

words SETH, music Ivan Huber

Ivan Huber guitar, Mark Lane bass
Scott Seeber drums, Felix Garrette percussion

Ode to Great Ghosts

When I gaze into a melancholy sky
One blanketed in gray, the sun a dingy
Stain in a smoke-sooted ceiling, I fret
Not the frigid wind, the oblique slash of rain
The gnawing termites at my soul's bones.
Neither do I sigh as I watch sad
Rivers of traffic belch at stoplights
Or managers dangling in neckties, egos
Swaggering, or staggering teenagers
Jiving on the static of afternoon redeye.
One tear, one tear only do I spare for missiles
Saluting like soldiers, stern, resolute,
Obedient to push-button orders. "Man is
a failed crop," pimp pushing philosophers say.
Aye, we have known dry winds; even
Orchestrated our own drought. We have known
Torrents and knocked knees at thunder, and
(having manufactured thunder, bottled it and
Dropped it on ourselves) have trembled at
Our own terribleness. We have spread seed
On rock, in blood-soiled mud, along the fertile
Crescent of madmen, entrepreneurs, salespersons
And prophets. We have flooded deserts,
Smothered swamps, hammered ore into bullets,

In cauldrons mixed poisons children
Use as bubblebath. Weathering boredom's
Drizzle by fanning whims of bearded
Tyrants, we have carved our scar, etched
Our initials in history's gushing cheek; we
Have made more than Jesus weep. Yet when
I think of those who plowed this dirt before me,
Who read truth by stars, turned sand into
Windows, who made rhyme, and rhythmmed,
Chiseled truths into stone, who smeared
Dyes along high arched ceilings and
Breathed soul into slaving in the hot sun
Billowy clouded songs; when I recall those
Who shivered in the lighthouse as
Winds whipped at cobwebbed windows and
Fog enveloped fast fading moonglow; what
Great ghosts haunt these halls
Ghosts named Plato, Socrates; such great ghosts
Do haunt these halls, with short names

Like Homer, Buddah, Dante; and long names
Like Michelangelo. Names noble like Napoleon,
Humble as Jesus; mad as Nietzsche
and Van Gogh; reverent names: Confucius
Lao Tzu, Saint Paul. And men and women who
Left no name at all; but, counseled by
Ghosts breathing in books, dancing from trumpets,
Quilted in blankets to keep warm what's young,
Have lifted boulders and turned back floods

Have parted rivers and dared the will
Of pharaohs. When I recall such ghosts,
Once flesh, once muscle blood and bone
Whose spit lit candles, whose cries
Fanned failing embers, rekindling the tearful
Triumphs that fuel the communal campfire
In the black forest of the human soul;
I realize Lincolns, Einsteins, Aristotles
Will continue to sprout among us. No cloud
ever extinguished sun; Truth
Shall forever rise from ashes of fallen angels
Earthquakes shall forever scatter empires
Mortgaged on greed, hate, lies. So let the
Thunderclouds cackle, let the mortars grumble
Let the rain rain red. Any second a deranged
Uzi might mow me down on a shopping mall
Sidewalk, another brain-splattered blade of
Grass laid senselessly dead; still, grateful I
Tumble this raging psychotic sea, bolstered by
Ghosts who once plowed this ocean before me.