

2012

23 Poems



by Bill Eberle

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SAMPLE

Bill Eberle

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Enchanted Evening July18, 2003 – 7:52 p.m. Rockport, Maine

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Photo used for poem 15, Seashore Sketch © 2012, 2023 Dagny C. Ernest

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15 North Street
Thomaston, Maine 04861

billeberlepoet.com

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for
Dagney C. Ernest

Forward

... 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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being touched

she touches me
I mean when we're sitting
next to each other
she touches my shoulder
the back of my neck

when we're home
she comes over
or reaches over
and touches me

here's how it feels
I feel her love
in her hands

I feel her love
flow onto me
from her hands
when she touches me

I never have felt that
before

love
recognizable
familiar
and certain
in the texture
and perception
of my own skin
when touched
by someone
who loves me

now I feel it

all the time

can look at her hands

and see it

feel it

January 20, 2012

Bubbles

Childish
the idea
of blowing bubbles
outside
after rain

Each landed
and stuck

Early
glowing evening
multiplying
bubbles
that held
themselves
and us
on and on

Enchantment
of light
and place
holding each bubble
like magic breaths
with no need
to breathe
or change

Suspending
and expanding
our childish selves
over and over
once
and forever
back then

January 21, 2012

Twin Brooks

slide slide
poke poke
slide slide
poke poke
slide poke
slide slide

poke

glide over
new snow
across fields
and through woods

slide slide
poke poke
slide slide
poke
through silent
white
and gilded trees

Twin Brooks

January 21, 2012

seashore sketch



sweet stink
of ocean's edge

breezy sparkling
air

bright sun
busy landscape
punctuated by
standing
walking lounging
adult bodies

by
feeling moving
running
kneeling crawling
paddling
offspring

circumscribed by
beach's
parallel curves
soft waves

frothy changing
timeless edging

rocky shore
pine tree tops
blue
moisture muted
sky

June 10, 2012

three (or so) are we

there are three universes
one inside of the other
in all directions
each to each
on and on

perhaps many more . . .
arranged similarly

in one there is no after life
and spirit is the mysterious
energy shared among
living beings

the dead exist only
as born memory
holy enough
in fact
for those who pay attention

in another
spirits live on
as above, of course

but also for each life
lived
forever and forever

and all
living, dead, and soon to be
share one awareness

but only those who are currently dead
are fully aware
and know truth perfectly

revealing smatterings of love and light
to those who pray
and reach up to them
with love sadness and joy

in the other
the spirits of those who are deceased
also continue forever
but are gifted with knowledge
of what is true and what is false
only in similar
proportion
as the living

at first at least

death being a mighty lesson
which moves some forward
considerably, some just a bit
some back

and some not at all

and all deceased, moving
and forever being spirits
must strive without known substance
to learn and see
and love

even as we
poor living beings do
with knowable substance
in desire
haste
blindness
dance
and joy

blessed be

Jan 7, 2013

amended Jan. 11, 2013

Thank you

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