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The Mentor

Bill Dodd

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BILL DODD

THE MENTOR

How false it is,
and its truth, too.
Why haven't I written
five good books, or,
why haven't I loved you?
How the world is bad;
therefore, good, or,
the world is what I see;
therefore, the world is me,
observes the observer,
says Krishnamurti.
How I am young as you
were once, and you
are not as old as me.
Not answering you direct,
since questions such as yours
are similarly what we affect.
But age you have and dollars, too,
and I cannot respond in kind,
for if I've partially lost time
its been in part to learn,
among the other pointless things,
as you yourself have said,
that time is all we have,
so not even love is anything
but what the second feels it is,
nor homage else than being kind,
or arbitrary, expecting no return
but same, which is merely
truce. I've loved and hated,
no secrets here intended,
nothing their same number of letters,
and likewise in this business of
writing, it comes to this: if
emotions and nature are the same,
then how we put it prettily is
all that seemingly matters,
and as you must remember,
I wrote a book arguing against that,
made no money on it, either,

sent it to you with a note
which you did not answer,
for whatever reason.

BILL DODD

THE HAWK

The hawk howls
now, and takes me back
there, where I spent a
long, very long time,
a flat, one-time prairie,
the panhandle, where
the wind enured us
to the selfsame silence
of each ultimately,
and I do not mean death,
for when the wind
prowls in the eaves
and burglars every corner's warmth,
even with rags poked into
the crevices of door jambs
and window sills,
the dead lie in a warmer
climate, and the blowing
limbs and grass tell nothing
in their roots to sleeping
bones of their all too familiar past.
Relatives that lie there, live
there still, the stillness,
whether dead or living,
that wind there brings
like the sun in Algiers.
Certainly, I told him,
I feel an affinity to Camus.
What other visions in the wind
when it pours upon the fields like this?