



THREE POEMS

The deity as thunder god

[Note: On June 14th 2010 a gigantic stature of Jesus (the so-called 'Touchdown Jesus') was destroyed in a fire caused by a lightning strike.]

Gigantic fibreglass Jesus

Ohio Jesus

bursts into flames. Totally

immolated, quite spectacular

global coverage.

I'm in Shanghai

watching a gigantic fibreglass Jesus

Ohio Jesus

burst into flames.

Its owners

look to God

'What is he saying?'

Its owners

speak with the insurance company

who describe the lightning

which caused

a gigantic, fibreglass Jesus

Ohio Jesus

to burst into flames

as

"An act of God."

A poem is a useless thing

A poem is a fragile thing

like a life—so ephemeral, so moved

by the random laws of the cosmos

the elements, gravity ...

A poem is a useless thing,

like a wasted life—all

its meaning in the living, the rending, the

interpreting. Begins and ends

with the blinkers of the observer.

A poem is but a small fragment

of a larger thing, obscured in the making

(like tonight's mountain moon)

by clouds and drizzle.

Writing a poem may seem pointless

Who will read it? Who will understand it?

It disperses to the elements

even in the writing

even in the sounding

We do it regardless—

a gesture in search of a purpose.

The glacier serpent

[Written at the Fox and Franz Josef glaciers,
South Island of New Zealand, April 2011]

Cold creature, wending the full
hulk of mountain.

Its tail in the snowy peaks—misted,
clouded over today—

then the monster curves
(green-grey sliver of ice-beast)
down-hill

to the subalpine zone
to the splinter-crunch creation
of a fern-clad glacial valley.

Its mouth at the terminus
(an ice cave and a glacial river)
spews itself where the ice
turns dirty and tunnelled
grey green blue.

A place of collapse,
a shale plain, flat and grey,

The water is pure and mineral rich
churns at the valley floor.

Approaching the Glacier Serpent
the air chills step by step
exposed hands feel suddenly numb and
rasping lungs labour to breathe.

In awe of this arctic sample!
I half expect a chained Princess,
but only the ice melt today
(so much water from such a static beast).

The monster, whatever its primordial agenda,
rests, and a soft rain falls.



Ian Irvine Hobson

words from the west

