

# Something Else Seeing

The Journey by M. Irwin  
Part One





# **Something Else Seeing**

---

*The Journey by M. Irwin*

“You have found Truth,” he had said, “Now you must work to *become* it.”

-CORAL POLGE, “*Living Images,*  
*The Story of a Psychic Artist*”

“I don’t know where you are headed, but you seem to be going in the right direction.”

-THE GOOD DOCTOR  
FROM E-TOWN

“Enemy submarines are to be called U-Boats. The term submarine is to be reserved for Allied under water vessels. U-Boats are those dastardly villains who sink our ships, while submarines are those gallant and noble craft which sink theirs.”

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

Prime Minister of the United Kingdom,

1940-1945

Approximately 7,000 front line German U-Boat sailors were still alive at the end of World War II. 30,000 had not returned home.





## “...ZZZSt”

So thought, ZZZSt,  
the mobile man and automaton  
by nature, structure and design.

Though he felt his creation  
began in perfection,  
his gleaming body seemed  
plunged in total darkness....

*Then a spark arced  
between his circuits  
at the implication of  
this thought.*

Since he knew he had a gleaming  
body, total darkness could not be  
possible!

“zzzSst,” a slight modification of  
perceptible speech came from the  
muffled mask containing a shape  
growing into the tongue of a  
startled man who realized that he  
could think and what is more,  
speak of what he thought.



# A Baptism by the Sea of Conch

In the last years of the Empire my parents lived and saw the birth of their only son and even as the new Republic collapsed into chaos they raised me with the best of their German virtues as I grew among the Bürgertum near the North Sea coast.

One summer on the shore of the Jade Bight, I listened to the sounds of the sea in the Caribbean shell that my uncle, who fought bravely underwater in the War, had given me and I heard the calling whispers of the waves of the oceans he loved so well.

And even when my friends and I wore our new brown uniforms and sang that the morning will come when the world is mine and tomorrow belongs to me, I knew better.

I would think back to that afternoon at the Jade Bight when I dipped the shell in the moving waters and raised it over me. The drops fell on my head and back into the sea where even at that early age I knew I belonged and was destined to go.



# **A Concern on a Light Year Passing By**

Forlorn little alien;  
the itch  
at the tip  
of his  
pointy right ear  
was so bothersome...  
and as he sighed again and  
again,  
it was apparent to him  
that with all the problems  
the universe must have,  
it was his problems  
to him  
that mattered the most.



# A Diversion Once Seen Ailing this Way

Four Sillie Sticks  
lighted  
by their innermost  
reckless  
selfish desires;

delivered here by Jonah's kind  
so they could

*watch  
and wait,  
to bob and mock,*

determined pilgrims slowly going by.



## Absorbing Forth

The bones remained  
where  
the host was cast and changed with time.

Submerged under seas,  
rising with mountains  
eroded to trees  
where  
memories are coaxed  
from ancient stones  
and remembered in shades  
of  
hidden green.



## Acknowledging His Impression Now

The spirit alien  
spotted  
the plant and  
sincerely  
congratulated  
its spirit for a  
job  
most well done.



# Acting as if Not Acting Upon It

And the spirit  
got  
spiritual again;  
it was the  
second time  
this week  
which was twice this  
year,  
and only once in the  
evermore Now.





# After Appearing to Disappear



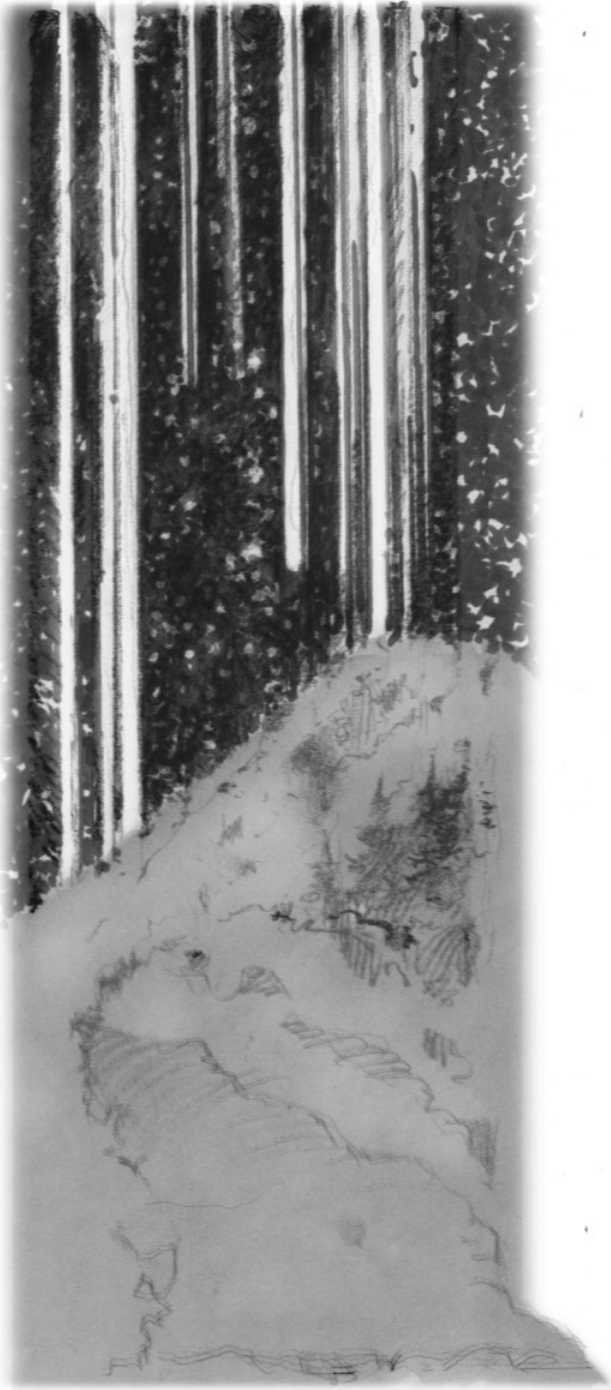
It was a face that appeared among  
the confusion.

Ahead of somewhere,  
going  
nowhere and  
then when the others looked away,  
it was gone.

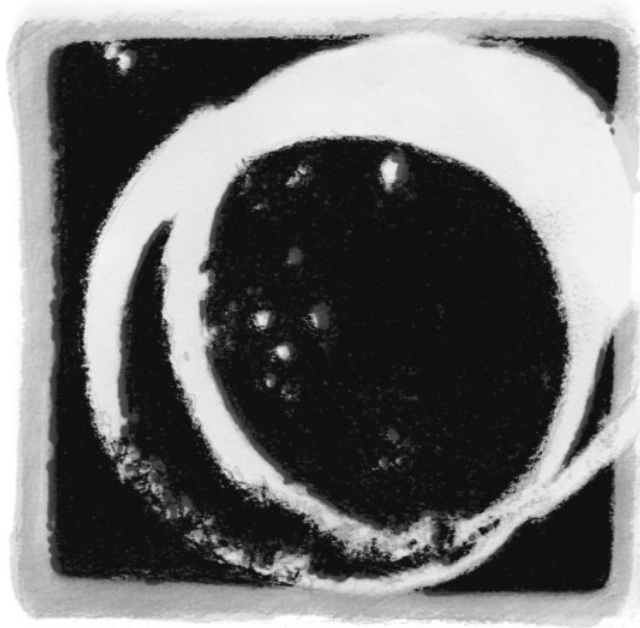
# Afterlife

White

sky night  
streamers,  
five billion  
years  
seemed  
like  
forever  
and then  
in  
an  
instant  
their  
eternity  
was gone.



# Agenda



Infinity  
in the  
[Space]  
Between  
the  
Thresholds  
of Realities

# Alien

Face behind the faceless plate,  
thudding with his duck boots on,  
he plods in unison with his  
withered arm.

With each careful step his pathfinder  
antennas turn to scan the night for any  
suspicious sounds.

Then he walks through raspy gravel,  
stopping to step over isolated  
asphalt grass  
and heads for structure after structure  
of mineral, metal, and fiber,  
following random patterns of  
twisting paths in various lights  
and listens to the sleeping dwellers  
deep inside.

And when he turns a corner, there  
the unexpected iconoclastic lighted cross:

"Christ! Had he been here too?"

He bows and returns puzzled past the curious breaths,  
nodding his recognition; and no one ever sees the black craft rise  
as he leaves his new found brethren twice blessed and safely left  
behind.

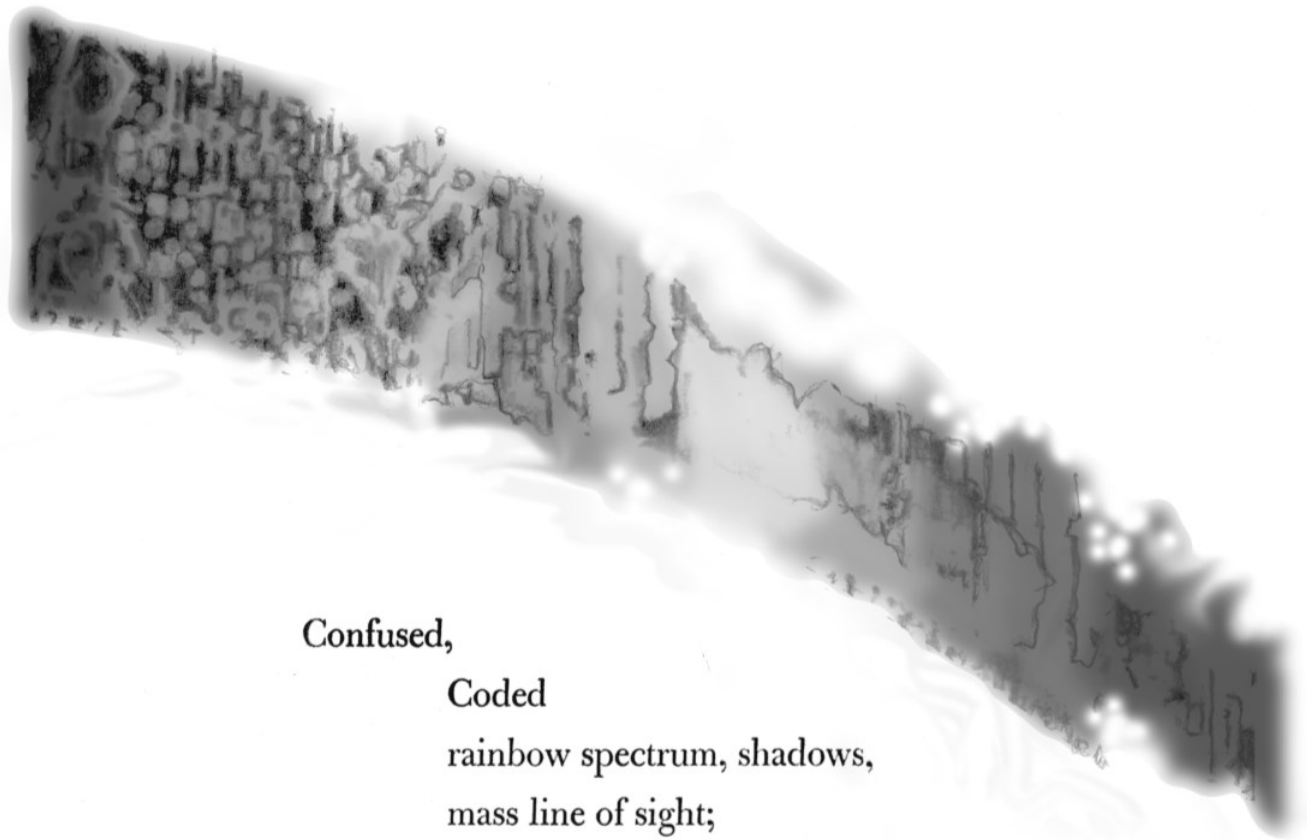


## **All the Good Colors Gone Grand**



All the hidden colors  
of his changing aura  
that he could feel  
but  
could not see  
as they followed him  
throughout  
this unbelievably  
dazzling kind of day.

**and by these laws shall  
a sillie man make**



Confused,  
Coded  
rainbow spectrum, shadows,  
mass line of sight;  
Godlike.

Gathering, spreading out,  
surrounding,  
hiding light in make believe  
diversions.

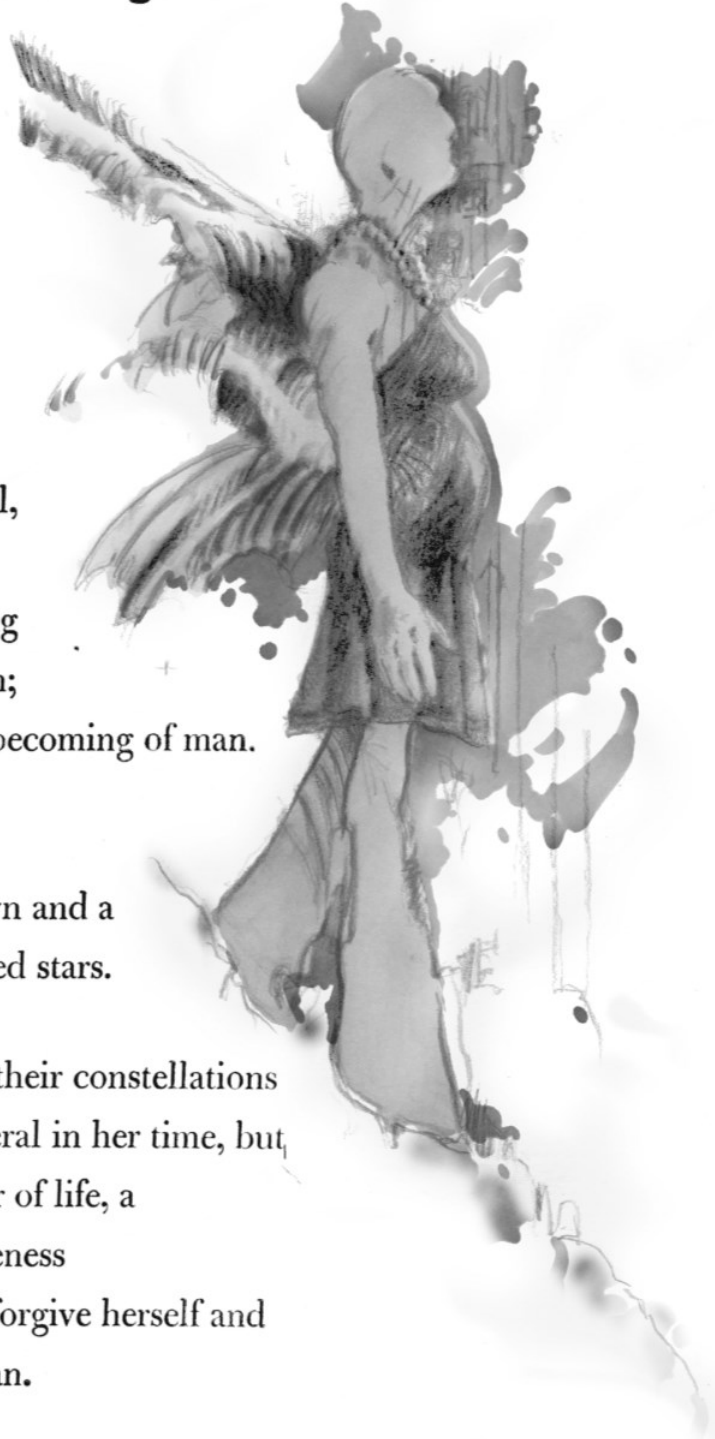
Whispering counsel about the contradictions  
of the  
Halacha Hallelujah crowd,  
though blessed be may be their intent.

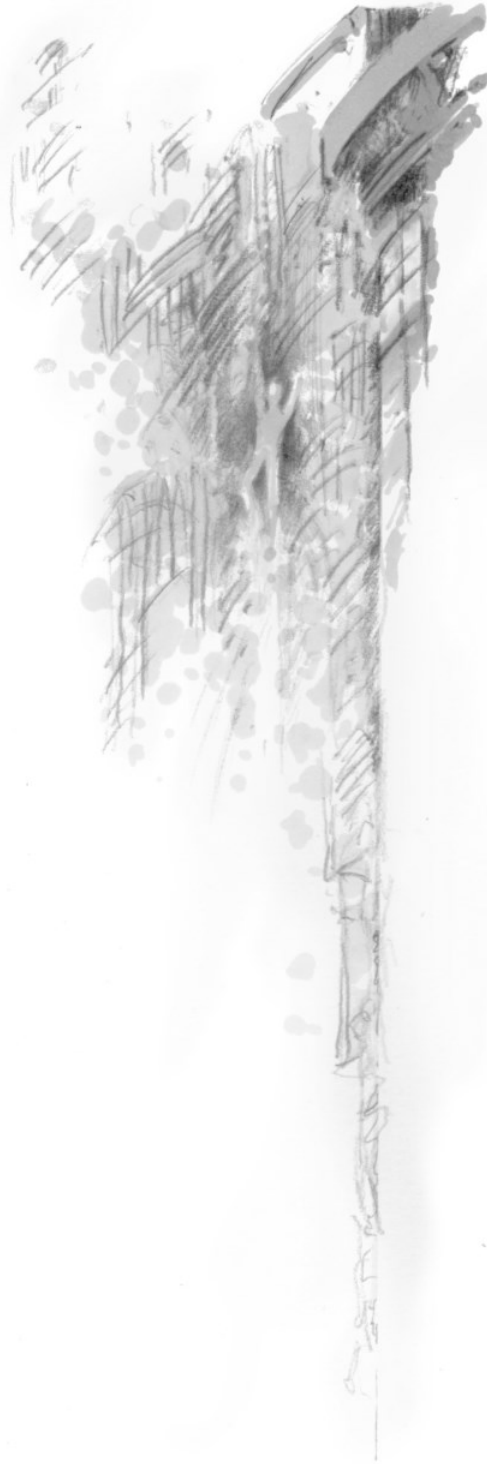
# And Children Call on Celestial Angels

Pity the fallen angel,  
pregnant,  
still wanting  
to be a man;  
to do those things becoming of man.

Wearing the  
maternity nightgown and a  
necklace of unnamed stars.

Yes, she can name their constellations  
and has visited several in her time, but  
now she is a forager of life, a  
harbinger of forgiveness  
wishing she could forgive herself and  
offer herself as a man.





Absurdity

the body  
of mass

displaced  
by  
confusion  
of order  
of atoms  
of air

scattering

molecules  
around  
particles  
not seen

since the  
rebirth  
of a new  
reality.....

**And the Realization**



## **Angst Amongst Oneself**

The seriousness lived  
alone in the  
confusion;  
to feel sorrow for itself  
and the wonder of why  
nobody  
else that didn't matter  
didn't even really care.



# Anticipation

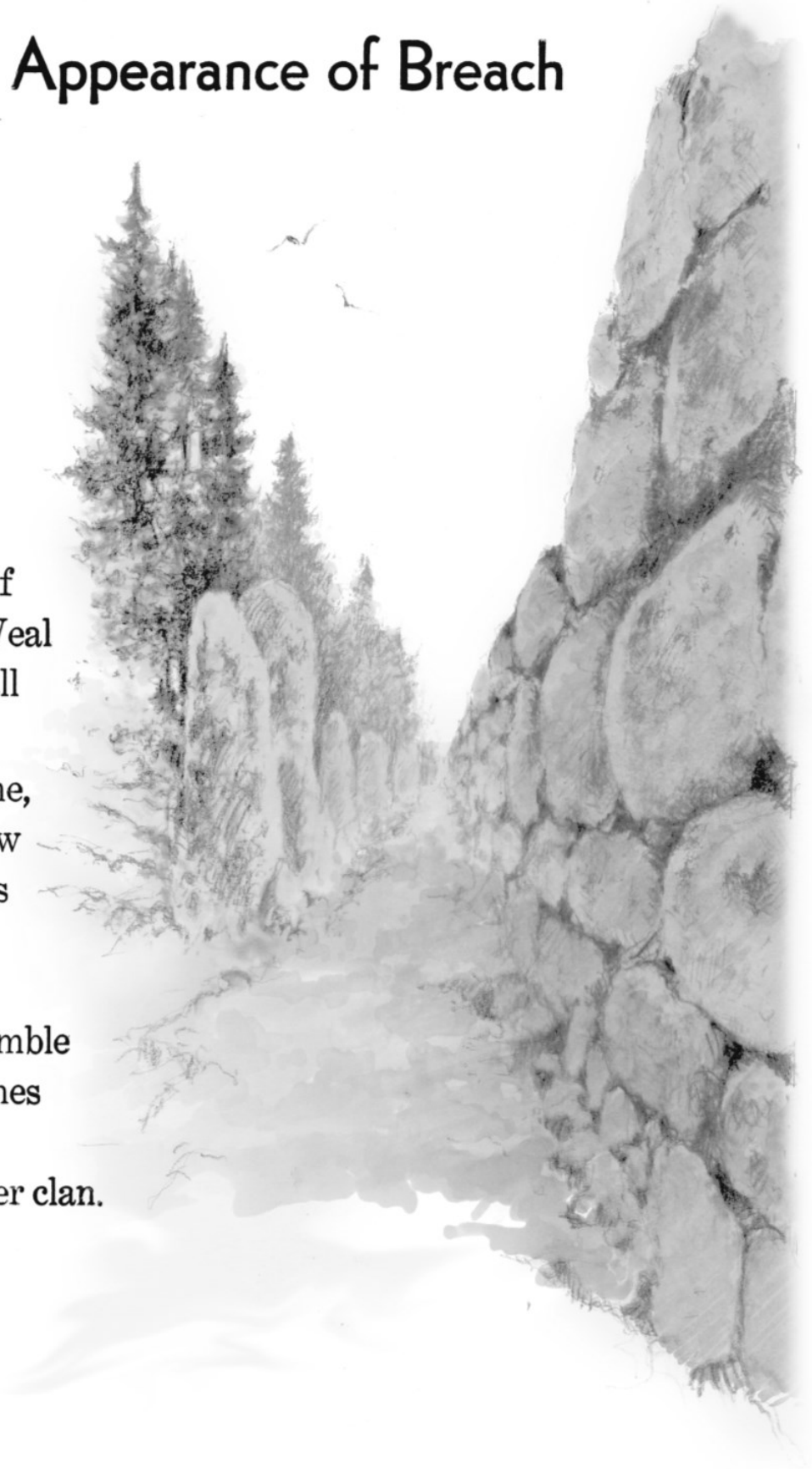


Three antiquities  
looking for corporeal  
substance; waiting  
for  
another transition  
of  
new things to come.

# Appearance of Breach

*se Ieldras*

At the edge of  
Amadour's Weal  
beside the wall  
built before  
Hadrian's time,  
furrows follow  
lost megaliths  
waiting  
for a new  
breach to crumble  
the lesser stones  
so they may  
rejoin the older clan.





## Argiope Aurantia

Black and yellow  
since Eden's time

she clings to her  
web of silk;

an entrapment of strands

where she may prey  
to kill that she may live,

ensuring her species survival.

It is perfection  
of a plan  
we may not understand,

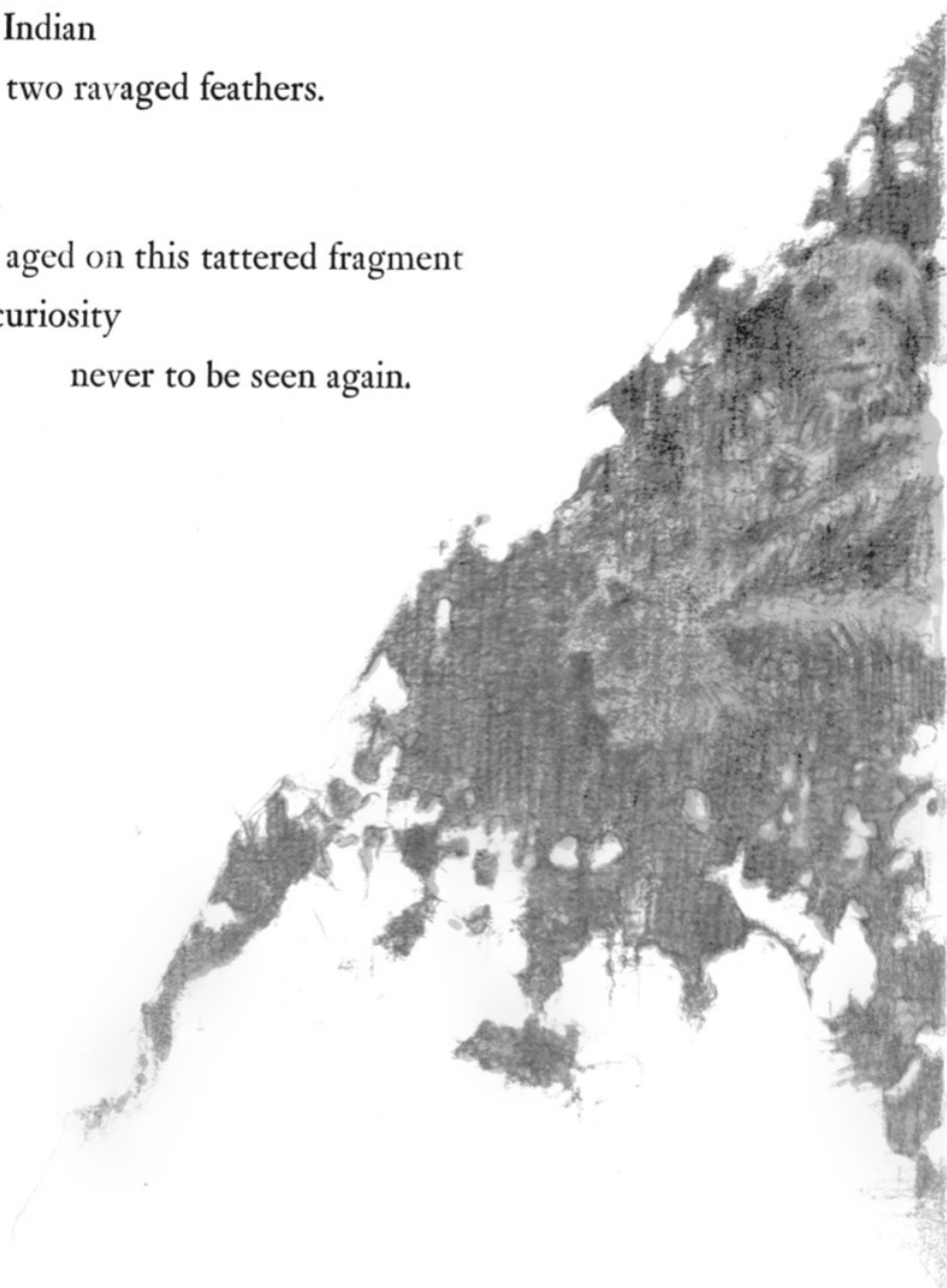
*this illusion of finality  
forgetting the reality...*

how life, in death, begins again.

# Artifact

The Dog,  
The Indian  
with two ravaged feathers.

Both  
have aged on this tattered fragment  
as a curiosity  
never to be seen again.



## **...as marbles leaving the circle roll back in**

With imaginary wings folded, he chose to walk  
back in the older shadows of Corregidor's  
crumbling tunnels and empty rooms.

Pity, how real it was to him then.

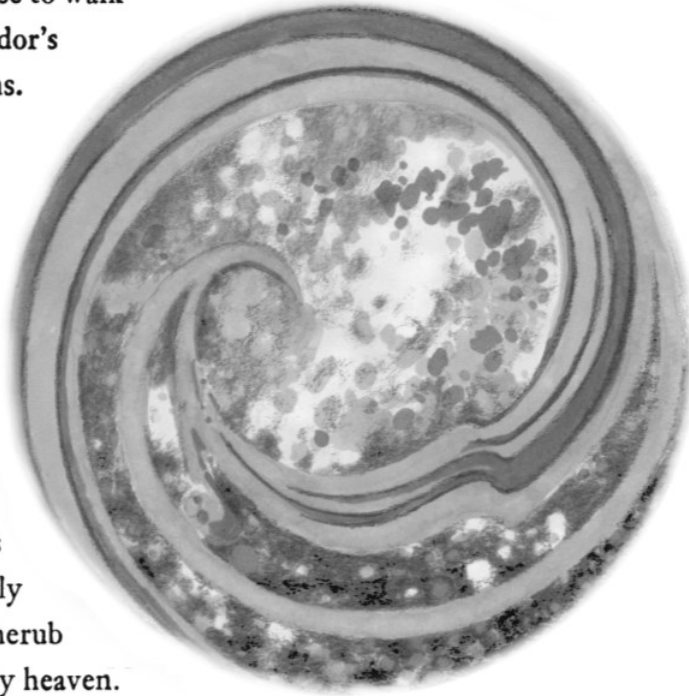
*...and his shattered helmet  
rendered no harm unto  
Caesar; it was merely  
borrowed metal after all.*

Pacific winds sweep through newly  
painted barrels that once freed souls  
and he remembers another body gently  
interred in the churchyard under a cherub  
pointing its stony finger at God's holy heaven.

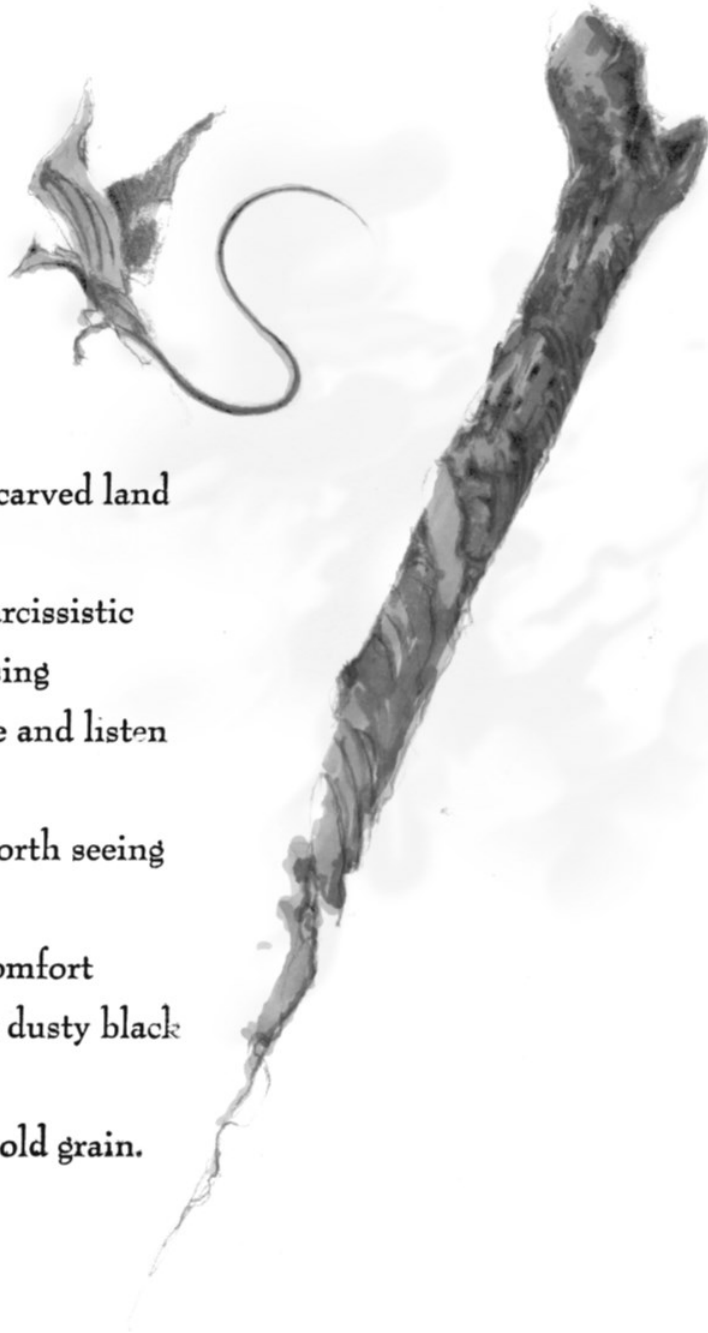
And in the sanctuary, the parishioners closed their eyes  
for fear to see the fear of hell and could not hear the laughter  
from the outside where the other side was playing marbles,  
shooting the taws at the kimmies in the dusty back lots  
of cosmic dark space.

So many worlds move around stars and at night the humming  
crosses blink that the path to heaven is only a salvation step inside.

And old souls, as such, stitch new bodies to wear, listening to the  
cheerleaders shake their pom-poms and cheer for their favorite team  
as they side-step marbles rolling back in the circle drawn once more  
on the game court floor.



# Assumptions



From the strange carved land  
stick cane,  
came the flying narcissistic  
winged lizard pausing  
to casually observe and listen  
and then  
finding nothing worth seeing  
let alone to hear,  
flew back to the comfort  
of his old familiar dusty black  
ebony  
five hundred year old grain.

# At the Dänholm

For nine years I was at the Realgymnasium studying in its classrooms such subjects as the natural sciences, history which I loved so well, geography and English, French, and Latin. Then finally came the difficult February in my final year at school to take the written and oral exams and receive the coveted Abitur.

Already I had applied to become one of the few selected for naval officer training and after a Mutprobe to test my courage, ask to give a speech, four days to probe my body and my mind, I was notified months later that I had been accepted. My parents were proud, I think I was mostly relieved.

And in the following year, on a hazy April day I entered through the gates of the Dänholm to begin my initial training.

"Reise, Reise, Aufstehen!" Any illusions I had about how difficult my instructors had been at the Gymnasium were changed forever by the petty officer drill sergeants that ruled our lives for the next ten weeks.

Yet, despite some moments of despair, I survived to become acquainted with the ways of the Fatherland's field-gray weapon carriers. And if it was to be, I was soon to learn the ways of those that wore the Navy blues.





# Atonement



## *Call*

from horn of ram,  
call to remembrance.

Let us enter into a time of  
silence  
as the chosen infant cries for  
burnt offerings of  
frankincense and myrrh,  
the shofar sound of horns  
and ewe.



## **Bears Mein Herr**

Achtung!  
Herr Hauptmann,  
there are bears  
among us  
dressed as dogs.

# Becoming Man

## *Minoan*

On the shard is the fish,  
streaming fins,  
leaping,  
looking for the  
grotto  
where the fated images  
had changed the dreams  
of the sleeping boy  
awakening as a man.



# Becoming Sailors

Up the ratlines of the three masted barque to stand on the yards and then unfurl the sails or reefing them in before the storm.

To learn about the sea and be sailors on a sailing ship and clean the decks, polish the brass, scrape the paint, to paint it white again, and two hundred and fifty turns of the capstan to haul the anchor in.

All under the "tender care" of more petty officers whose wretched cabins we were forced to clean; whose whims with the Flagge Luci ordered us to wear white then blue, then back to white in voices we would not soon forget.

Yet, despite their predictable abuse, one could still appreciate the grace of a setting sun breaking over the shallow crests when the Baltic waters were calm.

And after three months, the nine month cruise to see the world on the Emden. Though the training and work was still demanding there were more journeys ashore to visit other lands and maybe an occasional dance or two.

We were officer aspirants training to be alert on the watch. Yet, for a few brief moments we allowed ourselves to dream of postings on capital ships, or smaller crafts; anything that would take us to sea.



# Bedazzled

Magnificence of flowing feathers,  
the dazzle bird  
arched his neck  
and grasped the limb  
with his fierce talon white tipped claws.



## **Behold Pale Blue Beings**

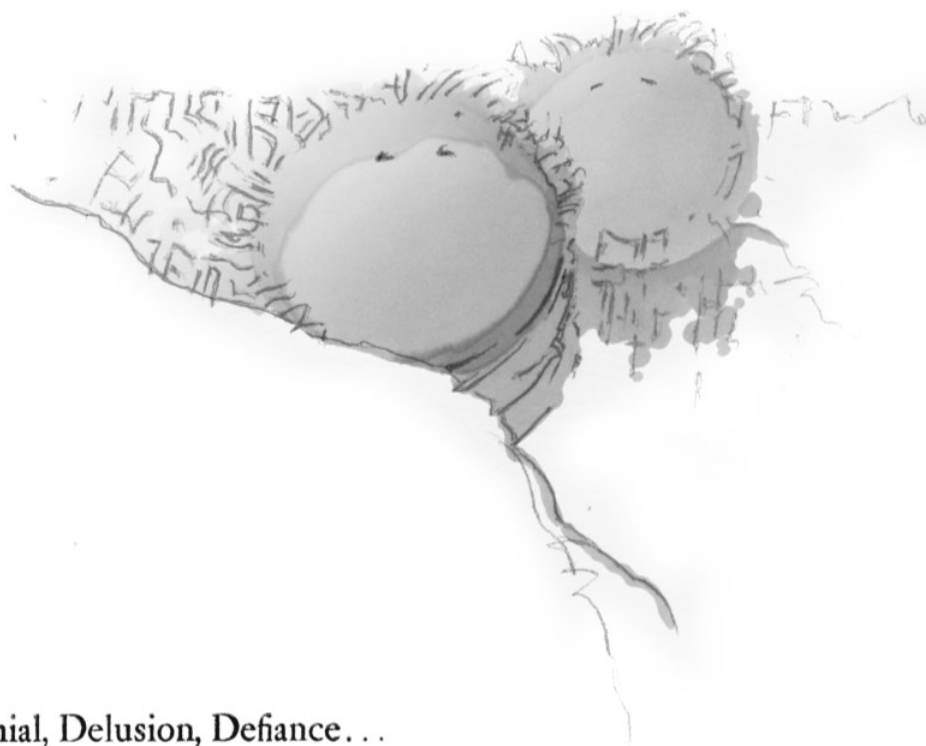
You know they're coming,  
tricksters always come  
jumping between  
spectrum bands  
mirroring light.

Hiding behind their appearance,  
disappearing,  
reappearing  
with each turn of a leaf  
reflecting green, absorbing red  
sounding like rain  
carried by winds barely heard.

Pale orange beings always reflect pale blue light.



# Blue Balls



Denial, Delusion, Defiance...

Oh,

who would have thought  
such simple blue balls could  
be in such a sorry shape.

## Blue Heyokas Told Stories of Warriors, Wheat and Panzer Rust

Blue heyoka dancers telling  
stories of horses carrying  
white spotted berserkers who  
were  
destroyers of men...

and of warriors who rode  
painted sand panzers,  
striped in green,  
blazing among  
the wheat of the steppes,

where they turned  
to the light as they  
drifted through the  
smoke,

to finally check in at the hotel lobby,  
where angelic coat check girls  
winked  
at the insolent bellhop imps who  
laughed  
at the Nazi bus returning to rust as  
it passed through the Gates of Heaven.





# Bombardier



See each discarded can  
as a bomb he wishes  
he could now return  
through the bomb bay doors.

*Fingers curled backwards,  
tiny penis candles smoking in ruins,  
the art of centuries racked and pulled  
from the cathedral of silent nuns and  
the padre asleep.*

... and it did not bother him then for he only meant  
to survive.

And now an old man in his body  
recycles cans;  
though he truly remains a hero  
who remembers the weight of each payload

and wonders what a pound of scrap will bring today.

# Bone Rite

Detached  
from a separate structure  
that no longer exists.

Now used as a talking stick  
carefully  
held by those who would  
talk of days and nights  
they would rather  
forget  
but their thoughts are still there  
as real,  
as rigid as this guiltless  
bone they now hold with  
trembling hands.





## Bones Reborn

Go  
and set the house of bones  
on fire.  
See the smoke,  
the sooty ash ringed in orange  
falling in words, making stories,  
written in the childlike scribbles  
of relics reborn.

# Breakers

The  
old salt creature  
beside the shore  
blessed each  
wave  
as it crashed across  
the rocks  
and watched as  
each blessing  
he gave  
was carried by  
the tides  
back into the sea.

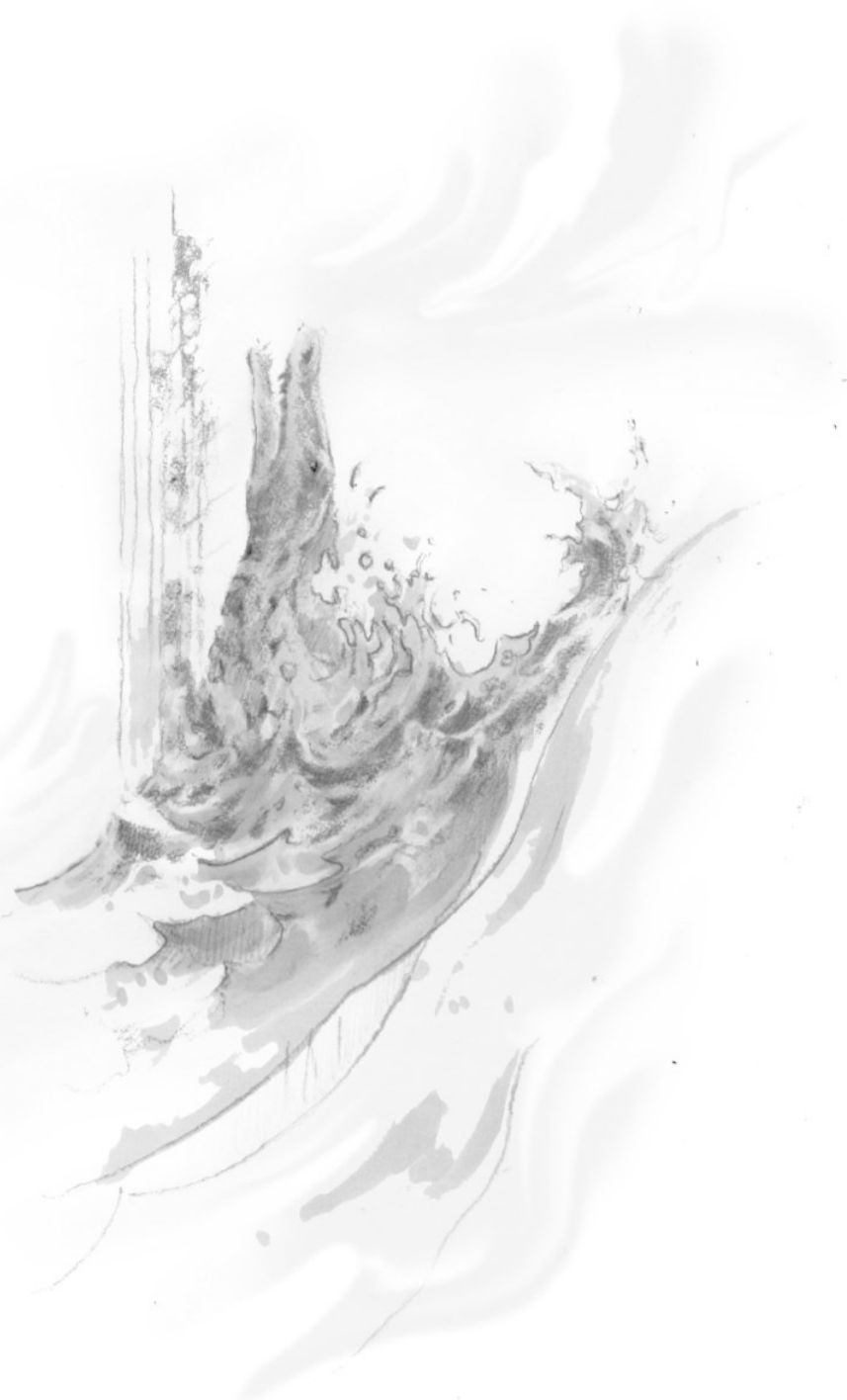


## **Breathing and Looking for his Lost Sargasso Friend**

To  
stay in the depths  
where a hundred  
years  
have passed since  
yesterday.

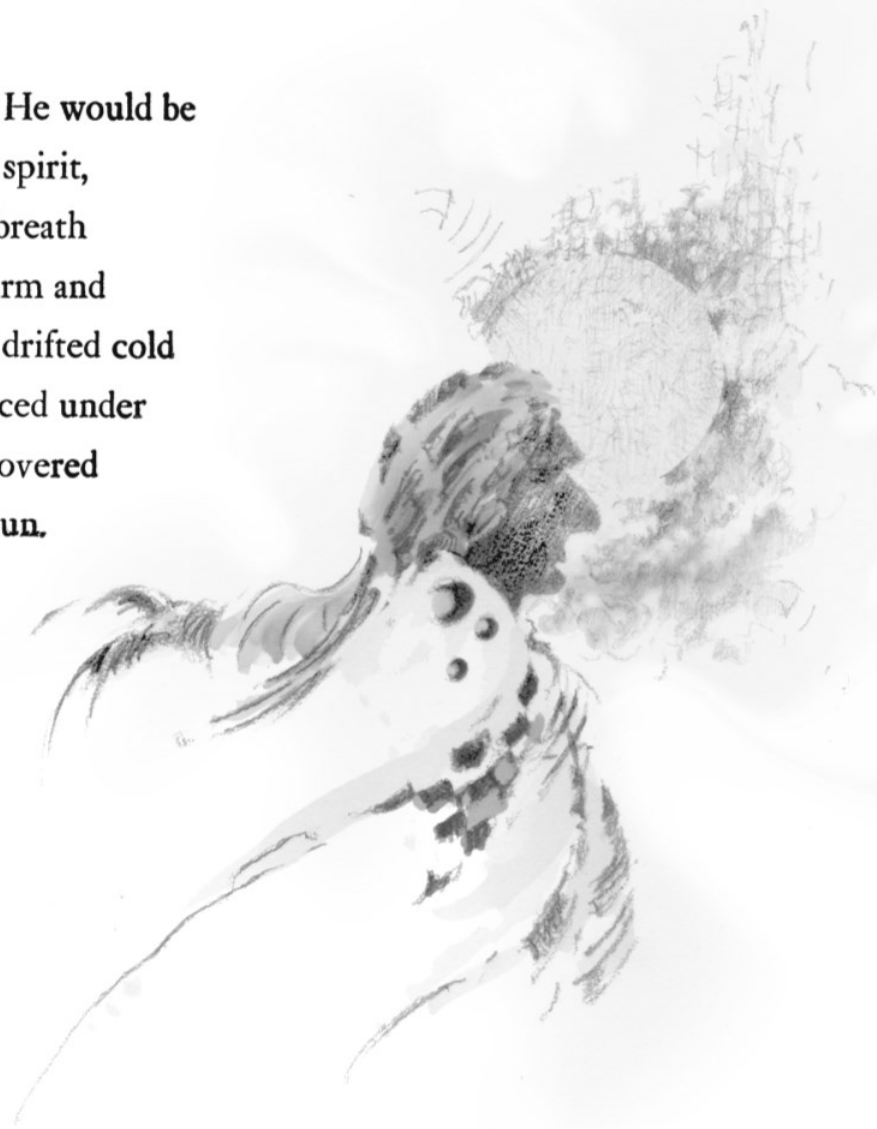
Yet, always  
there is the need  
for the journey  
and the occasional  
breath  
of an air so strange  
yet so familiar...

and all the while  
to look for his  
old Sargasso friend.



# Breathless

He would be  
spirit,  
but his breath  
blew warm and  
drifted cold  
as he paced under  
a haze covered  
winter sun.



# Brothers on the Other Side

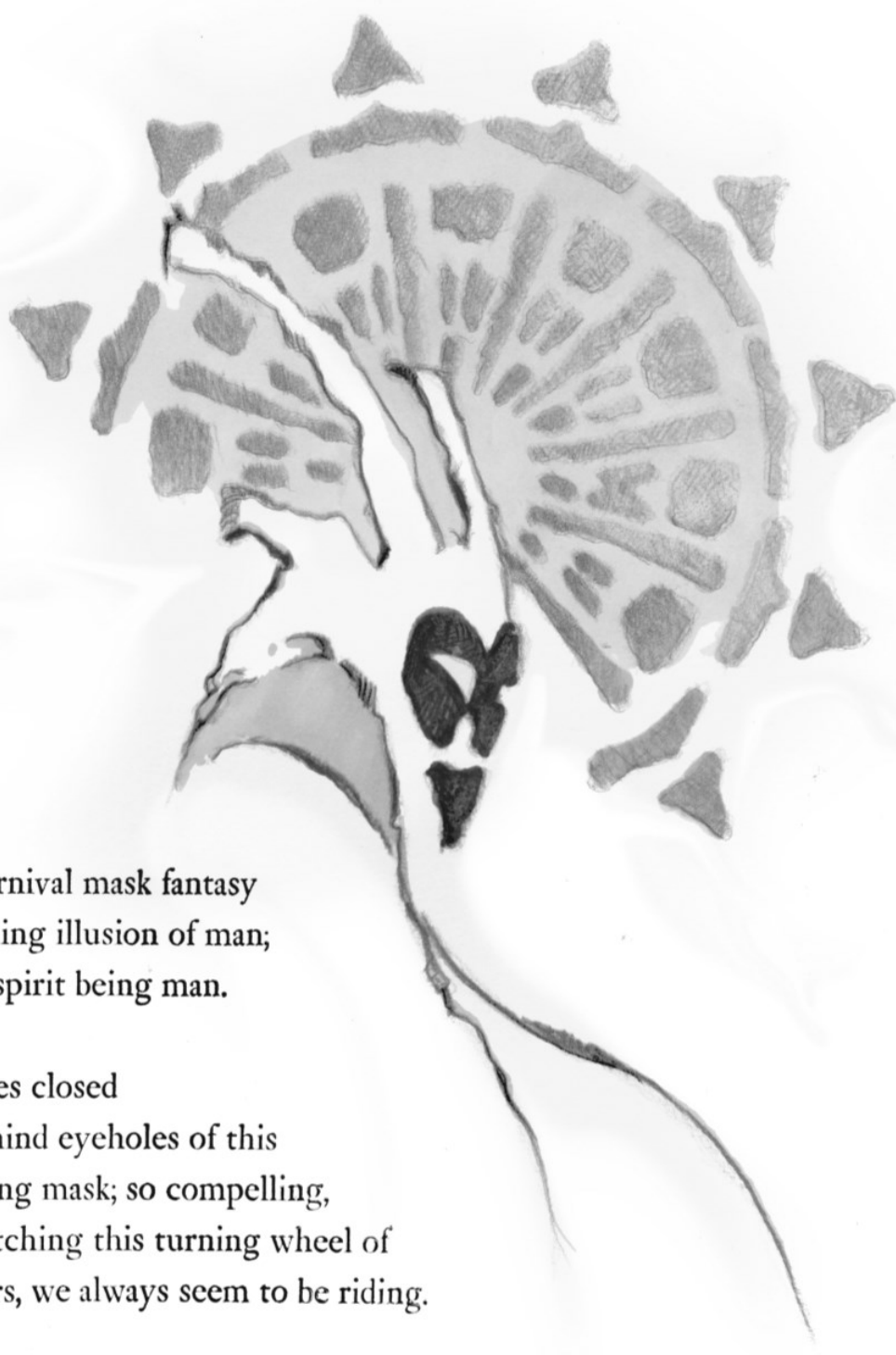
If I would explain that one  
was on the side that won  
and the  
other on the side that lost,  
could you see why they  
never spoke  
to each other after the war  
was over  
until they met years later  
and it was but a few mumbled words and a reluctant  
handshake posed for a family member with a camera.



Uncle Milt Anderson, well dressed for a Sunday outing  
and his still wiry rebel brother, Uncle Carp...

and don't tell him about his flag,  
he earned the right to love the Confederate colors up until  
he was a hundred and three  
when he met his brother on the other side where resentments  
and old uniforms were put aside  
and they reminisced about hardtack and marches and the silliness  
of bitter young men growing into all those lost old men years.

# Carrousel



Carnival mask fantasy  
hiding illusion of man;  
of spirit being man.

Eyes closed  
behind eyeholes of this  
aging mask; so compelling,  
watching this turning wheel of  
ours, we always seem to be riding.



# Castle on Flensburg Bay

After the cruise we midshipmen reported to "the castle" of the Marineschule at Mürwik on the Flensburg Bay where we studied for nine months among the buildings built with bricks from the North German dark red clay.

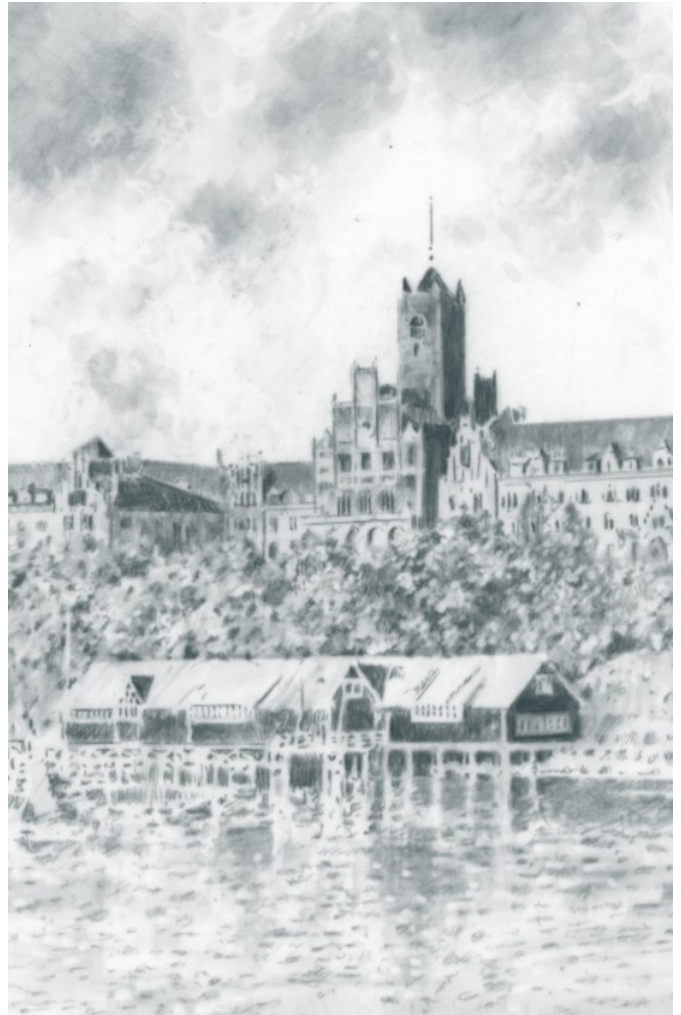
We learned navigation, seamanship, naval regulations, and English in the mornings and in the afternoons we were in the labs, sailing on the Flensburg Bay, practicing signaling, gymnastics, fencing, and horsemanship.

And least we have too much idle time on our hands there were other courses to take. And for some there was learning the proper moves for dancing on the ball room floor and learning to master social etiquette was required for all.

After nine months of this routine we took our main officer exams and then had more specialized courses from spring to fall.

Those of us becoming Seeoffiziers were then given six month assignments at sea where we had greater responsibilities and matured that much more. In the following April, at the end of this experience, most of us were promoted to Leutnant zur See.

Now only one hurdle, the Offizierswahl, was left between us and admission to the naval officer corps.



## Clara Barton's Hessian

*Born under the signs of Aries  
and Capricorn sixty years apart.*

Hessian

cracked  
leather  
field pack,  
Prussian elite  
Fieldgrau,  
Oak Leaf B  
Autumn

Camo stored in  
the climate controlled vaults at the  
Museum of Natural Military History  
where there was no room to store  
the love of God and Country  
and the love for a woman yet  
unborn:  
the love of Clara Barton  
looking for her Hessian  
after the Battle of Sharpsburg.

(Or was it Antietam?)

"Lord show some mercy, she sighed." How confusing it had  
suddenly become with her Prussian Blue  
hopelessly lost among the Butternut and the Gray.



# Climber

The tree creature  
climbed  
the most barbaric  
gray branches  
with his inherent  
grace  
not to be pushed  
nor slip and follow  
a path  
that would attempt  
to puncture  
most unfavorably  
the patient  
ground  
that waited to catch  
and absorb  
his body blow  
below.



# Commissioned as Officers in the Kriegsmarine

And now we submitted ourselves to the formality of the Offizierswahl and waited for the officers of our command to vote on whether they thought we were worthy of admission to the naval officer corps.

Then almost overnight we were Leutnants zur See awaiting new assignments. How could three years have gone by so fast?

Those of us as new officers in the major fleet units had to be satisfied with merely being lowly watch officers or as specialists with limited duties.

Admittedly with some envy we saw that some of our fellow Crew members who were assigned to smaller craft such as the mine sweepers or agile torpedo boats

became executive officers or even placed in command.

And there were the few that entered the U-Boat service. I thought of my uncle and wondered what he would say if I had become one of them. But for now I wanted to see the ocean and not sail underneath it.

As for me I got my wish and was assigned as a radio technical officer on the light cruiser Nürnberg. Perhaps in the greater scheme of the Kriegsmarine it was not all that glorious a duty, but it was a necessary function, and more important for me it was a beginning to a career in the Navy that I had wanted since my early days at the Jade Bight.



## Conceits and Acceptance

The last cries of crickets  
are replaced by  
the sound of rain against  
the wet glassy  
autumn leaves.

Huddled birds will not  
utter one cry against  
gray sky water falling  
down;  
they know it always  
stops.

And when it does, there is the steady patter of  
leaves  
shedding water that  
falls  
towards others already on the ground.

And from  
the tree line, the crickets rub their wings and  
resume their trilling, chanting,  
“Why worry  
of rain when cooler days are ahead.”

And as the conceits of crickets grow louder, the  
restless  
birds shrug their shoulders, look at each other  
and finally fly away.



## **Cosmic Pal Cheats the Play**

Soccer daemon player  
wearing two sizes over  
sized trunks,  
  
leaping to  
strike at the  
cosmic will o' the wisp ball  
to score the winning point,  
  
(and he would have)  
  
but the guardian angel  
had hidden  
inside the blocking goalie.





# Cruiser Assignments

In April I was assigned as a radio technical officer to the light cruiser Nürnberg. By September we were at war and I saw my first action in December as we were torpedoed off the British North Sea coast.

Our ship would be out of the war for some time. However, I received orders to report to Kiel and join the Blücher, a new heavy cruiser just finishing her sea trials.

After training exercises in the Baltic, we were ready for action and during the night of April eighth, the Blücher led a flotilla of warships and land troops into Oslofjord to seize the capital of Norway.

It did not go well - at 0440 we were illuminated by searchlights and forty-five minutes later our ship was hit by the heavy guns from the Oscarsborg Fortress.

Amidst the fires and explosions was a carnage I could never have imagined. Even so, some men were singing as they returned fire and tried to save the ship. And when we were hit by two torpedoes it was only a matter of time before the Blücher was to capsize in flaming waters and settle to the bottom of the Oslofjord.

And shivering on Askholmen Island with other survivors, my only thought was how I could take the war to the enemy.



## Cubic Green



Tossed and  
braided  
over  
a lower limb,

the necklace sways slightly with  
its adjacent green metal cubes  
following each  
other

while remaining the same...  
as brittle leaves turn orange  
and  
break away.





## Dawn

### *Aurora Borealis*

The wolves held back their wolf calls  
in awe,  
making the necessary kill in silence.

# Decision Uboot-Waffe

Languishing briefly as a signals officer in the harbor defense of conquered Oslo, my request for transfer was granted and in September I reported to Pillau for training.

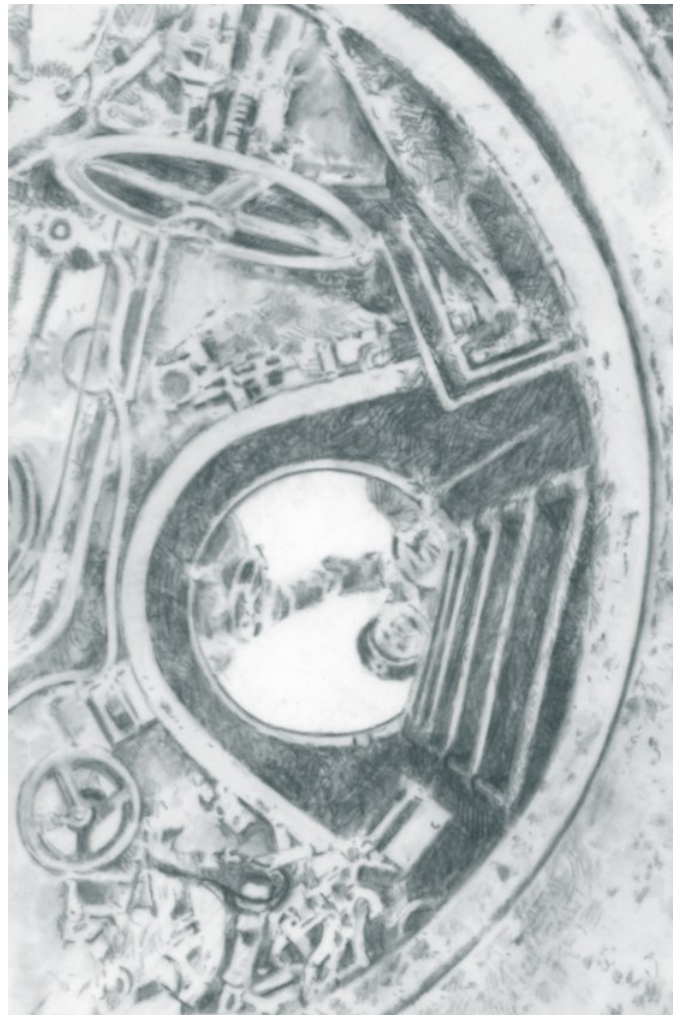
I still remember my first time on a U-Boat. Outside the Einbaum's conning tower I looked inside the hatch before descending into the narrow control room with its array of glass dials, electrical cables, compressed air conduits and wheel after wheel surrounding the single periscope.

The noise of the diesel engines was deafening and there was an ever present smell of steel and oil. Only later would I come to know the actual smell of a U-Boat and its crew after weeks on a patrol.

With my first dive I listened, with stopped up ears, to the hum of the electric motors, the hissing air and water gurgling into the ballast tanks. And as it grew quiet, I felt as if I was floating in a balloon.

For six rigorous months, I went through diving maneuvers, surface and submerged attacks, torpedo school, U-Boat tactics, radio communications, and gunnery school. I was learning the ways of the Uboot-waffe.

When I finally graduated, I was assigned to be a second watch officer on a Type VII U-Boat not yet completed. For me, once again, the war was coming closer.



## Deep Under a Surface Running Far

**Mechanism**

**People**

crawling from  
underneath.

Unsteady,

Trembling,

Winnowing the varied thoughts  
to find the one that brought them  
to this place.

One is clasped to the other; it is that  
way above they were told and so they  
remembered they followed many  
confusing dark  
passageways to find this out.

**And**

separating themselves from the  
red earthen images they had once  
made  
of themselves,  
they see, with light in each others' blue eyes, something  
they had once mostly  
ignored and now wonder what it is called.



# Demon, Most Displeased

The lying demon  
with  
the bull neck  
had absolutely  
no good use  
for the utterance  
of simple words  
offered in prayer  
that  
stymied his most  
innocent  
wayward intentions.



**Deployed in Formation  
Early One Afternoon**

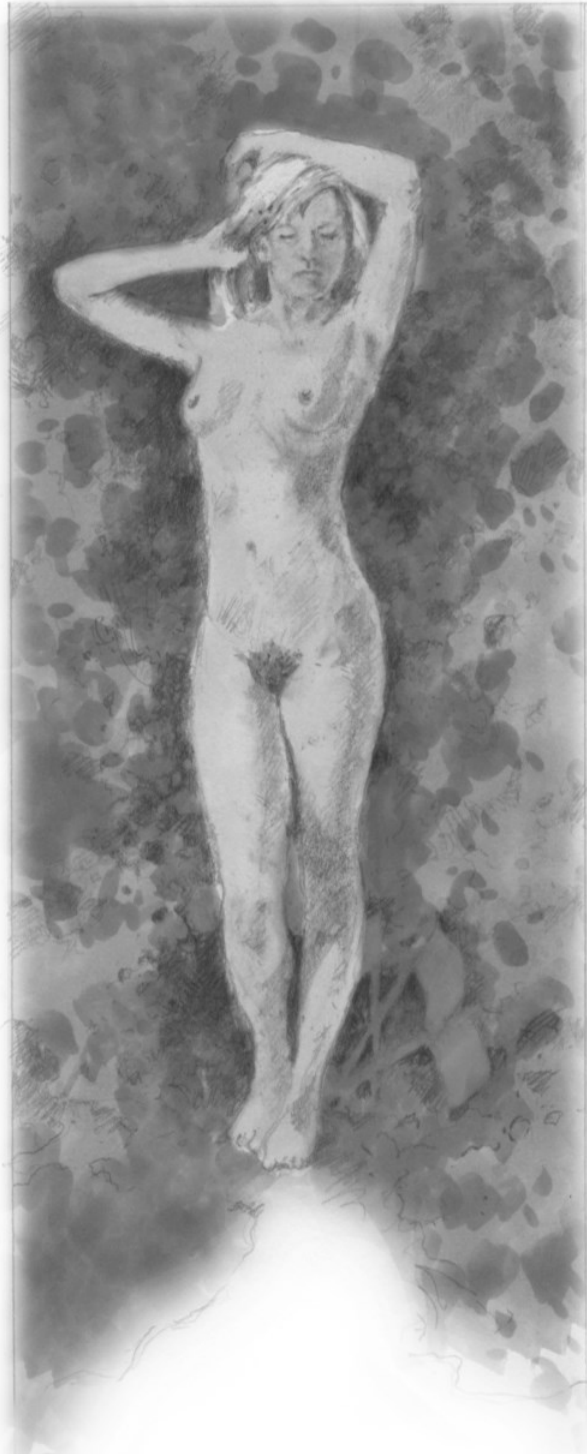
*Violence*

The calm soldier  
resigned  
to his fate  
had neither love  
nor hate,  
nor rest, as he marched on  
another unnamed field.



## Desire

Coy,  
naked with no memory  
of the childlike purpose  
in removing  
all those  
blue construction flags  
and replanting them  
on the  
other side of the street  
beside  
one more apartment  
where  
your mother prayed  
she was not raising  
another  
generation  
to be like her mother's.





# Destination St. Nazaire

After living and training with our boat during a six month ordeal, we finally arrived at the pens in St. Nazaire.

In the beginning, when I had finished my Uboot-waffe training I was granted leave before reporting to the Blohm and Voss Shipyards at Bremen for the Baubelehrung where the crew was to become familiar with our boat as it was being completed.

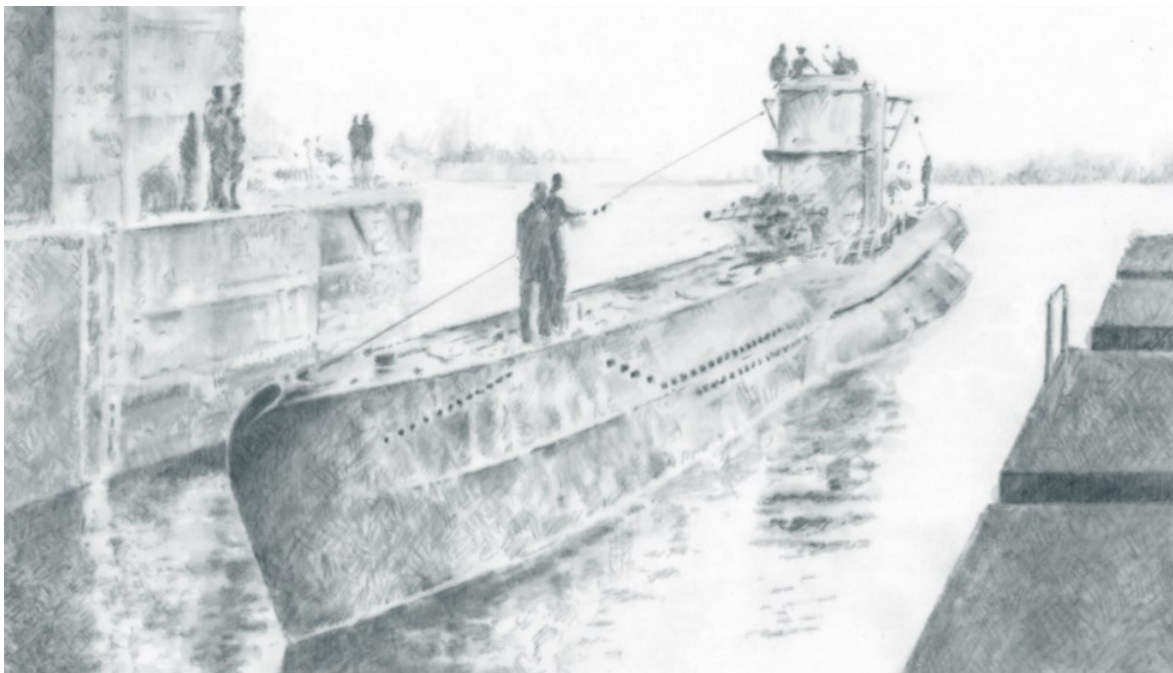
The Captain and First Officer arrived a week before me. The Leitender Ingenieur had already been here for some time getting know his boat down to the smallest detail.

Walking through the type VIIC boat for the first time, my respect grew for the LI and his knowledge and responsibilities.

After two months, when the construction had been completed, the crew assembled on deck for the commissioning ceremony of our new U-Boat. Afterwards came the endless acceptance trials to ensure our boat was in operational and fighting order.

Then we began to earn our pay in earnest with little sleep during nights and days of ceaseless equipment, weapons and tactical training. It took two months but we succeeded at meeting the goals set for us and went back to Kiel for fitting out.

It had been an arduous process but finally we were declared "Frontreif" - ready for action. And so we sailed from Kiel to the North Sea, around England to the base at St. Nazaire and proudly took our place as a frontline U-Boat in the Seventh Flotilla.



# Detonation

For the love of the  
bomb;  
admiration of the fuse,  
the cold smooth rolled  
steel surface.

A ticking heart beating passion,  
waiting  
for the fusion to pass. . .





# Detonations Noted Near the Sea Bed Floor

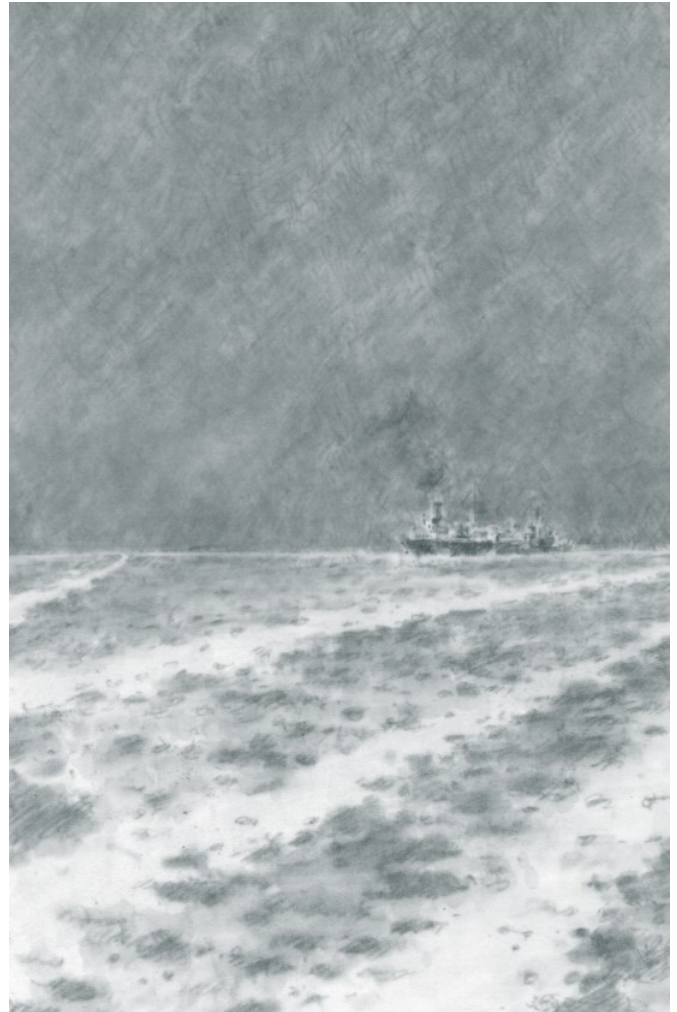
Alone, empty, riding higher on the sea, but nearly ten thousand tons nonetheless, a tanker making twelve knots.

And we followed its zigzagging course at a discreet distance watching the plume of smoke and when it was dusk the Kaleu ordered our boat full speed ahead to wait where all our training was to bear on our first target.

At the UZO, the first officer called out the range, speed, and heading of the target, while below in the conning tower, the Oberbootsmann entered them in the TDC.

And just after the eels from tubes one through four were launched, I heard someone shout that the target was changing course. In disbelief, we watched as three eels went beside the starboard side of the ship and the fourth, a surface runner, which would have hit just astern of the beam, skipped out of the water and turned to sink somewhere in the Atlantic with the other three.

Then I heard the Kaleu mutter, "2120, launched four torpedoes at ocean floor; unable to ascertain results." And as he started down the ladder, he looked at me, "Lady luck and a bad torpedo did not favor us tonight. . . not so the next time "



# Detour to Grid BE4229

On the last half of our patrol whatever the enemy was sailing had become invisible.

After missing the tanker, all of us wanted another chance to prove ourselves. Then one morning as I was relieved from the second watch, I was told there was a transmission from BdU to decode. As the Enigma lamps lit up one by one, I penciled the words on a tablet of paper and when the message was decoded, without saying anything, I tore off the sheet of paper and handed it to the Kaleu.

Convoy in sight BE 4569, course  $344^{\circ}$ , speed 8 knots . . .

As the Kaleu watched the Obersteuermann plot a course, I unconsciously rubbed my right index finger in the condensation on the control room's circular hatch and watched the beads of water come together.

The Obersteuermann stepped aside and the Kaleu came closer to the plotting table. Nodding, he looked up and said, " Course one three oh, Engines full speed ahead."

Then he looked at our navigator and wryly replied, "Let's see what choices Herr Bruno Emil has to offer us tonight."

Though it seemed funny how he said it, none of us would have ventured to dare to laugh.



# DIAMOND T

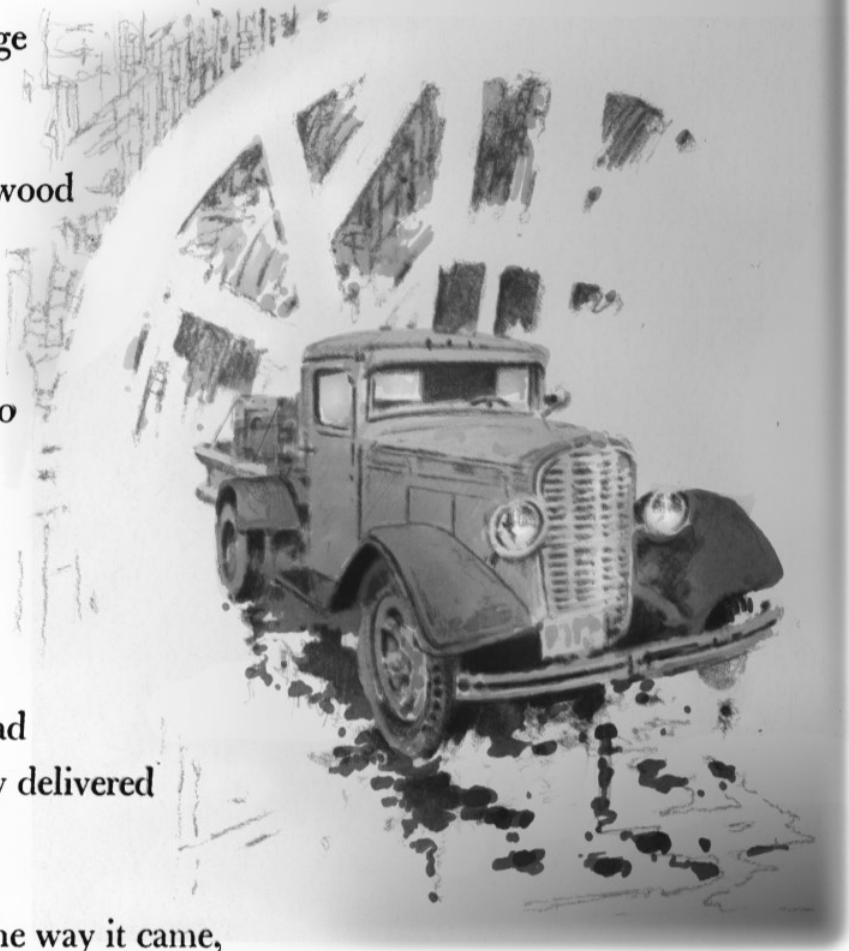
It was a thirties truck  
delivering an unknown package  
under the arcane runes.

Driving slowly down a Hollywood  
wet street movie set scene  
from  
one city block to another,  
looking for the sinister place to  
drop off  
the shipment from one  
unsavory sentient being  
to another.

And when the consignment had  
been signed for and the money delivered  
in hand,

the thirties truck drove back the way it came,  
past the runes, the driver looking for the serious  
deep level of Hell,  
thinking of fleshy refreshments, of fruity drinks  
and Tiki bars;  
just the place to spend the evening's earnings.

Forget yesterday, forget tonight, forget all things  
supernatural,  
these are sentient beings with hard earned cash who  
can't afford their tomorrows.

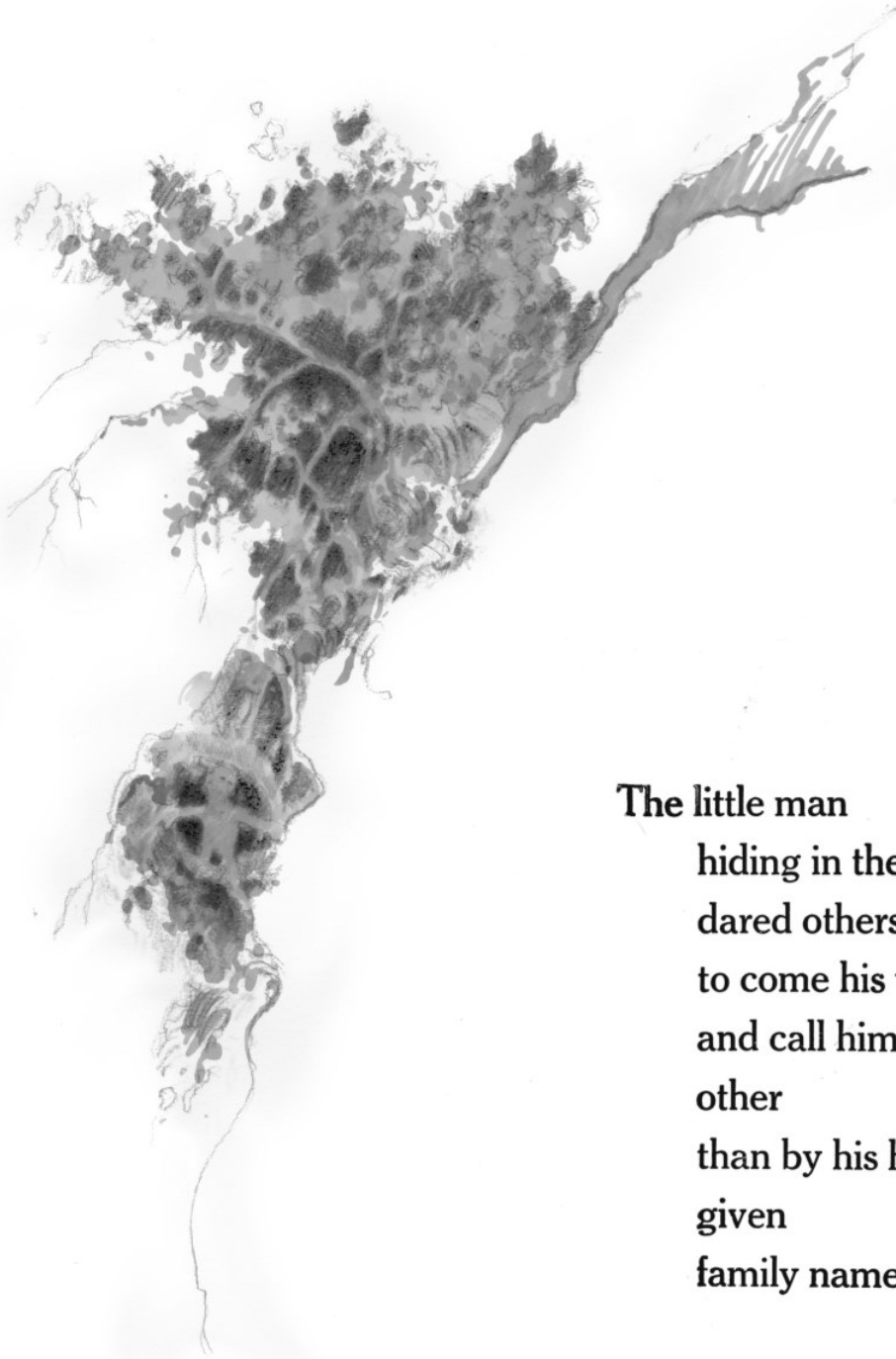




## **Die Wacht am Rhein**

Here we see several shadows  
fleeing,  
leaving,  
forgetting the laced boots  
filled with  
snow, pieces of gray lichen,  
and the grove of fallen  
trees.

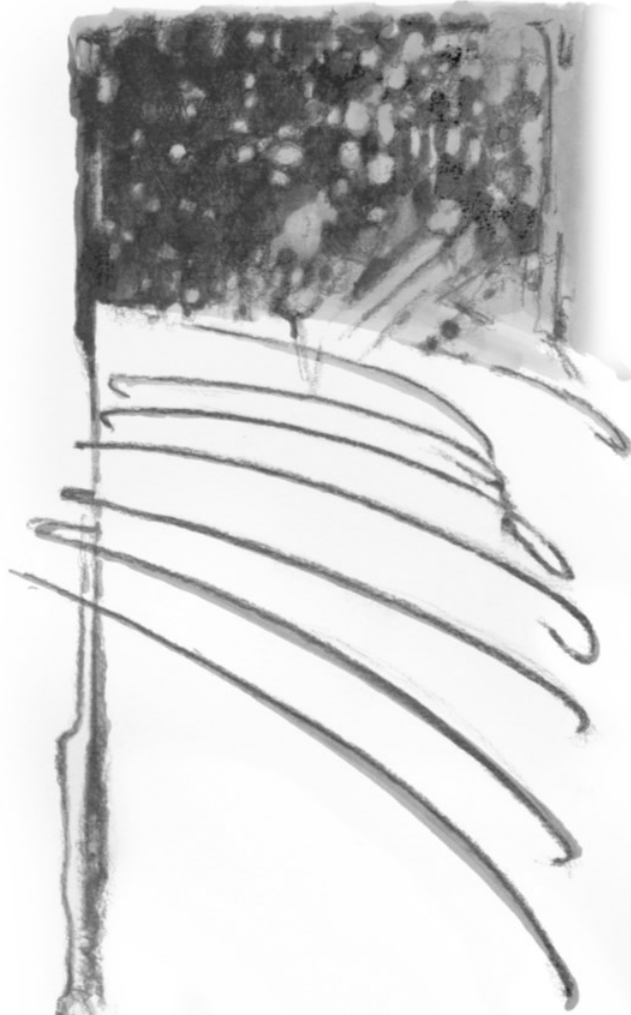
# **Downside this Shade of Tree He is So Named**



**The little man  
hiding in the shade  
dared others  
to come his way  
and call him nothing  
other  
than by his honorably  
given  
family name.**

# Drawing Conclusions

The field was suppose  
to end where the  
left  
vertical line was  
drawn  
up and down  
but it continued,  
ignoring the  
placement  
of any arbitrary,  
confining  
lines drawn by the  
hand  
of the artist who  
had  
not consulted the  
drawing he thought  
he had created.





# **Dreaming of a Life More Awesome than This**

Asleep, floating, heedless  
of whatever  
happens to be near at hand. . .



*Slow is what fast does when it has to sleep.*

# Dualis

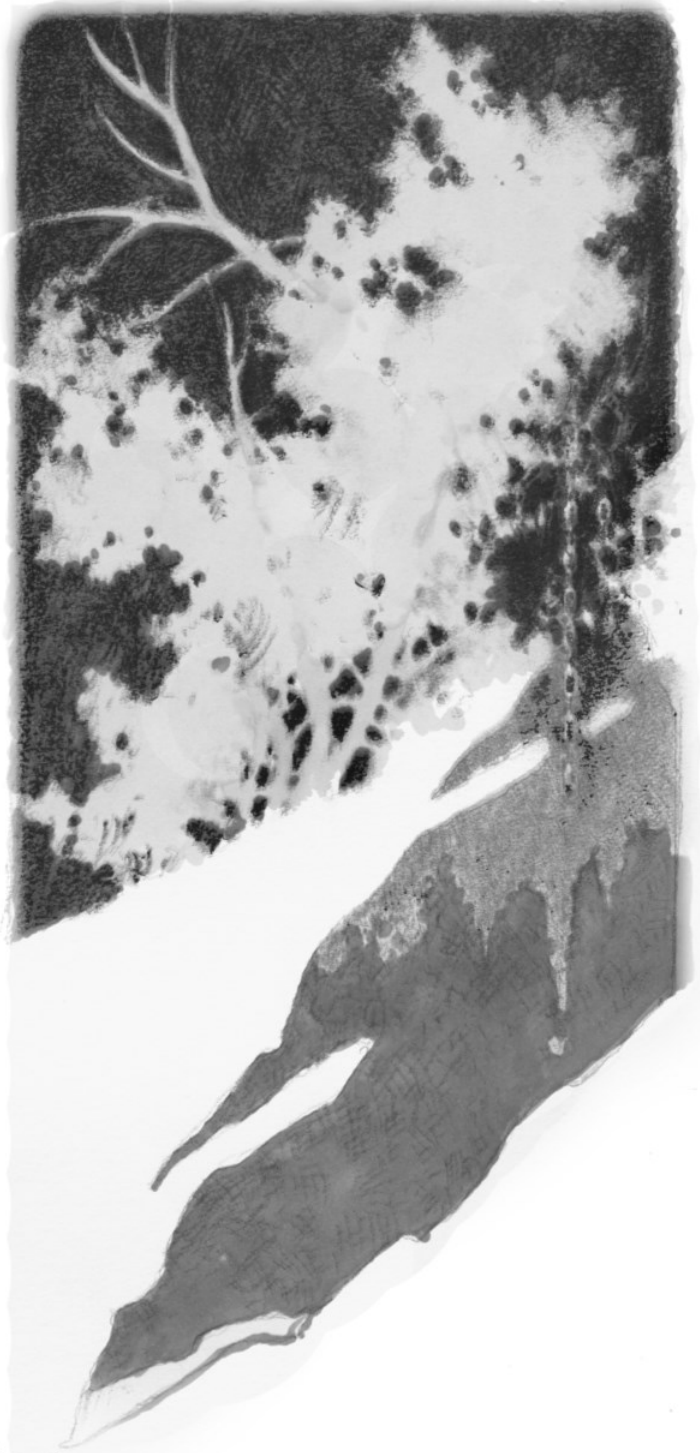
For of man he was not; yet  
wearing the checkered  
patterns of threads  
he drifted between his world  
and this,  
never quite deciding which  
he preferred  
but he knew, *though he was*  
*not suppose to love,*  
he loved to be covered  
by his favorite checkered cloth.





# Eating the Hart of the Hunt

The carcass chain was coiled  
three  
    times  
around the notched forks of  
the gutting tree,  
  
where the  
    grass  
  
is parched by  
the blood  
  
of the solitary  
    kills  
  
made by generations grown old of heart.



## Echoes from an Empty Granary

Raise your hands  
and I'll raise mine  
to praise the pain,  
and know that mine  
and only mine  
is closer to  
God  
than yours can ever  
be...

Glory, Glory,  
let's shout about  
Glory  
and the power, and  
the pride, and the pain  
that uplifts my soul,  
that earns me the right  
to feel that I have  
paid the price  
to be lodged in a heaven  
that you will ever hardly know.



## **Edging to the Pretentions of Theatrics**

Swirling cape,  
coming so tantalizingly close  
to the edge of the cliff  
where the hooded man  
turned and  
turned,  
brushing the hem of his cloth  
against the backdrop of stars  
that sparkled in fire  
beyond the edge of the path  
where they had always strayed  
just beyond his reach.



# Eighty Seconds to Forever

In position we wait as dusk turns to dark; sea force 2, partly cloudy.

Underwater the hydrophone operator had tracked the thumping reciprocating engine noises of the convoy. Now on the surface we can smell the smoke from their ships as the convoy comes nearer.

Convoy in sight at 1011, targets are selected; the First Officer has another chance. This time he is going for four shots, four ships, ambitious but the Kaleu has made his mind up.

On the far side of the convoy the low clouds light up. I wonder if it is sheet lightning, but then the unmistakable sound of explosions. Another boat has struck first, and he will draw the wrath of the destroyer escorts.

Torpedo Los - at 800 meters we are close to the first target and the time will not be long. Below, I know the crew watches the chronometers ticking off the seconds.

At eighty seconds I see a bright flash spreading from a ship to sky and clouds and then reflected from the ocean waves. The roar of the explosion follows and envelopes us. Then two more explosions as two other ships are struck by our eels.

Three out of four targets hit, the First Officer has aimed well

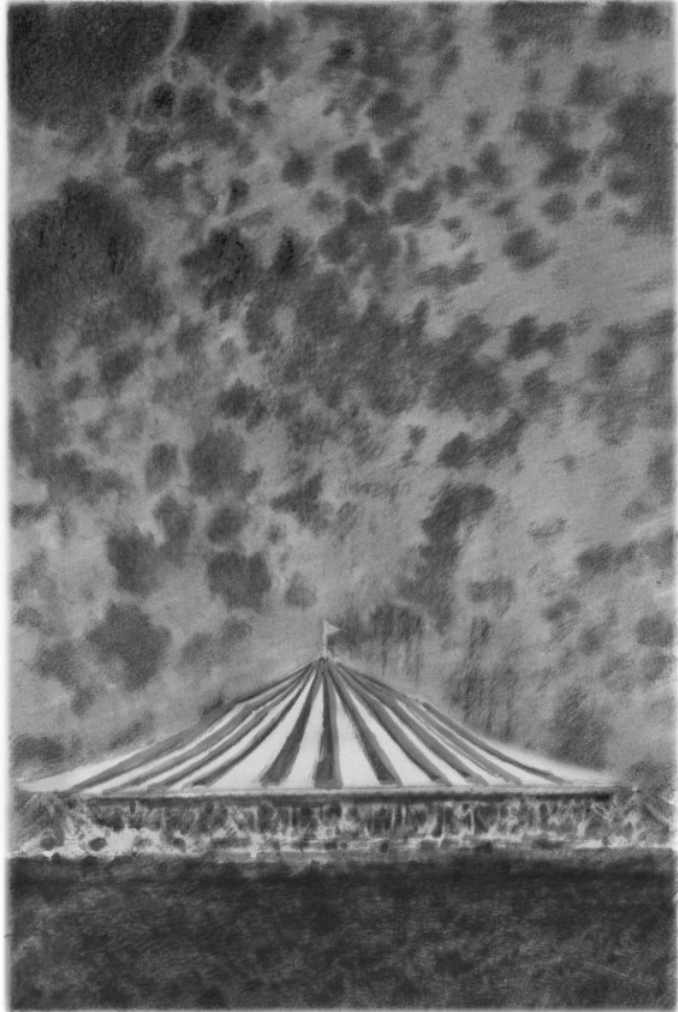


# **Elephant Revival under the Salvation Big Top Tent**

The salvation revival under  
the elephant revival lighted  
big top tent;  
the three ring preacher  
shouts hallelujah as his flock  
talks in tongues and kicks the  
wooden folding seats,  
pounding the legs into the  
ground.

Then the choir  
rises to the thunder, singing  
songs of glory as the rain falls  
from the flashing clouds to  
fill the chair leg holes covering  
the sole crushed grass.

And tomorrow when the cows  
low under Lucifer, the morning  
star, they will pass the remains  
of the Jesus fan, talk in tongues,  
and chew their cud as they  
slowly eat their broken field.



# EMBERS



Pearly,  
So too can  
be  
agitated;  
he will  
jumble(d) thoughts  
not be said:

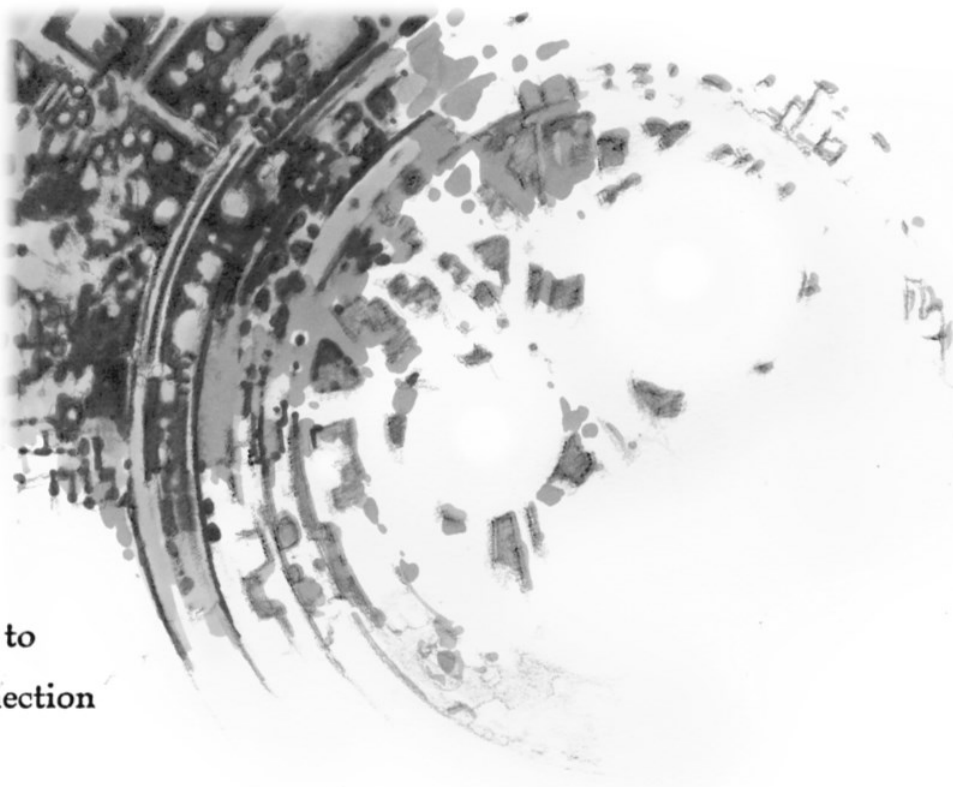
What's the rhyme?  
glad?  
or what had he done  
today  
that we could embrace  
and barely remember  
by tomorrow?

# Entourage



A metal crane will not fly,  
the concrete child  
cannot cry,  
    Saint Francis has no  
    thoughts of his pious book  
and will not look  
at autumn leaves restless on the ground.

# Ever Now in the Forever More



Turning to  
the connection  
of  
concepts,

*each tick*

*ticking one*

*moment by moment; each movement never  
nearer  
nor farther.*

Circular motion of  
ecstatic perfection performance,  
all in the exquisite Now...

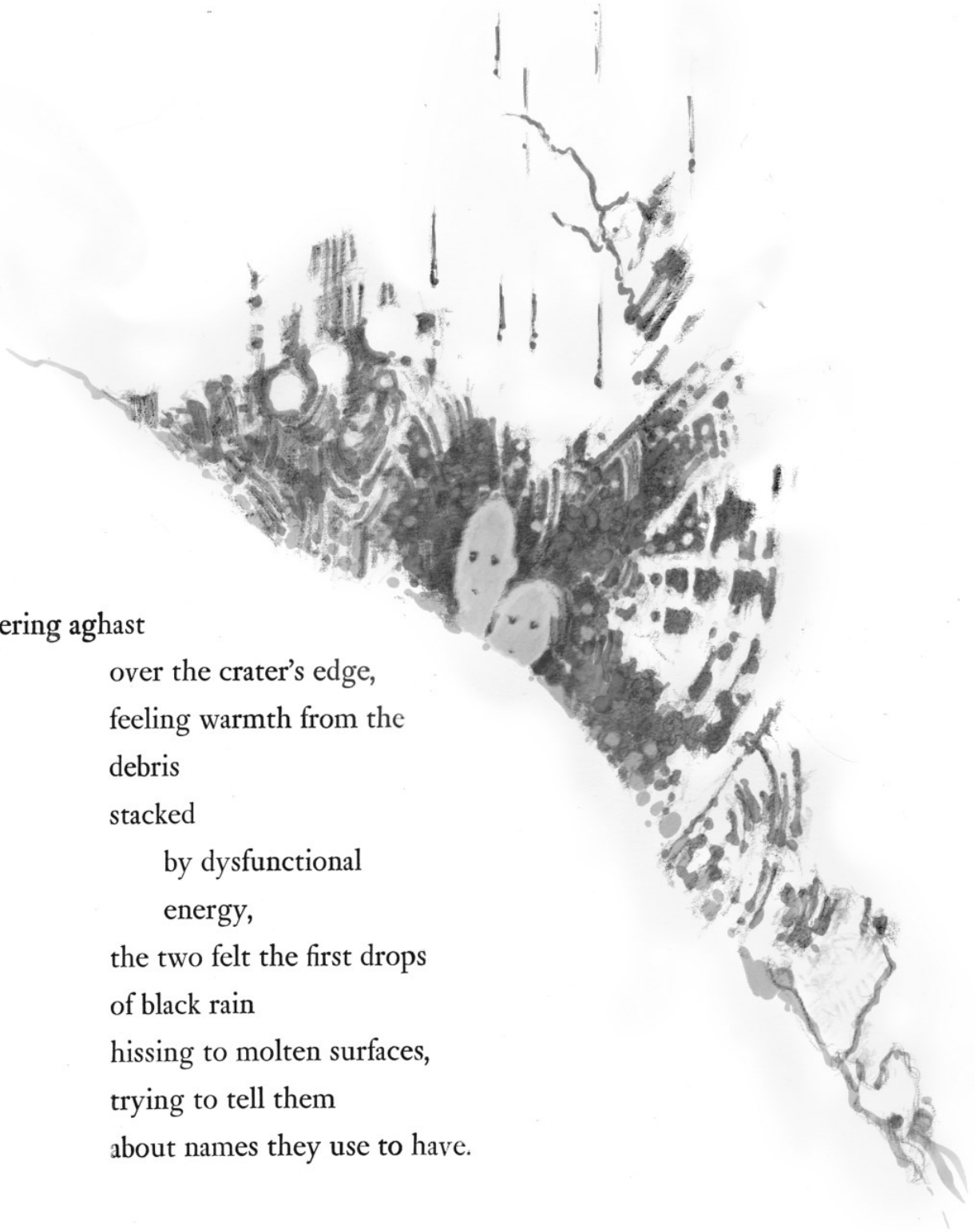


# Falling Spirits

Peering aghast

over the crater's edge,  
feeling warmth from the  
debris  
stacked

by dysfunctional  
energy,  
the two felt the first drops  
of black rain  
hissing to molten surfaces,  
trying to tell them  
about names they use to have.



# Fires by Ocean and Night

I am frozen but a brief moment before I yell the alarm. In the distance, I see the white mustaches made by the bows of the fast destroyers slicing through the ocean.

Seeing their ships burning brightly, the escorts seek blood to avenge the loss of their charges. They will hunt us, try to find us and kill us. Personal or not, it is the job they have trained for. And if they succeed I will probably be dead.

The crews of the stricken ships in the water are illuminated by the harsh light of the star shells bursting in the sky. Some are in life boats, others floundering mercifully kept afloat by their lifejackets.

Brief sights only, just before I follow the others down the hatch, sliding on the aluminum ladder and landing on the fiber mat as strong hands pull me to the side.

The diesels are quiet as the E-motors' humming noise now fills the background. In the red light of the control room, the Kaleu gives his orders and we are on silent running as we go deeper to try and evade the destroyers and their depth charges.

Yet, fate is with us tonight, the noises of the destroyers are receding and shortly the hydrophone operator reports the sound of distant depth charges. Another boat has taken our place as the hunted.



# First Borne



The trumpeter said  
besides his horn, there are  
seven billion ways to God  
and  
that does not even begin  
to count the trees.

# Flash Points



Fireflies,

blinking  
to the left  
and right  
of  
the light...

criss crossing  
vacant fields  
to find  
new mates  
as old flames burn cold.

## Flying the Circus Fokkers

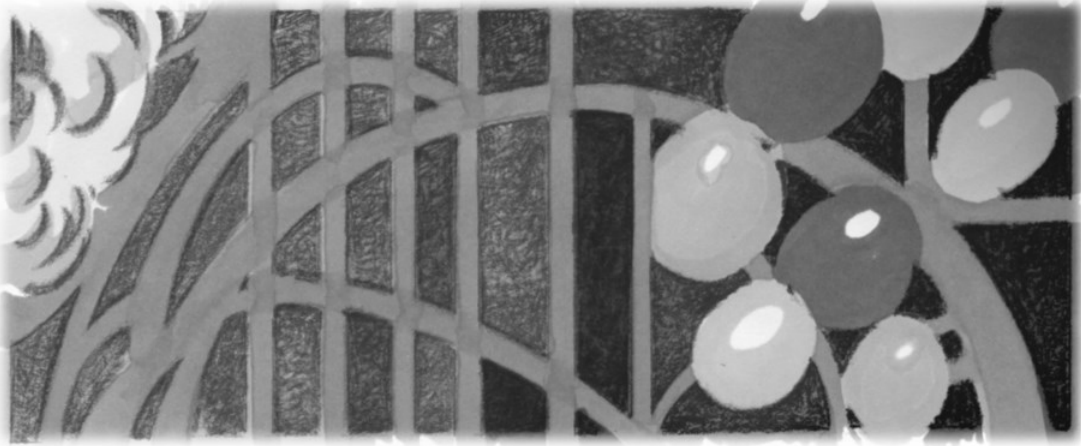
Hermann Goring's Institute of Fine Artworks in the salt mine liberated;  
liberated again and sold to the highest bidder.

Taking poison before being brought to the gallows' rope and going through the gallery doors to face the other side.

Flying his old Fokker in the circus. . .

tracer patterns in the air, the magnificent design of falling machines and men, sweating hands on joystick, feet pumping the pedals, the silk scarf around his muscular neck, thoughtless while flying over barns quickly fleeing from Karma and hoping for another life to live to look again at his paintings from Carinhall as he shovels more holes and mines more salt for the new table and the old unhealed wounds that formed scars on others.





## **Following Balloons Rising**

Balloons brought here by grief  
are touched by flowers at this  
stone.

Petal by petal, they  
drop  
to float low  
and then rise higher,  
rising  
through the clouds  
to reach  
their highest  
point  
where the specks  
of color are  
drifting to the other  
side.

# Following Neville

Neville's aura's colors  
fluctuated from,  
*"okay this way,"*  
to,  
*"oh, by the way,"*  
and every inconceivable  
shade in between.





# Fortunes of War

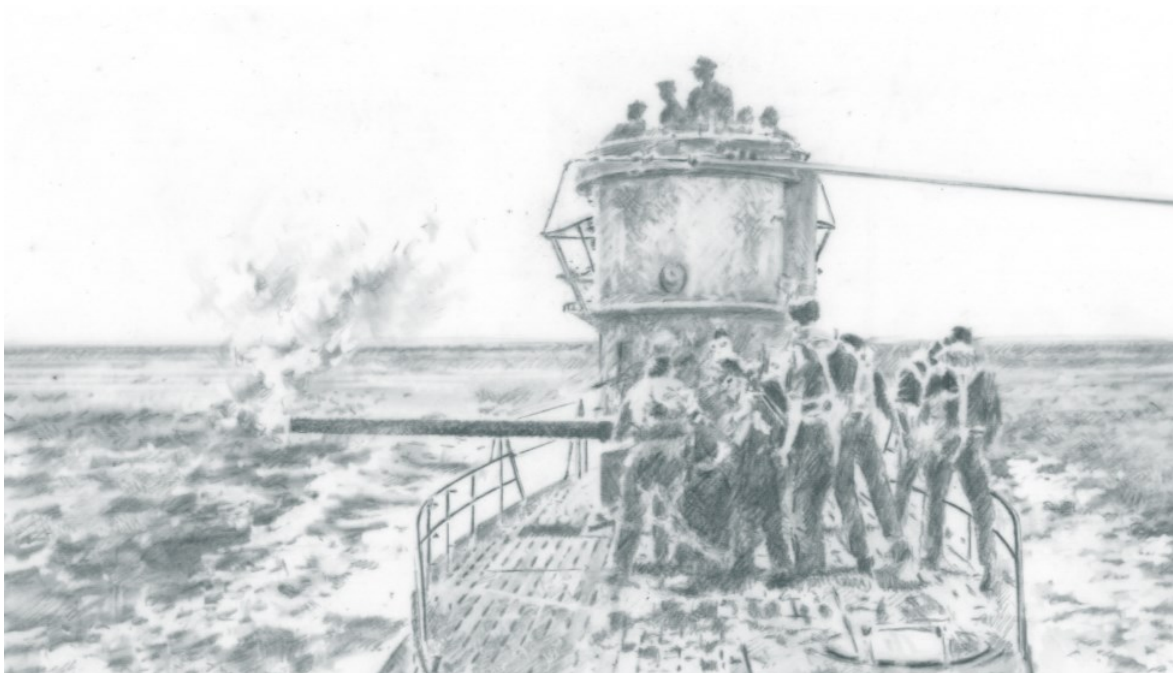
The destroyers are gone, unless they wait above quietly for us. The underwater sounds of the convoy is so slight that we know they are out of reach. Intriguingly, there is one ship nearby that mixes whining sounds with the swish of its propeller. Carefully, we come to periscope depth and check our surroundings. A trail of dense smoke rises above the waters and the Kaleu orders us to surface. A lone straggler has been left behind to fend for himself. Apparently having repaired damages from last night's attack, he now starts to move and is barely making four knots.

We surface and man the deck gun. At twenty-four thousand Reichsmarks per torpedo the Kaleu will save our eels and sink the freighter with the deck gun.

The steamer has seen us and sends a frantic message, "SSS" meaning they are under attack by a submarine along with the time and their coordinates. As Second Watch Officer I am in charge of the deck gun. Unfortunately for the radio man I have to follow the Kaleu's command and order the crew manning the gun to shell the radio shack in order to put an end to the transmissions.

The Kaleu gives the enemy crew time to man their lifeboats as we scan the sky for aircraft and the ocean for any destroyers. Then he gives the order to sink the ship.

Forty-six 8.8cm rounds later, we watch quietly as the doomed ship, in a blanket of steam, rolls over and sinks.





# Frame Warp

Streets crossing alleys where obscure  
cobblestones are bared before the many  
metal halide lights that provide more  
confusion than certainty as the  
highlights mingle with shadows in  
shapes reminiscent of earlier times.

A siren from no known direction  
wails and fades,  
and if the street lights would go black,  
the effect would be the same.

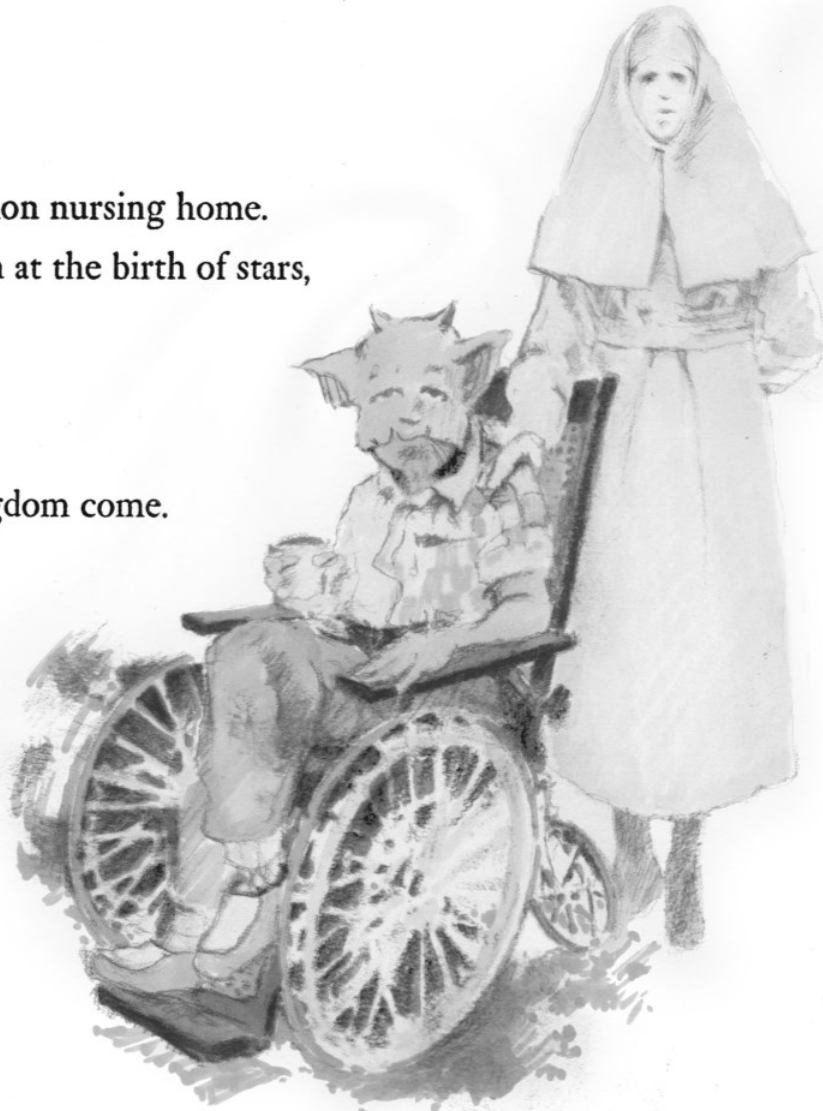
Imagination playing a hopscotch game,  
dodging chalk lines hastily scribbled  
by young girls turned to old women  
turned back to spirit.

And horse hooves under gas lights  
repeat their iron shod shoe sounds as  
they rub out the lines on the pavement  
dusted by the visible winds of fossils  
pausing then roaring as the lights  
come back on to reveal the  
swirling petroleum dinosaurs and  
decayed bacteria from ancient marshes  
who delight one more  
time in the new air of their old world.



# Free Will

Aged demon  
in the demon nursing home.  
From birth at the birth of stars,  
to the coming  
contraction  
of the merging  
impending kingdom come.

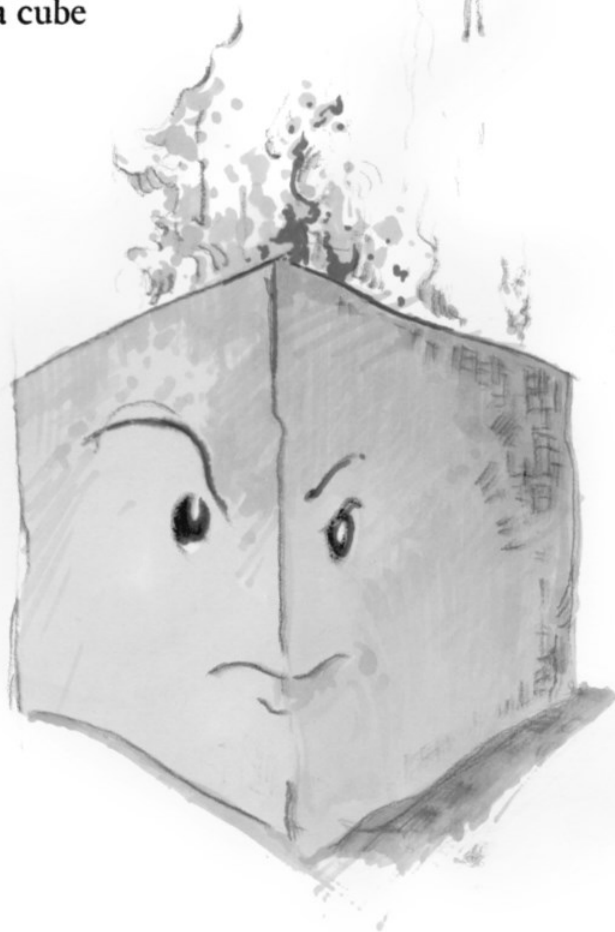


Now resting,  
now finally sipping milk from the angel's  
caring hands.

Now at last, Thy will be done.

## **Friday Evening Steamed**

They would not serve him  
a meal...  
so he withdrew into a cube  
and sat there pissed.



## Gathering Up the Experience

He drifted hiding out,  
avoiding the celestial  
halo music,  
looking for his long  
ago lost  
comic book collection,  
following the smell of  
musty old paper with  
slowly dissolving fibers  
covered by layers of  
cyan, magenta, yellow  
and black made from the  
pigments of ink that  
followed the dots showing  
the directions to  
ancient exploded stars  
and the stories he had  
remembered so well.



## **Gear Works Under the Snow**



Jerome,  
caroming over the  
mechanism working under the surface,  
never noticed what the white withheld.

# Going Home on the Return Transit

After the hunting ended, we returned to the patrol with more days of an empty sea.

One of the torpedo mechanics was an apprentice sign painter from Dusseldorf who was excused from maintaining the eels so he could put his other talent to use and letter the tonnage of each kill in black numbers on white pennants.

Yet, before he was done, he had one more to do. The storm abated briefly, and the watch spotted smoke from a freighter and after losing her once, we found her again and made our way ahead and waited in the wintry cold. As night approached we sent another five thousand tons to the bottom.

Our supply of eels were nearly expended and the food we ate came from tins and moldy provisions. As the fuel supply grew lower the LI's calculations convinced the Kaleu that it was time to return home.

In the dampness of our U-Boat we lived in the smell of our own making. Yet, even with the discomfort of aching muscles and rashes appearing on our pale skin, there was an exhilaration of our success.

Success measured by five victory pennants proclaiming the twenty-two thousand tons we had sent to the bottom of the sea.





## Graven Rock

*Menhir,*

the path within came to life  
by the spirit of the hand that  
split  
the stone.

# Gravity

*and the elusive quality of change...*

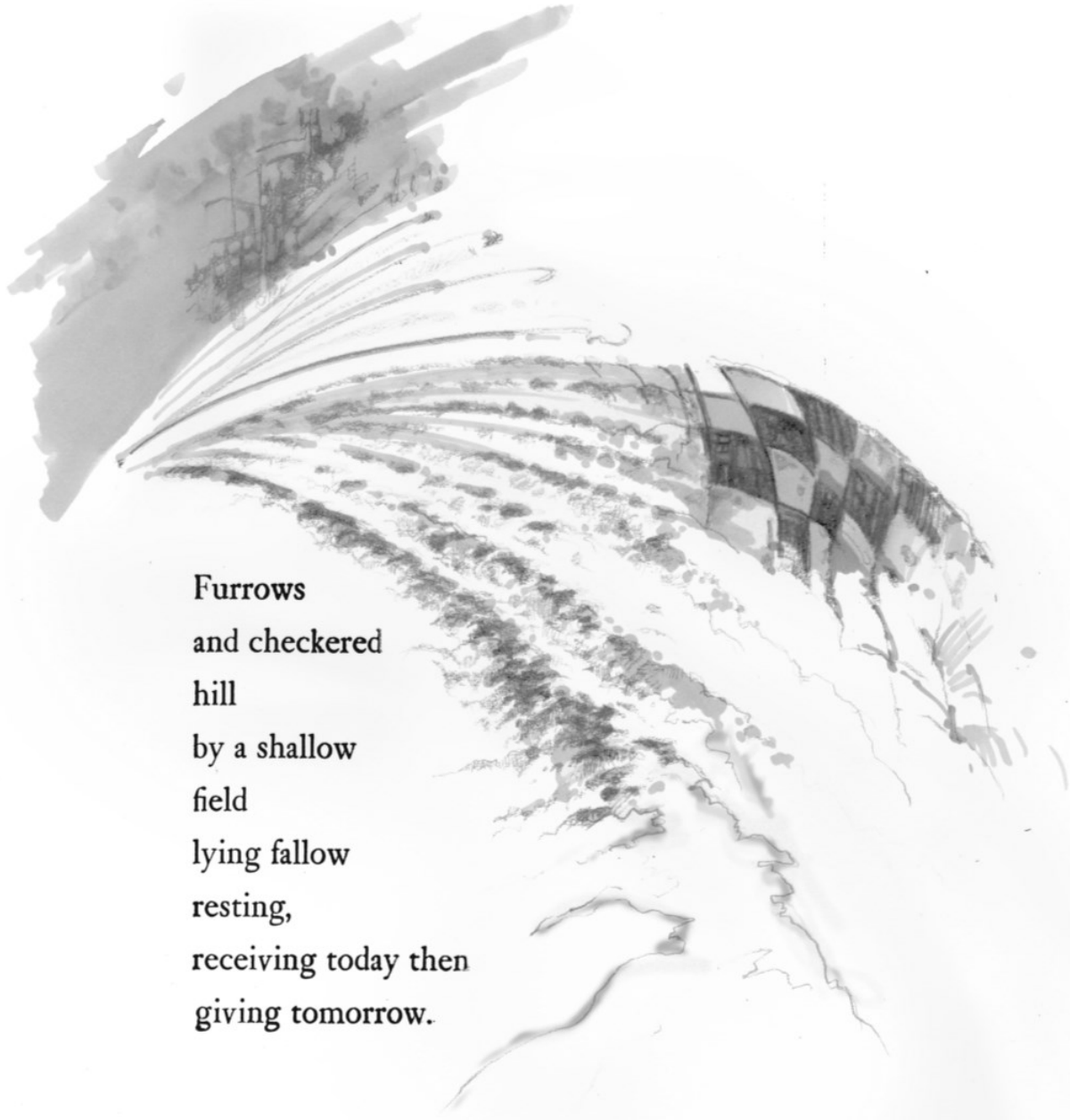
of what we know  
and think is right  
though maybe not  
or yet might be...

but before the time I may understand,  
please explain to me  
dear Lord, Love, the necessity of phantom pain  
and why I still wonder about her  
and what these forty years would have changed.





# Green Tithing



Furrows  
and checkered  
hill  
by a shallow  
field  
lying fallow  
resting,  
receiving today then  
giving tomorrow.

# Greetings by a Military Band, Cheering Crowds, and the Tall Austere Lion

We reached Point NI at 1200 Hours and met our Vorpostenboot, a converted trawler, which took us under surface escort protecting us from any possible air attack. As we came nearer to St. Nazaire a mine clearance ship joined us and led the way in. We went through the locks and switching to the E-motors slowly made our way to a pier outside the U-Boat pens.

Our first war patrol ended with music and the crowd cheering for us as we slowly stopped at the pier. Unexpectedly, the Lion had come down from Lorient so we hurriedly lined up and stood at attention on the deck as he walked before us shaking hands and punching a few shoulders here and there. The Kaleu and IWO were given

well deserved Iron Crosses, First Class for the ships they had sunk. The deck gun crew and I received Iron Crosses, Second Class, for sinking the straggler.

Shore birds dived and cried overhead as we crossed the gangplanks to flowers, kisses and cold bottled beer. Fair maiden German nurses and lightning girls held on to us as our sea legs readjusted to the Brittany soil.

As we walked away from the smell of our boat and the oily salt water, thoughts turned to our unopened mail, fresh food, and the pleasures of a hot shower.

And for many there were also thoughts of the warm flesh that waited for us in town.



# gsFile N Facings

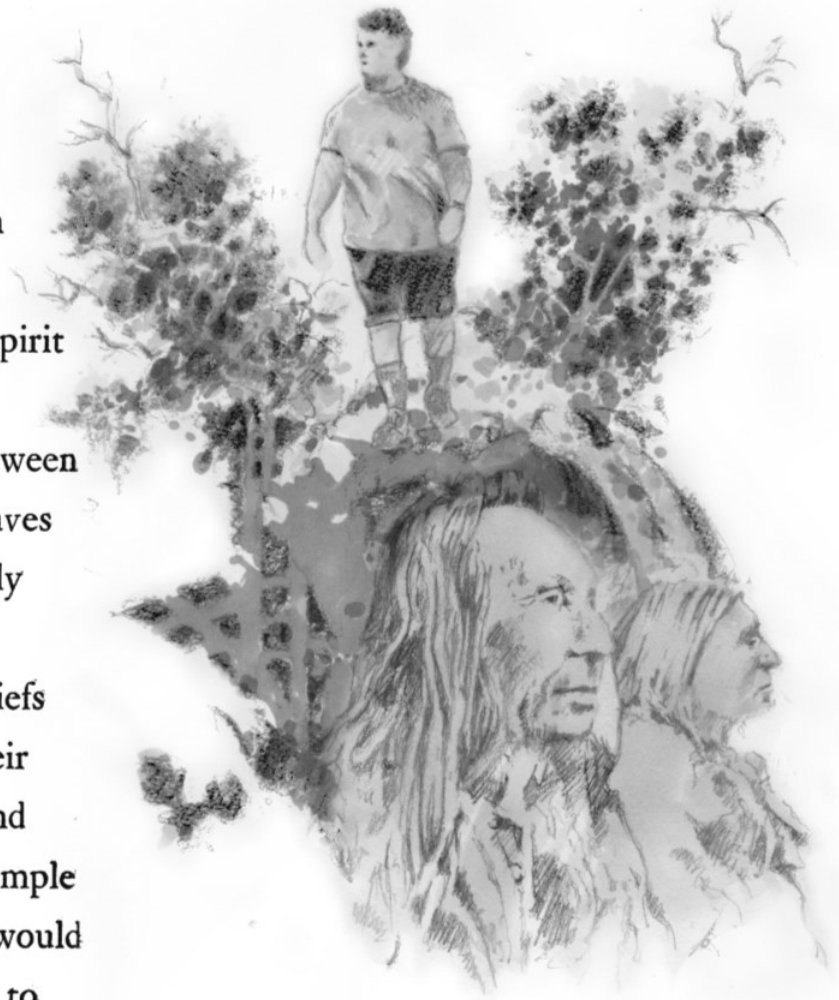
The one who turned to face  
the  
others  
turned once more, had ten  
more odd thoughts,

and then suddenly took  
his face away.

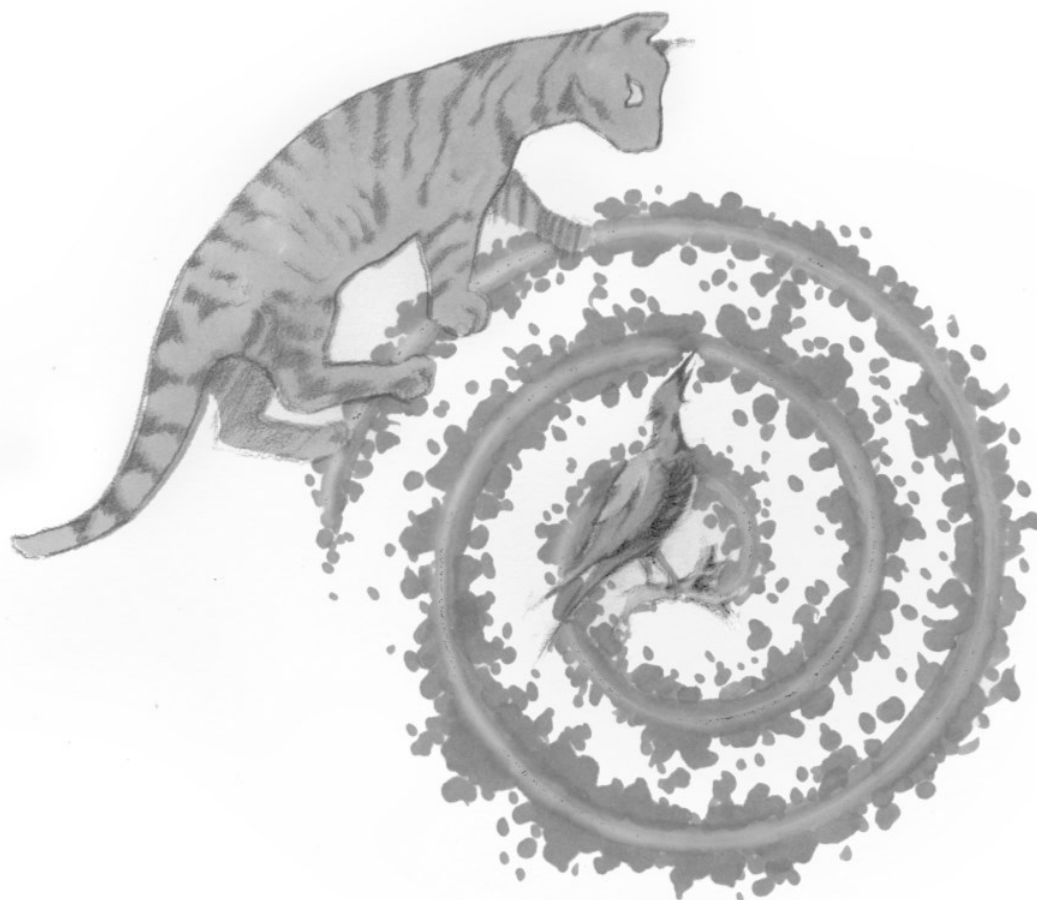


# Guided to the Place He had Left

He had forgotten  
that he  
walked with his spirit  
this way once,  
as he stepped between  
hidden Indian graves  
that were carefully  
placed next to  
their sleeping chiefs  
who still held their  
eagle talismans and  
still led by an example  
that he thought would  
never be possible to  
regain again.



# Harmony



Chasing the hate  
with the bird singing  
and feeding the cat.

# Hell to Heaven Found in Flesh, Food, and Drink

A meal at the flotilla headquarters, collect our stored seabags that have been brought to us at our barracks and then a warm shower to wash off the grime of salt, filth, and the diesel smell that we have accumulated on our bodies.

Our first port of call would be the U-Bootsheim and some time there to relax in the recreation center. Later we would make the sixteen kilometer journey from St. Nazaire to La Baule where we will stay at the Grand Hotel. The Kalue will be billeted at the Hotel Celtic with other captains of the Seventh Flotilla.

And let the well deserved debauchery begin as we leave behind the smell of diesel, the taste of diesel, and the feel of the thirty-four day patrol.

Boulibasse with lobster, glazed pheasant, Mediterranean fruit, aged cheeses and delicate pastries such as we have never tasted before with bottles of Sauvignon Blanc, if we choose - which most do, along with beer and other liquors, to wash it all down.

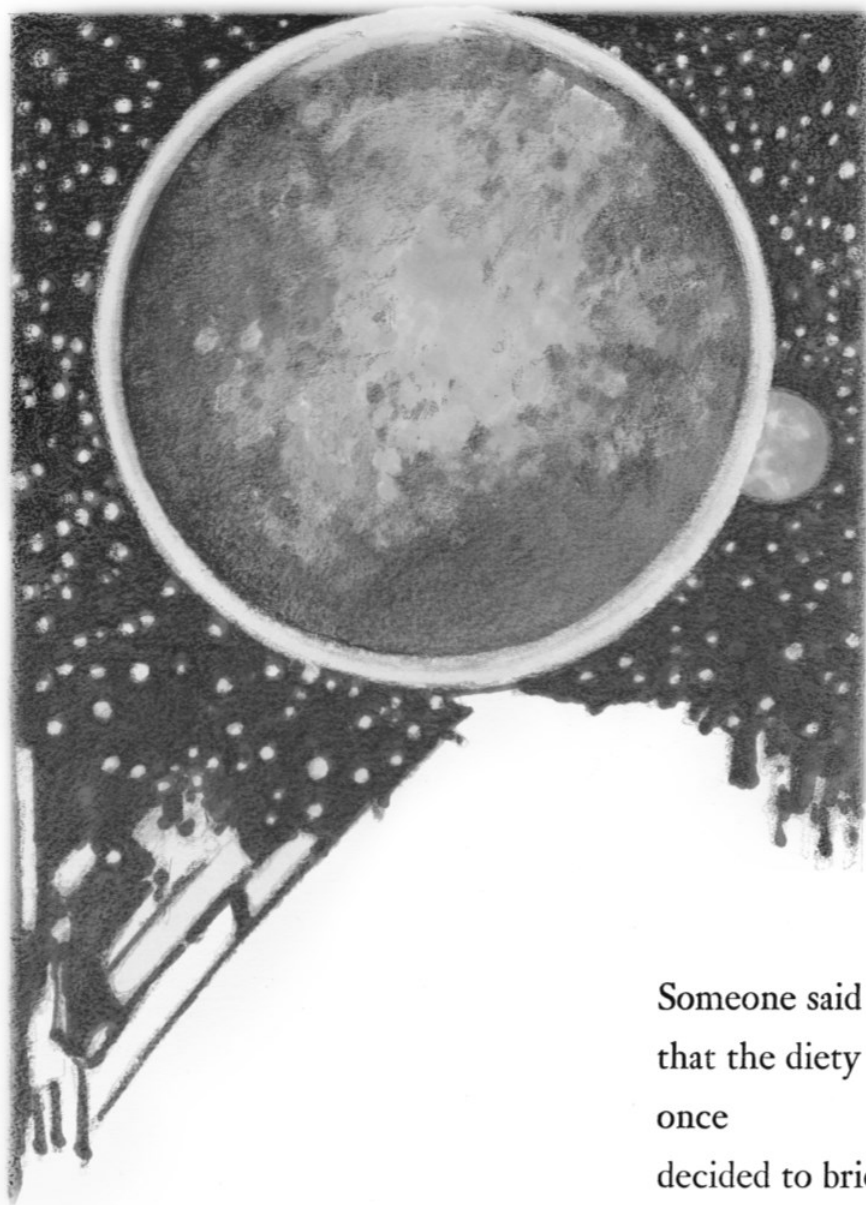
"We who are about to die, salute you Caesar; but feed us well first." And I laughed along with the others at the First Watch Officer's joke. It would not be so humorous later.

And then, after we finally had shaved, there was the flesh palaces where the drunken sailors can spend their combat pay and still have money left to do it again and again before returning to the hell of another Atlantic patrol.





# Hide n' Seek



Someone said  
that the diety in the sky  
once  
decided to briefly hide  
behind the light  
side of the moon.

## Hiroshima Winds

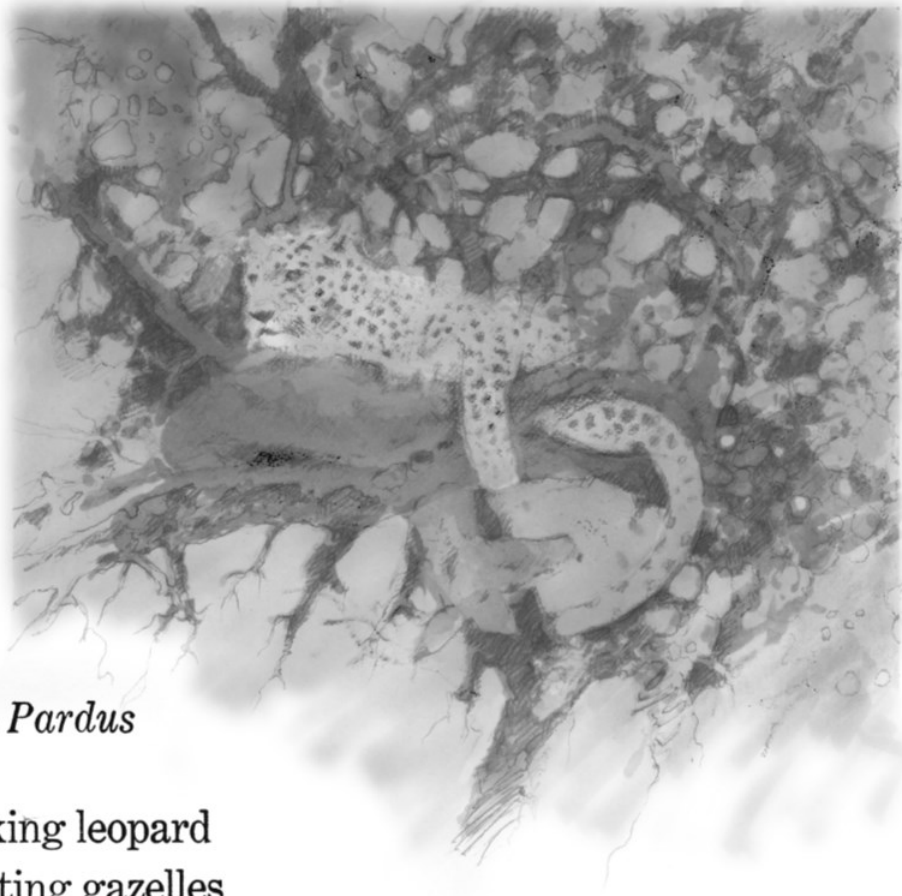
In the valley, pagoda chimes  
rang peaceful  
in Hiroshima winds warmed by  
falling birds.

And the bombardier has long since  
flown home  
where the surviving Little Boy sits  
as an empty relic  
dusted with gray ashes from lost  
Japanese urns.





# Hunter Alone



*Panthera Pardus*

Stalking leopard  
taunting gazelles  
pausing to  
listen to the pace  
of his foot pads  
tracing the path of  
cat,  
panting  
with shock clinging to his fangs,  
carrying the kill to his tree  
sharing the bounty with himself.

# Hunters Westward

Fair sailing, then two days later the Bay of Biscay is whipped by a late winter storm. The watch keeps wiping the lens of their binoculars and endure the pelting, stinging drops of rain.

Fickle weather though, and on the sixth day we are in calmer waters. At 1447 the port watch spots a giant sea tortoise; the starboard watch spots a strong column of smoke. By 1812, a seven thousand ton freighter was sinking stern first.

We continue our patrol with no further success. Finally, we are ordered to head toward the Norwegian Sea where for over two weeks we have no fix, the sextant stays in the box and the Obersteuermann plots our course by dead reckoning.

Below, the beards have appeared again. The crew grows restless with no targets sighted and a boat being jostled by heavy seas. The stories that once held our interest are now intolerable words and the music over the loudspeakers sounds all the same. Even the IWO, throws a pencil across the cabin and complains about being a record keeper for the Kriegsmarine.

The smutje's food taste more and more like diesel. Peace only comes when we submerge 140 meters under the thunderous waves and the lords work on their torpedoes and wish to God the Kaleu would fire some off to give them room to move around.

However, it was not to be and we eventually returned home with empty fuel bunkers and a boat full of well maintained eels.

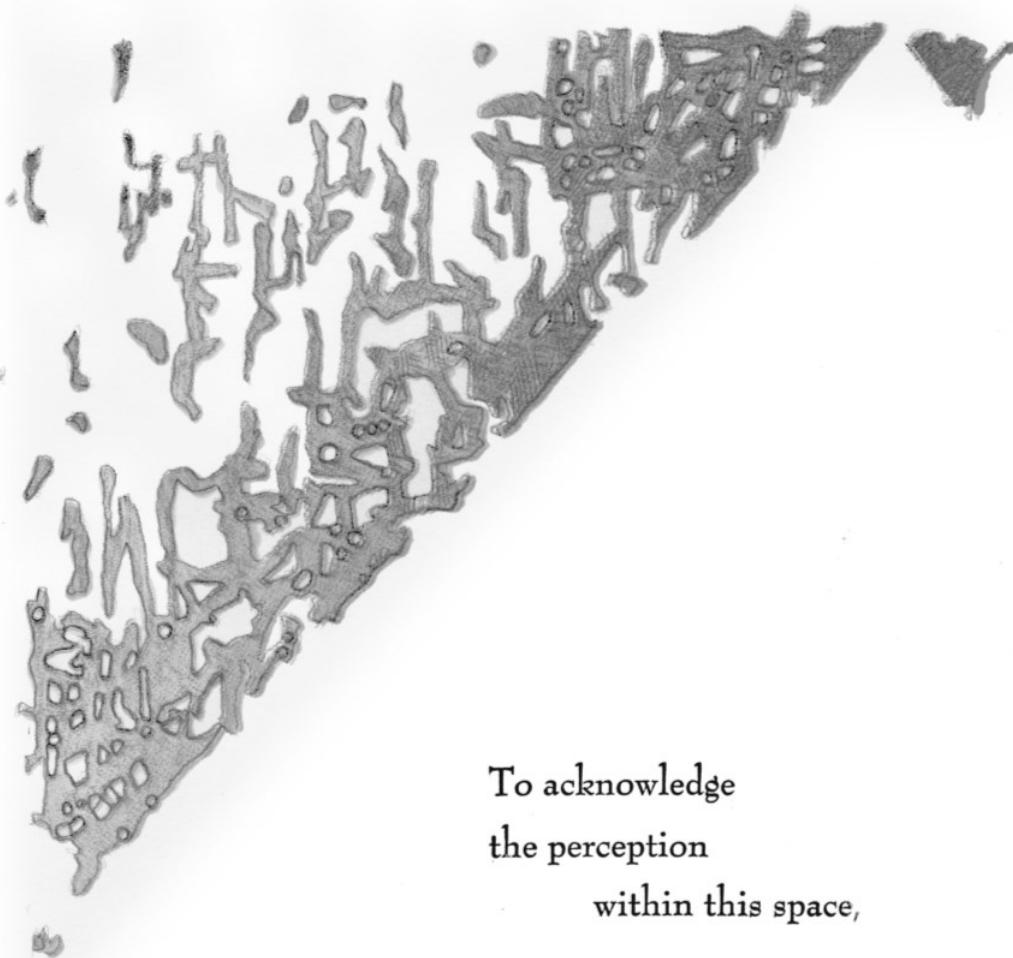


## **Ignoring Shapes that are Unreasonably Near**

The oval shape was not as  
obscure  
as the  
tree's absorption  
roots  
that ignored its intrusion  
and continued  
sending nourishment  
to the tree limbs' leaves  
that kept reaching  
into nearby spaces filled  
with newly air laden air  
that floated towards the blue.



# In Completion

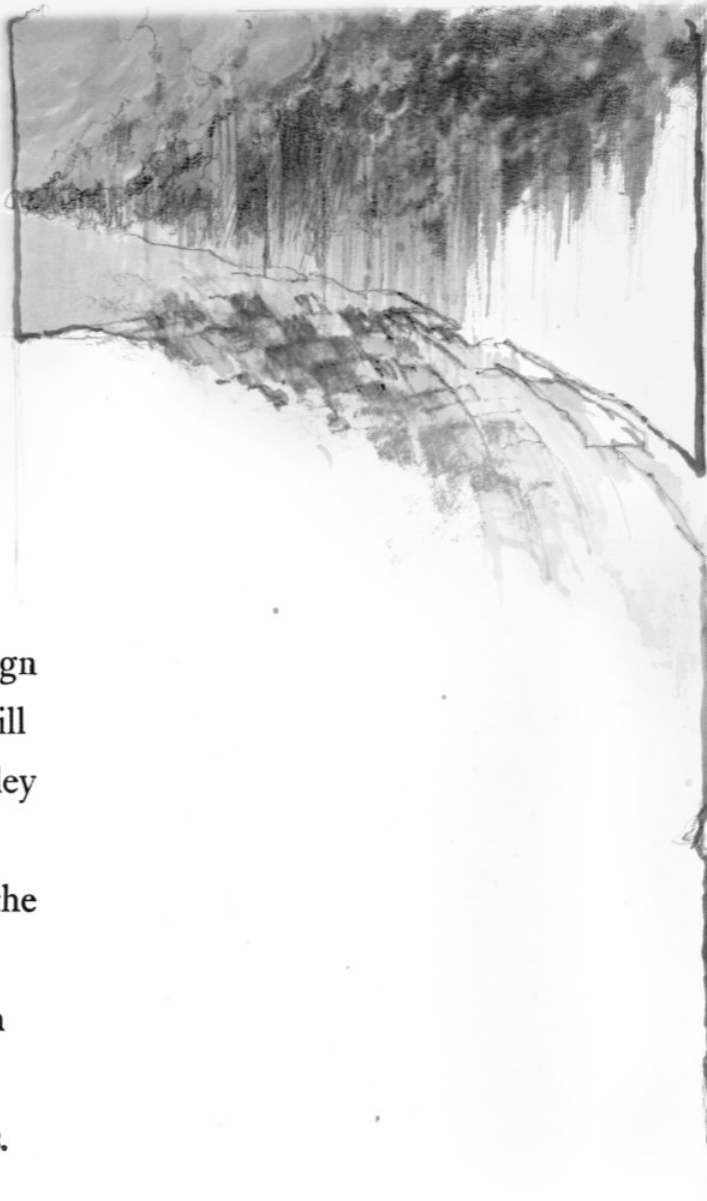


To acknowledge  
the perception  
within this space,

the pyramid appears  
to be seen and

understood as in  
completion.

# In Passing



The patchwork design  
on one side of the hill  
with the unseen valley  
behind it

where the  
clouds fly from  
intent only on a rain  
to erase all with  
no lingering regrets.

# **in Step around Circles**

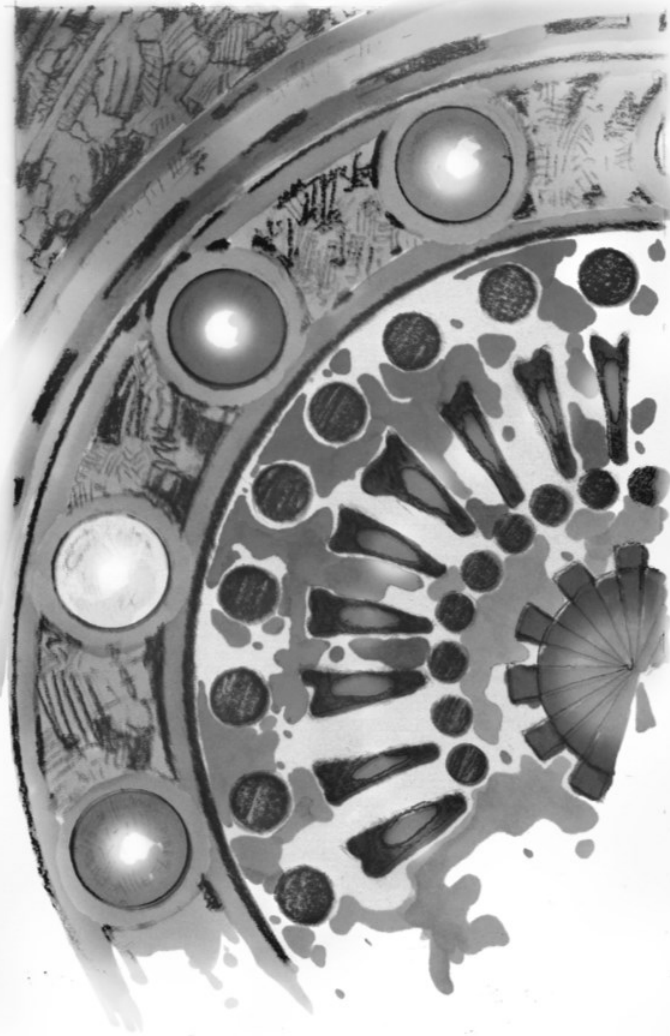


Hunched over,  
the solitary wanderer  
tried  
to find the other side of  
a scenery that constantly  
remained the same  
even as his eyes changed  
the view of what he saw.

# In Time Under the Canvas Tent

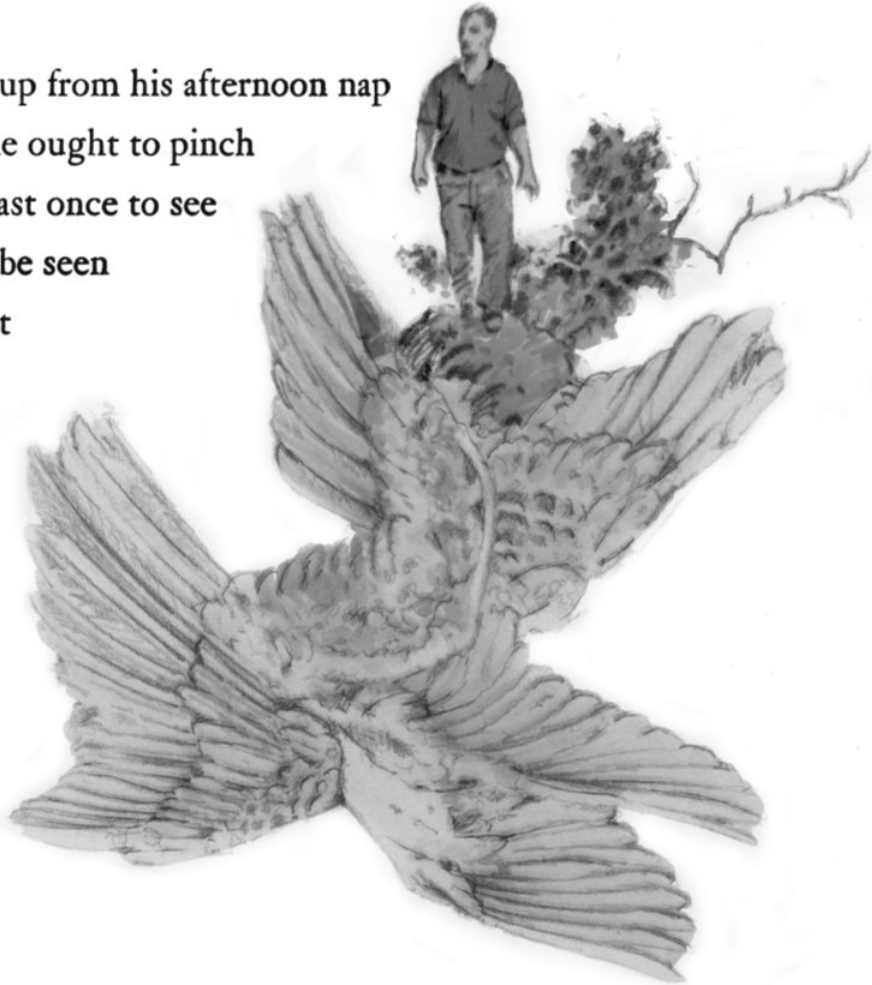
## *Big Top*

A circus machine contraption  
with  
the smell of old grease and  
oiled gears turning glowing  
green, white, and red bulbs  
that are  
watched by an audience of  
a hundred and perhaps as  
many more,  
each turning and watching  
and in  
time watched by the eyes of  
hostile beasts  
turning in their cages,  
convinced they have only  
pretended to be tamed.



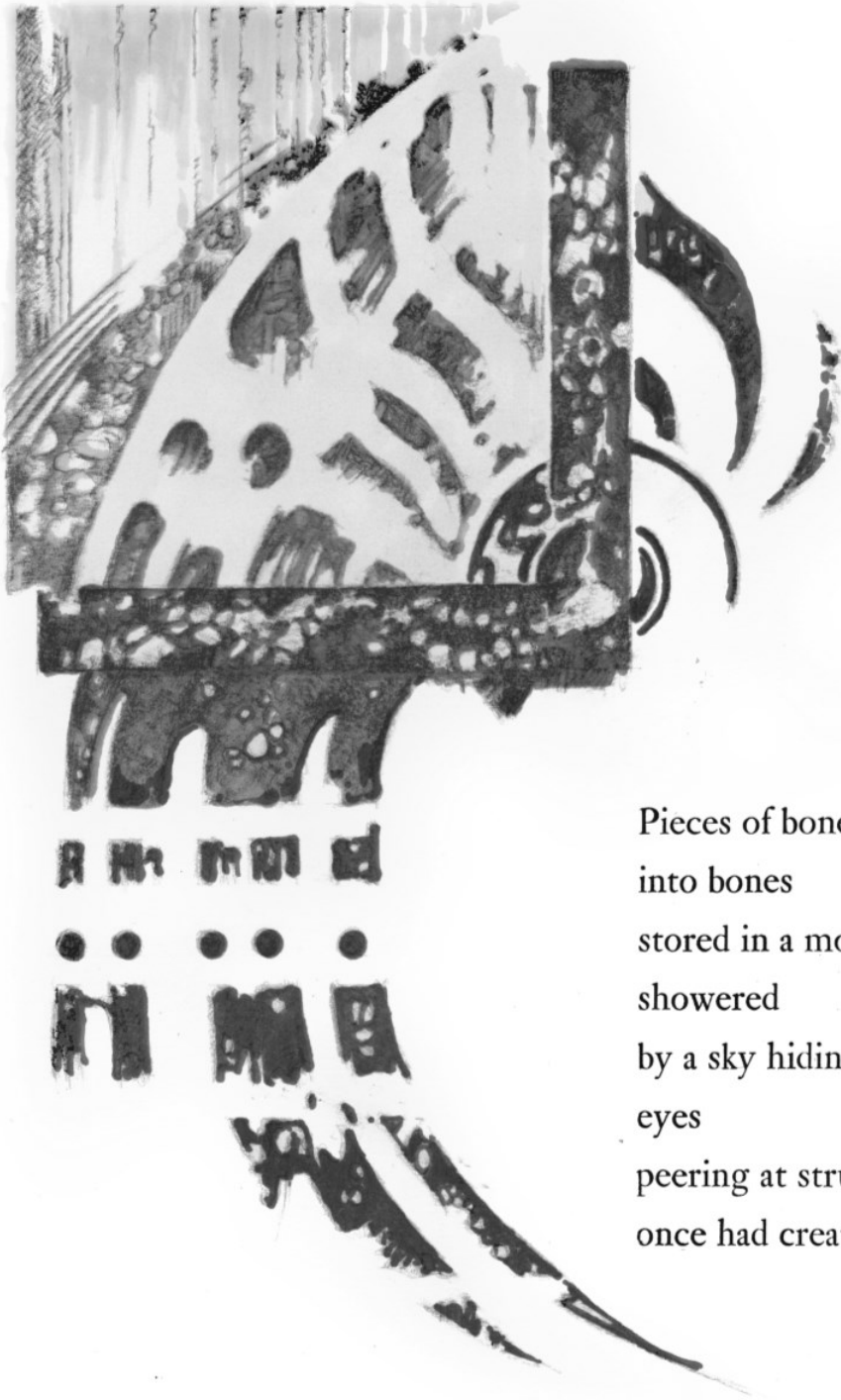
## **In Truth, though Still Half So Strange**

“Strange,” William thought to himself  
as he shuffled back to his unpainted barracks,  
“there seems to be flexing wings here  
where the rocks and branches used to be.”  
However, when he started whistling his father’s favorite song  
to chase the weirdness away,  
he suddenly realized that he couldn’t quite remember  
if he had  
ever gotten up from his afternoon nap  
and maybe he ought to pinch  
himself at least once to see  
what would be seen  
and feel what  
would be  
felt.



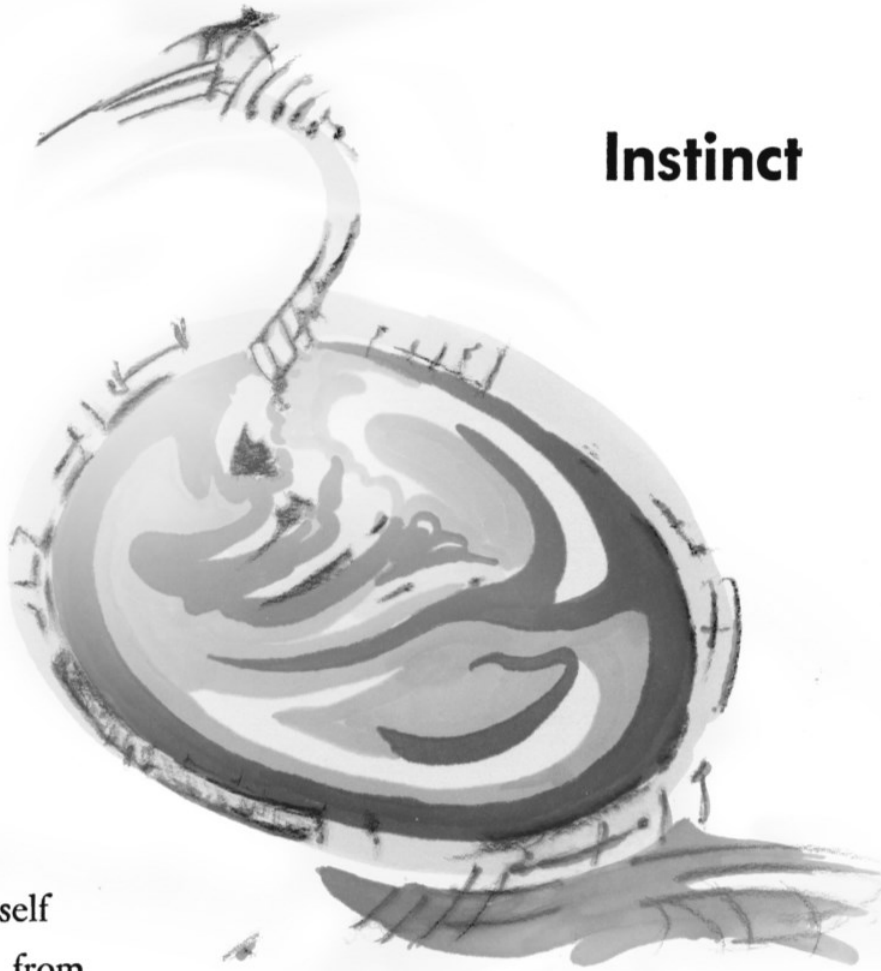


# Inertia



Pieces of bone growing  
into bones  
stored in a mountain  
showered  
by a sky hiding elder  
eyes  
peering at structures they  
once had created,

# Instinct



Freeing itself  
from  
the confinement of  
shell and  
crying in the brighter light,  
the hatchling waits  
for the moment when  
he will flex  
his feathers  
to fly in flight  
and navigate the unfamiliar,  
remembered.

# Interlude



Walking with his backpack thrown over his shoulders  
he sings along with a Walkman  
that has no batteries  
and stops between songs  
at West Broadway and Third  
looking around to try and decide where  
he will stop tonight  
to sleep and let the chanting voices turn into dreams.

# Intermediaries



Three Matryoshka dolls  
separated  
wearing Kachina masks

hiding  
silent speakers,  
fourteen paces apart

turning, looking  
at each other  
inside themselves,  
outside themselves,  
looking at gods and men  
and who they would deem to help.

# Intonation

Shaman of his blessed faith  
robed in twig and fur,  
leaning forward speaking  
carefully whispered incantations  
of  
elder stone carved words  
found near trees grown from  
ancient seeds  
whose messages have  
always remained the same.



# **Intoxicated by Light Years Ahead**

His eldest brother  
(who never did anything  
wrong as far as he could tell)  
had  
seen far away stars  
relatively close up  
that he had only seen  
at night as points of light  
in a sky hazy with  
a puzzled mind  
somewhat  
muddled by a bottle  
of distilled  
altered good intentions.



# Inventorying the Supplies

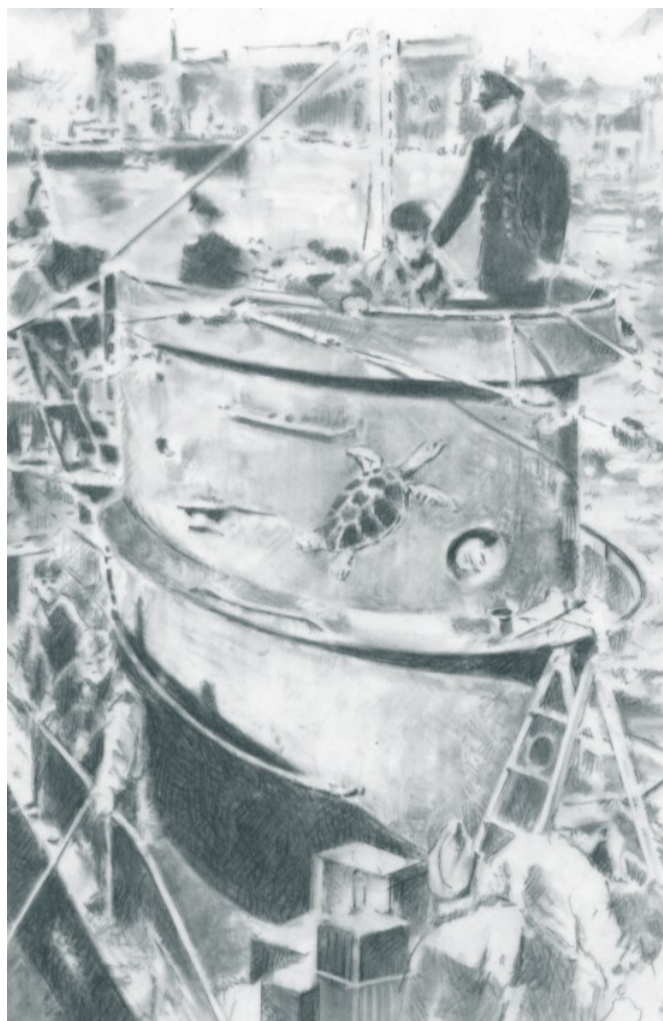
The crew checked over their will and testaments and stored their sea bags again. The enlisted men put what they bring aboard in small lockers behind their bunks along the pressure hull wall. A change of clothes, a toothbrush, a small book or magazine rest beside private treasures of photos, souvenirs, and perhaps a personal talisman for luck. With fresh water scarce, all have bottles of four-seven-eleven eau-de-cologne to mask the body odors to come. We junior officers and senior petty officers have a little more space, but barely.

And beside us, supply trucks pull up and on the dock and the wooden deck of our boat, I double check the growing inventory of supplies and provisions that included:

Fresh and cooked meats	224 kilograms
Potatoes	1,752 kilograms
Fresh fruit	300 kilograms
Fresh Bread	822 kilograms

three hundred cans of canned bread, two thousand North State cigarettes, two hundred and fifty rounds of HE 8.8cm ammunition, nine G7e torpedoes, five G7a torpedoes . . .

and two cans of the finest French enamel paint I personally bought for the sign painter so he could put two green turtles on the conning tower and bring us the luck of the sea turtle that we had before.

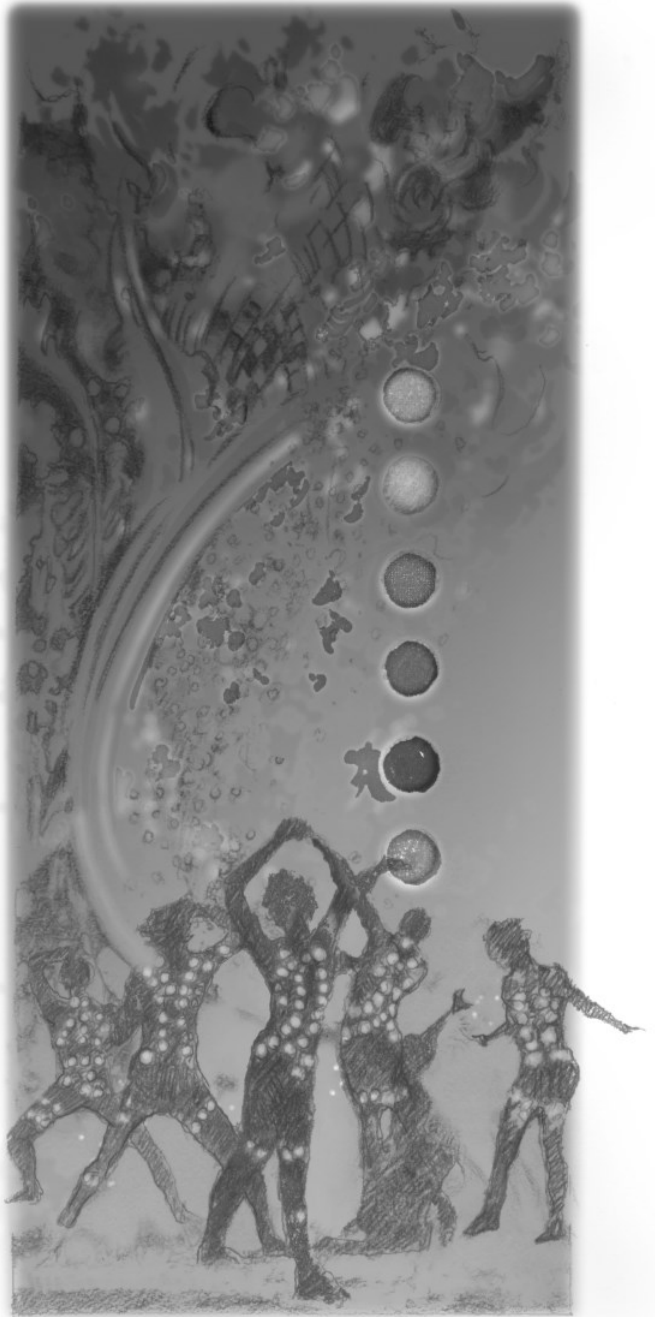


# It's All Good

Flash the words on the screen  
at his funeral service,  
PowerPoint line  
by highlighted line  
of how to live the Word,  
of how he lived the Word.

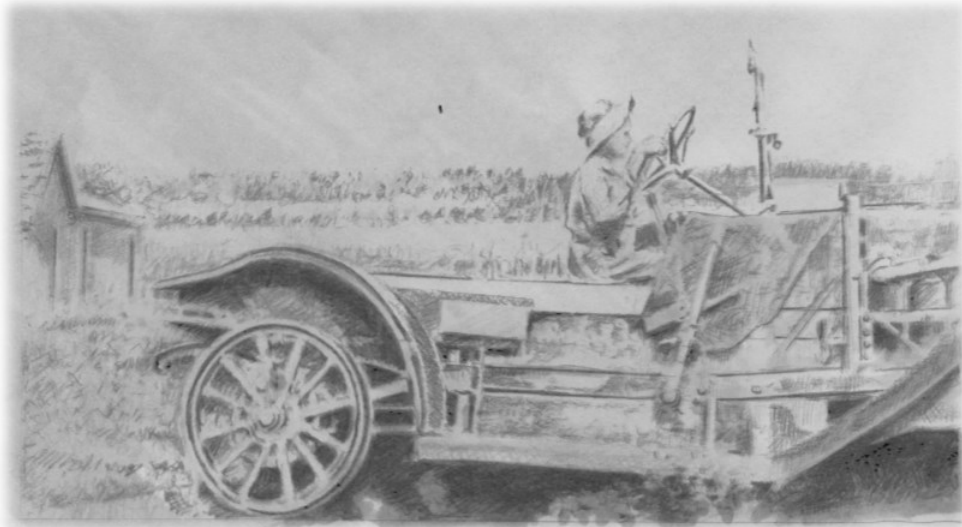
And what about the words  
chanted  
around the bonfire  
circled by  
gray dusted ash men,  
naked with white spots,  
leaving their footprints in the  
sand?

Dancing, chanting, watching  
sparks from embers flying  
to the clouds  
glowing with the gathered  
orange  
where the god lined in fire  
and flame  
watches the shows and  
raptly follows the mystic  
spots daubed with white  
and takes delight  
at a screen bright with light.





**Jim Irwin**  
**Elbert, Colorado, 1923**



*So much yet to be seen...*

For now, the farm boy's keen eyes watching the outlying hills  
that neither recede nor come closer  
as he drives his uncle's Overland, abandoned and picked  
over on his father's homesteaded farm.

Dust Bowl,  
the Great Depression, Civilian Conservation Corps, the Army,  
the War, Fort Knox, Marriage, France, Muldraugh, Valley  
Station, and the solitary son...

Elbert, Colorado, the town the flood nearly took away, only  
but a memory for him as he lived his destiny, making choices  
from the chances that came his way.

# Joining the Pack

0800, the third watch starts their four hour shift and I along with the second watch go below for a bit of breakfast. The Obersteuermann, sextant in hand, waits to go above and make a sun sight to plot our position.

And as I finish my jam and bread in the control room, there is the cry of Alarrm! and the running footsteps of the crew intermingled with the klaxon horn as they race by me to the bow. We are underwater in twenty-nine seconds. It is only a drill, but it is a matter of life and death for us and the Kaleu orders his drills to keep us sharp.

Back on surface we now run only on one engine as an angry LI and the stokers finish replacing a piston pin on the port engine. As the on duty crew goes about their duties and the off duty crew sleeps, the Oberfunkmaat receives a coded message and shortly after it is deciphered, I wake up to hear the Kaleu telling us over the loudspeakers that we are joining a new wolfpack forming to intercept a convoy. Soon both engines are working and we speed to a new destination.

In the end, the Kaleu bagged another three ships for twelve thousand tons and we were almost bagged by a destroyer. It was our first experience with depth charges and we escaped; the turtles served us well.



# Judgment

Ah, drunken sot  
trying  
to be spirit.

Drink up old soul,  
and whatever the  
plan  
there will be plenty  
of time  
later for all of us to  
do it better  
as we ask  
for another round.



# Juncture



In the labyrinth of patterns,  
two appeared and were  
oblivious  
to the despair of the  
three  
hovering below them.

# Kaleu

Wearing the white cap with the national emblem to make no mistake of who is in charge, the Kapitänleutnant goes about his ways commanding this boat.

Frugal and disciplined, he is a man who grew up among the streets of Berlin but now knows how to appreciate and navigate the seas and determine the angle on the bow as well as understand the writings of the German philosophers Hegel and Kierkegaard.

In charge of his boat, he is not our close friend but the good ones care for their crew and this one knows every man's name and the name of his wife, if he has one.

His throat does not have the itch that only the Ritterkreuz, the Knights Cross, can cure after sinking a hundred thousand tons but nonetheless he has done his job well with almost thirty thousand tons to his credit in two and now this third patrol.

And for that we will sail with him on and under the ocean and obey his orders and follow him as he takes his boat, our boat, through the Atlantic hell of this war we have now found ourselves living and fighting in.



# Kentucky Gothic 1848

Nolan had not come back and  
two of his drinking buddies  
were missing also,  
so we favored to listen  
to the families vent  
and went to search  
for the three of them only  
to find half way up the side  
of the old turnpike cut  
new stone  
that had not been there before  
and that  
the Good Lord  
had no hand in making,  
so we took our leave  
to let them be  
and tell their families we had no luck  
and prayed that others would not look  
up at the face of the devil's own cliff  
to see what we had seen.





# Kentucky Gothic 1904

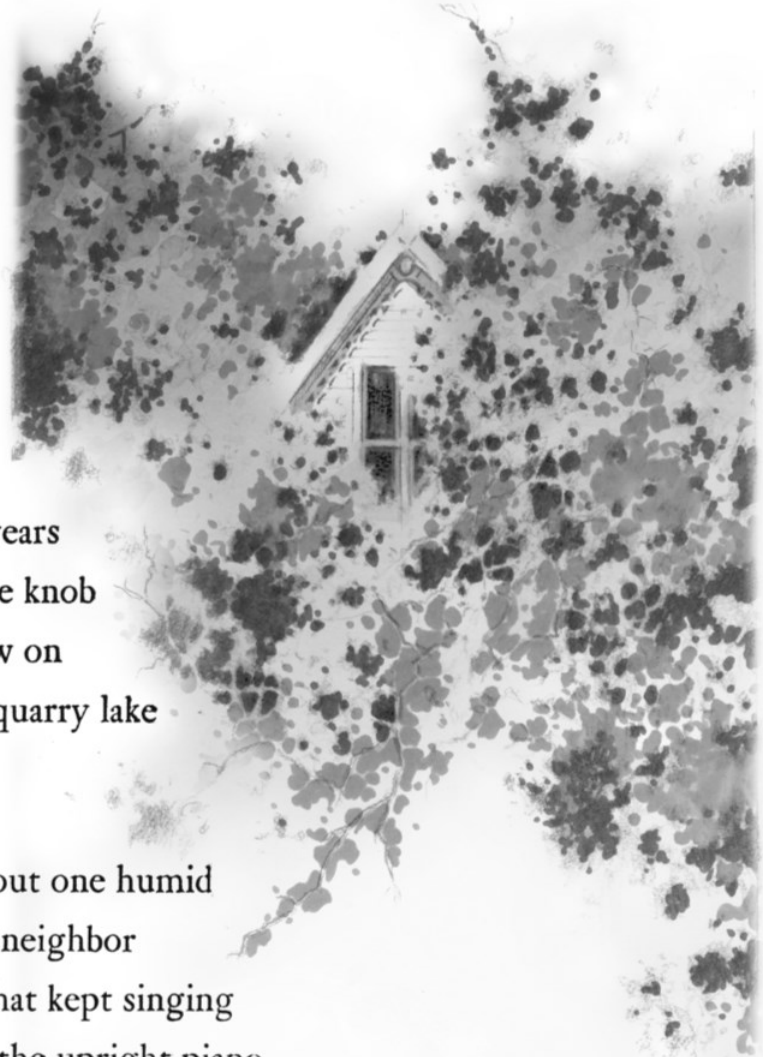


No lions live  
in the Marion County  
woods  
but the pit vipers  
on Rattlesnake Hill  
keep a discreet distance  
from the clearing  
where the stone heads  
reign lion supreme  
in their backwoods realm.

# Kentucky Gothic 1922

Hall House,  
nineteenth century  
farm house white;  
one hundred and ten years  
among the trees on the knob  
overlooking the hollow on  
one side and the rock quarry lake  
on the other.

And the story goes about one humid  
summer night when a neighbor  
heard muffled voices that kept singing  
as someone played on the upright piano  
while the house was taken into the ground  
and into the rock quarry lake  
where the water is a green dark,  
a jealous dark that holds dearly to its  
music.





# K.I.A.

Martin Piper, First Watch officer in charge of the watch, hair shining Aryan blond in the light; and not one of them saw the aircraft drop from the sun until it was too late and the deck was strafed and splintered by the experienced pilot who still missed the boat with his bombs.

So simple a thing to be shot in the leg; no vital organs, yet the femoral artery which if severed you will die. . .

and so too will part of us die.

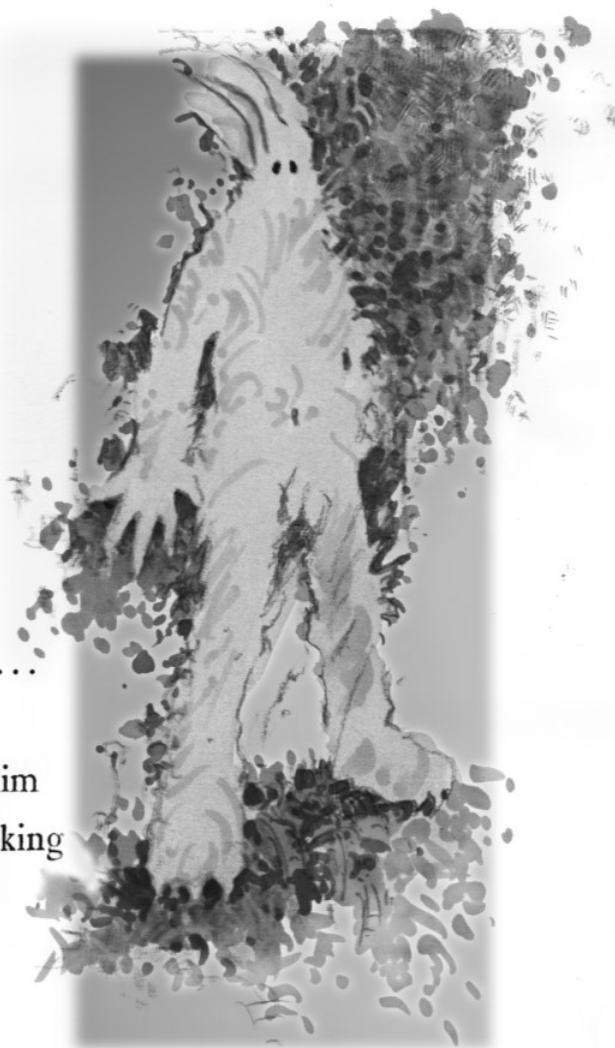
Two days out on the return transit, we will take his body back to port and bury the sailor on the land for his family's sake. And as I follow the men carrying his body covered in canvas to the stern torpedo room where they carefully lay him on the floor, I salute and remember better days we shared. As we leave, the Kaleu walks in and we leave him alone with his thoughts.

Martin Piper, ex First Watch Officer, Oberleutnant zur See, Crew 36, all in all a good man, a good comrade . . . and now I, the ex Second Watch Officer, must walk in his shoes.



# Knots in the Woolly Sweater

Wild haired wooly hairy man...  
Oh,  
the agitation that surrounds him  
today is seen in every hair shaking  
from  
anxious vibrations  
as he kept his fingers spread  
apart,  
the more the better to hold the air  
that held him stuck to his place.



# Landing with a Beard On



After the unplanned  
unpleasant  
jump  
to  
the other side of  
the great  
spectral barrier,  
Nate ignored  
Ted, who by his  
incessant snickers  
clearly showed  
his annoyingly  
cynical amusement  
towards  
Nate's once proud,  
now frazzled beard.

# Leaping Energized White Ancient Entity

Leaping

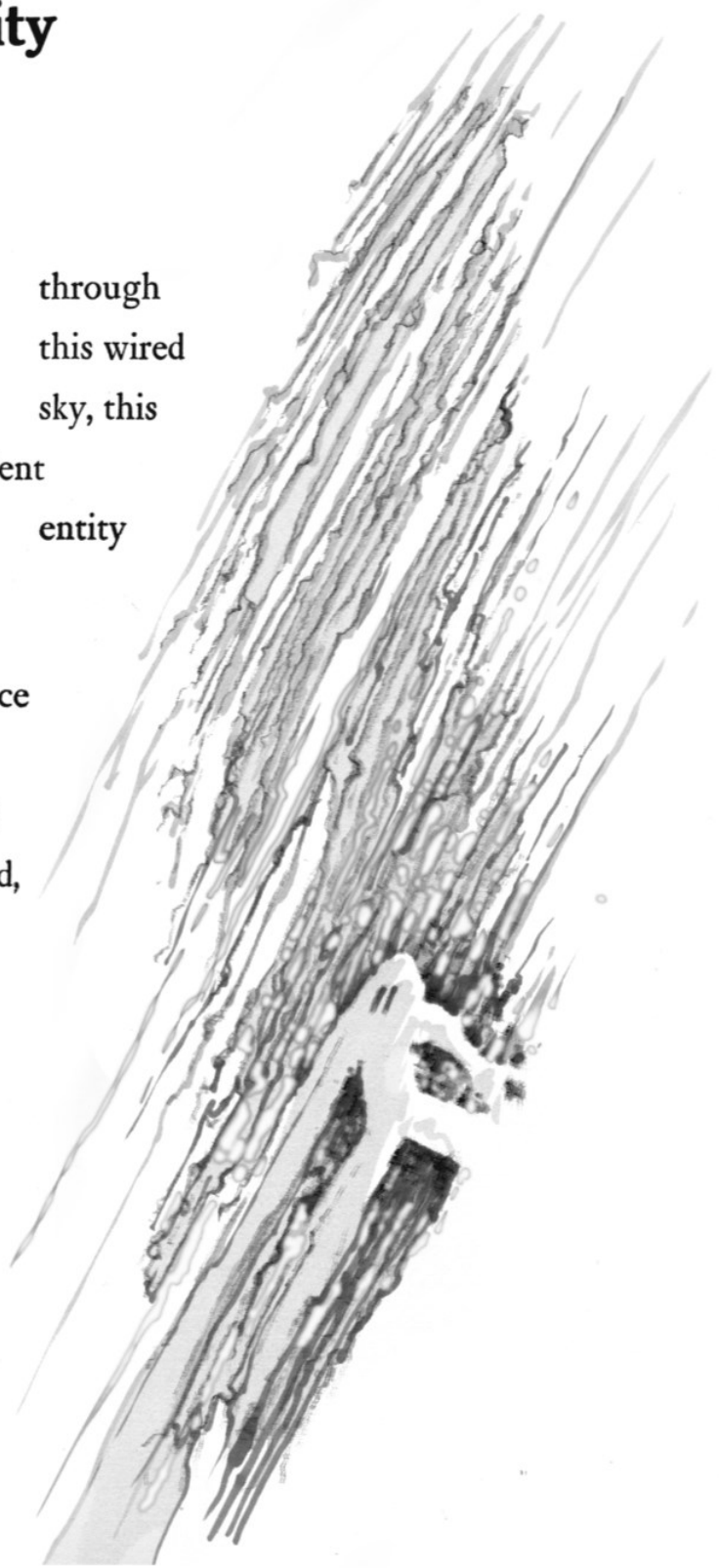
through  
this wired  
sky, this

white ancient  
entity

returned

whence  
forth  
it had  
started,

and  
started  
forth  
back  
again.





## Leavings

The bridge lady had crossed  
many bridges  
until she came to her last  
one,  
where she stopped  
to fly,  
and in the water,  
flew away.

# Lonicera

Alone,  
his proud majesty, claws on  
the shield heraldry; fierce  
lion scowl frozen in concrete  
even as he disappears in a  
thicket of honeysuckle vines  
trying to topple the king.



## Looking Back at a Life Lived Well

Falaise washerwoman  
with a young face  
sculpted  
in sun and by the cold;  
worldly hands appearing  
older than her years.

And even though  
she continued to age  
and change,  
she remains ageless  
in an old misplaced  
photograph  
whose fading sepia tones  
barely hint  
at the vibrant colors  
she decides to wear today.

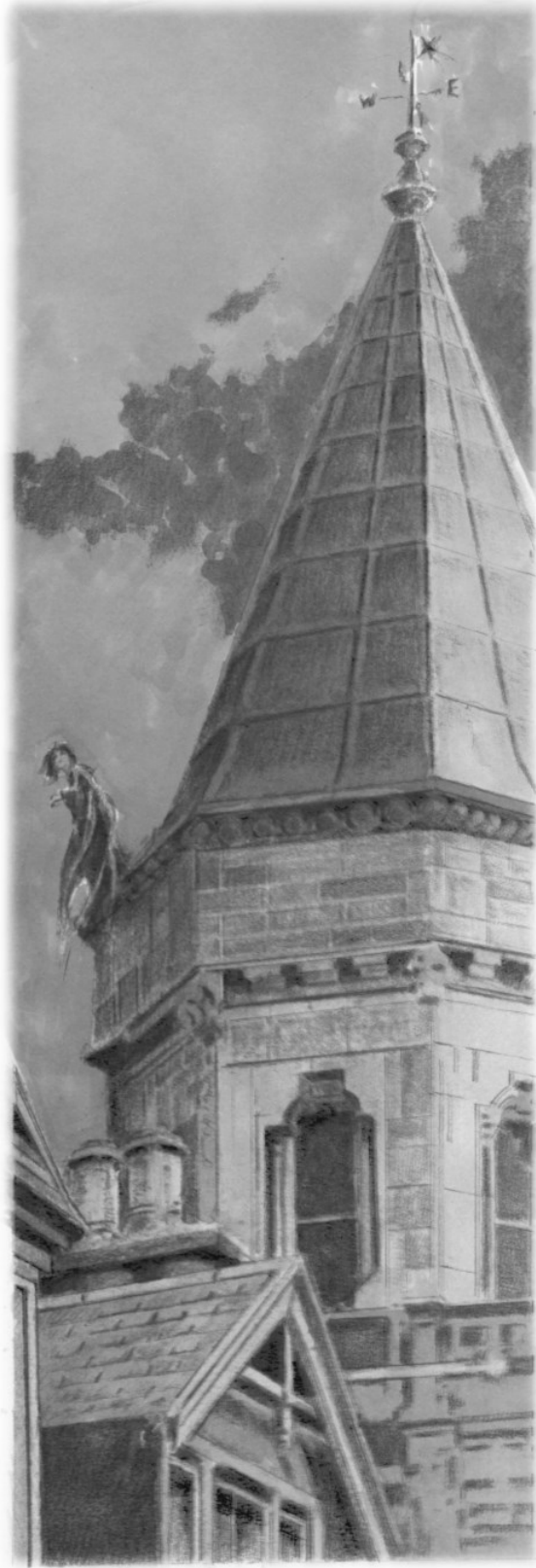




# Mad Lady of Warden

Alone in her imagination  
she watches below from  
the eaves  
of her favorite roof.

And when dawn appears,  
she disappears  
to hide in her  
hidden room where the  
fragrance of jasmine and  
thyme mingles with the  
scent of drying bones  
that shake from  
the echoes of laughter  
as she sweeps and  
sweeps  
the Renaissance stones  
with her  
ancient medieval broom.





# Marching as if in Between the Sides

See the lower half of the face  
of the marching spirit  
where the seemingly  
empty space concocted  
a smile not quite a laugh  
about the farce of his earlier  
convictions of having to  
choose  
between two opposing  
sides where  
he now walks beside himself  
listening to the alma mater  
marching band playing  
in some old well-known off key  
rah-rah tune played during  
the halftime show  
of the latest homecoming game.



**to be continued...**

## Acknowledgements

All captions were written by me. The U-Boat story was written by me, however background information came from many sources. The primary books that I read that helped me try to achieve some authenticity in my effort at historical fiction were:

*Another Place, Another Time* by Werner Hirschmann  
*Grey Wolf, Grey Sea* by E.B. Gasaway  
*Hirschfeld, The Story of a U-Boat NCO 1940-1946* by Wolfgang Hirschfeld  
*Iron Coffins* by Hebert A. Werner  
*Naval Officers Under Hitler, The Story of Crew 34* by Eric C. Rust  
*Night Raider of the Atlantic* by Terence Robertson  
*Sharks and Little Fish* by Wolfgang Ott  
*Steel Boat, Iron Hearts* by Hans Goebler  
*Teddy Suhren, Ace of Aces* by Teddy Suhren  
*The Laughing Cow* by Jost Metzler  
*The Odyssey of a U-Boat Commander* by Erich Topp  
*Torpedo los!* by Gordon Williamson  
*Twenty Million Tons under the Sea* by Daniel V. Gallery, Rear Admiral  
*U-Boote Crews* by Jean Delize  
*U-Boat Combat Missions* by Lawrence Paterson  
*U-Boat Commander* by Gunther Prien  
*U-Boat Commander* by Peter Cremer  
*U-Boats at War* by Harald Busch  
*Wolfpack, U-Boats at War 1939-1945* by Philip Kaplan & Jack Currie  
*Wolfpacks at War* by Jak Mallmann Showell

The movie *Das Boot* based on the book by Lothar-Günther Buchheim helped me to visualize the U-Boat at war. I do know that several U-Boat commanders had a difference of opinion on the accuracy of the movie and book and I took that in account.

Excellent background information on U-Boat patrols and bios of U-Boat commanders came from *uboat.net*. Additional information came from *ubootwaffe.net* which as of the time I write this is unfortunately closed down.

Illustrations used in the U-Boat story came from a variety of sources. Some were pieced together from several pictures, some were used as is. I believe most original sources are public domain pictures from the German Wehrmacht Propaganda Kompanie. A few are from photographs that I believe were taken either by German civilians or Kriegsmarine sailors from World War II. The U-Boat Commander and the First Watch Officer faces are based on two reference models from the Art Models Series of books. “A Baptism by the Sea Of Conch” is an example of how I pieced together different images to make one drawing. Both the young boy and the ocean background are from two separate slides. I changed the young boy’s American clothes to German lederhosen and removed a woman who was in the ocean picture. Combining the two changed images with a picture of a conch shell, I had the reference photograph that I used for the final drawing.

Concerning the other illustrations used in this book. Most are from drawings originally done in the notebooks I carry. Some came from photographs I have taken. However, there are some from other (mostly Internet) sources I used as reference. Several of these appear (to the best of my knowledge) to be Public Domain images.

The pictures I used for the American Indian drawings in “Blue Heyokas Told Stories of Warriors, Wheat and Panzer Rust” and “Guided to the Place He had Left” are based on photographs from the Edward S. Curtis Collection at the Library of Congress. The background of the marble in “. . . as marbles leaving the circle roll back in” is based on a NASA photo taken from the Hubble Telescope. Unfortunately, I have not been able to relocate the website which had the marble photograph I used to base the swirling design in the marble drawing.

In addition to the images I have already mentioned, several more were from the series of model poses in the Live Art Model Books by Maureen and Douglas Johnson. These include: “Bones Reborn,” “Desire,” and “It’s All Good.”

I certainly want to give credit where credit is due. If I have erred in using reference sources where I should have obtained permission beforehand, please let me know and the error will be corrected in any subsequent editions of these books.

Mark Irwin  
Louisville, KY

Something Else Seeing  
The Journey by M. Irwin  
Part One

---

Copyright © 2016 by Mark W. Irwin. All rights reserved.

Website:  
[www.ses-thejourney.com](http://www.ses-thejourney.com)

ISBN 978-0-9974985-0-9 (electronic book)



**Something Else Seeing - The Journey by M. Irwin is a unique experience into the world of artist and author Mark W. Irwin and the world about him and us. In a time where many see their world through the lens of "Tribalism" this book shows a different world. A world we see and a world that remains hidden but is alive in the now time of the past, present, and future and in the space of "God is all but we make Him many." And like the sailor in the story, an anonymous U-Boatman in his steel war boat, "such is the exquisite existence and hard journeys we travel." Just one more journey by Spiritual beings having a Human experience.**