Poems by Jeffrey Wilkinson

Jeffrey Wilkinson

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Warp and Weft

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

The crackle of life
like Cheerios
Or old guitars
Begins that strange Process of warp
That flesh
Does badly
And only mind,
Which
When weft wins, can wind
From flesh through
To kind and borrowed Time,
Loves as only bent Things do Who
can’t see or care to see
Straight.

ABSTRACT:
This is a selection of eight of my best poems. I think they all pretty much speak for themselves. These particular works span the last five years or so, in no particular order. I have pretty much always written poems, but only in the last five years do I consider that any of them began to start revealing a good quality. I usually only write a poem if I feel a particular urge to do so, and it’s never premeditated. Once I start, it might take a while to finish, perhaps an hour, but once it’s done I usually don’t edit it again unless I want to change a word here or there.
Physic’s Journey

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

To embrace the dark with light,
We must know why we like to fall.
And as why lands subtly on the where,
We may find ourselves more tangible there
In the space where truth has called.

I write to fend the pain that body rends off.
I seek to mend the mind and well to end off.
In hope I cling to sound advice to smash my false alarms:
To grope, to fall, in bounded love to ash in tender arms.
Heart, mix, with loss of sight in resolute abandon,
To fly to towers stark and bright,
To realize with caged delight
The universal tandem.

Stars, sun, exhort my cry to heaven with an arrow;
The light of yours is mine to share
Along the straight and narrow.
I wish to go where joy must trip;
I wish my journey found its grip;
I wish my love straight from the hip
Would penetrate the marrow.
And as the marrow the morrow would know goes surging through the course-
I wish the day to be aligned by pleasant genial force.
To wish the peace upon Thy head from heaven should return;
The body of our days in waking truth, the past to spurn.
Molting

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

Nothing quite rhymes with uncertainty
Like the dreams I feign unconcertedly;
The rhetoric of former lives
In irony sails past my eyes.
To molt these feathers, I commence
Intention raw to my defense;
Before the words slide down to masquerade,
I turn my cares to lemonade.

Applemind Manners

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

Letting go of youth
Is an invitation to youth,
The paradox of aging.

Among the whine
Of sirens and cicadas
I dream of your wide embrace
Flanking more patience
Than I could buy with
A nuclear arsenal.

I flash by
The cracked facades
And tunnel vision
Of the poor
Whose eyes are grown
As long and useless
As the history of money,
And I try to pretend
You are here picking apples
But what I really see
Is a faint woman
Dim and yellow dress on,
Fondling the dry leaves
Growing in the grey trees
Across from the old train tracks.

I sense her shimmer in the wobble
Of the day’s heat coma
Like a candle in a convent
Burning secretly among flames
Set by mad arsonists,
Or the mud in a drought’s mirage.

The apples of my mind’s eye
Are fond desires here,
Even under the sink
Of the cicada-beaten numb brown morning
That sucks the blasted pavement
Of this ghetto.
I hate to see poverty
When all I want is passion,
Yet my heart is full
Of the special ice
That keeps me cool in hot weather,
That condenses without warning,
And makes me think
My love must be selective.

In fear of dehydrating,
I wish rapids
To brush the burnt faces
Of the ghetto’s starving angels

Who, wrinkled by such finite desires
That speech is chafing,
Must only pray with
The square dance of sinew
For the same apples
As I so easily conjured from my mind’s magic box.

Letting go of youth
Is an invitation to youth
Because when we look
For beauty in the dust of the age,
We are going to love
Whatever we see,
Even if it is wretched and fixed.
And then will no longer see
What the wretched hope to see,
A transformed life.
Dust that is loved is still dust.

And so since that which we see
Fixes into human form
An unalterable placebo,
A grave happiness,
The dwindling diamond of dancing decay,
To etch spontaneity into code
Requires more than our sight;
Love requires
An immersive
Apple-sharing
Of the brain’s wet soul.
Barcelona Dream

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

Raspberry pillars send forth on blackberry smoke
Verbal, wet ripples in lakes,
Deep under stone vaults where loves are found
Drying their tears in sand loops,
Where birds dart toward their lemon men.
A grey nose jumps through armies
Into fountains, where it moves like skin
Always moves when it is brushed.
By the dusk that strikes fire in casual peace,
The iridescent harmony of a still pond
Remains through cold nights and hot days,
Reaching toward the center of the river
That flows in still expectation
Of all good tithes,
Raining like soul flower headaches
Onto desert designations.
Echo of Eden

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

This magnitude of strength
In love,
This fire all consuming,
Rocks wither away,
Plants tremble;
Nature hath a visage in us
So proud, so ancient,
That even our dust is sacred.
These limbs so useful,
These minds so nimble
Our own magnitude
Cannot be measured in days,
Nor even these fair hours,
But in only whispered glory,
The peal of saintly value;
The frost on our charades,
The bloom in our bones.
Too late we cry - let me know, do -
Yet we still have and are.
Our pigeon remorse,
Our darling winding
Of intimate memories
In shells of the brightest intent,
Are together bound
By a heartbeat so profound,
Dark but deep,
Under the tides and troths,
Insensible to lofty patrons
of the fastened, sinewed objects.
Awake! And forget nothing,

Remember this:
More ourselves than ever,
On top of easy, warm and binding
sacrifice,
Inside the gift of stars,
Calling as a child,
With nothing but light as affection.
Pursual

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

The ghostly brown shades,
The ache of the old image,
twist my heart
at irregular games,
As I burrow into reason
like a fireman’s cat,
thrusting ignorance
into cheap and shoddy
funerals, all but absent
of mourners.
I cannot rest from the
pursuit
of myth, toys
and apologies,
pouring my face
into stained glassware,
where my thirst is crucified
at the sound of
a far bird.
Winter Pilgrim

by Jeffrey Wilkinson

The vapors of the warm steam spa
Rush out into the night.
I feel my head falling off,
And empty clothing walks by without a sound.
The well-worn is where the heart is born,
And borne upon its own merit.
Nobody can guess at the transparency of matter,
Nor make maths of what anyone can see.
Truth is an embodiment of paradox,
That lays all other mysteries to rest.
The warm is enfolded into the deep blue air
That kills desire and sadness all together.
Victory is found in existence like a stone
Whose face is its own and no other,
The wrinkles being ten thousand years in the making,
The creases penetrating time.
Sporting’s muffled in cotton,
Gastronomy in amnesia.
Yet open doors smell of flower petals,
Minds break walls and stories break hearts.
The ice covers only the surface,
Whose body is bent into itself.
A richer, denser pilgrimage was not sought,
Than when that unmerited answer was bought.