

A Graduation



6 spontaneous poems

by
Bill Eberle

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Cover Photo

Lilac answers pine, Thomaston Maine June 9, 2013

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Sony NEX-3 w. E 18-14mm f 3.5-5.6 OSS lens, 1/50 sec, f/11, ISO Speed 200, Focal Length 20 mm

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15 North Street
Thomaston, Maine 04861

billeberlepoet.com

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Updated Edition

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for

Alayna

*this fabric of what you can do is in your grasp and you
can fold it and it touches in different places*

Alan Magee

Forward

I don't write poetry. Something inside of me that is related to poetry but earlier, more primitive, takes a hold of me and shakes me and takes me for a ride. The only way I can keep from falling off is to write, parse, push, feel, play, and reach . . . and keep putting words on paper until it's over, and the ride ends. Then I get to take a deep breath, remember some of the music from the trance I was in, and try to wrap my simple heart and brain around what is left - some words on paper. What is amazing to me is what I've learned from all of these experiences, that the spark for all of the poems that have come out of me is always love, a desire to tell someone I care about something inexpressible and wonderful, something worth remembering.

Bill Eberle

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oceanside
graduation 2013

I really liked
when they all sang
and clapped together

sang and clapped out
to all of us

out here

coming alive
as one
graduating body

hey! clap clap
here we are

hooray!

and
here we come

into your ears
and hearts

one by one

June 11, 2013

glass and leather

how wonderful it would be
if year after year
people became softer and softer
like sea glass
smoothed by water and sand
instead of sharper and sharper
like broken glass
smashed apart
over and over
by life
and by time

I will say this
though

some people actually
become stronger
and stretchable

not like glass at all

more like thick old leather
protecting precious bodies

keeping hold of hearts
that expand
with each sorrow

nurturing love

that grows
and grows

and grows

June 11, 2013

edited June 12, 2013

graduation day

children

flipping to adults

not really

none of us ever do

at first many of us
just learn to pretend
or rebel

and maybe sometimes
after hard lessons

find a place
in ourselves
where we can live

clean and clear and true

because

sorrow interns some of us
and accidents and craziness
take some too

but if we're lucky
things happen
that don't bury us

and finally
finally
we begin to

learn and learn and learn

exactly what we always knew
but didn't quite ever
really know
deep down

just yet

or exactly what we

can do
if we want to

and what we are finally
ready for

exactly what's most important
just to us

to what's been
always
living there

inside our hopeful
hopeful
hearts

children
flipping to adults

not really

none of us ever do

some pretend
and some hide
and some find a way
to finally live
free and clear and true

but deep inside

*we are all
and always*

children

*through and through
and through*

June 11, 2013

it's hard

things aren't easy

"easy to say and hard to do"

"nothing comes from nothing"

and all that

but what does it really mean

anyone who's built a house

or a complicated computer program

from scratch

knows

and may be able to tell you

if you can listen

a good artist

and each person who dares

to create something

that never existed

or change something carefully

to make it better

knows too

it means starting with nothing

but an idea

and starting with not knowing

but believing you can figure it out

and building from that

one piece and one fact at a time

and learning how to fit each piece

each fact

with another

over and over

day after day
and make mistakes
and care enough to see them
and fix them
and learn
and not make mistakes
but stand back
and want to make it even better
and do some parts again
until you know they're right
day by day
one piece one fact
married to another
sets of facts and pieces
put together to make
bigger pieces
and one assembly
married to another
building and building
until you're done
and your idea works
just like you knew it would

June 12, 2013

finding the graduate

like salmon
swimming up people

up the corridor
we swam

our quest to find
just one
graduated person

it seemed fairly simple

but connecting
crisscrossing people
made our passage
quite a web

it didn't matter

we were all on
a similar journey

and find her
we did

June 11, 2013

based on a private poem, revised slightly June 17, 2013

Thank you

Afterward

On and on we go

Don't ever forget
to trust your feelings
and what you don't yet know
and want to find

6-15-13 in a High School Graduation Book

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10 Love Poems

Where we live and other poems

2012 23 Poems

Going Out Vacation Poems

3 Days in Arizona and more in Maine

Sue 8 poems for my sister

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