



Jack Foley

Three Poems

50 Designs to Murder Magic

Can you say she took your breath away

Yes, I can say that

But you talked on to her

And that

Required

Breath

Can you say

She was beautiful

Yes, I can say that

Her hair especially was beautiful

And her serious

Eyes

But she was also

Exceptionally kind

She listened when you spoke

Yes, and laughed

When I said
 Something amusing
Yet her laughter seemed almost
 Reluctant
 As if she couldn't quite help herself
As if something came from within
(As something came from within me)

There was no way on earth we could be lovers

As I left she said, "It was wonderful to meet you"
I thanked her for being so considerate

Her hair moved often
 As she moved

"No Man Is an Island . . ."

I am the remains
Of an extinct volcano
That reaches 541 feet
Above sea level.
I am situated
Northwest of the main
Galápagos Island group
On the Wolf-Darwin
Lineament.
My formation
Is different from
The formation of the main
Galápagos Islands.
Currently
There are two theories
Of my formation:
The first is that
Magma rising from the mantle plume
Forming the main
Galápagos Islands
Was channeled towards
The Galápagos
Spreading Center;
Alternatively,
There was a separate
Rise in magma caused by stress in the ocean lithosphere

By a transform fault.
I am satisfied.
I am the most northerly
Of the two peaks on the Wolf Darwin Lineament.
My last eruption
Is believed to have been
400,000 years ago.
My Arch is unmatched
By any created in the Ancient World.
I am not open to land visits.
I teem
With a spectacular variety of marine life.
I attract:
Whale sharks, hammerhead, Galápagos, silky and blacktip sharks,
Green turtles, manta rays, and dolphins.
I have a large bird population,
Including frigate birds, red-footed boobies, and the vampire finch.
I love the water out of which I rise.
My heart is open
To the wind, to the elements, to the creatures that visit.
I do not make love.
I do not make war.
I do not believe in any deity.
I stand
In the midst of the magnificent Pacific Ocean
Alive, old, free.

The Gloaming / Meáchan Rudaí

the weight of things
the gloaming

the weight of things
the gloaming

the weight of memory
the weight of the soul

the weight of your terror
and of your refusal

the weight of teeth
the weight of resilience

the weight of narcissism

the weight of your eyes

the fury

In the world
No fire
Is tamed or ready to serve
Burning
Is
Vanishing
No song
Burns properly
In the mind
In the memory
Nothing in any fireplace
But springs forth
Into the room
As smoke or heat
To cause damage
No cigarette burns
Properly
No pipe can be smoked
So as to confer advantage
Though hearts burn
None burn
Properly
All cause pain
Vanishing
All danger lies here
Even in the stove
That cooks
The broth
The match
That lights
The dark:
The fever
In this is burning
Burning

Jack Foley has published fifteen books of poetry, five books of criticism, a book of stories, and a two-volume, 3,000-page “chronocyclopedia,” *Visions & Affiliations: California Poetry 1940-2005*. His recent publications include *EYES* (selected poems); *The Tiger & Other Tales*, a book of stories; *Riverrun*, a book of experimental poetry; and *Grief Songs. When Sleep Comes: Shillelagh Songs*, a book of poems, is forthcoming, as is a book edited by California Poet Laureate Dana

Gioia commenting on and celebrating *Visions & Affiliations*. He has received Lifetime Achievement Awards from Marquis Who's Who and the Berkeley Poetry Festival.

Image ("Spirit flying over a volcano that is creating a new island") from steemit.com