

UNDER SUCH BRILLIANCE

ADVANCE PRAISE FOR UNDER SUCH BRILLIANCE

There is an almost indescribable music in these poems by Kevin Patrick Sullivan; a joyful thrumming suffusing a natural world the poet has unabashedly embraced, and with the music of his words makes visible to the reader.

— Jackson Wheeler

When it is so apparent that the boys with the poetry prize parts in their hair have co-opted the collective creative imagination with their intellectual snobbery, what a pleasure it to discover these new Sullivan poems. He views America with a direct and clear-eyed vision. Within his defamation of Viet Nam and in his paean tribute to the 1968 Detroit Tigers, he's reflecting upon a nation in both its metaphoric disgrace and its glory. We have only to read Kevin Patrick Sullivan's *Plein Air Poetry With Molly Lipsher* to further eavesdrop on his celebration of life. And, too, just one more reason for us to be celebrating the joyous occasion of this publication.

— Michael C Ford

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Poems by

Kevin Patrick Sullivan

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wordpalacepress.com
wordpalacepress@aol.com

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ALSO BY KEVIN PATRICK SULLIVAN

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We'd like to thank the editors of the following journals in which some of these poems first appeared:

A DAY'S WORK:

The Long Islander, SOLO NOVO

THE SUN TAKES US AWAY:

The Night Goes On All Night, Noir inspired poems

SLEEPERS:

Hummingbird, ART/LIFE, The Space Between Things

THE DAILY MIRACLE

SOLO CAFÉ 4 & 5

UNDER SUCH BRILLIANCE

A DAY'S WORK

Along the way driving out to work in Los Osos
The egret sat on the fence post
Fluffy white feathers — tall and bright
In the morning light
Where is the black hole collapsing the center
I am used to the crow a murderous lament
A hawk riding the wind — the egret stalking his prey
This white bird — sitting still
What joy!
I feel like singing!

All day I feel music
My hands numb from
Weed whacking hour after hour
The weeds and grass fall before me
Stones and sticks bruise my legs
Slap and nick my face
Driving back into SLO town
I spy a coyote loping just inside
The shoulder of the road
I feel like singing!

RANDOM BREATHS WITH THREE FOUND FIRST LINES

1.

Because a fire was in my head
I chose to smoke
to hide the expectations of flame
under the paraphernalia
of circumstance —
What better way to disguise
the internal combustion
firing my insides
with every breath I take
it is best to hide in plain sight

2.

Breathing in the fullness of time
came to me as always one breath at a time
now fifty five years old I am delivered into this
abundance
through memory's door
the architect of tomorrow building an unfinished chore

3.

Following the wrong god home
I stumble into bliss
the wind hammers my sense of self
I lose all control
give myself up to happenstance
at every turn I am joyful
finally I am at rest
breathing is just in and out
in and out —

THERE IS NOTHING ORDINARY

The view out my window
Sitting in my recliner
Is straight out of a Japanese painting
Full moon setting through a barren
Winter tree
Behind the fog and the coastal range
It is sinking
Out of view
The sun is rising in the east
Night turns to day
You'd think I wouldn't
Be surprised!