLD

A collection of my recent long poems

MARC WILLIAMS

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HALF A CENTURY I AM TODAY

Whose crib-aura swirled & slowly gelled toward hard-flavoured grown persona over swollen years pellucidly wiser than how many of these sweating around me, surely not yet death rendering us sweaty since our youth lasts past our grayness in this generation of molder-less boomers gnawing upon money'd luck before the medicines awaiting our impatience. I have found a wobbly pivot-point between male & female, borrowing often from both bendable tempests since neither alone strokes me wholly well, coarsely attuned to the rabblish world grounding me whose misericordia melts from our culture 'd shenanigans unless riddled with penury 's blood-gushes or such menacing storms distantly roaring—-ask me of what I know & stop your ears with everything clutchable,

I can be so arrogantly oracular until wifely reminded to spare others from my trunk of water-logged knowledge, better to let me watch how She reclaims Herself amidst all of our plastic damage. Working to heal those scarred by scoldable mischief, this while Jesus stands behind me & gestures to my patients that I too was released from a mother's womb to capriciously wander thru our crazed world with a cracked compass while sighting the sun, tho I am prouder of myself than mere wish.

*

This closest ocean no rusty postcard, how we swam each afternoon until exhausted if the waves thrust us shoreward with their rougher affection for play-full vagrants, no bombs

Marc Williams

killing the eyes of the Viet Cong, no little girls' bodies napalmed & screaming to be saved, but late one night watching a man bounce on the moon because the Soviets pestured us with their venom, & I splashed my enemies with stinging salt-water as the youngster waterily worshipping such rolling bounty after dawn glorified Her surfable surprises.

We drove long miles thru our city to eat fast food as a hunting adventure of hamburgers cooked elsewhere, plastic first spelled in ways to court our liking long before it engulfed us, chewable toys for toddlers & G.I. Joe shooting at cars, no cancer yet from smoking commercials, tho later a President died of impeachment—-we could not spell "organic" with our taste buds, too many cycles of plastic amnesia before Natural food grew again on our plates.

You suddenly died on the toilet, my father of lambent grace, shortly before thousands of hippies twirled thru rain-storms, I having never well-grasped you tho our pet bird shat on my arm while enduring his black feathery screeches- what parents never reach our dreams to mourn them heart-fully clear, tho my anger at misfortune sprawled then fizzled thru puberty, so build a cabinet for your face in our kitchen to render you special again, your arms lost to the grave sooner than play-time's yearning purpose.

Six years of learning how to relieve people of themselves deeper than cheap advice, telling your problems to borrow my surer-fisted wisdom to roil the residue of your hearts' malaise to breathe an air of ranging wakefulness, for 25 more years I have been smothered with the gooey tonnage of hearted ailings babyish & creaking---it is still joy-full to ripple bodily smiles the length of your purpose, tho the marital wars doubly ache once blood-lessly estranged.

ALWAYS OUR SPRAWLING WORLD

We traveled to the Western states & Europe to out-grow our myopic tree-sight humidly cramping our Natural worship, panoptically hiking thru the hilltops & the deserts, last autumn driving thru Monument Valley as war's wastage still standing, no zealots left from Israel or Lebanon to blast these statues to hail victory in the blood-dried sand-—no cell-phones but only yelling to be well-heard thru Her thirstiness stretching how many lives wide.

for Karen

We two-thirds lived in lifely sun-light beyond these deaths of three of our parents in conjoint mourning taken thru wilting illnesses while older than we have yet walked along, it was a mummy'd rumour that we all will die until the worst panic suddenly gripped our lives in startling us awake: *she has just died*,

*

her coffin proving so—somehow annealed again, the galloping funeral

's well-wishes & how we have sprinted to the mile-marker incised: half a century, one-third left of our blood-lisped wishes for love & health, conjoined. Knowing we are not old, the hard runs & the swim-strokes muscularly churning us somewhere forward, not beguiled by jokes but by any novel strains to stay younger, your hair teasingly gray with firm breasts, retirement's coma-glow distantly shimmering—-your aches & pains or our sex-gurgle, what not half-balmed with soothing music unless we fully crack into oldening rupture, the tenses jumbled & borrowing from the pillars of unprejudice 'd memories, whose mind unraveling first. But no grave-riddles yet, we must daily bounce around the yard while holding hands & chanting: how we feel is the arin-crv of our lives.

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