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Jon Remmerde

After reading "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird," by Wallace Stevens.

Thirteen Raven Poems

I. Mountains in snow.

Raven
flies, black above white,
looks down at mountains
in snow.

II. A tree grows
in my thoughts.
Three Ravens rest
on three branches,
thinking of flight.

III. Ravens fly
in cold winter wind.
Ravens become
winter.

IV. I love you,
he says.
They hold each other close
in mountain quiet.
Raven flies above them.

V. Raven's harsh call
becomes pleasant above harmony.
In silence that follows,
I find
intimations of enlightenment.

VI. Frost covers my windows
before daylight
and obscures the flight of black ravens
toward spring.
They speak to me in raucous tones.
I listen
but never understand what
they tell me.

VII. We seek material riches
and spiritual enlightenment.
Ravens watch us toil,

watch us spin,
watch us try to understand,
and laugh in sorrow
at our misdirections.

VIII. Ah yes, we humans
have words
and wisdom,
but Raven sees
the machinations
of humankind
and laughs
for incredulity,
for relief.

IX. Raven flies beyond my senses
and tells me
she and I are one;
life is one
with the creator of life.

X. Ravens fly
toward strange colors of sunset.
Were we not struck dumb by awe,
we would cry out at beauty
as colors reflect from Ravens' wings
in numinous movement
high above earth.

XI. When we fly above
our own existence
and see life,
sudden fear penetrates us.
What seemed necessary
to our living in this world
casts raven and all forms of life
in dark shadows
that might not yield to rising sun.

XII. Life proceeds
harmonious.
Sun rises.
Swallows swoop to catch insects.
Raven flies from her treetop,
pleased to see beginning
in every movement,
every thought.

XIII

Time is a human concept.

Each moment is eternal.

We look toward the future,

try to think of everything that might happen.

Raven, in the top of a juniper tree,

gathers the moments we discard

in our forward haste.