

Alien

Tapestries

**Alluring Compositions
of
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Modrakin

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Prelude

Surrendering to the flow of black ink

*Surrendering to the flow of black ink
I feel an interminably long diatribe
a black river of ink
flowing more copiously
conceiving tribute
to a reemergent mind
setting a formidable speed
of familiar-not-flamboyant
verve-colored images*

*but I still must pause
to drag my pets
my pet words
kicking and struggling
from my upstairs room*

reassured

*urgency deprived me means
to tactful pleasure
as I pulsed instead way past midnight*

Faded Memories

The Scrapbook

*The Scrapbook is
where passion pauses
before flinging itself
one more time daily into
muckier madness*

*the neat-edged clippings
yellow and fade
with photos that were
melic memories
of the way
things will always be*

Swap Meets

*The veils fell
the doors shut
the tears long-dried*

*pointed spires lost their shine
as the masses poured out
their filtering marked
the passing of the time
when God's own was thine*

now they all are mine

*as they take their grubby tickets
in hand
and stampede
to that swamp or meadowland
in celebration of a week well spent
in lucrative profit or tepid debt
to commune*

*yes
partake
in friendship or jest
a silken gown
or busted-up pieces of a game
called chess*

*a meaning lost to lesser men
as I
the ticket giver
lets them enter the morass*

*the drunken bum
child of women and men
all enter*

no real requisition required

*just trade in the shade
giving away all that was meant to you
the democratic way
each and every Sunday*

Notes from a bar

*Infinite variations
on the same conversation
Infinite variations on the same dialogue
Infinite variations on the same theme*

Infinite variations

*The wallflower must be there
'cause it's gauche if it's not
to be pounded and pouted
and even pondered
by the cast of characters*

*It's the regulars
the townies' traditional roost
the drunks have no tangible hold
on the happenings
while the skunks
who've gone unwashed for months
slither in
around and about*

*The Intells (short for intellectuals or
those possessing false
or real intelligence)*

*stay bottled up next to the lovers hung
with fright or fresh from a fight*

*They all lie in those beds
of broken glass
scattered like bartered lives
along the floor*

Such symmetry destroys escape forever

*And please don't slight
the one-eyed bartender
the blitzed
kindly
single-kidneyed fellow
from Milwaukee*

It's now complete

*Infinite variations on the same theme
Infinite variations on the same dialogue
Infinite variations
on the same conversation*

Infinite notes from a bar

Glimpses

I'm a tiny door

*I'm a tiny door
whose waiting
for its moment
to come in*

*An erect staid guardian
weathered
edged
ajar*

*A smattering crowd
beckons beyond
ready to test
my master whims*

The bird flew

*The bird flew down to peck
at my face*

I pecked back

*only if not ceremoniously
with the back of my hand*

*neither knowing
the other's understanding*

neither caring

both confused

A little tree

*Standing alone on a wooded
mountain
approaching winds
close*

*their sound reaching
teaching me
the soul of
a little tree*

*stretching to its roots
is truthfully
mightier than mine*

Daggers of light

*Daggers of light
circle
nervously
in quavering
holding patterns
above our
pristine
world
waiting for
future luminaries
to give
signals
so they may dive
down and deal
death to another
stagnant philosophy*

*Thus liberating new chaos
amidst our accelerating
decay*

Persona

Cats turned her

*I heard then saw her
get down kissing cats
abandoned
skinny
homeless waifs*

*She talked to them
in whispers
less desires
true nature
would flame*

*People hadn't
hugged her
in return*

*Cats turned her
rave affectionate
and made her a gift
for living*

The ecstatic peasant

*The ecstatic peasant
did not know that
he was under glass
and on display
for the more civilized milieu*

*Streaming phrases of antique
rhetoric
through his gristled jowls
he approached the podium
and inappropriately lectured
upon shadows on parade*

*His arrogant speech furthered
putting down the poor rich
in curt commentary
while in contrast described
peasantry
in sad languid details
concluding
that the rich emphasize physical
environments while the peasant
eyes ephemeral alien tapestries*

The radical quipster

*The
radical quipster's
non-acceptance
of the
truceful
handshake
is not a fault*

*It's not his fault
his jest
reeks ill of sensationalism
that halts
the social
flow of
stunted
svelt
magi*

The Windowers

*People who peek from
windows with their
self-sealed fears
must know more about the
world than I
who seldom speaks
and almost never
looks at destiny
which stealths
by in the street*

*They have a view turned
crystalline
from the rays of
their constant stares as
days slip by in the endless
stream of light*

Reasons

Trouble

*Trouble is a friend to everyone
a young pup
wagging its tail as it
gets underfoot
never meaning to do harm
until it reaches maturity
from whence it springs out
as a full-fledged attack dog
glaring
snarling
ready to rip
at the point of a single miscue*

Reason not why

Trouble is here again

What betters doing

*Just when I surmise
the horizon
perfectly penciled
between the jagged earth sky
it shifts suddenly
to the south side of a bed
or the rear of a cafe
or the face of a beggar
whose earnest tears
are denying normalcy*

*Missing his spring of youth
he now fancies
in the fall
more primeval entreaties
yearning to capture lost raptures
and sprout new hair*

*He views his life as
a long eroded failure
winding pass
nacent dreams of yesterday
to a holding out of a
stubbeb-brown hand
wanting for ten cents
worth of insight
to redo what betters doing*

I who would laugh

*I who would laugh
constantly cry at the
frailty of humanity
which keeps
punching away
at some unseen
core of resistance
attempting to destroy
a part of itself
every once in a while
so it won't grow complacent
in it's descent to death*

Failed imagination

*The golden dragon
saddened
weakened
with failed imagination
sank its talons
in its breast
fell tumultuous
and...uh...dead
announcing
that the never has come...
although this impossible
instant
I conjured
failed to quench
my craving
for imagination*

Failed Imagination

Birth is a vow

Birth is a vow immutable:

*should we forget
gravity shackles our shame*

*we slaves of time
look to the heavens
wishing we weren't
born to die not quite right*

*playing life making rules
up along shuffling forward
pounding at vows
those previous generations
tried to perpetuate by
loin motion into dynasties*

*until we became
lost fragments
of promise*

Ever so very not often

*Ever so very not often
my eyes swell...pushing
crests of tears
past dour portals*

The telling night

*The telling night won't
turn from strong yarns
but nestles them
in its harsh home
leaving no doubt
of sorrow or sin
as the better tales
are left furled*

Every Iota

*Along the status mileposts
I'll press the indicators
to denounce all lasting resolutions
thus ending a chance for a debate*

every iota against the quota

*the strength of my fantasies
waits in ambush
to assassinate the mysteries
as far as forever I longed*

every iota against the quota

Meanderings

I caught my mind meandering

*I caught my mind meandering
near a pristine sheltered glade*

*It sought a soft silence
pierced by the baying wolf
away from the turbulent horns
of daily stress
unbalanced
in a limbo
of
common decisions*

*It sought wizened frolic away from
the sprawling urban gloom
and model circumstance*

It...

*I caught my mind meandering
but desperately fatigued
I placed it firmly
behind my desk
cubicated on my 25th floor office
then answered the telephone*

Dark creation

*Dark creation; dismal life
take it thus
or take it not at all
since I lay so many options
at the feet of Lady Fate
who won't take a bribe
and let me peek
at my unsealed destiny*

*A slight advantage
maybe
to cry unfair; to cry unheard
no noble cause to rue the day
I gained an unfair edge
over things I'd left behind*

*Things are
as they should be
'til I shudder
to make it not*

Continued reticence

*Ten strings tied to a weird bridge
dangled in the breeze
ten strings
no reason or promise
no meaning or deceit*

*Often have I inhaled woods in one breath
as I contrived to wander
during early morning prime
before bird-slung chitters stirred
yet in such misty fog
so thick it lay upon the ground
taking the form of a sleeping giant*

*I crept through it until I came
to that old bridge
a lie that was listed solely in me
nevertheless
it appeared opaque in the morning mist
hanging across an unseen void
I never thought to cross*

*I tied ten strings to that weird bridge
no meaning or deceit
no reason or promise
ten strings*

Postlude

Bridges

*The step onto bridges
leaves aside
every-place
a stop to begin
a search for
conspicuous truth*

*Beneath its hanging
spans
a no-place
linking
future frontiers
with never tomorrows*

*The pause upon the bridge
is the one the cautious
fail to take*

*The wild too often grasp
the pause beyond
the doom
which caresses every-one*

