

WEBER:

ODDS, BIZZARITIES,
AND OTHER ENDS

A.H. Ellis

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The following seventy-seven poems were written for the purpose of keeping their author sane during their tumultuous years of undergraduate study at the University of Vermont.

They serve no other purpose.

The collection revolves around an imaginary character named Weber, who's memory is in the process of reclaiming itself and who often speaks about himself in the present, past, and future tenses

Consume at your own risk.

In dedication to John Berryman (1914-1972) and his eternal poem, *The Dream Songs* (1964).

Copyright © 2019 by Alexander H. Ellis.

POEM I

On an island an unstrung lyre lay.
Weber was fraught, to answer it:

over the under-things
or
under the over-things?

Sightless-
Weber wobbled, then reduced
himself,
then added 1 tbsp. of himself

over
the over-things
and
under
the under-things

wobbly Weber wept, hiding histories
under and over frayed cables

clobbering: Web-webeh-webeher.

POEM II OR SCRATCH

wobbly,
Weber watched woefully;
he did not like to
see his own mistakes
stretched out on another canvas.

The past crawled back up his throat
souring his stomach.

he felt ill.

Weber wept.

POEM III OR WALTER

Weber sometimes hated Walter,
who
never let him play on the weekend.

—wonders if that's why Weber's all
wound-up and

sick of hearing Walter tell her she's wrong,
about everything. That he's the bread-winner

—as if that's a reason to treat her like shit,

which he thinks Walter is
sometimes,
wobbly Weber wanted nothing more
than to say something to Walter,

but he just wobbled on.

POEM IV OR TIME AFTER TIME

—he only knew what he knew,

that He love Her
doesn't,
pulling together-forever-forever,
passing time didn't show that
in ends,

Weber feared; most the
horror of unlove:

he knew that
he knowed all the-long.

POEM V

In the still of the night
weary Weber waged war on Weber;
tossing & turning
dream fever caught him
defense

 -less,
a slow sickness of the mind.

Who ever heard of a slow regression?
into a whimpering child

cough-cough

under-the-weather-Weber
both cause he was wet & cause
he was sick.

POEM VI OR FALL

There is a quiet peace to the changing of seasons
said the dark side of the road, winking
away the sun.

Weber looked for Walt
and found him underfoot,
pressed into the folds of Spring.

—whereunder the bits & pieces
stuck to his heart,
fits & ceased,

Weber met Henry in Fall
where leaves flew,

but only a few.

POEM VII

Weber decided
that night;
revealing much,

not in, but out.

To speak for himself seemed a challenge:
a series of quiet things that should not be said
& should just be known.

worldly Weber found that life got easier
once he stopped asking why life was harder.

Wispily he flew into the night chasing,
and embracing the songs he so longed
to catch and put inside a bottle
for the all the laters and the afters

-all.

POEM VIII OR MISS NOBODY USA OR CURRAN

Weber sometimes sat
and listened to Debussy,
wondering if being
“not-articulate” was such a
crime after-all.

*“If a girl isn’t pretty
like a miss Atlantic City”*

henceforth-he decided
that all history was privileged
and there was nothing to be
done about it.

*“She should get a job,
Get a weekly pay”*

wobbly Weber missed
his old home.

POEM XI

Weber supposed,
that if he were to die for
a lost cause:

Self-reproach sat wearily
threatening to undo,

alas, putting first things first
seemed appropriate.

POEM X OR SOUTH PROSPECT STREET

Weber walks by
peering into the yellow-shaded
room wondering,

if he could do it again,
would he?

He wasn't sure how
the whole thing devolved into pettiness;

Could only bring himself to love
from afar,
and the ends always became more clear
after the fact.

Weber sat at the edge of a garden staring,
and the garden stared back,
chanting

have a dream and never wake up
have a dream and never wake up
have a dream and never wake up.

POEM XI

In a flowerless land,
Weber found a lily

whispering to Auden,
Weber sat contently
waiting as life revealed itself
more,
each passing day;

finding answers he wasn't looking for.

POEM XII

The great vastness of
unknowledge stretched further
than his mind could imagine.

“And so it goes and so it goes,”

wobbling Weber
felt he could not ever disclose;
tumbling evermore.

He knowed that he knew something about some-
things,

but only a few.

POEM XIII

Weber's habits unstuck themselves,
bad-good, it mattered little.
Breaking his fast,
he contemplated going feral,

maybe just for a day
to see what it would take,

Weber had
doubts about his motives;
more to her, less than him,
or maybe something in-between.

Living is an art
—He was told.

POEM XIV

The flakes snowed, landing
softly on Weber's nose,
flirting away
the oppressive stillness
of the dawn.

A half-smile peeped its head
out across the yard and

baked-good lullabies danced
in the back-alleys of His heart.

Weber was at rest;
at least,
for a while
sentimental reasons,
he loved and thought nothing
less of himself for it:

For why not?

The callousness of life
could never crack a smile
like hers.

Love missed him as he missed love.

POEM XV

God watched Weber walking
and figured him to be a strange one.

Weber,
looking up,
felt a strange feeling,
off-

put by the side of the road,
a car lay
in ruins.

Godless-God trembled in the face
of His own inattention, cursing Weber:

that oddity of two legs,

that gainly gait,

that waste of a Weber.

Wasted Weber walked wobbly
away from the bar,
cursing God,

under his breath.

POEM XVI

Can Weber right it?

time stood at attention-
considering it's mother:
anti-mater.

From the farthest West, wobbly Weber
awoke to a humming bird's song-
fluttering & strange,
transfiguring time
running backwards
towards the arms of it's father:

He crosses his arms
and brooded.

Can Weber write it?

He doesn't think;

so,

often these days.

POEM XVII

Wishy-washy Weber,
decision ran from.

Soapy and all covered in choices,
he consulted a lifeline.

1 of 3.

More choices-decisions-moments-seconds.

Panic ensued.
Weber ran.

There were certain people he
just kept coming back to,

—all at once.

POEM XVIII

Weber flirted with death,
but she wasn't really into it.

*now now Mr. Wright,
that was a long time ago,
same old wobbie Weber
only,*

softer. More docile.

A bit more off
the books
and
A bit more on
the wild side:

—Mr. Wright could only recall someparts of
somebody
sometimes somewhere,

confusedment tickled
Weber's toes and he
indulged in a bittersweet
sleep.

POEM XIX

Mr. Wright tried to beat the one inside,
but he too, was

wild.

now that's not fair, Wright, I never said I tried to beat em,

Weber faced the wind so it wouldn't bite
so harshly,
puffing away his huffy
hangover.

POEM XX

Weber spoke about simple things,
because he had a simple heart,
at mind.

Breadths taking deeply
he stumbled his way
through another week-

end of the month
end of the season

Wobbly weber had his reason,
or was it reasons?

Unclearly-time had past
so quickly
he was neatly,

—behind schedule. *As usual*, said Mr. Wright.

POEM XXI

In ends,
it was nothing more than the ravings of a madman,
buckling under the weight of his own delusions.

His smile told a few lies.

*Now now, was it really
so bad?*

So bad it made him wobble for
the first time

quivering-quaking-fainting

he peered out at the descent,
overdrawn
and petering out,

the corner of his smile held
terrible truths;

for Weber.

POEM XXII

Weber had a hurt
he
found peering at the moon.

It had always been there,
like the moon:

silent &
half-hidden.

Tearing,
he wiped away his
hurt, as not to
make the others
in the car, uncomfortable.

But it mattered little.
The hurt remained,

like the moon.

POEM XXIII

Weber was tangled;
all jealous of the rosey-tinted
peoples.

The silence was,
after
 -all,
misleading.

His words
tumbled out onto the table,
scrabbled & chipped to
pieces.

Evaded like the plague,
sense sought others
than Weber,
leaving only wicked-wobbled-words
left to the bored.

POEM XXIV

Situation I:

Beginnings mattered. So did ends.

Weber found
looking down,

that spiting stories was far easier than listening to
them.

Situation II:

He thought facing himself in the mirror
was quite the brave act.

A superhero to himself,
and Mr. Wright
sometimes.

Situation III:

She noticed him out of the corner of her-*I*

didn't

see her staring at you, Weber.

It seems more than just your memory is deceiving you.

His name-tag read: "Weber Wright, Easy-Tech
extraordinaire, 2 years."

Situation IV:

He collected as many paradigms as could fit in his
coin purse
and put his poems on hold,
for a week or two.

His memory slinked away,
but
Weber didn't notice.

POEM XXV

Calls came often
in the night.

Never once did Henry and Weber,
meet in person. Only in
dreamwalks
&
dreamtalks,
did they converse on paper?

No they sang songs.
They call them songs!
Songs of the Mad, the Sad,
and the Forgotten.

To him,
a beautiful mind was crushed
under the weight of its own beauty.
It could not see itself
without
its own shameful eyes:

—such a delicate thing,
it was.

Perhaps,
he should have done more.

POEM XXVI OR CON ALMA

Stirring
the wallflowers
from the wall,

it crescendoed across the floor
melting hearts and wetting cheeks.

A blossoming of measured mellow
splotted blue and yellow,
Ah, quite the fellow,

foot-tapping Weber
swung slowly
sweetened by the symphony
of gentleness.

POEM XXVII OR IN RESPONSE TO DREAM SONG 148

Weber's hour of thought
grew heavy.

Having,
the burden of
knowing,
calling,
on the Lord
promising,
in that present-space-time
a swollen drop of friendship
another wrought and wrinkled commitment

—look at what you've done
my friend,

all busy wobbling
and never
held accountable.

POEM XXVIII

Weber had trouble
discerning between
the lies he had been telling himself
and the truths he had been misremembering.

It was, after all, only life:

a series of seemingly mysterious layers
of gray areas and in-betweens.

Ignoring was easier then,
hating; the painful truth.
continuing the habit.
making the lie,

—*true,*
that was then and this is now.

It's high time to let
bygones
be-gone.

The risk of letting go was
great; he felt it in the
heat & shame burning
the tips of his ears.

Alas,
there was no moving forward
until Weber returned back.

POEM XXIX

Joy,
was joyless.

All the hummingbirds had shed their wings and the
wind lost its whistle.

Her hurt
overshadowed Weber(s).

Her loss was fresh,
and in that cruel month
she learnt that cruel truth:

She thought love would last forever,

She was wrong.

Weber thought he could give his joy
to Joy,
to lessen her hurt,

—but he was wrong too.

POEM XXX

Weber obsessed over the time,

his time
lost time
times to come
and time forgotten.

Watch-wearing had yet
to fall from fashion's
good graces,

and thus,

his obsession persisted.

Father Time had little
time for Weber,
and would often pass him on the street
with little,
but a passing glance.

But Weber knew something he did not:

"All things come to past."

And so it went and so it came.

POEM XXXI

In a stunning display of punctuality,
Weber arrived precisely when he meant to.

—*Indeed, stunning*, said Mr. Wright.

He asked the right questions at the wrong time
and was granted the wrong answers by the right
person,

sauntering out of the office,
he left behind a trail for
all the little Holmeses and Watsons
to sift through.

Mysteries were life's great way
of keeping things re-freshing.

He sometimes,
thought
she was a mystery,

but Joy;
he loved and thought nothing
less of himself for it.

POEM XXXII

Weber curled his toes
just like Walter.
 -one toe over another.

“A little Walter,”
she used to say.

He often thought deeply
about childhood,
being the best time of life.

But Weber disagreed.

He yearned to devolve through
that slow regression once more;
to return again.

But,
there was no going back,

even if he could close his eyes
and see that sand-pit
and those
red-white & blue popsicles melted
on that thankless pavement.

The sun always shone brighter in dreams,
and Weber embraced each return
like an old friend.

POEM XXXIII

Superfluous imagery
such as a singing meadow
or a syrupy salamander,
annoyed the hell
out of Weber,

so much so,

that He felt heaven take control:

The “good Weber” arising from the
ashes, like a fiery-flaming-flamingo.

—not a god-damned phoenix.

He thought metaphor should be spelt
“meta-for,”
so it too,
had a purpose in life,

to not simply
be,

a floating-syrupy set of syllables;

all amounting to little
but a puff of air
in the maelstrom
of poetics and fools.

POEM XXXIV

Weber wallowed in his worn and comfortable
loneliness.

A love-hate relationship,
with himself,

he was tired of sending postcards
far away and only receiving
empty bottles on the beach.

He resolved to let love find him

—and quickly resolved thereafter,
to the silliness of his own words.

He owned the right words,
but had trouble
speaking them in the right order.

He had a love, too,
From long-ago.

But had cast it away into that
sea of empty bottles,

He so loathed to see.

POEM XXXV

With a handful of hope in his palm
he asked if he could hold her thoughts for a moment.

He saw her for what the world was blind to
&
what her father could never bring himself to say.

Weber hoped Joy might love him
in the same way;

love was hopeful and Hope was full of love;
inseparable and kind.

Hope spilled out of his hand
onto Joy's thoughts

and for a moment,

Weber saw a smile
that had become so unfamiliar
in the past few years.

Weber warmed his heart by the fire
and as Joy came nearer,
let the tears come freely.

POEM XXXVI

Weber awoke from a dream of a house
filled with memories that were not his
&
the calm-love he so desired.

It was a nightmare of sorts,
but, also a fantasy.

A mix-matching of fear and pleasure
blended so powerfully,
he could tell not,
the difference.

In such a house,
he met a girl
rebuilding the past,
page by page and line for line.

—He scoffed at the thought:

as if believing you could really
hold onto the string of a kite
through the heart of the storm.

POEM XXXVII OR UN- UNION

They parted three days before
Christmas,

grieving someone,
not yet dead but
undoubtedly
gone.

Forever was too long a time,
so he left with
a farewell,
not a goodbye.

Only in dreams would Weber
see that lovely smile once more,

emptiness filled him.

—Weber evaporated.

POEM XXXVIII

At land's end,
he climbed up from the bottom of the wishing well,
no longer a slave to chance.

The sweetest note left by the piano
spoke more than any song it
had let to the air:

*Web,
Remember me most in Fall.
Goodbye.*

it was all too easy
learning silence
as a way of being.

And so, Web grew very still and very quiet.

POEM XXXIX

I:

Weber's friend,

being less of
a stand-up guy
and more of a
a sit-down guy,

angrily drove a bus for a dying.

For him,
living was not working,
although his friend's life was
mostly,

—work.

Charlie had wanted to be a singer,
but had let go of that dream,
leaving it
a long time ago
to another life
somewhere far, far away.

II:

On a Tuesday in the summer
Charlie stopped his bus

and simply walked out its doors
to sing.

He figured it was time to stand up
for his dreams.

He left his
puzzled passengers
with but a whistle and a wink,

and began anew.

POEM XL

Without a wobble,
Weber rose to meet
the day.

Grinning,
he greeted the sun with a poem
about a son,
he had yet to meet.

Pushing all the wiggles out his toes,
the world did not reply
turning over in its blanket of snow.

He spilt some coffee over the railing,
a daily caffeinated ritual,
to help the world arise.

He asked the world
if
he wrote it a poem
if
it would change.

—The world said no.

So he decided he didn't need the world
and changed himself instead.

POEM XLI

Something about this mourning
was different than all the others,

—It came early.

On a street in a town on a hill,
he met an old poet who had forgotten
his own words.

Saw his name carved into the side
of that old oak.

—Saw her name too.

As dawn broke and Weber tried to put its pieces back
together,
he remembered feelings along that path he trod with
that old namer.

The early breeze whispered a forgotten melody into
his ear
&
The sun warmed his path.

Mourning became morning.

POEM XLII

Weber spent much of his life
looking for a magic that wasn't
there.

Real magic,
not tricks or deceptions but,

—something real,
something powerful.

He never did catch Santa in the act nor receive his
letter in the mail,

and so the magic waned
even inside his mind.

It was rekindled in college when he met The Son
every Wednesday.

But alas, he never heard back from God,

and so the magic waned
always inside his mind.

It was only to return
once Web
learned that the magic he so longed
to hold in his hand
had always been so.

The power to transcend time, to touch another's heart
from the grave,
to impart wisdom from miles away.

The magic had always been there
and so he held the magic
inside his mind always.

POEM XLIII OR PAEAN 194

Each Jack be the custodian of his desires
and each Jill be the keeper of her dreams & songs.

Let's get lost
in each-other's arms.

Let's ask where content lies,
and for directions there.

X marked the spot
where he found it;

—where They had found it,
together,
unwrapping a shrouded conundrum

Tap-rap-Tap.

They forgot to look both ways at
that crossroads;

yes, kissing is a distraction for all.

Try as he may,
Dr. God couldn't be bothered by that diminuendo,
those little-little silences.

Weber sat atop a firetower and remembered
an afternoon in spring.

It smelt of unfrolicked grass and missed kisses.

His memory coiled
around a lover from the past.

POEM XLIV

Weber's heart afluttered at the thought of what might be.

A stranger transmuted,
and he,
the Alchemist of his own desires.

He corned over the sappyness of the love poem,
pouring it slowly down the brain
unto the heart
filling its arteries & clogging its veins.

Loves begin and end at the same place:

—some queer and inaudible isle,
between a stranger and a passing fit.

POEM XLV

Warbling Weber wrung his worries out on the close
line for all to see.

They,
all soapy & covered in sin
filled the air with wailing and fury
to no avail or respite.

Despite his ceaseless cawing and cooing
the warbler could do little to dispel his own cloudy
doom.

It, always,
fluttering gently in the breeze
to the chuckling of the leaves.

The sun offered a callous joke to Weber
sobering himself red.

He measured one tablespoon of himself
but then thought better of it,
putting his nutritionless thoughts to bed.

Weber unpinned himself well.

POEM XLVI

In ends,
Weber spent so much time
tempering his heart to the cold of the world
that when,

the true heart-attack finally came.
His brittle heart shattered to pieces

smearing what was left
 across his sleeve
 for all to
 see.

POEM XLVII

Weber's novel was anything but.

A calamity of cliches wrapped in a gown of forgettable obfuscation,
he often found himself caught between too little & too late.

He proudly wore his badge of shame:
a red herring someone forgot to mention,
an outside-in parable of partitions.

—First works are always messy
they do say.

Maybe he would become the last novel-list?

Who re-remembered the characters off the tip of his tongue

&

Who hardly wrote anything more important,

than a boring-old grocery list,
left on an old-boring coffee table
for the bored & old.

POEM XLVIII

When he was little
and the world was little too,
Web wished upon a shooting star.

What he wished for he could not recall.

Now that the world got big
And Web did too,
He wished to feel whole.
—Everything else could be overrated.

In his mind
could he ever be
really close?

In his mind
he was an overworked door-salesman:
—Both the Opener & Closer.

Shooting stars made him sad these days,
Them, living all alone out in cold space
and burning silently in white-flame.

He remembered that first wish
through blue candles
on a cake for Joy.

He fished around for that feeling in his heart for
years, but never caught the right memory,
until today.

POEM XLIX

Weber asked his ghost
if he ever missed home.

With a whistle and a wink
he held Weber's hand
to comfort him;
answering only
with spectral silence.

He made home with
the people of today
and slowly forgot the homes
of yesterday.

He snuck a peek under that bed-sheet
but didn't understand what he saw.

Web asked his ghost if he ever felt trapped,
but he had disappeared through the cracks
of the hardwood floor,
leaving only a shard of light
to cast Weber's shadow homeward.

—Ghosts only live in your head,
Weber.

POEM L

Weber returned home to find
his palace robbed & ravaged.

Someone had left the archives open
and the doors unlocked over the weekend.

The worst part wasn't what was taken,
but that he could not remember what he had lost.

Those thieves left no lists, no receipts, no tokens,
no-things at all.

Perhaps, he was going mad.
Maybe there wasn't ever a break-in anyway
and it was all in his head.

Or in this case out.

He felt that the neighborhood was getting worse; the
theft more frequent,
the loss more devastating.

Did he lose the cat's name this time?
Or maybe his mother's birthday?

no-no,
something else
something more important,
—something grave.

Weber strained his brain
taking a week's vacation as a space-cadet.

POEM LI

Weber ran his romantic life like a never-ending game of Sorry.

With the unfortunate side effect of always picking those pieces who had to go home, or to jail, or who had been forgotten under the couch in the living room.

He never drew odds, always even if he wanted an odd,

He felt like he could only ever really move with other odds and although he often veiled himself even, his heart remained odder than ever.

He thought he might try Monopoly, but he wasn't any good with maths and hardly knew when to put his money where his mouth was.

Weber may have been a bad kisser or a good kisser but no odd or even ever gave him the number.

POEM LII

Web toyed with the poem as a cat
plays with a mouse.

—A maniacal game of life and death.

Switching it on & off in the hallway
he felt like God, until he discovered
the bounds of creativity; flush with
cash & the redness of the cheek
did Web lose his directions.

Was he content today?
Or yesterday?
Or now?
or ever.

God only knew
how much he'd be without you.

But God was dead and Weber
watched you kill him.

—shame on you.

POEM LIII

Weber copped himself out of the poem,
again.

Blood-letting his anxiety over the page,
he-arts a sloppy-valentine;

Confounded & confused,
Weber leapt to the occasion
only to
fall & call

victim once more.

Staring at a blank space
he opened his story in *media res*
and closed it at *ab ovo*,
missing both the point
and the message.

Web fabled himself out of the story
a
—gain.

POEM LIV

Weber knew that he could
always be good
to the one who watched,

and tinkered
and dreamed
of time.

The story ended
but their just friends.

How could they know what love is?
passing, shadows his window
a dark & lonely
form,

The watched one
wavered in the window.

POEM LV

Maybe Walt was right
and the source of obsession was
merely the lusting after a life
he had already lived
in & out of.

Maybe his favorite artists & singers
were all just older & younger
Webers.

—Names matter little, Weber,
in regards of the eternal soul.

The emptiness of time shall always
croak upon the stiffness of indifference.

Mr. Wright was not always right nor did he feel like
Wright
especially right as he woke
up & out
of his stricken & befouled nap.

POEM LVI

Weber's motley crew of washed out has-beens and
washed up have-nots
colored his days with more than just half-crooked
smiles.

He had unrequited love for these strangers of the
quotidian,
and words,
he never once uttered whilst passing in the street.

Weber asked Walter once:
What belongs to the day?

Walter replied gently in toe,

—all and none that the sun stirs and lulls

and nothing less
and nothing more.

Perplexion invited Weber in for the day
offering a bitter tea, mixed with half-crooked lies
and philosophical fats.

POEM LVII

Weber asked himself
if
he had mourned enough?

No body ever told him it would be easy
No body told him ever it would be hard.
No body ever,
within these dark treacheries of the mind
lied to wicked Weber.

Only the hucksters and the charlatans
prowling their wares & cares
to the airs.

When the mess met him,
he couldn't meet she,
in her own

—all alone.

In facts
he couldn't mourn himself whole;
pieces of Weber made life harder
on nights like these.

POEM LVIII

Weber learned certainty
one quiet-night's end.

and this did actual happen,
this was so.

Time unlocked itself
and Weber was so too.

—What was real anyway?

Joy seemed real enough to him.
Lovely dream & songs
like Joy,
came and went—
slowly burning bright
and vanishing,
leaving Weber alone,

his heart full
& ready to move on.

POEM LXI

Weber settled for a walking dialogue
taking his time slow
for those mattering-things.

All his darlings blinded themselves
for they apart
left a piece of his heart
upon the floor.

Weber rarely changed
as quickly as the change
in his pocket changed
hands.

He sometimes struck the iron before it was hot,
leaving only the dented carcass;
the unfinished remains
the un-wound story

but these days,
more often than not,

—the story-wound.

POEM LX

Weber taught an apple of revenge
resting under the mother tree.

The orchard noticed:
An unnatural reddening,
a fury of the seed.

Weber read the apple his absurdities & bizzarities
and laughed at his own futility.

Plotting the deaths of hundreds
the apple learned its place among the cosmos and

how little he must have felt? To know
And to never have his revenge.

A single match overtook that place
and the apple took his own name
as a place to begin.

Weber decided it would be best
not to liberate anymore fruits
for a time.

POEM LXI

Weber chose to dull himself
full of nightly rituals:

Dis-jointed from reality
re-enamored and unarmoured
he looked paler
than before,

Let's go back to the start baby
A full-smile of you
And he,
so drunk off the past,

Weber's fear realized;
to erase some-thing
near from afar.

He thought himself a mystery,
no record to track,
no photographs to recall.

habits & ritual blended
into a fine smoke on a fine evening.

POEM LXII

Red-eared & red-handed,
Weber stole a look
and was quickly named,

—THIEF!

The staring contest had gone rather poorly
and the evidence,
well,
damning.

He had not meant any harm by it,
even if the little things on her desk
spoke more
than they had ever,
to one another.

He had tried hard to unknow the moment,
washed & rubbed & peeled,
but his memory ran clearest
in moments of panic.

Red-listed as a villain and a fraud,
wilful Weber took himself to the grave
of embarrassment,
shoveling that final, trembling,
handful of dirt
over his own corpus of folly.

POEM LXIII

While emptying his bladder
Weber swore he saw the face of god
or at least
felt his empty
space.

He,
devoured ideologies by the dozen
& slurped down another principal
with
 —out religion as a chaser
 this time.

His empty seemed unbound,
with no sustenance relieved.

Weber condemned that
rebel without a cause
until he found
little in the ways
of being.

 —For who but I,
 would get-gone with the wind?

POEM LXIV

On lonely roads
did Weber
put his questions,
hardly noticing his
own reproach or dreaming.

The irony bit hardest against
that illiterate man of letters,
who,
under the current pretexts,
hardly noticed his own illiteracy.

Poems demarcated nothing for Weber
but the spaces in-between souls & feeling
and not much else-where;

Weber was wondering about a world
where bookstores became oddities
and bookworms: myth.

POEM LXV

Weber sat himself
a middle of spring
&
embraced a moment's thoughtlessness.

In looking up
the great smallness of Weber
made itself known
forcing away,
that pleasant relief.

He wasn't half of what he used to be,
but two halves more or less,
Weber.

He boxed up his existentialism
for another afternoon.

POEM LXVI

Weber stood at the precipice
of changing,
 quivering & raw.

Introspection & contradiction
lied in bed; those fated lovers.

His heart & I
wondered if she would always be
the eyes of fantasy.

Pass her by
Pass her by
nevermore an
 ideal.

Please forgive this foolish love.

POEM LXVII

Weber sat, stared, &
fell to the side of good intent.

That faithful,
counter of days
&
that unfaithful,
loser of nights

bet their cards
against worrisome Weber.

He dread
the ancestral eyes of himself,
all but worn & weary,
he made battle with time,

—and lost

that ancient feud.
Weber wrapped himself in fate
politely subduing death
for a moment
in ends.

POEM LXVIII

In the stillness of the day
did Weber Wright so often lay
and she,
all smiles & silly dances
cancelled her date
with destiny.

To lie together,
Too dastardly,
young
&
mischievous larks

and Weber,
having depleted the last of
his borrowed time,

found himself repeating

over & over
and
under & under,

that same old-memory,
twisting and whirring
to the bump of an old 45.

The burn holes in his memory
matched the ones in his sole.

POEM LXIX

Weber had room for but one.

(at a time?)

He had no need to erase them, but
the sounds of the past kept creeping
up from the basement,

Yipping & yawning,
incapable of change:
fuzzy and ready to be replaced.

Weber would be replaced too,
maybe recycled once or twice,
before landing in the great landfill
of amnesiacs.

—At least they can reuse the plastic.

Weber boggled himself rearranging the poem,
at least, for the most point-
s.

POEM LXX

The snow was melting
and with it
the old Weber.

It turns out,
things don't always blow over
or mend
or change
with time.

But Weber did
and he thanked her for it.

Weber had hated summer for so long
he forgot
her older sibling in his
blind & useless-wrath.

POEM LXXI

Weber,

having faced himself,
left no one else to fear.

The likeness of language	explained-less
undressed	
and faltered under the	less-explained
likeness	
of her.	

He could not tell us of love
& he could not tell us of unlove.

He simply carried with him all the
happily, thereafter-all.

POEM LXXII

Weber often had spells,
which casted his time lost.

Maybe he shouldn't have loosened up
&
emptied out his head so often.

—not so good for the Earth, there Webs,

who,
drowned it deep inside of him, somehow
feeling filled up
&
empty at the same time.

Weber's law was a sham anyway.

—only if that 2% wasn't everything you
drowned.

POEM LXIII

Weber's way with words wasn't wonderful,
but his heart was in the right place,

or the wrong place,
or just in
a place.

All year,
his heart had been playing hooky,
and the truancy officers had little luck,
wrangling it homeward.

Weber often had his way with words,
showing only,
disdain for alphabetical consent.

His words rarely agreed with him,
leaving him an upset tummy
&
a heart on the run.

POEM LXXIV

The murder of winter
passed Weber with little notice.

He thought he saw a snowflake
in the corner of his eye,
but it was just a snow-fake;

an overconfident speck of dust.

The sun melted its evidence
in the loamy soil,
But Weber saw:

both gates looking the same
and offering the same.

POEM LXXV

Weber wrote a play
on words-
but it was just more of the same.

Eyes of the sun
hallow be thy
Wide-eyed Weber, seen
and un-whole
y.

Everybody
took a moment to bask
in an(-)other;
moment.

The crowd roared with their eyes,
trembling all the same.

POEM LXXVI – MR. WRIGHT’S LETTER

Weber,
how must you linger?

It is not that life is boring
It is that life bores me.

Oh how have I become that beloved straw man?
Do you remember?
No?

I thought as much,
or as little.

The moon has grown fonder of you, Web.
You ought to call her back.

You might delete a phone number,
But you can’t escape history.

Remember this:

*What is Wright may not
always
be right.*

POEM LXVII – WEBER’S WAKING

It came in spring,
unbeknownst,
to he.

Anew Weber came each season-
some colder
some warmer
—but all with hurts
bruising and pruned.

This spring
had come quietly though,
and Weber felt lighter:

all giggles & head banging,
bizzare and uncounted.

Weber’s waking wore him weak,
and left him asking for seconds,
and minutes
and days
—back.

Time jeered,
leaving woken Weber
singing uselessly, uselessly
into the night.

This publication unapologetically maintains the equal right of free expression without regards to race, color, religion, sex, gender, national origin, age, disability, genetics, or any other metric of difference.

There is no rulebook for life.

Alexander H. Ellis is a recent graduate from the University of Vermont. This is his first and likely only work of poetry.

CONTACT:

603.714.8691

ahellisart@gmail.com