

Hail to the Things I Cannot See

Hail to thee oh unseen things. Hail
stellar contraction shaping dust into a sun,
atoms waiting in darkness to begin
their fusion blooming solar fire,
electricity chewing across the wires in the wall,
neuron signal causing the heart to beat,
hormonal impulse causing pubic hair to grow,
synaptic exchange causing the mind to change.
I cannot see any of you, but I know you are there.

Hail
Oh ovum tumbling out of the fallopian waiting room,
into the clean blood darkness, alone,
waiting for brother sperm.
Oh seed generated from testicular emptiness,
looting and rioting in the vaginal night,
I salute all you unseen makers.

Oh Heartbeat, accelerated
by smell of a shampoo
that reminds of Jr. High School French kissing,
first touching vagina, exciting stink, who knew
it would smell like that?

Oh Sorrow held in chest cavity
upon the smell of incense
that parents burned to create atmosphere
during their alcoholic stupors, apartments of black out rage
with Charlie Parker's Tunisian horn
blowing holes into the night

Oh Rain of tenderness falling on face,
brought on by memory of candle making
with mother on the porch of the apartment,
colored wax dripped into shapes carved in sand,
Hail to all of you, the invisible evokers of time past
and the things that happened and shouldn't have
and should have, and had to, but what do I know?

Oh Wind keeping seagulls aloft, squawking and hovering
over mine and my daughters' Hot Dogs down at Santa Monica Pier.

Oh Gravity that holds the trees up and my bones together,
web of sun's stellar radiance that wraps this earth,
sphere of mud and bones, in perfect location
for the growing of our brains and other cosmic windows.

Oh Sunlight, tinkerer of soul and mind,
creating my waking and seeing with your clear yellow light,
waking me with your rising, pulling me to sleep when you go,
my body like the oceans in their tides.
I am you, all of me, I believe.

Oh Sorrow, endless holes in the sky and in the heart,
you are there again, purple thing, river-like, deliverer,
brokenly smiling the way to light.

Oh Silence, kindest hush of mind and time,
loving terminus of all, the sky of purest now.
Silence, holding and blooming sounds
of airplanes passing through clouds, 7th graders
whispering in the back row, heart beats
like bubbles coming to the surface of the water,
all rising from silence, all stone and gaseous
vapor and vision laying upon silence.
Love laying upon the silence, sunrise
out of silence.

Oh Hail, Hail
invisible things.

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Planet, a collection
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