

Objects 2

poems by Russell Atkins

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c - 1963 by Russell Atkins

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## Tempest

's nightly subterfuge  
someone is sitting restlessly  
their hands stir dead of night  
out) night's a-fledge  
and gathering furious birds  
in a commotion the leaves damp  
when 'ts HARSHLY  
that falls and WHO and WHO'S  
about New England  
windows!



## AFTER

When alls eved upon by accumulating nox  
I'm in recline of chair or the livingroom divan.  
of smoke of my cigarette is world  
There is Spain in it of amber'd wander;  
miserabled Spain!  
The old grandmother's of approach  
as it nights above  
her eyes hag at me passes  
her, rackety rack  
up of smoke

X

'og tonight of F  
terrible 'og, a lamp  
was F and 'og its drear  
um um came too  
For hours F stood  
'og made no sound  
nor moved (some slow  
could move if 'og  
permitted Even  
so, slow would  
come upon F  
until 'og turned to F  
and thus  
Fog

## Lamps New-Lighted

Ten o'clock

the taking away of immense of storm  
while there has been much making of frail realms  
against overwhelm

Lone of a light has dared the bang --  
the others all fall alack

Waste of citied huges through dim,  
mum and dream mysterious'd: loomed  
like a drear'd history. Footfalls  
stealth to eschew. Somebody swifts by  
a between of things silences through!

There is an amount of waiting to keep  
and considering some, with a sigh perhaps,  
the few differences between awake and sleep

Lamps new-lighted now - -

making frail realm  
against overwhelm

## Trainyard by Night

A THUNDER

then huge bold blasts bluff

hiss, insists, upon hissing insists

on insisting on hissing hiss

hiss s ss s sss ss ssss s

ss ssss sss

when whosh!

the sharp scrap making a fourth lap

with a lot of rattletrap

and slap rap

I listen in time to hear coming on

the great Limited

it rolls scrolls fold in fold

like the traditionally old

hiss meanwhile hiss

insists upon hissing insists

on insisting on hissing hiss

hiss s ss ss sss s

sss s s

s



## Eloge

Someway she saved us world  
subtling on mysterious'd err:  
spirits viled everywhere would  
gaunt against, of her,  
spell

No trumpets up'd for her;  
hers was not the drawn -- as for others we knew --  
of some rare out of  
public thanks; she had  
none of insignia'd;  
none of flag

Lone and wander all'd  
about her! Her never  
had repose wilds me  
with memories, places of fled  
closed scare of shades,  
barriers of lock  
against too fear

She never truced, but foe'd  
or sometimes to break.  
Hers a someplace ideal:  
no not of ditch earth  
but of whatever vision,  
not of peace yet rich

Such seer many who had  
no had repose; to whom  
nothing tropied came  
of care; who strove to save the world,  
I threnody them all  
remorse, for it is drear to tell  
how lack is of them  
sculpture.

## OF PHOTOGRAPH OF FLOOD

there rose hysteria'd thick  
bluster'd from dusk  
its furious weather:  
like an apparition  
too late come away  
met the day, drear'd  
to a baffled decay —  
as it shrank darkly  
stress up of sea  
collected twists all  
summoned embroils  
of thrall !  
long lies a crash  
a pity of towers  
is by  
and the wept  
streams in  
waste

## Prelude: Dawn

Foul, I mean insidious, spectral  
(although portentous all)  
In a number of houses shown an early light  
(the most dismal kind of light  
save one lit when someone ill  
's expected to fail 't night)  
Up having drunk of the cup  
shades high, clock set, I  
went into that portentous all  
which was insidious and spectral  
In a number of houses that faint light  
(that most dismal kind of light)  
went out by day and someone ill,  
I thought, had failed at night  
and the insidious, spectral  
would wear away with some  
ones call



## EVENING REFLECTIONS IN A BIRDBATH

Still is there in our birdbath  
strangely eye-like. Light  
repeated from the sky.  
Ill of it there is the so small  
touch of a world's beware,  
Some leafy shadow overs  
from trees wind-swell'd  
and so the yard of commonplaces  
in household sentiments,  
Till more stark than ever  
in the round of bowl  
the always terror  
stares its lo

## Night and a Distant Church

Forward abrupt up  
then mmm mm  
wind mmm m  
mmmm m  
upon  
the mm mm  
wind mmm m  
mmmm  
into the mm wind  
rain now and again  
the mm wind  
ells  
b  
ells  
b



## Achievement

Isn't it Achieved  
when my adieu extremed  
flies out of the Hadley Bldg.?  
Isn't it Achieved, verily  
when with no signing, I  
leave a drugstore  
for eternity?

## Achievement

What is the meaning  
of the word achievement?  
It is the result of  
effort and hard work.  
It is the goal that  
one has set for  
oneself and has  
achieved.



Russell Atkins - cleveland poet, composer,  
philosopher, editor of Free Lance - has previously  
had two books of plays published; "Phenonema"  
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"Objects 2" is his second book of collected  
poems