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Here We Are

Has a long time passed that you could gain anything from a poet?
Have you heard anything from a poet with ears.
Is there music in them words?
What is the message, is the message in the music?
Is it just shouting and vainglory, let's hope not.
Does the younger poet seek out the older?
Is the concept of poet dated and done with.
Has wacky politics and the morbidly wealthy stamped out poets?
That is, any relevance a poet could have
 in a country of obese falsehood.
Has the lack of reading also increased the lack of hearing?
Has poetry become personal therapy, only.
And not only that, has it died on the societal bush.
Is the flower dead, passed, the music that kept the doors
 to great past voices drifted down silent?
Has meditation absorbed poetry into the sound of crickets and
 an infernal ringing of the ears.
Does concentration turn into a concentration of the wits
 a concentration camp where dead voices listen to
 each other, only?
Has the poet=s speech been taken away neither free nor prescribed.
Has Corporate World squeezed every living art out, as if
 it never heard a poet=s voice at all.
Has the planet itself given over to its own global changes
 in response to irresponsible human damage
and where does that leave poetry or the arts or museums or libraries
 or scientific academies or universities too expensive to attend
 and possibly encourage or bring in contact a body
 of work of a poet, great voices of
the 20th Century into the 21st Century buried in the debris
 of human ignorance and millions of petty survivalists
as the Warlords, rather, Corporate Worlds, war with waves
 of refugees in every nook and hollow and

war against all the new walls just built to keep people
somewhat different apart?

I think embracing the local can open a voice here and there
to hear, honestly hear our way out of this.

So what if you feel alone and your teachers and friends,
poets almost all, have died.

In geologic time this is almost nothing. In a spirit of cooperation
voices can be heard, mass changes empowered by youth.

Music may save poetry, coming out of the young, as more
and more take to writing it down, learning it, expressing it
cooperative publishing adventures, music in language transformed
to music in poetry, national, international grid of voices

refuse to be silent, as it always will, like the spring, like the dawn
like new species proliferating out of world change

meditate on death in the past and rise up renewed as
what is that unusual voice, the eternal use of the muse,

the open ear to music again and again, the uninhibited beauty.

What was lost was never lost as refinding finds, beginnings
found all over again. Singing never stops singing somewhere
sometime, the beauty of the found image as each new image is found
and expressed and the music of hearing voices pull out of the future
which is the astounding present, pressuring forth. Is there music
in them words?

What do you think? Where have you been? Here we are.

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my reading performance at Jule's Poetry Playhouse in Albuquerque)