



Entry to "The Cats," C.E.S. Wood and Sara Field's 34 acre property and home in Los Gatos, California... est. 1925

"No longer owned by, or associated with the Wood family..."

OCHC note: Print this out two sided, fold & staple it ... voilà, you have a free first edition of THREE POEMS by Tom Clardy. Once you've read and enjoyed it, send a note via post or email to Tom to thank him for the treat. Tell your friends & family.



THREE POEMS

by Tom Clardy,

in memory of C.E.S. Wood
and Sara Bard Field



"The Flowering Wall," 1020 Broadway, Russian Hill, San Francisco, California. Sara Field and Erskine Wood's bohemian city home, est. 1919.

THREE POEMS

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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Tom Clardy, local Portland poet, philosopher and historian, became enamored with Charles Erskine Scott Wood, as the result of prolonged exposure to an Oregon Historical Society exposition, while serving as a docent during the summer of 1982.

Erskine's multiple vocations, cultural sophistication, and anarchistic indulgences fired this author's imagination and launched an ongoing interest in this fascinating historical figure.

"The Poet In The Desert," and "Poems from the Ranges," spoke volumes to one preoccupied with the vast spaces beyond the bright lights and busy streets of our modern megalopolis. Annual expeditions to Rome, Jordan Valley and the Owyhee country were not complete without the words of C.E.S. at "put-in," or around the campfire at Three Forks and Leslie Gulch.

In summary, Wood has become an historical obsession, an alter-ego bridge to a romantically tragic epic that ended ~25 days after I was born, in December 28, 1943... C.E.S. passed on January 22nd, 1944.

The first of these three poems in this slim "volume," arose from a recent, inspiring visit to the "Flowering Wall," in San Francisco, 80 years from the date Wood moved there in 1919. The second poem, "Open Door," was the result of a trip to the open microphone, following Chief Joseph descendant, Soy Red Thunder, to read the first page of "Poet in the Desert," at the OHCC Symposium held in Portland, October 1998.

Los Gatos is a mystery location, viewed from in front of a locked gate. The current owner is unable to grant access to the oak grove where the Lion of Oregon's ashes are spread... The next poem will emerge when The Cats' gate swings open...

I Think, Therefore...

I think the morning star
is dawn to desperate men

yearning

for visions of the day

I think the mid-day sun
will pass this way again

turning

on the axis of the Way

I sit to think of reasons Past
what was lost or gained

It seems when deeds of Time are cast,

I am, simply, I am

Who would ask for more?

1020 BROADWAY 1999

in memory of C.E.S. Wood
and Sara Bard Field

80 years ago, this May,
You moved to Russian Hill,
overlooking San Francisco Bay
To finally join your young lover, Sara,
suffragette, femme celebre...

a shared Winter of loss
a Springtime of Union
a Summer of sorrow

The stair is steep to the iron door
of Maia's sanctuary,
Where deep wounds can begin to heal
behind the flowering wall,
salved with blossoms of sad poetry.

White-maned Lion of Oregon,
Your stoic face, lined by seventy snows,
is etched with flight of Joseph's souls.

Sad veteran's eyes reveal a tender heart.
Your calvary sword has long ago dulled,
but your anarchist pen is sharp...

AN OPEN DOOR

(CES Wood Exhibit, 10/9/98)

This Autumn weekend is awash with color
Oil and Water, brushed by Erskine
decades past on a Harney Desert floor
The Sovereign Collection hangs in Two Rooms.

Offspring abound. Living Woods...
Echo images of the Renaissance Man
engaging eyes and easy smiles
painted memories cover studio walls
Re-union and introductions at hand, Spirit in the Air...

Voices hush in awe of Malheur's blush
a Bluff of Boulders, captured in charcoal
a watercolor insinuation of Dear Nan
Open air impressions formed with his friend Hassam

An eager viewer angles through the two small rooms,
moving to change shadow to light
on those bright, but aging oils.
Owyhee desert clouds, filter a Full Moon night,
One Hundred Years ago...

Old canvas in heirloom frames, blazing color anew,
lights my way toward the open microphone
a favorite, Rome, "put-in poem"
singing in my brain.

Red Thunder speaks of Joseph's "surrender,"
sorrowful words spoken from blood memory.

I talk of my New Age trip across the Oregon Trail
White Bird Canyon and the dawning of Aquarius.
My feelings of Viet Nam, laid to rest,
on the High Plain.

I read the first page of, "The Poet in the Desert"
to Descendants, Authors, Painters,
Poets, Professors, Aborigine,
I read to Friends and Strangers...

This living immensity we share with C.E.S.
Who went before, but is not forgotten,
by these "historians" here today,
Kindred souls who will not surrender the living Spirit...

of The Poet in the Desert...