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On Hart Crame's Tomb
Sunday Farmer
Fair Exchange

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THREE POEMS by *Alejandro G. Hufana*

On Hart Crane's Tomb

A Tribute to Representative American Poetry

Something there is indicts our sight
Tossed on the seaward swell—the change
Of our demands of you to reappear
Where next the ebb tide comes a-swelling down
The coast, your oscillating tomb,
With dearly respirating rats that nibble up
Sargasso through with your infected skull.
Only your spent performance brings a cheer,
Your body is not holy for these holy grounds.

The lure you saw as flashes in the doom
Of reincarnating reserves for all men that toil
The darkness into light is but the same
Fellow seaman giddy of peering and must drop
His gaze a little from the illuminated gull
Inducing spell upon the margin of the coelacanth,
The mackerel, the crab, and also the fruits
Reaped by one strange whose growth is desperate
He can no more feel that his birth is his death.
All true, but where is your secret body kept?

Out with the dice, O fellow witnesses,
Of this dead's bones ground; out with the flask
To urn down on this idle spindrift tomb, when we float
Haunted to plunge a richer scoop than ours!

Sunday Farmer

My fields have taken long to grow
Left to the weekdays lean of husbandmen.
I sense them in their fretfulness engaged
Not with a raucous fruit or with like dream
But with a calm, remorseless gannet flock
Making of the pond where grain ought to sow
A looking-glass of sky for gannet images.
They seize the fry wriggling out of the egg
To feed on shadow moss in shadow sky
And shadow dragonflies and shadow passions, too.

Now that I eye my labor aside and sniff
Effects, the greeting womanhood that trims
My Sunday in the lurch prepares for joy
Amidst the muddy funeral games of song
Mixed with the mating sough of turtle-dove
Heard with fierce mother-bitch as her litter shirks
The blow of fierce intruders. Long I watch,
But my fields have taken long to grow
Even my pimple to adolescence exposed.
A sea wind pricks it as I pass in the nude,
Before me a library wealth—inked lark and sung pain
Interpolating me with plump diapason,
Alien fruits, like myself, in the same kind sun
Where pale selves make color borrowed of the mind.

Fair Exchange

Converting into heresy what I hold
As one soft dialogue with my painful soul,
My hasty troupe their conversations stage
With my verse they to marketing reduce.
And in the next act make mine Aramaic
As if I jargon quaint with each sweet-tooth;
They carry on whereof they speak.
The best of them is most with prejudice,
A lip on a crumbling cookie and its dialects.
I must just pass a bottle with the worst,
And wink at their pains to grab relief.

They read none, but they act to be read.
They intimate I should take on the flesh of talk
About anything they can to syntax tame,
And syntaxless they take an oath
Reverberating in aborted pseudonyms.
They teach a style and make it round a bush
To pick the common bloom called simile
Or count, and only count, the rarer metaphor.
One must hate verse to teach it so,
And hire a guard to pick and count some more,
Perchance therein hard keywords are playing coy.

So patched, their task finds a number to call
That now is vulgate to the multitude.
The morning I awake they have a castle each
Out of my ruins, their sales during my nature-trips
Having occurred, their style all sold.