

J.W. Dunn believes the poet should be a “maker” and that poetry should be a path into revelation, not confusion. Dunn is a skilled wordsmith who loves the South and interweaves its dialect, culture, and unique beauty throughout his art.

Odysseus: New and Revised Poems

By J.W. Dunn

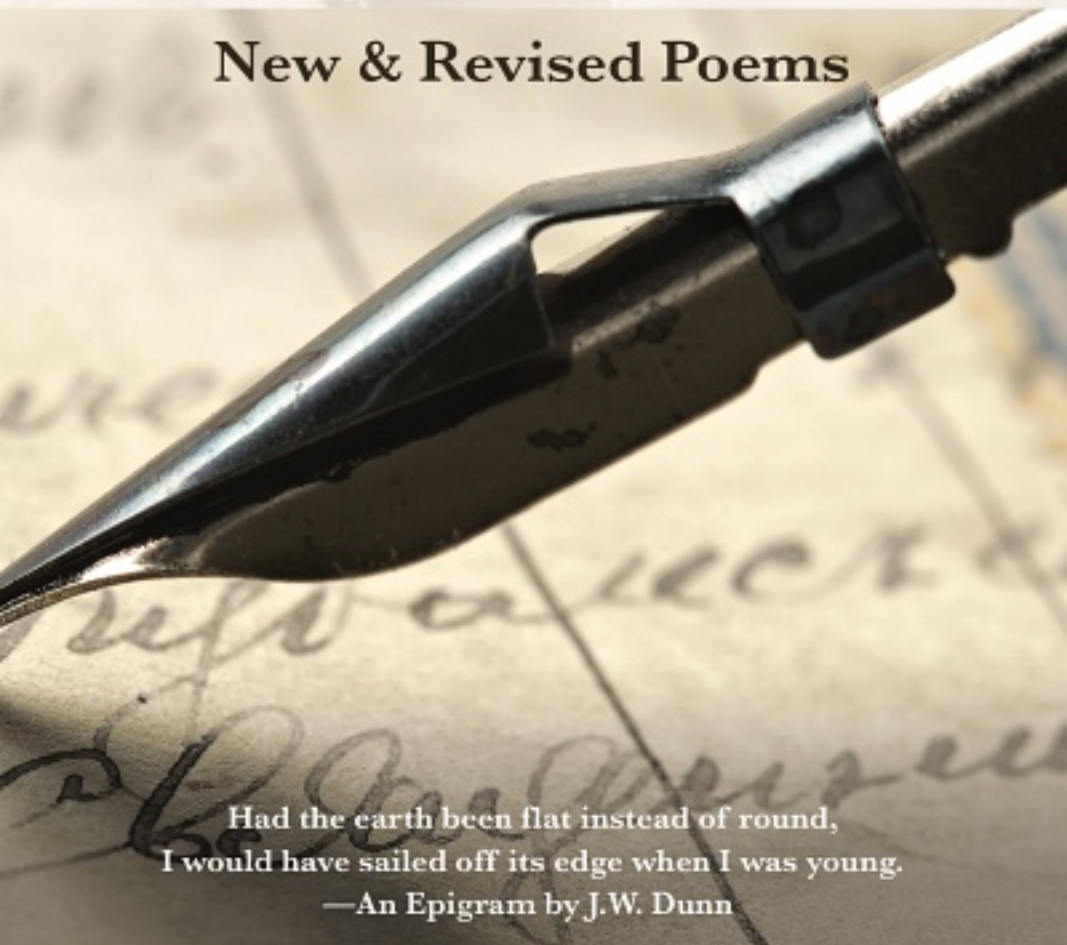
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ODYSSEUS

New & Revised Poems



Had the earth been flat instead of round,
I would have sailed off its edge when I was young.
—An Epigram by J.W. Dunn

J.W. DUNN

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Table of Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| A COLLAGE | 11 |
| TREES GROW GREEN | 13 |
| THE HAY MEADOW | 14 |
| THE THREAD THAT WEAVES | 15 |
| HOG KILLING TIME | 16 |
| ODYSSEUS | 17 |
| FINE SILK | 21 |
| CHERRY BLOSSOMS | 22 |
| MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY | 23 |
| BLOOD AND ASHES | 24 |
| WILD FIG | 26 |
| A ROCKING CRADLE | 27 |
| ON A WHITE HORSE RIDING | 28 |
| IN THE WILDERNESS | 29 |
| WHEATFIELD WITH CROWS | 31 |
| UNDER DOGWOOD FLOWERS | 32 |
| BROGANS AND BREAD | 33 |
| COUNTRY WAKE | 35 |
| BLOODY CHEEKS | 36 |
| MOTHER PHOENIX | 38 |
| THE MOTORCAR MAN | 39 |
| TWIN CITY MALL AT CHRISTMAS TIME | 40 |
| EVENING FOX HUNT | 41 |
| SPRING SNOW | 43 |
| EPIGRAM | 44 |
| ON BELLEFLEUR RIDGE | 45 |

A COLLAGE

Hashbury

Listen my children and you shall learn
Of the smoke that curls from a Grecian urn,
Of the Airplane, the Doors and the Grateful Dead,
Of Timothy, Jack, Allen and what they said

and did,

kid.

Turn on, tune in, and drop out,
A no-name saint from this world of doubt.

It's a ball, a howl on the scene
Away from all that is low and mean
And full of straight world sin,
Either you're out or either you're in.
Who will vanish as a nameless, faceless saint?
Timothy, Jack, and Allen can't.

The mandala grinds on children's bones
Rendering up wine sweet and strong.
Seeking God in sundry places,
The Dharma Bums set the paces,
Finding a prophet in a mountain of stone,
Perfectly silent, perfectly alone.
"Fuck you!" sang Coyote"
And ate again the bud peyote.

J. W. Dunn

Throw the temple from the Jezreel Wall,
 Zonk the fuzz, ball baby, ball
Fifteen or twenty on a freaked-out mind
 All who are willing to wait in line
 or push in ahead.

Do your thing.

It's all been said.

I Ching.

TREES GROW GREEN

After reading Richard Wilbur's "Praise In Summer"

The burly men come, the big burly men,
Unshaven, the sleeves of their soiled shirts rolled,
Toting flamingo-necked wrecking bars, saws,
Claw hammers, axes, and brace and bits.
These are the builders. They are the makers.
They have rulers without number or mark.
Their scrolled blueprints, elevation and plan,
Are without lines, undated and unsigned.
They are the builders without plumbs and squares.
They hammer, and saw, and ax. Aimlessly,
They fill vast canvases without numbers,
Without limits, then ignorantly praise
Their shacks and shambles, each to the other.
They are in demand, these makers of slums.

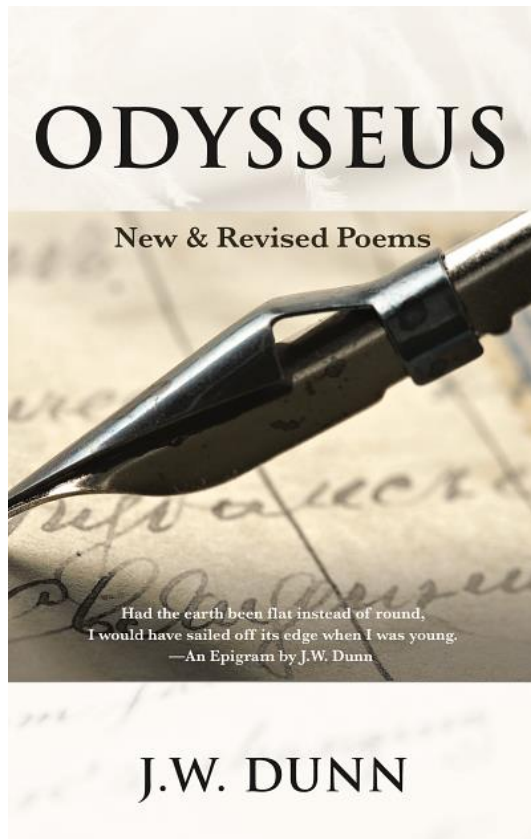
THE THREAD THAT WEAVES

“To me Ireland was the all-protecting mother..”

Maud Gonne, *Scattering Branches*.

I brought you my heart, Maud, on a salver
Worthy of the head of John the Baptist,
I smote the rock and loosed the water
And raised again the ancient Fergus.
Russet joys seared my sight,
And heeding the ravings of Blake and Lear,
I seized the thread that weaves tempest and night
And raveled the fabric of moon and star.

But the winter breath of a widow's sigh
Chilled the breast of your grief-loving mother
Asserting claim stronger than you and I
Could forge or fashion one for the other.
So I go down alone to the dim sea
And dance in the sand love's bitter mystery.



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