

**Wire to Wire**  
**a collection of poetry by Evan Nordstrom**

**Pioneer**

Pioneer in a civilized land --  
Nobody knows where you are.  
Where you are going;  
What will you find?  
Stripped-down. Naked. Pure. And Free.  
Hear me now. Tomorrow I am gone.  
Today I am here. Hear me now.  
Reclaiming forgotten hope;  
Which slipped away. Slipped away.  
Beaten. Hammered. To dirt.  
Aged and diluted. Weathered to silt.  
Lay claim to those lost colors. Vivid and bright.  
Find that light shining still.

**Animal Panic**

Animal panic wells;  
Permeates the tribe,  
Frenzied, fool-hearted,  
Instinctively tied – to its course.  
Reason abandoned and shunned,  
As the snapped-limbed lioness,  
To be ravaged, devoured, extincted.  
Shaking and strung-out they stand now  
waiting for – So cold – nothing.  
Myth infecting spirit and limb alike.  
Frozen.  
    React.  
        Run.  
            Evaporate.

## **The Living**

Spiraling hands on the mandolin,  
    mantling hope of a song;  
The singer outlasts – outlives the wrong,  
    and the singer can live beyond.

A song to outlast the life of the living;  
To foster the hope and the dream at beginning.

The bench by the lake,  
The bell in the city,  
    all of it goes the way of the spore.

The face in the totem,  
The Cross in the woods,  
    consumed by the fungi, the termite, the shore.

It's hope at conception, not consummation,  
That brings into being the songs  
That are born of the love of the life of the living.

## **We Go Together**

This crazy world around us, together we go  
Closing chasms the depths of which we dare not go.  
Into this wild wood we founder,  
Through its swampy mire, into the sun we wander,  
Wending our way back home.  
And though the walls of mazes will confounder  
With each stifling turn similar, but not the same  
As the straighter path which brought us to our name  
Even so, we go, and together we remain.

## **Old Bone**

Hard leaning, sweating in the night on that old bone  
Don't, don't ask how this amputation feels, please  
The unrealized gain and privilege lost  
for only the cost of a moment in the sun is a Paradise lost

And now, in this unfinished room  
With gray heads leaning fast,  
Mortality pressing hard on a once gay shoulder blade,  
On a half-life terminable at will,  
As a mopped up old skull in the shadowed caves hidden  
By a phantom notion a million years travelled from our fathers  
Through that old bone.

## **Turn Back the Reel**

Turn back the reel, and slow it down  
There's a child there sleeping in her crib  
Through that crackling feed  
Flickering light falling fast on the wall  
I can see you there, looking up

Seeing in the dark  
So much more  
Waiting to fly

The promised and forgotten  
Is all she'll know  
The promised and the forgotten  
The only seed she'll sow

Is it me, or is it you  
Is it high or is it low

How many times can we go round

### #31

A bird on the peak of the roof;  
Before dawn.  
I am sure that bird saw me.  
Chest out singing. Swallowing. Singing me to rise;  
Rise from slumbers – the sun is coursing!  
That bird, with urgency calls, its cirrus song.  
While most asleep.  
Some few rise to meet its end.  
Few. That bird. That bird.

### #22

Each spirit a font;  
Varied depths the well.  
Some depths deep; some not so.  
The depth of the deep being bitter;  
Sweet being the depth of the other.  
The feeding spring eternal flows;  
Bearing life in the depths of the deep.

## **Walks She**

Into the room

Through the door and across the floor

Walks she

Magnetically toward her friends.

Her friends

Being scattered about -- space between them

Waiting

As if for her to arrive.

Softly sitting

She melts into the group.

Unaware

Her friends begin to speak.

Not really there

But in the room is she

Gyrating air

Around her as it would around a candle flame.

Beautiful as they are

Her lips move but do not speak.

Her eye

Though weeping remains dry as the bones.

Restlessly

Shifting in this gyrating air

The procession

To kneel before her commencing

These biddings

Now made shedding grace for their own sake.

Across the floor

Through the door, and out of the room

Walks she

Magnetically toward her rainbow

To be

Birther of a passion hard driven iron through timber

Walks she.

## **Before the Sun's Rise; A Primitive Narrative**

### I

Suns in the Morning or in the Night  
As the case may be  
Evenly spaced within the skies  
Red in the dawn or orange sunset  
Drifting along the most measured of lines  
Dripping . . .  
    with no intersect  
Originally obscured . . .  
    by only the mist  
Today by construct and mobility  
Born of humanity's proclivity.

### II

Found behind that line defined  
Not by you but by God  
Behind the horizon  
Below the Fall  
It doesn't make sense at all  
It doesn't define or even refine  
The being, the feeling, the souls.

### III

The spirit is helium, radiant light  
Silver transcendent gold  
See it here; see it there  
See it across the sky.

### IV

Now see it trapped and moored  
In its mortal hold  
As the ship traces freely the line  
Too distant to touch; too pure to board  
Its foghorn as heard from a prison blows.

### V

Not now  
Not after all of this

Not before the Fall  
Shall we dismiss this Immortal Behold.

EN  
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