

1968

A Continual Interest in Sun and Sea

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Recommended Citation

Gunderson, Keith. "A Continual Interest in Sun and Sea." *New Mexico Quarterly* 38, 4 (1968). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol38/iss4/30>

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A CONTINUAL INTEREST IN THE
SUN AND SEA

(Excerpts)

by

Keith Gunderson

```

  0      0      0      0
  0      0      0      0      0
  0      0      0      0      0
FISH FISH FISH FISH 0
  I WANT TO CATCH A FISH
  0      0      0      0      0
  0      0      0      0      0
  0      0      0      0      0
FISH FISH FISH FISH FISH

```

(Mel's thoughts)

```

  o      o      o      o
  o      o      o      o      o
  o      o      o      o      o
fish fish fish fish o
  I want to catch a fish
  o      o      o      o      o
  o      o      o      o      o
fish fish fish fish fish

```

```

I want to catch a fish
I want to I want to I want to

```

```

want to catch a fish

```

```

— catch a fish fish want to
want to want to want to
want want want

```

```

a fish to catch a fish to catch
catch catch catch a catch a catch

```

```

catch a fish catch a fish fish

```

```

and then I want to catch another one

```

T
E O
X W
A E
S R

Concerning:

the oil derrick on a barge with drill plunged into the seafloor
like a greedy wasp
with its stinger in a plum.

What's called a "Texas Tower". A scar on the seascape
which took getting used to.

Nudged in a bit sometimes.

Sometimes nudged out.

We'd guess about distances:.....3 miles?...2½?...2?

Then it's gone.

Nobody sees it leave. And the next night
we miss it. Like the tides, or driftwood, or weather, it was worth
talking about,

decked out in its lights
like a low-slung constellation.

We'd ask each other
what the men did out there.

Their individual tasks.

How, it must feel going on into the night
as the shoreline flicked one after one itself off,
as behind us the singing of insects surrounded the ankles
of mountains,

while behind them
only the moon was,
and the invisible noises
of Japan.

gulls wrestling
 with the
 wind. this is hardly
 an odd day. yet
 the way your skirt flies up suggests
 loudlier than usual the higher than
 thigh-white of you. yes. that's the mood
 I'm in, as you stand on the porch, thus: sun-
 light flung
 over your right shoulder.

I want you
 everywhichway. want you
 while the lizard carved out, of that which he lies on,
 his rock, is a sort of bas relief.
 it is too early for lunch
 too late for exploring the tidepools.
 so let me just undress you here. continue the explor-
 ations long ago begun as the sun swings
 over us on its way towards 12:00.
 the tide grows high-
 er. Walt Disney, had he had a more interesting
 mind could have filmed in
 s l o w m o t i o n
 the act of love
 beginning with

gulls; could have wrung
 each visual pleasure from its progressions
 with those tricky cameras of his.
 we have instead

THE LIVING DESERT

the way the flowers come on. and I've been
 told that in another film he made lemmings charge
 over a cliff, something, I've also been told,
 they don't do by nature.
 what have I learned?
 invented?
 been born with?

do I
 undress you
 by nature? here, now,
 as the sun swings over us,
 as the metabolism of lizards
 keeps up
 the awkward rhythm
 of things.

A GAME CALLED
TRYING TO DISCERN

THE INDIVIDUAL JOURNEY: or try to keep your eye on
a single wave coming in
pick any wave coming in

go on,
go on,
pick one:

now

try to keep
your eye on
your eye on
your
eye

on

on

it

is

it

still
the very wave
you'd
picked?

(for those who do not
live near the sea
use a leaf
or a flake
of snow
fall-
ing

BLUE SEA bless your BLUE WHALE

wherever he might soon

not()be;

you,

even you,

would be

small-

er

with()out

him

TO MAKE LOVE ON
A LONG GOOD BEACH
WITHOUT HIDING PLACES

you
hold her
hand

s
and wa
and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

and walk

until you

feel like

a speck

in any-

body's

dis-

tan-

c

e