

CHARLES HUMBOLDT / NON-OBJECTIVE ART

NON-OBJECTIVE ART

Magic in frames, the painter's touch
Unhinges what is seen or known,
Cautious of being overmuch
Concrete and vulgar like the sun.

The world is surplus to his eye
That cannot bear defects of flesh
But has its built-in monarchy
Where the wild truths are kept in leash.

His color's courage makes an end
Of hunger, silence trails his line,
Complaints are humbled as his hand
Covers the sheets with just design.

The hacked and howling, put to shame
By his calm mathematics, crawl
Before the ruler and the cane,
Respecting Beauty's icy law.

Some colleagues flutter to be free,
Their heads, soaked in a bright abandon
Of crimson, lapis lazuli,
Shot canvasward from puffed rice cannons.

Intent on garrulous, gay goals,
Their brushes shun the human hell,
Tears founder in their swampy oils
Sweetened with No. 5 Chanel.

But space is money and austere,
And though both reach the cold result
He does with less of clownish flair
And even less of human fault,

Soul, Art and Heaven reconciled,
While the rejected earth bends down
In ugly pain, her swollen fields
Bearing the living and unborn.

Charles Humboldt

JACK BEECHING

EVERY ASSASSIN COMMANDS HIS COUNTERFEIT

Every assassin commands his counterfeit
Paradise, each cogitating poet
His artifact childhood, and each millionaire
A bank account shaped like a feeding bottle.

Beyond a mountain tunnel they discovered
Beautiful women (slaves) and artificial
Rivers of wine, what more could hashish give?
Why curse those others with imagination?

All crave and finally pay. At last the assassin
Must push the knife, the rich man dream all night
Of desperate hunger and the needle's eye.
The poet be his age, a killer, rich.