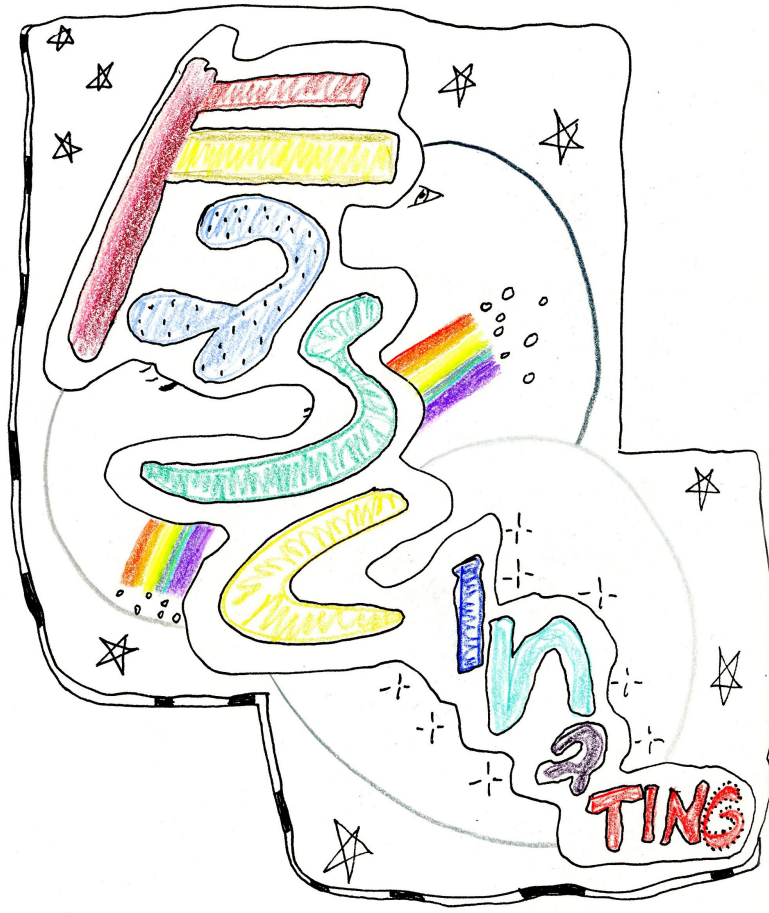


poems



**larry & lenore goodell**

*love to all*



**duende productions**  
placitas, new mexico  
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50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
December 2, 2018

50 years gone by like  
a whippoorwill's song.

## Anniversary Special

*for Lenore*

It is our 24th Wedding Anniversary today, & Lenore is sickish with a cold,  
 But we went out, I met her at work & drove her to Amer-Asia where  
 We had spicy-hot dim-sum. That noodle salad was so good, cold-hot,  
 and the Szechuan beef in a bowl with noodles inflamed the senses of the graying day.  
 And those dumplings stuffed with gingered pork, & those with beef & water chestnuts.  
 It is like our life of 24 years, it is our 24 years, cold-hot, inflamed,  
 Focused on the best, a narrow focus on the widest agreement of all,  
 Doing what we can together. It's as if the rest of the world won't have us.  
 We have run from it to each other, I guess. 24 years announces  
 it's time to get ready for the 25th Wedding Anniversary,  
 When in more detail, we'll remember the day December 2nd  
 When we got married twice to make it legal, but really got married  
 To a Shoshone flute played in the New York House of Placitas, and it snowed,  
 And I wore black & white striped pants & a flaming red-orange shirt, & she a full-length  
 red-purple flowered dress, all of which she made by hand.

/2Dec92 from *Renew Anew*, poems 1992-93

## Anniversary, for Lenore

So many things have changed  
in the same way  
so many things have changed  
in a nice way  
so many things have changed  
in a terrible, terrible way  
so many things have changed  
for the better  
as we age all possibilities  
and hand the good with the bad  
over  
to our vital present.  
As we see life as it is  
and move  
to where we are arriving  
in the love that's older than us  
in the love that's older than lust  
in the love, we are becoming

as we help each other and out  
to others,  
find love back in curious places  
new friends and old together,  
as we alone  
are together  
blessing and festive when we can  
see things straight  
to our Creator  
who sees things straight  
to us  
in the Earth, in the Stars  
in the upcoming sun.  
Where I can say I love you  
again.

*/30th Anniversary, 2Dec98, from To Hell with Mumbo Jumbo, poems 1998*

## Amend

I got up to mend my amends:  
 I tilted your life off center  
 by my ceaseless disorganization.  
 My putting things off is a technique  
 that allows me to avoid work.  
 Play my way to success never worked.  
 Play is doing what I want to do which  
 I confused with life: making a living  
 cant be put off if you wish to remain sane  
 in this world. I guess I thought I was  
 not of this world, something special,  
 stubborn in other words. I'm  
 sorry. To have damaged another's hopes  
 so I can have my way, is an irretrievable  
 loss to both of us and I am truly sorry.  
 All I can do now is pick up the pieces  
 of a puzzle of chaos I brought on myself  
 by playing the I'll-do-it-some-other-time game.  
 Mañana. I took it to heart. I took a cultural prop  
 that's really a prejudice, and used it as my excuse.  
 Being sorry doesn't answer what can I do  
 to make anything better. I affected someone  
 dearest to me, badly, shifting my obligation  
 onto you. And now  
 I'm retired ha-ha, from the job I never really had.  
 Please help me to take on more burden, somehow.  
 As a Higher Power in the scheme of things  
 flows in, let it help us  
 prosper, more healthful and helpful to you.  
 More directing and useful to me. Guide us  
 to a grounded sanity. And help me with  
 this lazy lack of focus.  
 Forgiveness, so far unobtainable,  
 come into my life. Today. This way. Out.  
 What next is what there is for us.

/our 34<sup>th</sup> anniversary, 2Dec2002, from *Breath*, poems 2002

## December

Listen to me dawn of my life, love of my spirited marriage.

We are appreciative of each other but never enough, because

when something's overwhelmingly mysterious and long lasting

it lives larger than itself, never to be thoroughly known

but appreciated to the bone, to the marrow and the soul, the soul of love

combined:

that is the grateful thought that is the love that is found, that is lived that is

found again, to be the opening light that touches and keeps alive, our selves.

## December 1<sup>st</sup> Very Early

Spin dark secrets out as I concentrate on  
what is left  
the pure source  
it is not a product you can buy  
to add to your laundry detergent.  
It defies  
deception  
and hangs there.  
“Hello” the spirit of the unknown says.  
“What is your conclusion?”  
The faint beating of the heart.  
A voice barely heard from the all-night  
TV in the other room.  
The unsubmerged ringing in the depth of the ears.  
It comes into play inside you.  
The spirit of connection that dares to travel  
beyond technology to sources way out there.  
I am the child of.  
A grown child aging.

The new and the old turn around in front of me.  
 A slow spinning, opposites in motion.  
 The small and the large confused.  
 Not confused, realized  
 it is all so quiet now before dawn.  
 As the shouting of the spirit combines everything you ever read  
 with the path the mirrored image of the past deeply  
 reaching back  
 Fifth Street, Main Street, a forgotten name street  
 Missouri Avenue and then as I move away  
 Way West Fourth.  
 Oh, the forgotten street comes back.  
 Deming.  
 The light is barely playing with the day.  
 Consciousness is newly aware of the toes  
 again.  
 The extremities.  
 Interlaced inter weaving inter connections  
 of the length of body, width of body, flexible  
 as the dim pulsing life liquefies energy,  
 electric flow inside all skin  
 lying here with increasing light  
 parents ever present grandparents  
 stirrings, refreshings of the mind  
 breathing with the body, all of it  
 working towards something or at least  
 an elaborate tool.  
 The distant whir-hum of the refrigerator  
 with the inner muffled beating of my heart  
 and beating putting pressure in my fingertips  
 holding the journal artistique my left hand holds  
 as the black ink flows out of the French pen I write with.  
 I guess this is about as silent as you can get  
 as I can get  
 the mysterious floating I, I mean I which  
 loses all meaning as you look at it I  
 is a sound I say it, I  
 and immediately English which is my corral  
 turns it to eye, eye in my head, two eyes,  
 the light almost white in the SouthEast  
 through the slats in the window  
 and the hanging dormant trumpet vine.  
 Now it is December and the renewed love

that tomorrow will bring with an anniversary  
of found love, just around the corner so to speak  
consciousness returns the outside things going on.  
The breeze outside waving the apricot branches and vine seed pods  
the car, now another car distantly going by now picking up.  
My sense of body tool, time to get up.  
Turning the light out I can see in the familiar dawn  
the school bus passes by outside lights going by.

/1Dec2015



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*for Lenore*

Too much has too much  
to say  
time jerks numbers around  
but it sinks in  
40 and seven  
since you in the flowered red purple other colors dress  
me in black and white with day-glow orange shirt  
homemade out of hands that made just about everything  
yours  
we were striking against the snow  
as you all all of you  
brought food and drinks  
and we right here about a mile away  
in the village  
got married  
may love continue to guide us  
into pagan responsibility  
with the Earth

Love, love and light of changing  
days and seasons  
as I still hear the Shoshone flute playing  
to wed us  
as the August Sky\* came to bless us  
here in cold December.

/ 2Dec2015

\*Gino August Sky

And true new two.

/ 2Dec 2017

poems reassembled 2nd of December 2018  
for our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary

*love to all*

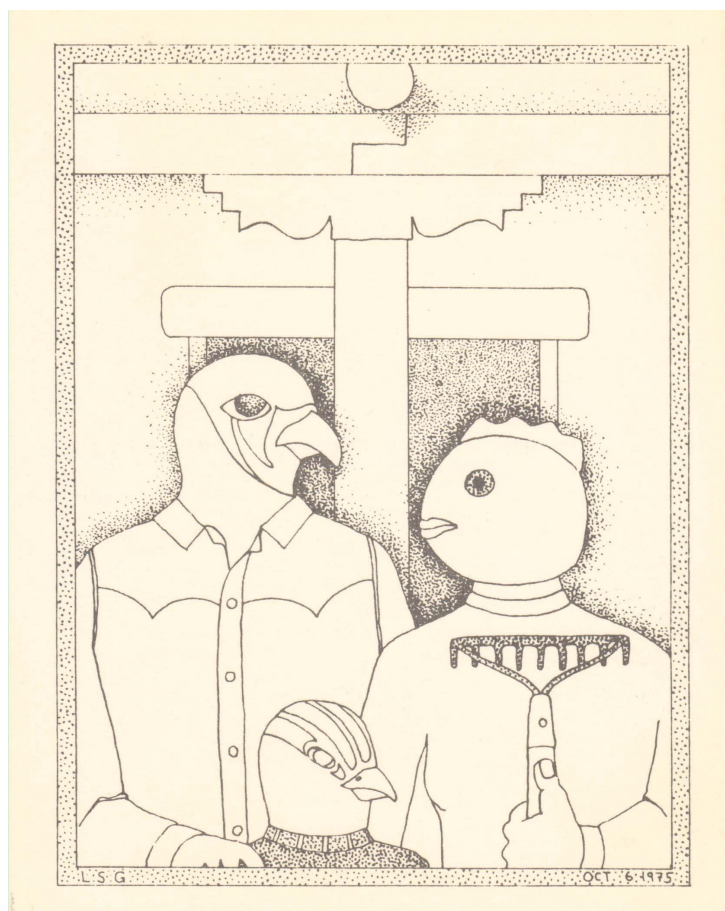


duende productions

placitas, new mexico

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family portrait by lenore - transient press card - 70's

And true new two.



duende production 2018

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larry goodell for lenore