

JEFFEREY SIMONS

Room Viewing Quadrangle

The Grove 3 (1997)

The feet move alone along
paths worn in the mind.
A tree, a rock, a stone.
In the eye the room is dark.
The room in the mind shone.
A tree, a rock, a stone.
The soul who knew the room
Views through the room
A tree, a rock, a stone.

What is a syllable

A pulse, a pop, a peep.
A beat, a bop, a boom.
A cool spurt of doom.
Fe-fie-foe-fumm,
A lip-loosed humm.
A tongue-sprung drum.
A tap, a tone, a tune.
A cool, pearl moon.
A soft touch of air.

Spinoza and Spermatozoa
The Grove 25 (2018-2020)

Beautiful Jew, he ground glass
so others could see.

Beautiful Jew, he was reviled
by Jews and Gentiles

alike. Seeing lucidly the lines,
angles, and arcs of

thought, Spinoza wrote systems
in fluent theorems.

Demystifying the Scripture, he
mystified the mind.

Blessed is to know the mind as
one with the world.

Hidden from the eye in 1632,
a sole spermatozoon

wombward zoomed. For all such
splendid thought,

a single cell swimming toward
another in the dark.

Heat

I don't breathe smoke,
I breathe words on fire.

Sister of the shadow,
singer of the shade.

Taster of the dewdrop,
knower of the pain.

Hearer of the whisper,
healer of the wound.

Bearer of the blossom,
child of the womb.

Wearer of the wing,
voice of the drum.

Lover of the echo,
tuner of the tongue.

Seeker of the halo,
seer of the soul.

Speaker of the ember,
poet of the glow.

I don't breathe smoke,
I breathe words on fire.

Suite

1. Inner Life

I bend my elbow,
wrap my arm

around my eyes
like a scarf.

Light shone years
ago glides and

flows in the center
of my soul,

glowing near
a blood-red drum.

2. Surprise Visit

Night swept over the rim of
the globe.
Beyond a glowing

doorway—the light within
shone out—
stands the lone

figure I see: a woman awaiting
one of her making.

3. Rude People on the Road

Let the moon beam
through the rude

people on the road,
those honkers and hooters

steaming behind
their smoking steering

wheels. Let the moonlight,
tracing the crests

of groves and the crisp
arc of land,

beam through to stop
them in their tracks.

4. *Male Aging*

Men folk ought
not to be wholly
dismissed. This is
especially so
now that they
are so easily
deplored.

Take male aging.
This begins
with a thickening
of the eyebrows,
stray wild wires
to be trimmed or
plucked.
Another sign
arises in the wee
hours of the night,
when they sit
to pee. Definitive
proof occurs
in the cool muting
of being.

Take note
of the aging male,
known for what
he has done.

5. *Fine Notion*

When the body
dies, a mind

dies. There's no
diving in

to scoop up
the knowing

that goes.
This

is an idea
to live by.

6. *End of the Line*

What awaits us there
is death,

the chrysalis of dawn,
silent like a butterfly's wing.

7. *Elide and Glide*

Enough minstrelsy and psalmody!
Elide and glide!

Let the silence decide.

Jefferey Simons teaches in the Department of English Philology at the University of Huelva. His essays on the poetry of Emily Dickinson have appeared in *European Journal of American Studies* (2017), *The Emily Dickinson Journal* (2019), and *Amerikastudien / American Studies* (2020). Other essays on the poetry and prose of James Joyce have appeared in *Joyce Studies Annual* (2002, 2013, 2018), *European Journal of English Studies* (2007), *Genetic Joyce Studies* (2010), and *James Joyce Quarterly* (2014).

