

**A-musements**  
by  
**Herman Krieger**  
(Poems written during the college years)

**The Trinity**

Those who are busical  
about the metaphysical,  
see all creation  
in reincarnation.  
Those who are doubters  
about the psychic touters,  
see all damnation  
in transmiration.  
Those who are inbetween  
about this raging arguemien,  
see all salvation  
in copulation.

**Ms.**

In cycles of converging time  
She whirls into engrossing toil,  
And does a fox-trot to the rhyme  
Of filtered smoke-puffs in turmoil.  
COFFEE, BLACK PLEASE.  
In keeping with a certain grace  
She spurns the homely conventions,  
And sustains her compelling pace  
With the latest medications.  
MORE COFFEE? YES, THANK YOU.  
In answer to the distant bells  
She rails against passivity,  
And in pursuit of hollow shells  
Eludes the fate of community

**Indecisions**

A quirk imposed by forceful moods  
leaves its echo on the face  
of enforced repose.  
IT'S TIME TO CHOOSE.  
A tic in sync with a chaotic clock  
reflects the sense  
of uncertainty.  
STILL TIME TO CHOOSE.  
A sun-ball rolling on a mountain lip  
holds a veil in readiness.  
Catch it quick!  
YOU'RE TOO LATE! NEXT!

**I Did Once, in '52**

Sippings of sweetened rhyme  
Stirred by a cocktail crew.  
Just add a pinch of lime  
And I'll drink it from your shoe.  
Coo coo ragout,  
Avec vous?  
Niceties played in tinkle-time  
Behind screens of bamboo.  
We'll have a darling time  
And I'll show you my tattoo.  
Tinkle tinkle boo,  
Won't you?  
I did once, in '52,  
And will again, thank you.

**Roundabouts**

Circuitous walks  
From here to the morning  
of last visitations.  
Fortuitous walks  
Shaped by the adorning  
of past admirations.  
Tortuous walks  
Designed for suborning  
of bastard elations.

**In the Summer Air**

A tom-cat dances on a wriggling fence  
Mewing and pewing its eternal rent  
To a contract of indeterminate tense.  
So howl at the moon  
And roll in the dust.  
That wind in your guts  
Is blowing the tune  
To the beat of the seasons,  
As was meant.

**Autumn is Coming**

Competing winds scrambling for my blood  
Wave their wares from a dying tree,  
While high overhead on the back of a leaf  
Is written a commandment in purple relief.  
The message is blown across the land  
By unwitting agents dressed in despair,  
Thru the depthless caves of Armageddon,  
Where reside unborn shrieks of the mad Hun.

**Canoe Ride at Belle Isle**

Sea of sight  
Sucking from mist-filled eyes  
Images of tempting time.  
There a silent bloom promises  
The renewal of the shore  
Where once I awaited my meteor.  
A quickening nod  
Of the old man's prod.  
A violent flood upon  
The waves of randomness  
And it came to pass.  
I will float on a lilac's laugh  
And bend a robin's hymn  
And praise without reason  
A shadow of the forest edge.  
For there caught by a silent sentinel  
Is the beginning of May.  
Stream of light  
Drawing from embalmed hopes  
An awakening quiet.  
Here along the lily route  
Is the new Jerusalem  
And a whisper of the millennium.  
A fading flow  
In man's tempo.  
Hushed hosannas from  
Fettered cells in High Mass  
And it came to pass.  
I will pause on a breeze's yawn  
And sniff its fragrance,  
And with a lingering touch  
Disturb the universe.  
For in that web of stability  
Is the end of May.