



3 Days
in Arizona

and more
in Maine

by
Bill Eberle

3 Days in Arizona

and more in Maine

SAMPLE

Bill Eberle

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Cover Photo

Green leaves and purple flowers June 9, 2013, 2:33 p.m. Thomaston Maine

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Sony Nex3 w. E 18-55mm F3.5-5.6 OSS lens, 1/80 sec, f/6.3, ISO Speed 200, Focal Length 20.0 mm

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for

Betsy

her husband

Eric

and

my son

Ben

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

Alan Magee



Palm folding May 16, 2013, 8:55 p.m. Scottsdale Arizona © 2013, 2023 William C. Eberle
Sony DSC-TX20 w. 4-4-17.7mm f.3.5-4.6 lens, 1/80 sec, f/3.5, ISO Speed 125, Focal Length 4.4 mm

Forward

Included in this book are poems I began writing on the morning of May 18, starting with a few words and an idea stuck in my mind from the night before, walking along the rim of the Grand Canyon at sunset, surrounded by vastness, glowing colors, and all of us happy little people moving about peacefully and respectfully at the edge of such realities . . . we were alike, all quelled, quieted, and smoothed over to become consciously, completely, and simply, one being with what we saw and smelled and heard and were, existing together as tiny moving parts connected on and on and on to the sweetness and immenseness of our amazing environment.

The next day, Saturday morning, I found myself filled with words and ideas for one new poem after another. At the beginning I wanted to do justice to the words in my head from the night before about “all the people,” now amplified when again I was surrounded by vastness, colors beyond describing, looking out over the Grand Canyons . . . with “all the people.”

I found a bench, sat down, thumb typed to my phone, and emailed the first poem of the day.

I did the same for “canyons” and also later in the day for “colors,” but the ideas, images, and connections were a constant tumble. I was overwhelmed and thumb typing was too slow. Again and again I pulled pen and paper from my pocket and scribbled a thought, words for an image, words for a feeling, but mostly I scribbled poetry, words as lines and pauses and more lines, flowing from what I was seeing and feeling inside and all around, delivered through me, spilling out onto paper and into memory.

Throughout the day, as we explored the edge of the Grand Canyon and later as we drove back down to Sedona, wanting to see the Red Rocks again, and then back to Phoenix, stopping to see my mother one last time and paying a last visit to my sister and her husband before boarding an airplane on our way back to Maine – all day I was filled with memories, ideas, words, and progressions for poetry, poetry which compelled me to say it out loud or get it written down.

By my count, 18 poems came from all the inpourings, poured back out as best I could, on that single day, an amazing day for my sense of myself as someone who sometimes writes poetry. That day was the day poetry took me on an all-day ride. The words, ideas and need to get it written down continue. On June 9, I have 38 poems. Many will be included in this book.

Bill Eberle June 2013

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daughter

family photos
sorority girls
and friends

down all these years
from way back when

to now

mother and daughter
touching

and connecting

to here
and each other
and then

June 2, 2013

all the people

all the people they said
you'll be surprised
by how many people
there'll be
at the Grand Canyon

I don't mind the people

especially at the rim

it feels wonderful
to be part of them

to feel the sentient
bath of them
of all of us

to hear the music of
different languages

to be here
in this moment

to be standing
on the rim of a place
older than all of us
forever

ancestors and all
older than
everything we've ever
been

all the way back
to the beginning

the buzz of us
the chamber of
our existence
absorbing
canyons within

canyons
cliffs
sculptured rocks
rock slides



growth
life
and change

impossible colors

with a river
flowing through
a place
as far down
and far away
as I can see

and all the people

it feels wonderful to me

I like all the people

being one of them
here

on the rim

of the Grand Canyon.

May 18, 2013

edited May 31, 2013

too incredible

it's too incredible
but it exists

existed long before
our kind

I like to imagine
the first peoples
to see this
and those who
decided
to stay

and explore

generations
and generations

moving down
from the rim



and living

surrounded
by all the life
down in these
layers of time

at the Grand Canyon

this old man
has had enough
for now

spread out before him
the wonders
of age

far beyond his

May 18, 2013

SORROW

if you embrace
your depression
and your sorrow

I mean hug it
and squeeze
it tight

sometimes
out of
nowhere

it will
burst

into song

June 3, 2013



Thank you

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