

THE LANGUAGE OF WEATHER

Collected Poems

Lee Fuhler



contact: romyashby@earthlink.net

She Was Kinda Like...

for Vali Myers

She was the kinda girl ya couldn't take home
to meet your mother.
She was all my dirty thoughts
the disapproving eyes of other women
who couldn't ever be like her
not even in the dark!

She knew sweet-fuck-all
'bout the right way to behave,
the right things to say,
and she cared even less.
She knew the small anarchy of life,
sweet agonies of love.
She knew how ta be a woman,
she could make a man die!

She was in no way politically correct!

She was eyes of rain,
blue as the wild yonder:
her hair had its own private wind.
Like forever blown tattered clouds 'cross the sky,
she came and was gone like a storm.

And beneath every moon
I learnt how ta die every night.
She was kinda like that,
superb, but kinda trashy!

Tugni Chairus

Lennox's wel'd n' jel'd,
Wen is akoi,
Tugni gillia's opre'mandi
ta mandi's akonya.

Mandi's akonya ta shillo
kekeni jins miro tugnipen.
I'll lel mi yogger to ker mi a hev
dre' the chairus.

To muk dre' the kham.

Song of Sorrow

Summer's come and gone,
winter's upon us,
and I have a sad song to sing
for I am alone.

I am cold and alone here,
nobody knows of my sorrow.
I'll take my shotgun and blow me a hole
in the sky.

To let in the sun.

My Small Day

The moon follows me
though I leave it no pattern,
down side streets that know
the pad of my foot.

And the wind sounds like my name.

After the moon has been down too long
the sun has told it
of my very small day,
this small day of mine that I lived in.

Told it of my very little day...

Small Lost Time Song

Trying for a song
the sky quietly confronts me
with a moon lying dead in the street.

I stand here almost alone
like a lost troubadour
with a song called *I am waiting*
singing down a long empty hallway.

The sky quietly confronts me
and we stand here so stark, stretching
leaning for the other side of something,

while the moon lies dead in the street.

Split the Wind

He sang his famous song
and very few of them heard.
His face was no longer handsome
his limbs no longer strong.

She listened with her heart
she'd claimed his every word,
she had the most beautiful wound
he called it her body.
Her limbs slender and warm
and supple as the time.

Like the perfect accident
the sound and feel aligned
the body and song entwined
to split the wind.

Since the Revolution the Roads Are Bad

We can't be sure about the boats
and since the revolution the roads are bad.
What is it that brought us here.

This place reminds me of certain people
the voices remind me of home.

I wonder if this place would hurt much more
if I stood and called its name out loud!

This is how she wants it.
She wants all this to be over with.

And since the revolution the roads are getting worse.

Woomera Detention Dirge

And we sang
by god we did.

We sang for our miserable lives,
for unobtainable freedoms.

We sang like god's own bastard children.

Above the barbed wire
beyond all the hatred
the hunger
whilst we sat in the dirt
our songs rang like a bell.

We sang.
We sang for them too.
For more than our worth all combined.

In the chill night
after the lights,
until we no longer could.

Until all of the music had died.

*After reading Shoshana Kalisch, for all those, Gypsy and Jew, in the
Lodz Ghetto.
And for the Afghan refugees.*

Short Note Poem

I send you,

not writing or preaching.

I send you,

the way home again
your own perfection
and the certainty of knowing,

the streets, my dreams,
and loneliness.

The House Is on Fire

Sometimes at night I think too much.
At night sometimes when I'm almost alone
examining the wound.

3-15 and I'm busy at work burning down the house.
Sifting through the ashes examining the wound.
It's 4 o'clock in the morning and there's work to be done.
An hour til the first train leaves the station.
And this wound still won't heal.

I'm running out of time.
4 thirty a.m. and I'm almost done.

The whiskey now is vapor
the wine has run dry.
5 o'clock in the morning and I'm running out of time.

Streetlights flicker, fade and go out.

Trains leave for the city.
She is waiting on the platform.
Only minutes now.

The train leaves the station.
The house is burning.
The wound is still open.