

Signature

Volume 1 | Issue 2

Article 20

1976

Eden's Garden

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Recommended Citation

Lammert, Kent (1976) "Eden's Garden," *Signature*: Vol. 1: Iss. 2, Article 20.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/signature/vol1/iss2/20>

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seashore's a face

flung out broke morning's gun, crippled sun
 purloins miser moon's sea silver spoon.
 crustacean kings, their coral ringed fingers
 clutching at crowns, drown in the noun "tide"!
 winged belly, bystanding in frayed willow wire
 pillows, hoards electric embryos, that echo early
 morning's nativity.

Kent Lammert is a senior English major. "I write to find out who I am . . . It's the only time I'm really honest with myself." He first started writing poetry two and a half years ago, and is working on a book to be published this summer.

eden's garden

birth out earth, fragrant fires rage
 petal soft pastels, pirouhette at shamrock
 wires.

disinterred in floral mire, passion lingers

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in lover lyre throes, fingers fondle desire
 strings
 slung at her sun compassion, a plea's sung.
 my serenade.

monopoly

a change of change collides in a worn-seams confine
 while my fingers kick at lincolns, jefferson, a quarter
 canadian.

caught in a pay-phone circumstance within this "ain't
 a dime" existence, her "no deposit-no return" mockingly
 echoes in a hung-up mouthpiece.

A madman is no less a musician than you or I;
 only the instrument on which he plays is a little
 out of tune.

Kahlil Gibran

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.
 Jesus Christ

One, two! One, two! And through and through
 the vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
 He killed it dead and with its head
 he went galumphing back.

Jaberwocky/Lewis Carroll

Whenever I go out, the people always shout
 John Jacob Jinglemeier Smith