



# The Whispering Pines

Spring 2008

# Peucinian Poesis

## Landscape with the Fall of Icarus

William Carlos Williams

According To Brueghel  
when Icarus fell  
it was spring

a Farmer was ploughing  
his field  
the whole pageantry

of the year was  
awake tingling  
near

the edge of the sea  
concerned  
with itself

sweating the sun  
that melted  
the wings wax

unsignificantly  
off the coast  
there was

a splash quite unnoticed  
this was  
Icarus drowning

## INTROSPECTION

Julian Chryssavgis

I must tell you this  
for there is no one else here  
save my breath  
and your presence

## STILLNESS IS NOT SILENCE

Julian Chryssavgis

Hesychast, surrender.  
The inward thought. The inward silence.  
Be still inwardly, as a regular practice  
In the form of stillness, see and hear

## Spring Break

Wesley E. Hartwell

As I left the dreary days of winter behind, I thought I left them behind. No more constant business for me. I'm done. But spring break did not allow me to drift off into a state of inert bliss. Instead, I found myself busier than ever, caught by endless thoughts which constantly barraged my resistant cranium. Regardless of my intention, I could not resist the thorough reflection that takes one during this time of harried repose. As I discovered, the notion of "spring break" was intrinsically flawed, for living, thinking human beings cannot ever truly rest. Always, I realized, were people active, unable to stop until the end of existence. With this understanding, I quickly abandoned my hope of stasis and embraced the motive forces of life.

The Brim  
Ross Jacobs

I walk outside the door and feel the crisp bite of the autumn air--  
I stand atop a stoop as a tall, clear glass of water filled to the brim,  
prepared for the fine infusions and downpours of intellectual solute  
that I will doubtless encounter.

The promise of today's gushing waves of insight  
ever fierce as my lone memory--  
yesterday's tidal wave of ideas

I know not which solutes will settle at the bottom  
and which will dissolve into the fibers of my being.  
I can imagine only an ecstatic swirling---  
hypersaturated liquid overflowing the lip of my glass!

The tumultuous, undulating, robotto of unsettled libation  
Recklessly ripping holes in the lining of my glass  
and spurting out of every orifice as poetry--  
partly dissolved but fully synthesized

Beyond hope, foresight of the gong clashes  
As I step down the stairs towards the triumphant orchestra  
and the sensation of temporal truth.

the ingestion imminent,  
all teachers turn to whisks, classmates to stirring rods  
while experience heats the solute so I can absorb more

Armed with notepads and a keyboard--  
basins trained to capture the voluminous skittles  
that my synaptics high-fives launch into the sky.

Assured that when the blissful bravado cedes,  
and the solutes of the day settle to infuse me with color,  
The fractional distillation of my dreams leaves me  
with different judgments of the same things--  
and a clear glass filled to the brim.

The Chase  
Sam Smith

1

The soft moss  
envelopes my boots,  
creating a long line  
  
of empty impressions,  
that cannot be  
filled, but by  
  
the streams of light,  
breaking through the branches  
of the forest.

The balance is broken  
by a stag, bounding  
through the green growth,  
  
momentarily suspended,  
like autumns leaves  
drifting to the ground.

I give chase,  
over stump  
and under branch,  
  
until my hands  
claps it's throat,  
and squeeze.

The essence of the forest  
fills my nostrils,  
the frantic pulse subsides.

I gaze upon  
the once proud  
head, and see

my own face  
reflected, vacant,  
lost again.

2

Autumn was lost  
and winter came,

the snow fell  
  
like dust upon  
the ground  
of dried flowers.

One by one  
I pick them,  
the flimsy stem

strains, even under  
the dried petals,  
whose yellow

now mingles with  
brown. I search  
for the scent

of spring,  
in those shriveled  
sheets of paper.

3

Spring's flower,  
the summer's stag,  
all commingling

in blurs of  
yellow and brown,  
that swirl

in the cadence  
of filtered light,  
seemingly forgotten.

All the past  
is pressed  
upon the moment,

and all the future  
is the air  
I breathe.