

During the 1990's, while married to Janet, I found two series of poems coming through me over time. The first (written between 92-95) is called *Wall*. (When I posted it on my webpage, it got called *frog* with reference to the looney tunes cartoon *One froggy evening*). It was eventually exhibited on the outside wall of my (old) office. The second series (written 96-99) was eventually called *Wall-art*.

In the Winter of 95-96, I found myself writing a poem that was not included in either series. Later, while the poems of 96-99 were coming, I called that poem *Segue*.

One of the poems of *Wall* was actually written in 1988, a year after I first met Janet (we were married in 1989). It is the poem *Song* and has many stanzas.

At some point after 1995, I started feeling that those stanzas correlated with the poems of *Wall*, and over time they settled into such a correlation. Then, sometime after Janet's death in 2001, I felt that the second series too correlated with *Song*, and that both series correlated together, but with *Wall* now correlated in reverse order. It was when those correlations had finally come to me, and settled down satisfactorily, that I decided to call the second series *Wall-art*. (When the correlation had settled down, there was still one missing place in *Wall-art*, the poem to correlate with *Song* itself. The poem *Say*, from 2001, was then inducted into *Wall-art* to serve that purpose.)

In this conjoined form they have been with me quite a while (it is difficult to say exactly since when or for how long). But long enough in fact, that for one of the matching pairs (*The Now and Coming World* and *Tectonics*) they eventually (with my approval) switched places.

Below are

the correlation: *Wall* with *Song*

the poem: *Segue*

the correlation: *Wall* with *Song* with *Wall-art*

(Remark: in *Wall-art*, both of *Coming Hither* and *Going Hence* contain multiple excerpts from *King Lear* ; the line references refer to the Arden edition of *King Lear* , edited by Kenneth Muir (1972)

Song	Wall
Here's the wall, guarding bones; Garden: nothingness and stones. And we walk the wall with our names of naught; All with naught and stones is wrought.	An Embrace
This old man, feels bad, Feels sad and mad and bad. And he walks the wall between naught and stone; This old man reveals the bone.	Timshel (Thou Mayest)
This old man, he plays Zen, He plays your move now and Zen. And he walks the wall turning stones to bone; This old man Zends up the stone.	Assumption
This old man, he plays great, He can simply designate. And he walks the wall signing joys in stone; This old man designs the bone.	Three Roses, Half Red, Half White
This old man, bids goodbye, Why forsake me dad, why fly? And he walks the wall turning boys to bone; This old man picks up the stone.	Drought
This old man, Simon says, Give Graceland a chance John says. And he walks the wall giving Paul a Star; Here-is-sun. Shine, Waters, far.	Puget Sound
This old man, he pulls strings, He plays everything has wings. With a shipwrecked blank check, hitch your star a guide; Waters clear shine far and wide.	Nothing But
This old man, he plays new, One plus one is one and two. And he walks the wall urging joys their bone; This old man says fly, fly stone.	Title Of The Song
This old man follows signs, Circles seen as true straight lines. Though he walks the wall, yet he won't annoint; Point-infinity is just a point.	Song Of The Stone
Here's his line (circle scars): Stars are ours and ours are stars. And he hears the wall (circled water clogs); Hears the grunting of the hogs.	Song Of The Bone

<p>This old man, this old hog, Sleeping, grunting, lost in fog. And he tunes the strings winging hogs their stone; Bone-menagerie: boys circle home.</p>	<p>Song Of The Home</p>
<p>See the Twins – Rangers now – Angel, pig and dog and cow. With an oink-oink, moo-moo, barking up a tree; See the pitch. What do you see?</p>	<p>Moan</p>
<p>Perfect pitch, playing strings, Full harmonic is all things. Witches, people, beings, cat-dog too; We are you and you and you.</p>	<p>The Now And Coming World</p>
<p>Play the strings, moon at noon, Let us dance all to our tune. With a my song, your song, our song's new; Dance now this song, one with two.</p>	<p>Moirra (Fate - A Sunset Rises)</p>
<p>Play the strings, one at two, Let us dance all, me we you. With a my song, your song, push pull shove; Dance now this song, two with love.</p>	<p>A Still Life Sketch</p>
<p>Play the strings, two at love, Laden songs rend joys above; To a tune of maybe, sing our fate; Dance now this song, love with hate.</p>	<p>The Ing Itself</p>
<p>Play the strings, love at hate, Love may many hates equate. While a hate is many, love is none; Dance now, love and hate with one.</p>	<p>Sand Castles</p>
<p>Love at one, hate at one, Let us dance all, all at one. With a my song, your song, hear our noise; Dance now this song, joy with joys.</p>	<p>To A God Daughter From Her God Father</p>
<p>Here's the wall, guarding bones; Garden: nothingness and stones. And we walk the wall with our names of naught; Joy at joys: a star is wrought.</p>	<p>Twilight</p>

Segue

Fingers flowing, fingers touching, fingers clasping in repose.
A tight security, all songs hugged safe within.
An untuned string vibrates a gentle surge,
Melodies unformed release a mild din.
And yet unfocused single songs emerge,
Allowing space for more than graceful craftsmen,
With joyous hidden labor, now compose.

Impatient rattle, fingers tapping, raindrops beat their tattoo;
Rivers running at too new a sea.
Floods confounding timid harvests,
High lonely mountain forests chorus - flee.
While mountaintops speak but one lone word - we.

From forests' maze, all upward strides,
Leaving below towering prides
Of mighty minded oaks;
Till snow-line's elevated sand,
Wind writing there long moment's whim,
Iced eyes all sandy tears abrim,
Numb fingers grasp the willing yokes:
Wind's current writ is clear command.

Wall	Song	Wall-Art
in reverse order	True is false, false is true, It all just depends on you. Lies or truths, what's the fuss? It all just depends on us.	Seldom Met Are Those Who Seldom Play
Twilight	Here's the wall, guarding bones; Garden: nothingness and stones. And we walk the wall with our names of naught; All with naught and stones is wrought.	Fluffiness
To A God Daughter From Her God Father	This old man, feels bad, Feels sad and mad and bad. And he walks the wall between naught and stone; This old man reveals the bone.	At The Crossroad
Sand Castles	This old man, he plays Zen, He plays your move now and Zen. And he walks the wall turning stones to bone; This old man Zends up the stone.	The Chorused Wind
The Ing Itself	This old man, he plays great, He can simply designate. And he walks the wall signing joys in stone; This old man designs the bone.	Inside St Paul's Silhouettes
A Still Life Sketch	This old man, bids goodbye, Why forsake me dad, why fly? And he walks the wall turning boys to bone; This old man picks up the stone.	Harvest Time My Slavery
Moir (Fate - A Sunset Rises)	This old man, Simon says, Give Graceland a chance John says. And he walks the wall giving Paul a Star; Here-is-sun. Shine, Waters, far.	Revelations
The Now And Coming World	This old man, he pulls strings, He plays everything has wings. With a shipwrecked blank check, hitch your star a guide; Waters clear shine far and wide.	Tectonics
Moan	This old man, he plays new, One plus one is one and two. And he walks the wall urging joys their bone; This old man says fly, fly stone.	Abiding Presence
Song	This old man follows signs, Circles seen as true straight lines. Though he walks the wall, yet he won't annoint; Point-infinity is just a point.	Say (A Sunset Speaks)

Nothing But	Here's his line (circle scars): Stars are ours and ours are stars. And he hears the wall (circled water clogs); Hears the grunting of the hogs.	Coming Hither
Puget Sound	This old man, this old hog, Sleeping, grunting, lost in fog. And he tunes the strings winging hogs their stone; Bone-menagerie: boys circle home.	Ripeness Is All
Drought	See the Twins – Rangers now – Angel, pig and dog and cow. With an oink-oink, moo-moo, barking up a tree; See the pitch. What do you see?	Going Hence (Even As Coming Hither)
Three Roses, Half Red, Half White	Perfect pitch, playing strings, Full harmonic is all things. Witches, people, beings, cat-dog too; We are you and you and you.	Air (To Be Sung)
	Play the strings, moon at noon, Let us dance all to our tune. With a my song, your song, our song's new; Dance now this song, one with two.	
	Play the strings, one at two, Let us dance all, me we you. With a my song, your song, push pull shove; Dance now this song, two with love.	
	Play the strings, two at love, Laden songs rend joys above; To a tune of maybe, sing our fate; Dance now this song, love with hate.	
Assumption	Play the strings, love at hate, Love may many hates equate. While a hate is many, love is none; Dance now, love and hate with one.	The Crossroads
Timshel (Thou Mayest)	Love at one, hate at one, Let us dance all, all at one. With a my song, your song, hear our noise; Dance now this song, joy with joys.	The Sound Is So Clear
An Embrace	Here's the wall, guarding bones; Garden: nothingness and stones. And we walk the wall with our names of naught; Joy at joys: a star is wrought.	Jewels Annoint