

Bananas #2

## **Two poems (1973)**

Bananas was edited and published by Suhail Hanna in the early 1970s, at the Kickapoo Spur Press in Oklahoma.

D.C. Peck

### **ON READING**

Pondering Apuleius -  
Prancing through Aquinas -  
Any hour, day or night,  
Reading.

I love to read and don't care what.  
Laughing along with Schopenhauer,  
Weeping Christ's Tears with old Tom Nashe -  
Oh you can find me, anytime,  
Reading.

White whales, seagulls, bunny rabbits, Death -  
Wall Street, Main Street, Paradise, and hell,  
Congo journeys, night flights, seven against Thebes -  
I was there. And  
I am Samsa, Sorel, Raskolnikov, and Huck,  
Bertrand Russell, Agamemnon, Chichikov, Dax -  
Protean me, fancy me all these.  
I am all of these.

I am not me, and would not be,  
And will not be, why should I?  
Myself, I am nothing, even less than that;  
Who would check me out?  
But as long as there is one book left,  
I can say - "Why not?"  
As long as there is one book left,  
I will still be here,  
Reading.

### **VIEWING THE BODY**

I can see in the dark.  
No,  
I can look in the dark.  
But if I cannot see, yet I can look.

When one's father dies,  
One's first thought is to avert one's eyes;

But instead, I looked.  
I saw him up there, flat in the dark like a disused airstrip,  
Flowers, that should have wilted, but did not, all around;  
I saw him; even in the dark, I saw;  
I even saw him breathing -  
Of course he wasn't breathing,  
Another trick the dark plays - and I saw him smile,  
Very faintly, smiling at me staring  
At him smiling,  
But I stared.  
Of course he wasn't smiling, what's  
To smile about? Me staring,  
Not believing what I saw?  
But really, I saw nothing.  
But I can look.