

# The End Of The Beginning

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

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## Artemis; Nothing Ever

In darkness and shadow solace folds  
A verse so sweet and sudden spun in ravenous prose  
The face of certain poetry lies in pale petals of darkened rose  
Surely dusk falls and halts action of life, her face summons falling breeze in freezing coals

Her nature haunts me in sadistic schemes  
Suddenly she ascends, with steady pace her reflection encompasses humanity  
Oversight of all, Artemis the cursed child views ill will and plots of fiends

Your sheen floods my eyes and burns my flesh  
That I might be set to rest in waking haven  
Craters and scars compose your image in painful gaze my thoughts caressed  
If I call you down might I hear your voice, nothing now, quoth the raven

## Unending March

Decisive halt and hardened face  
Ending breath in peaceful grace  
Among cold grip lay myths and kings  
Their faded form meets end in rings  
Hailing verse with unknown pace

Chosen beat in rhythmic lace  
On glistening moon and burning sun  
Muck of breathing human slum  
Echoed caverns hold thy master  
Send us drowned, unholy bastard

## Hemlock

Is your cup final?  
How strange, you should wait to die  
Yet in it's waiting chose the hemlock  
Atrophy cursed your body but never the mind  
Should Plato pass your teachings  
Or Xanthippe immortalize the Noble end  
We deserve damnation for exiling the first thinker  
Socrates, father to thought, martyr of God

## Unnamed Walls

The portrait hangs in private halls  
Bastard strokes across torn frame  
Upon those nails on unnamed walls  
Of what those cracked oils became

But in her shroud of shattered wood  
Misplaced hues return to ash  
It's rightful artist understood  
Bloodied canvas to rest in past

He takes the knife and scrapes away  
Corrupted colors on faded marks  
Stripped parchment clears dismay  
It's empty nature heals it's scars

Still she hangs on quiet halls  
Collective ending meet new dawn  
Yet we remember and may call  
Our memories past they've never gone

## Six In Three

My father died but still his heart  
Had all the sense to let it be  
In all that sore and rotting part  
Lay thorny six in three

Our father's father held more time  
But should we ask of him what stayed  
My heavied curse how I lose mine  
Nigh to burn that breath ill prayed

They should meet the earth casket bound  
To leave me here with quiet grief  
Pray soon I should meet that ground  
We'd let our grievance stay beneath

I'll sit and wish my days away  
Till oh my father spoke of me  
None for then and none today  
I'll burn and curse those six in three



## Only This

When you stand against the sun  
And feel those final rays  
May you fight just that drum  
In all your mind search your days  
Ask only this;

Have you fought  
With all your heart  
Truths to be and those of not  
With all your power leave no part

Have you loved  
In all your head  
Without the world  
Without the end to fear and dread  
To the end by cold ground and fist curled

And when you meet that yellow light  
May you be content to fade  
To disappear in flesh, never in me  
But here you'll stay in my love and in the grave

## **Captured Images And Photo Plate Technology: A Brief History In Photography**

Forgotten past through eye of glass

Frozen light forgotten wonder

Print our minds with misplaced mass

We've all been trapped in one rotunda

## The Great Equalizer

They've said the dark may break them  
Each second buried in madness  
Take it deep, be unmistaken;  
Drown your fear unknown vastness

Submerge your mind and feel it slip  
Disguise your breath underneath  
Pound the heart; hold the grip  
Kill the doubt bent in teeth

Combat that blackened ground  
Shake it's sweat and realize  
Death fears those who have not found  
In all things small and great; Equalize

## **"I Didn't Know He Was That Old"**

Leaving the door I examine the memory of a stranger  
Conclusions lead me to believe; my previous life was not my own  
After all, age ten with the train, those days were when I was much older  
Yet from the past I've lost what now makes them say "how tall you've grown"

## Father's Father, Father, Son, And I

How strange  
The setting sun  
The way she dances when light is done  
Look how pale  
The rising moon  
Bloody full in warm of June  
When light  
Solar cage  
The aging man holds scars and rage  
I hope  
For you  
Ease in all those things you'd do  
The sway  
Of taller green  
Through night we hold burdened sheen  
Our stars  
Would burn to dust  
What's left but our home in rust  
I'll miss  
And always will  
Each lesson you'd not instill  
Beginnings  
Each year  
Proposing love and neglect your fear  
May it be  
When time comes  
You carry name of many sons  
Inside chest  
You'd hold a heart  
Unplagued, to hold fire, our family's art  
Ends my son,  
Are just the start  
Your world in color and whole in part

I'll not forget  
Nor curse those days  
We'd sit and light our doubts ablaze  
And I  
The coward  
Trade steel for fielding flower  
When fear  
And pride meet  
The road continues 'neath hardened feet  
Give  
All to keep  
Dreams to spread for those asleep  
Take  
What belongs  
Pain till now, need not prolonged

## Kentucky Flower

Of gentler times we spoke, give memories in evening mist, conversation holds a key by hour

So we sit in smoke, curse our bodies with the sweet kiss of a Kentucky flower

On sweetened breeze, float for her, and fortune favor us, embrace in tears

May we love in ease, at last be sure, sweet rays of sun suspend dust, and as it, will go in years

## "Okinawa, 1945"

Label defined spaces

"Vacation 1965" and other places

The hardest of men we'd know

"A fighter" the least I've been told

Keep your smile on nitrate

Pleasant friend, father, shipmate

Albums will open to keep them alive

And preserve "Okinawa, 1945"



## Welcome To Nighthawk

Welcome to Nighthawk

Where silences clings on absence of friendly talk

Where tense stares hang on hands of a neon wall clock

And the hands who hold it are a word from hello

Simple cigarettes begin unfiltered, held by the free hand of desperation

Residing restitute behind bloodshot eyes, within a quiet conversation

First coffee, and followed by gin, again it's uncomfortable digestion

First gaze upon lightened diner freezes it's motion to stone

In possibility the lonesome island of a stranger leads a Nighthawk to welcome

## From Dirt

The end was never a question  
I'll find the moon in lonesome conversation  
In the failure of uncertain efforts  
I'll begin again, a child of the dirt

## Ephemeral Hum: Alone

Gazing downwards onto Earth  
Having departed, all but one

The defector of socialization remains restitute

A soothing dystopia breathing first  
Remaining for eternity,  
Alone

Growing louder, the ephemeral hum of a lonesome moon becoming mute

## Ghosting Fronts

I knew you once

A specter of desire

Contrasting the hopeful parts of me

... - - - -

Hopeless to find where you would be

Your pulse cannot retire

In mind of ghosting fronts

## Epitaph

We who carry the rifle  
And see only emerald  
Destroy the darkness in which we live

Live by the sword  
And die in the night  
Search only for a purer world

For your sake we ask  
Let us bleed  
Let it become our epitaph

## Andromeda

Where are we in this blackened state

Eons past Orion

Drifting endlessly

Towards

Andromeda

Hurdling

Motion

For all actions

Equal and opposite

To collide is our fate; beautifully

## Firstborn

When I departed from the body  
I'd seen all loss of hope

Our inheritance is rotting  
In this filth we call home

I'd seen every son, every man  
Left to die, firstborn, first blood

If to relieve them I'll offer my hand  
But they'll never move, stuck to drown in mud

## Farewell

I dread of shortening rays,  
And browning leaves

Ponder, **must** they fall?  
And why I should depart as well.

And where I **go** the sun must too  
To hope she sets and carries you,

**My** floating state beacons cirrus  
**Dear** friends, I know not what may defeat us

So for now,  
**Farewell**



## Hemorrhage

What tangence is held in metaphoric hemorrhage

Hemoglobin transcending it's hermitage

Epochs of emotion spilling cells

Let my organs bleed for none but ourselves

I'd choose none other

Than my arteries to rupture for

## Nadir

Tell me, at what point was your nadir?  
Did your arching zenith eclipse the low,  
Who's apparition in comfort appeared.  
All your fervent secrets I'd seek to know,  
And when the apogee encompassed it's circle,  
Where in the orbit did you uncover hope?  
Descendants of loss keep our struggle internal,  
Emit photons to recover, and in the while,  
Cope

## You call me the wind, I am the wind

You call me the wind  
As the wind calls to you

Overwhelming, I whisper  
To you, the wind be true

None could pulse, pour or gust as I  
For I am the wind

Through leaves of grass and the raven's wing

Though I have swept the hemisphere  
None will decant such as you

Concentric swirls led me to your soul  
Which resides encased  
Only to be touched  
By the wind

I am  
A burst  
The tall  
The wind  
I am

Wind

W  
I

N

D

## To The Poet

To the poet  
You crackling ephemeral façade

You illusion  
For you are no more now,  
Than you were before

To the lover  
You fearful liar

You promise of life,  
Fueled only by death  
You'd been forgot long before

To the **Romantic**  
**Rage** filled your head

**Burnt, the end of the page.**  
**A flicker**  
Of pastel  
The forgotten  
**The forgotten**  
**The long you forget,**  
**The longer I'd known**

## The Sharpest Arrow

Be the sharpest arrow  
Or be you not at all  
And when you strike the furrow  
Hear the bugle call,

The heat that fills your blood  
And the heart who pounds your head  
Like the Kings before you led  
To their foes, and foes to them are dead,

A heart once for you spilled over  
His blood held high in battle  
And past death did not surrender  
This is truth above all other,

My brother, spend your days in war  
When the day is done and your blood is shed  
Only then will victory be had  
Above your death remember,  
Only one heart, and one way

## Vessels

I heard a vessel call  
But I knew not which one  
And each of them a sailing spirit-  
Their spirit known to none

And so I sought their purpose  
To assign my myself a deed  
Each ship a burning carousel  
Blown by life and speed

First I heard the Mayflower  
Built by hope to stand  
I saw in her my longing  
To conquer virgin sand

Perhaps the Shackleton I was more aboard  
Endurance would be my god  
As I had quickly seen, to the endurance-  
I'd before endured more

But next I felt a fire  
That could not be extinguished  
With all my hope far pardoned  
This curse was sure contrived

Upon the curved horizon  
A darkened mast did call  
And fire blew through his putrid nose  
This ship knew me, the most of all

Queen Anne, came raging by  
In its voyage a flash of evil vision kept

The intent was sole to burn the cowards eye  
Despite its fearful effort, I stood unswept

At first she scowled and spited me  
For I refused to bow, and 'neath her bow I stood  
She called for all I suffered for, thought that would make me bleed  
Though I felt an anger there, more spite she'd sure long need

All the while she howled at me I pondered my retort  
To her I called, "You ship of hell not known of I,- For whom the bell does toll"  
The sails fell low and Teach dropped his sword

The strength my men is long withstood  
Hold fast and seek the wind  
And surely you remember you will conquer  
Your trials are constructed in rope and sails and wood

## Year Six

If I had to tell you  
About it all  
Then it wasn't really worth it

When I didn't sleep  
Or if I did  
With one eye open

Barely breathing  
Waiting on  
That phone to ring

Because before  
I left  
The point was other people's happiness

And I would  
Tell you  
About my time back then

But that  
Would make it  
Not really worth it  
Would it?



## None Of Them Will Know

Have you the endurance  
Through thunder calling lie  
None should hear your worry  
None the like but I  
For I have seen the sea  
The waves and swirls below  
In the deepest aching  
None of them will know

The two of us hung heavy  
Rode long and hard by scorn  
Our fantasies been displayed  
Through gazes, beat and worn  
Have you the faith to carry on  
When all the hope is gone  
With none but withered visions  
Of heroes' battles won

It should be a curse to carry  
Such a flicker of rage  
These my friends, the only beats that vary  
Or when you feel the day has aged  
Remember the lad of regiment  
Who's dreams became the night  
Like ours the future, a fragment  
Each breath a wicked right

Until the sun rises once more  
We'll stand prepared  
To receive our captain  
Far beneath the shore

## High Noon

I  
The shadow  
Slanting towards  
An entry, invisible  
Remarkable  
In darkness  
If the sun so high;  
The angle hangs low  
Long,  
As the  
Windows stay  
Open, I don't live alone  
Shattered  
All the while  
It just kept  
The light  
  
Out  
  
November

## Two Paths

Two paths  
Two paths diverged  
An age ago I became the traveler  
And like the road I too wanted wear  
The grass trodden down prior to my wandering  
Trodden by leaves some time before  
These leaves, though decayed withstood,  
But the fairest weather and nothing more

And I the traveler of the road  
Much like the grass  
Well-  
The difference has been made  
By wanting the wear  
And worn, and worn, I shall be  
And I celebrate the road diverged

## Chemicals

Those fleeting moments of clarity  
Ironically present themselves  
While we are drowned in chemicals  
Catalysts of confusion for most  
But I, and they, and you  
Just may seem to understand  
While we are holding  
These chemicals in hand

!

And where shall I place you?  
A silly dot below a line  
Spread through an entire work,  
Or maybe one, hidden by page after page  
Where would you choose to be put?  
Some thoughts press more than others  
And moments heavier  
Maybe I should put you there  
Or like the old man  
"Now!" Is where you should be

And confusing still I wrestle that point maybe having long passed  
Or dreadfully lie ahead  
Because I do not know  
And most of us still  
Where you should place  
A line, atop a point

## **Girl From Northern Country**

Sunset follows sunset while she follows me down the Appalachians  
And while I began south, I grew stubborn and southern still  
And I suppose the west had lied of field and feather  
But north at first I cursed and swore that would not travel she finds me there  
The girl from northern country, just as Dylan said before  
I will find my way up the Mississippi and between the Allegheny  
Love told me I should leave and now love is the cause of stay, but stay differently for other days

## Timekeeper

A perfect curve  
By a meaningless metric  
Three hundred days  
Or so,  
Going gently the pendulum swings  
Harder, and higher  
Keep time, winder, and keep those hands spinning

## Navigator

With a name like that I've never seen one lost as you,  
Does that compass ever get tired?  
The ones before I suppose had tried as well  
Just a ghost now, them all  
What blind navigators we all were  
Have faith in the rose, where she points  
Not even the needle knows where it leads  
That's up to you



## The Truth

Is it not the truth  
We should all, long for the silence  
Of each we become?  
Mine own forsooth,  
This deafening vast reverence  
Or a silence yet begun  
What is the verse  
Beguiling in peace or time  
That none but I belong  
Is that not surely the truth?

## Voyeur

One thousand nails laid in pine  
The west was built in a day, maybe less  
Is there any zenith we will see beyond?  
I've heard before of the chariot, pulling the sun  
Following the ellipse, crafted for this body  
There is none else these bones could hope  
But to synthesize, the way it was designed  
I am just a voyeur, hoping to see the light

## Vines

Deeper than a memory  
Hidden by vines  
I see in myself those moments, jealous  
And unpacked they decay while I choose to move  
Though not modest, decidedly needed by those I love  
Continuing, I now, have decided  
After so long  
To be prepared to breathe  
Once more

## Pond

I am so easily forgotten as I wish to be

There is an ecstasy in emptiness

We so easily have begot the fabric of dream and reality are woven into the same cloth

Where is the purpose if not to float in the pond of entirety, and all the while, appreciate much grander things afoot

## The Flame

I will run into the flames before the fire swallows me  
The occasional man of occasional circumstance, much braver than I  
Though bones and heart twain  
These bones, were made for more than to be simply buried  
Collecting my shield, and instruments of war  
I will consume the flames and enter the fire, before he swallows me

## Scars

My scars have faded  
But I am glad to wear them  
Earn them, show them  
The skin I've carried  
Where there has been pain now beauty grows  
Eruptions of life  
Those marks once hidden now I will show  
I will carry them well  
I have lost nothing and gained the entire world

## It Will Come

It's in the trees,  
Have you heard?  
Worries will not help you here  
"Oh my boy," while I thought I was a man  
"It will come. It will come..."

## Fodder

What sweeter  
Trade or swords to shovels  
And the fields of war to blooming flower  
Canon fodder to orchards  
The sons of man, they remember their fathers  
And I am no more than leaving  
Leaves who's turning brings brighter years



## Peacock

Men of painted mustaches  
Say nothing but mean everything  
Smoke filled halls smother more holes in coats than coats cover skin  
How much sorrow can you force to drip from the side of a glass  
The nihilist and lover lie behind broken hazes  
Most nights here last forever  
Not even the sun or blue neon signs will find us  
Why is this poison so sweet ?  
Why is there no end to this unraveling .

## Paper

Ink

Sits lonely in the well

I ask her,

"What thoughts are trapped in your eyes?"

Or so, as I suppose, they were stuck behind mine

Will the bird not sing?

Will the moon not shine?

Does the sun also rise, or do those tiny lies sink like late daylight?

Does the poet wish to say a thousand things unsaid?

I thought I'd seen that once, in a Hopper  
In Morning Sun  
Unless I'd read her wrong as well  
My monument to loneliness

My thousand songs, not sung  
My words, unsaid, unwritten  
That I so desperately, so longingly  
Wish would be read  
Without touching the paper

## Lorraine

I do not allow myself to finish these thoughts  
Stuttered poorly and poured out as regret  
Was it only me watching the afternoon moon that night in sweet Lorraine?  
No,  
I saw you there too  
Unless you had left  
To watch the birds

## The Lovely Boys Part I

Where have I gone?  
Orion is always there  
How closely does he follow?  
My father's fathers always hoped to see his sword piercing through the clouds  
I wish to hide  
There are too many clear nights now  
Could I not ask for thunder? A little rain to hide the reminder?  
I am just the son of arduous treks across the sea  
Where is the son's father, from where did he come?  
They always wrote to seek the light  
Just to wait, and daybreak would find us  
If I kept my face towards the sun, I would never see the darkness  
But I find more and more  
That what I have wanted  
And is what every mans wants  
Is what did not glow  
Not even a glimmer in the darkness