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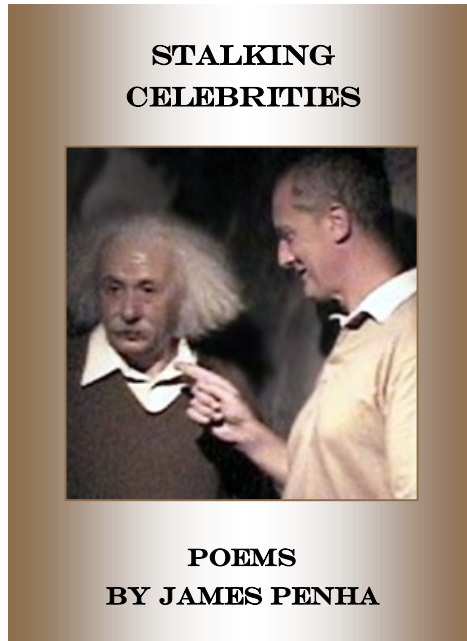
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Cover photo of Albert Einstein
and 'stalker'

Origami Poetry Project™

STALKING CELEBRITIES
POEMS BY
JAMES PENHA © 2012

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<http://newversenews.blogspot.com/>



STALKING CELEBRITIES



POEMS
BY JAMES PENHA

WOODY ALLEN, ALIVE AND WELL

I trailed Woody Allen up Madison Avenue once.
Block after block, I slowed to his footsteps. He
talked with a woman oh

twice his height. Not Keaton,

nor Mia of course. They parted the waves.

In the wake, I watched millions

tilt their eyes and try to watch

with casualness

where they went.

Not one broke stride;

we yielded Woody his vector. But at the plane

of passage

all turned for the denouement

with their heads upon their shoulders

and quickly back to each other to ask,

rhetorically, "Do you know who that was?"

or to say who that was.

The sure

only smiled.

Others looked back

This city was Woody's.

rudY

Emerging from the parking garage
to the November light of 51st Street
I needed a Circle in the Square
where Ah Wilderness was
amidst crowds jaywalking to queues
for curtains when I felt a startling
thump to my back. It smacked of
muggery, spun me round like a
revolving door, but spindleless I
plummeted down shelves of strangers
to the ground on my ass and so saw
his horizontal right arm a bulbous bow
breaking the ice of pre-theater klatches
and the carelessly ignorant gutter bergs,
his muffler flying behind on the wind
his stride created: Nureyev, head knitted,
feet booted for the cold, commanding
the theatre district, utterly
virtuosic--in a coup de Tatar--rushing
deux in fewer than ten minutes. I sat
an invisible corps in his life's ballet
losing my breath for his buoyancy.

EULOGY AT OPRYLAND

Merle Watson, he done it right:

He didn't plow his veins

with rock 'n' roll

or mill'ris brains

with jazz. That

boy jest slid 'ris strings

o'er the songs of 'ris pa-

Didn' open 'is mouth,

didn' hog the light.

I ar'ays thought

I'd like 't expire here

on this stage

with my fiddle

fallin' on me like a lily.

But Merle was a realer country boy

to die wrapped up

in the hum of 'is tractor.

DIGGING LORCA

Do soggy bones matter
more than Bernarda's broken
cane or New York
tenements or a perfect pair of olives
in hand? For if we hold, Federico,
your delicate fingers, trace the lines
of your lips with our fingers,
and hear your inspiration
even now, we have no need
for the palpable
to imagine you.

Exhumation reminds me more
of the next innocent
to die wordlessly
in a ditch.