

The old people in a new world, the new people made out
of the old, that is the story I mean to tell, for that is what
really is and what I really know.

Gertrude Stein





Edwin was a cowboy and liked to draw; see the fine assortment of pencils in his breast-pocket.

The Pool

I write poems on my phone during long walks
through town
or along the narrow path
that follows the creek in the woods;
I smile looking up to see all the others writing
their poetry.

The last time we spoke (on the phone)
he told me
that you now swim a mile
twice a week and how
it has made you stronger;
he also said the pool is a good place to cry.



Slug and Other Stories (Chloe) and *Poor Deer* (Katelyn).



We are on a shingle beach along the Clarion River. I think we made the raft out of logs and a door we had found along the shore. The river was so shallow and so full of rocks that the raft was not in danger of going very far.

Sue and I went to public school in Cleveland Heights. Fleur was a school friend of Virginia at one of the two private girls' schools in our area. We knew Virginia through her mother Florence Gray, widow of a horticulturalist who had written a garden column for one of the Cleveland papers.

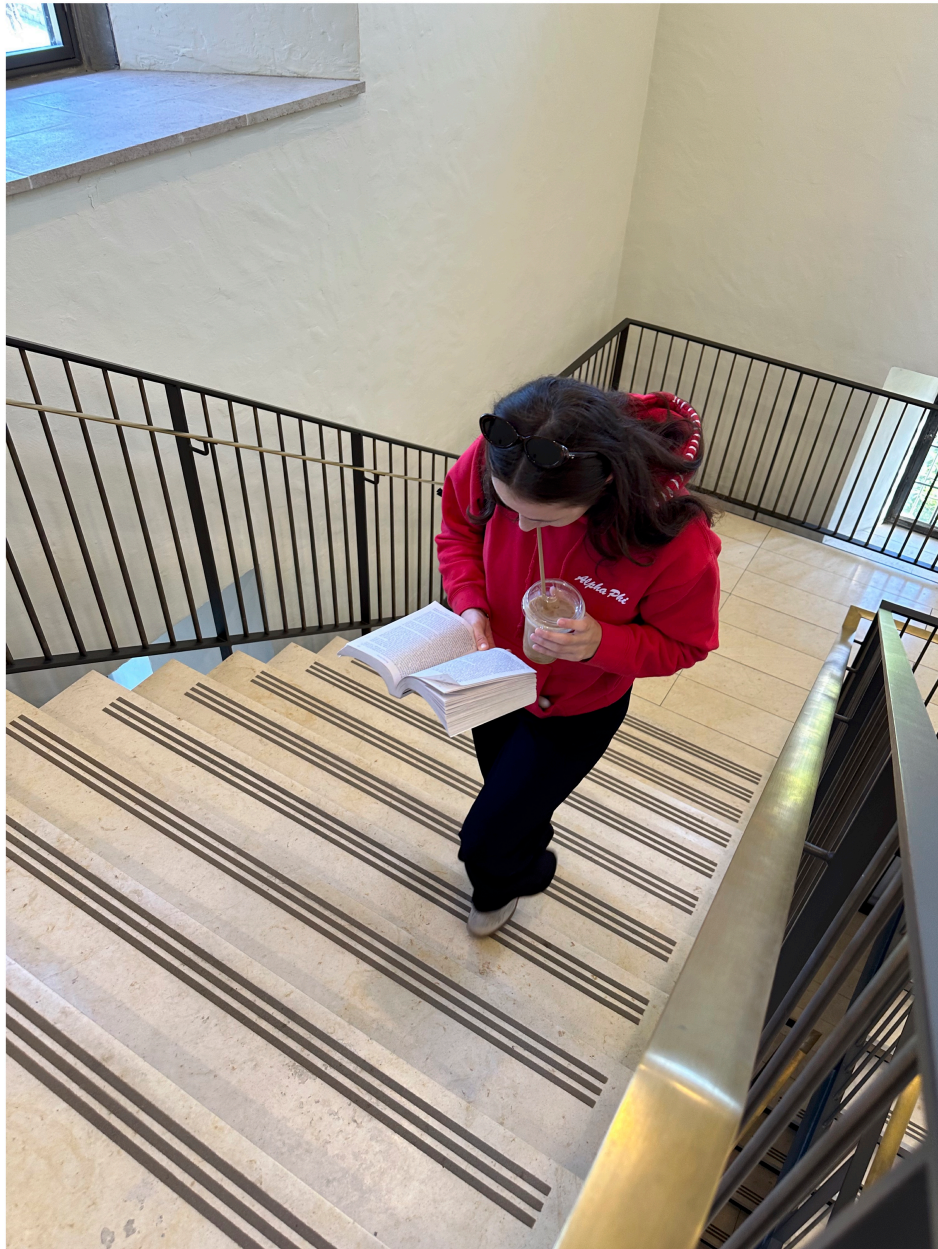
We had met when our family went to Clear Creek State Park in PA every August for a month—2nd grade up to our marriages, I think. The Park was attainable under war conditions: rationed gas, and a 35 mph speed limit. The Grays lived across the ravine from our house. It took about as long for us to go there by way of the ravine, the short-cut, as to walk around by the road, the long-cut.

The Grays were definitely in Cleveland society. At one point they rented their charming house, filled with paintings and photographs from their travel, to the then conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, Arturo Rodzinski. Our connection with the orchestra was clearly a notch down. The principal of the 2nd violins was my fiddle teacher, and his wife was Sue's piano teacher.

Don't think we knew much of Fleur after this period. Virginia was in college at Radcliffe, possibly a class ahead of me. There was a general rule, that one could not repaint one's dorm room. Virginia picked up a vegetable crate from a local grocery, made an elaborate show in the middle of her room of the partially painted crate, placed on a newspaper to dry, a ruse to account for the smell of oil paint while she skillfully repainted the walls. Virginia was fastidious, had excellent taste, didn't suffer fools, but I don't think was happy.

Florence was much more outgoing. She was a good friend of John and Helen, and came to our Cambridge wedding all the way from Cleveland. I can remember her enjoying meeting David's roommates, all WWII vets in grad school, in their unkempt apartment where they had prepared a lunch for our out-of-town guests. Florence enjoyed the scene thoroughly, and agreed with Stanley Myers, who bought old beef on the cheap from the butcher late on Saturday afternoons, because it was the better for being that much more aged.





Random Family: Love, Drugs, Trouble and Coming of Age in the Bronx. Lila.

Florida, years ago

Emboldened and adrift
on this Lauderdale lawn;
her bare thighs pressed
hard to a quiet warming.

And beyond the shallows
of undisturbed waters
from the last high tide;
a sunrise aches sideways

several pink flamingos.





James and Wanda.

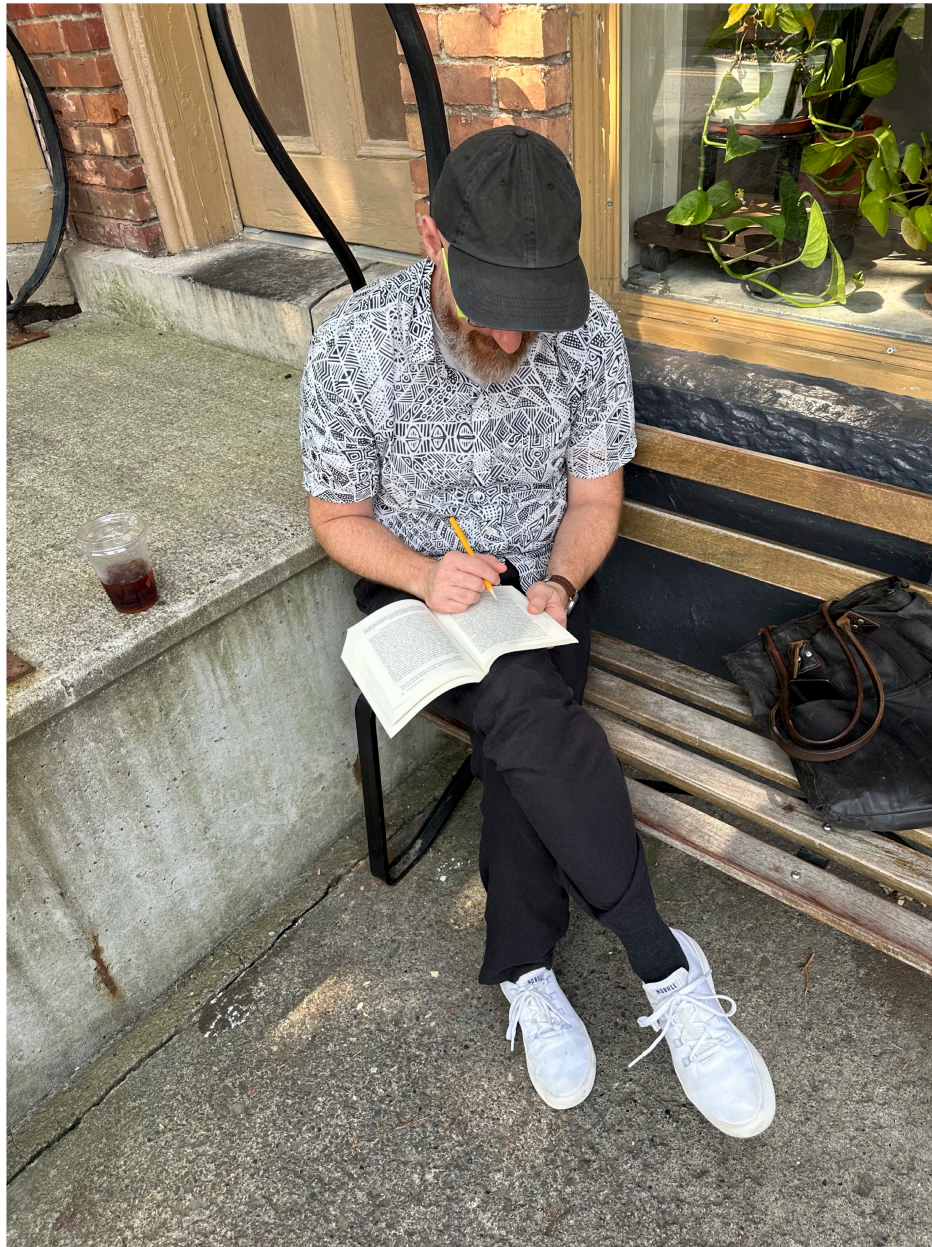




Crescent Place

It will be measured as a smallish lot for a small ranch home
But now it is still a meadow open at the edge of the frontier;
The frontier I was learning about from the much older kids.
Someone had bought Smarties and shared them as little pills.
We encircled our red wagons then started digging for gold
But Billy (or maybe Bobby) found a German medal instead;
It had been buried by a neighbor, his souvenir from the War.





The Emotions of Nonviolence. Alex.



The Fall

Do you remember our family visit to the Lincoln Memorial
just a few weeks after Nixon
waved farewell? How a young man draped in a saffron robe
handed me a small green bible
then approached Dad asking for a donation? And how Dad
appeared baffled but reached
for his wallet until I returned the book insisting that I didn't
even want it? And then in all
the commotion you lost your balance stepping back on those
high-rise marble stairs to fall
crumpled in that late-August heat your knees bleeding dark
onto the warm white-stone.

Backpage

16. Edwin was my father's father's father and lived in Texas and Oklahoma.
18. from on-going series *Reading Books*.
19. *Tatiana*. Richard Learoyd at Pace/MacGill (2019).
20. *Family Archive* is a collaborative project with my mother-in law Peggy Bevington.
21. (L-R) Peggy, Sue, Fleur, and Virginia.
22. from on-going series *Reading Books*.
24. Cumberland Island, SC. 2021.
25. from on-going series *You You and Me*. I ask two people I do not know: will one of you take a photo of me being you with the other?
26. After numerous attempts—from Manhattan to East Stroudsburg—her head settled softly onto my shoulder and stayed nearly to Scranton.
27. from series *Enhanced Family Life*.
29. from on-going series *Teammates*.
30. from on-going series *Reading Books*.
31. from on-going series *Nature and Civilization*.

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David Estes is an artist, archivist and poet interested in the poetic possibilities of images and vice versa. Estes received a BA in History from Cornell University and an MFA in Sculpture from California College of the Arts. He lives with his wife in Ithaca NY.