

# ICHNOGRAPHICAL: 173

New Poems  
By  
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This is a small selection of poems from the complete book, chosen by the author for sharing with the Baha'i Library Online at [bahai-library.com/herrmann\\_ichnographical](http://bahai-library.com/herrmann_ichnographical) .

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## FORWARD

All these poems, together, pack so many emotional wallops – and they are tasty and satisfying, even the ones that burn – and they need respectful pacing between them. I have read SO many of them over and over, to myself, aloud others.

Thank you for sharing the collection with me. I'm so glad its about to be published because it *must* be.

Thank you for your transcendent and triumphal insights.

Ann Hawkins

2016

Kansas Humanities Council scholar

Contents:

I. ASPIRATION

Surprised by One	7
The Big Picture	8
World Oneness	9
Prayers in Time of War	11
Words on Their Own	12
A Father's Words	13
Explorers	14
Transplant	16
Danger	17

II. NATURAL WORLD

How Can You?	18
Floating Pink	19
Garden Bright	20
Under the Horizon	21
The Sky	22
Burning Night	23
Searching Hawk	24
Parched	25
Rain Come	26
Coyote Crossing	27
Waves	28
Two Windmills	29
The Good Bat	30
Hay Meadow Home	31
Observing Buck	33
Cat by the Side of the Road	34
In the Effort	35
Unnatural Waves	36
Fading Autumn	37
Life Progress	38

III. LIFE CHALLENGE

His Name	40
Where Light?	41
My First Trip	42
Brief Delight	43
In the Dark	44
Coming of Age	45

A Father Once	46
Long Road Trip	47
Dad Tired	49
Asleep Look	50
Father's Flag	51
He Would Have	52
The Real News	53
That Night	54
I'm A Man	55
First Reading	56
PTSD...and Me	57
In My Life	59
To Sit	61
Just Beyond	62
I Write	63
The Joy of Sitting	64
Green Growing Peace	65
At Peace	66
Flight	67

#### IV. HERE AND THERE

Tchaikovsky on the Prairie	68
Patience – Cold	69
Hide Scraper	70
Nabatean	71
Santa Fe Trail	72
Hunting Game	74
Express Rider	75
Prairie Graves	77
Bowling With Babies	78
Ancient and Unknown	79
To See Flowers Bloom	80
House of Prayer	81
Never Trochenbrod Again	82
From the Grave	84
The End of the World	85
Cuneiform or Cyrillic	86
Sarajavo, 1992	87
Golden Gate Bridged	88
As a Bird Flies	89
Haifa Sweeper	90
Transcendent Traveler	91
Pilgrim Trek	92

Hanging Gardens	93
Scented Shrine	94
Shrine of the Gate	95
Holy Shrine	96

## V. REFLECTION

Transformers	97
Whither	98
Swimming	99
Heresy Progress	100
The Stone's Account	101
Desert Growing	102
Worlds Converge	103
Maid of Heaven	104
Soaring Bird	105
The Word is One	106
Fragments	107
Surrender	108
Pioneers for Peace	109
Bahá'í Koan	110
The Struggle	111

Notes	113
-------	-----

Index of Titles	117
-----------------	-----

Index of First Lines	121
----------------------	-----

## SURPRISED BY ONE

Earthrising  
    caught us all  
by surprise,  
    unprepared  
to see,  
    for the first time  
how singular the earth  
    floats in space.  
We thought the moon  
    exploration,  
new worlds,  
    were the goal  
instead,  
    humanity amazed  
to discovered oneness:  
    one planet,  
one homeland,  
    one human race.

## WORLD ONENESS

### I.

A world forced  
by circumstance, disaster,  
ego-driven greed  
and stupidity,  
to join together aid and assist  
recognizing  
each human heart  
contained within  
a myriad colors  
are one -  
one unity of humanness  
with more in common,  
likeness and similarity,  
than had once been assumed.  
Forced together  
and in that process  
to recognize  
our oneness.  
The human heart  
is all one same:  
love, need and gratitude –  
we are all the same.  
Will disasters end  
when we recognize  
our common humanness?

One can only  
pray so.

### II.

One disaster after another  
wrings hearts  
awakens compassion  
spurs desire to help –  
to rescue children,  
elderly,

and all others  
in dire need and danger.  
How can we eat or sleep  
calmly  
while others suffer so?  
We can not.  
So we rise  
above barriers  
separating hearts  
and blinding brains  
to our one  
human nature.

III.  
A fractured world –  
centers do not hold,  
isolation  
is no longer true  
we all now live  
in the neighborhood  
of each other  
where we can see  
we are one.



## COYOTE CROSSING

On the crest  
of the hill ahead  
silhouette against the dawn  
a coyote  
crossed the road.  
He was not afraid.  
I was far away  
enough, he knew,  
to do no harm,  
vehicle that I was  
to his perception;  
not a strange encounter  
on a country road  
in early morning light.  
Our worlds glanced  
upon each other  
to remind us:  
we are here together.

## IN THE DARK

Writing in the dark  
to shine a light  
on a witnessed life.  
The lies maintained  
what was not real  
on the prairie farm  
in the grass and sky.

Did the monster know  
writing, writing  
would expose  
truth at last  
so firmly grasped?

From that dark night  
a voice reached out  
to others trapped in pain,  
offering hope  
understanding, release  
and vindication

## PTSD... AND ME

Childhood screaming  
rings in my ears  
for over sixty years.

I knew my life,  
existence,  
a mistake  
before age two,  
but how to end it,  
I had no clue.

Screaming continued  
till seventeen leaving  
when I was blissfully,  
finally, alone -  
no one to care for  
but my own.

Emotional ghosts  
push tormenting prods  
into sleeping or wake:  
terror all over again  
and again  
and again  
and again  
and again...

Others cannot know  
interior terror  
the abyss  
too deep  
and dark.

I don't like to go  
but fall  
and keep falling.  
Exhausted, it ends  
and I wonder  
when will it hit  
again?

## SHRINE OF THE GATE

That moment in the Tomb  
the quiet Tomb  
with silent prayers  
heartfelt devotion  
sobbing breasts  
overwhelmed by love,  
Divine Love poured  
from the Threshold  
of His Presence  
like a river  
unloosed  
over me,  
my fragile self  
unaware  
unprepared  
unknowing.  
Divine Love  
more than human  
can give or wish for,  
incomparable Love  
as never before experienced.  
Love that rocked my being,  
in the tomb  
not empty  
but filled with Spirit  
Love  
Divine.

## HOLY SHRINE

Quiet and peace,  
waiting,  
for all who enter.  
Lights.  
Lights upon lights  
for One condemned  
to darkness.  
Not even one candle  
and the cold,  
so cold  
in that prison.  
As too the prison of self,  
in darkness,  
cold  
ignorance  
and death:  
removed  
far from God.

## FRAGMENTS

Fragments of their broken lives  
and hearts  
are offered up  
for that is all they have to give.  
It is all –  
and enough.  
Without sacrifice,  
there is no gain.  
Eternal glory  
to outshine the rest  
will be theirs  
for ever and ever and ever  
without end.  
What reward  
can be greater than this?  
One wretched life  
in exchange –  
such bliss!!

## THE WORD IS ONE

Giving His sermon on the mount  
Muhammad took a breath  
and uttered timeless words.

Jesus stood in command  
at the head of His army  
to fight the true, inner jihad.

Jerusalem rang its bells  
as Krishna rode the stallion  
on the first of Ramadan.

The Gate of Glory opened  
while drums and symbols  
praised the Lord of Hosts.

Minarets of Byzantium sang  
as Buddha raised his pen  
and wrote immortal hymns.

Zoroaster strode the water  
to launch Salvations Ark  
upon the Sea of Self.

NOTE: ICHNOGRAPHICAL – pertaining or relating to a ground-plan, a horizontal section, or part thereof, or map of a place – the “place” in this usage being Earth and some of the human experiences here. According to the Oxford English Dictionary the root word was first used in 1598. It has felt lonely from disuse for a long time.