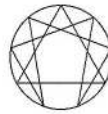




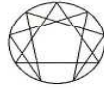
INTO THE WIND



E N N E A G R A M
P O E M S

M A R Y B A S T

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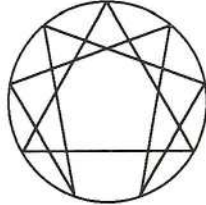
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F O R E W O R D



For many years I collected published poems for an Enneagram anthology,¹ but the cost of permissions in a book for sale became prohibitive. Meanwhile I benefited from critiques of my poetry by teachers and fellow writers and now have enough poems to create my own anthology.

The title comes from one of Carl Jung's dreams – where he tried to keep a small flame alive in the palm of his hand as he was pursued by a dark force and pressed forward into a great wind.

As a Nine now entering my seventies, I have grown close to and loved many people over the years, and have had the joy of inhabiting all nine spaces for at least a little while. In this book, I share my joy with you.

I hope you'll let these poetic metaphors resonate in you without an ego-inspired analysis of whether they're good or bad, helpful or thoughtless, successes or failures, special or mundane, interesting or uninspiring, scary or reassuring, varied or repetitive, weak or strong, pleasant or unpleasant. Let them take you *into the wind*, illuminating the dark forces of Enneagram styles and protecting their essential flame.

Mary Bast

¹ See Poetry & Personality at my web site: www.breakoutofthebox.com/table6.htm



What a Passion Flower Wants

Love me, let me be
honored in my singularity,
my complex leaves
dentate, acute.
Ask, as I climb, if
I am rooted deep.

Find the Puritan in my
spare lines, gaze
into my center,
learn the catechism of
my tendriled heart:
I cannot withstand the cold.

Then feel my grief and
be with me when I am
drunk on daylight,
passionate with heat,
swooning from the sun's grace,
delirious with death:

My own cutting an ecstasy.



food chain

nobility they say
not ego am I not
then not to
close in dancing
on your skin
to linger on your
drenching taste
to swallow probe
or shiver suck
ah hunger leaps
at neck at thigh
could leap
across principle

am I not to sway
across that space
animal skinned
lunge across
muscles flying
am I not
to hunt tease
or nuzzle smell
my prey to turn you
with my nose
our eyes bridged
to watch you
die for me



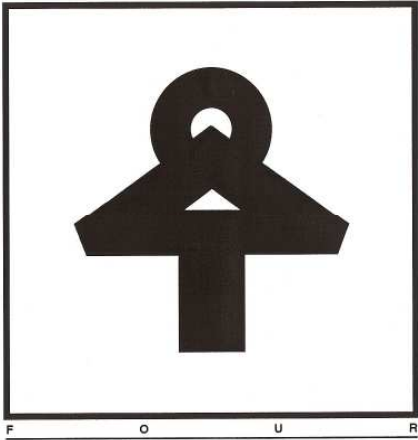
*Why I Won't Be His Wife
(or Why I Didn't Wait Until the Cock Crowed)*

The corners of his
coop are sharp:
I'd butt my head
against all four.

He'd be the rooster,
I the *poulé*, he crowing,
I bumping into
those damn corners.

The young animal me
would be pecked to death
by his chicken-shit airs,
his flapping, strutting

cock-of-the-walk talk.



Formation

She knows Woolf, her life, *The Hours* her hours.
Virginia did it. She doesn't have to pocket rocks.

A muted sediment settles, ancient dust.

She accepts, receives, acquires the ignominious
hard granite of day to day affairs. No longer

her own live-in critic, her work does not suffer,
is the work of suffering, her darkness xenolithic,

marbled with intrusive fragments, broken by
cave-ins, landslides: a mother lode, lost.

Remember the brother, the father, how they loved.

Buttressed, she is durable, dense, strong,
metamorphosed by the weight, oh!

the heat of her core, igneous, molten-fired,
wrought to stone, palette of greens,

the attested instrument of her
writing, her anguish, her dreams.

Polished to a mirror's sheen, serpentine jade.



Chewing on the Pages

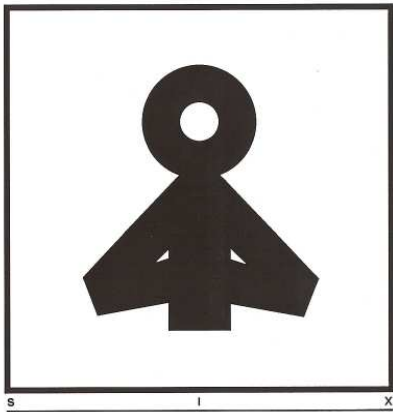
I search for Annie Dillard's
Teaching a Stone to Talk, forget
the title, ask for *Talking to a Stone*.
“Ah, hah, you’ve met my father,”
says the clerk. I fall in love:
the intellectual seduction.

Captured by my laughter
he informs me of an essay
on the FDA-approved
amount of insect heads in fig paste,
penned, of course, by Mary Roach –
delicious motes, those 13 heads
per hundred grams. We touch

and segue to Butler’s opus
on the 90 seconds following
decapitation, *Severance*,
imagining the 90 seconds of a Praying
Mantis male, who surely wonders
why the female bit his head off
when he’s served her for a dozen
hours. “Was she disappointed,
wanted something more than sex?”

Non sequitur: the pale book louse
survives on moisture, on the humid
thrill of paper, bindings, books.

Books.



Ash Wednesday

Dust to dust. I'm not a worrier just skeptical. That's why I think being published maybe isn't my thing because mediocre writers get published and you can become popular especially if you're good looking or at least have a sonorous voice. Then your publisher pushes you to finish another book even though you're not ready so there you are with all kinds of awards but you only have three good poems in a book of thirty-two and you sweat out whether readers are going to notice. Your voice starts to crack and suddenly you aren't invited to readings anymore because you're not predictably good as a poet or, less forgivably, as a speaker. Members of the opposite sex no longer hang around so you can't count on being adored or even getting laid and you act like you have something very important to run off to. Before you know it you're browsing through amazon.com and finding used copies of everything you've written. Out of spite you order one of your books for \$1.99 and see an inscription in your own handwriting *To Gary, who made New Orleans more than a Mardi Gras* which really hurts because it wasn't Gary who put it up for sale.



ode to my Birkenstocks

sole-mates
i am barely clothed
in you
so easy
to slide
into
walking me
away from
suits
you've taken me
to places
high-class shoes
would fear
you relish
luscious mud &
sand & bits
of twigs
that hang on tightly
to your treads
i am besotted
Birkies
with the child
in you
who tastes &
smudges
oh you messy shoes
this simple-minded
search for ground
may wear us down
you mortal stumble-bums



I Tell the Old Woman to Dip Her Own Pail in the Well

Like the little girl in the fairy tale
I get wrong-ways of a witch.

Frogs and snails fly
from my mouth,
stirred in a serpent's brew,
anger the spoon.

Words, those erstwhile pearls
grown tawdry, become wild
flashers, serrate the air,
whistling their dark way South.

I haven't the least regret,
ache to taste the profane.

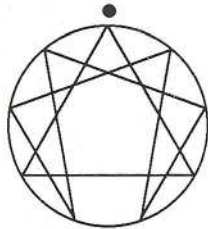


Languages I never learned to speak

When I was small I lived
near woods, but never learned
the plants or birds
or trees: how smooth
and double-toothed
the alder by the stream,
the juicy hemlock's tiny cones,
the mystery of seeds,
and acorns, while familiar,
held no hint for me
of red oaks' slender
catkins in the Spring.

I knew the owls, of course,
and hummingbirds, but missed
the warblers, the wrens.
The tapping courtship songs
of downy woodpeckers
did not map out a manual
of how to mate for life.

I couldn't name the spicebush,
whose soft yellow leaves
would tantalize my dreams.
And blackberries that stained
my fingers' loops and whorls
could teach me only
e's and o's and y's.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

As a personal coach and leadership coach, Mary Bast of *Out of the Box Coaching* integrates coaching strategies, organization development technology, clinical applications, transpersonal approaches, and the arts.

Mary encourages “stepping out of the box” – reframing limiting worldviews, letting go of self-defeating patterns, and developing the ultimate capability of *presence*.

In addition to logical coaching conversations, she helps clients engage their more holistic, creative, spontaneous, and nonverbal selves through the metaphors of poetry, painting, music, and literature.

Contact information:

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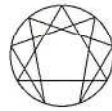
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