

Winter 2011
Chicago, Illinois

LVNG 13

Free

LVNG 13
An independent journal of poetry & art
FREE

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www.LVNGmagazine.wordpress.com
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We encourage you to contribute to make future issues possible. Make checks noted LVNG magazine payable to FLOOD EDITIONS, a not-for-profit publisher.

FLOOD EDITIONS/LVNG
P.O. BOX 3865
CHICAGO, IL 60654-0865

This publication was made possible in part through a grant from the Illinois Arts Council.

Table of Contents

EMILY LIEBOWITZ	
<i>Outside Sucks</i>	7
<i>I Am Always Leaving to Gather the News</i>	8
<i>An Ode: You Never Forget How to Ride a Bike</i>	9
<i>Moon Conspiracy</i>	10
JAE CHOI	
<i>The Viewing</i>	11
<i>This One's Called Coil</i>	12
<i>City</i>	13
COLBY SOMERVILLE	
<i>IA, Parousia of A</i>	14
AMY KING	
<i>Mockingbird Sways & Bicycle Hangs</i>	16
<i>Follow the Leader of My Silken Teeth</i>	17
<i>The Godless Sunburn</i>	18
<i>The Birth of Tragedy</i>	19
RACHEL DAWSON	
<i>Research</i>	20
— <i>This Shall Swell</i>	22
<i>Blank</i>	23
ANDREW JORON	
<i>Back Of</i>	24
<i>Paging Mister E</i>	26
MONTREUX ROTHOLTZ	
<i>Consignment</i>	27
<i>Boundaries of the City</i>	28
<i>Hiding the Unacceptable Materiality of Construction</i>	29
<i>The Sea</i>	30
<i>Charm</i>	31
<i>Hasp</i>	32
<i>Sunday</i>	33
<i>Hunger Paint</i>	34

MICHAEL JUDD	
<i>The Laying On of Hands</i>	35
<i>A Song for February</i>	36
<i>The Least You Could Do</i>	37
<i>Coming Loose</i>	38
<i>Walking Tour</i>	39
<i>Feather, Tar</i>	40
<i>Sap</i>	41
<i>The Tanners' Saint</i>	42
<i>He Metes Out Priesthood in Waves and Coulombs</i>	43

MARGARET ROSS	
<i>The Unbeliever</i>	44
<i>Analog</i>	46

RAWAAN ALKHATIB	
<i>New World Majlis</i>	47
<i>Remorsel</i>	48
<i>World-Goat</i>	49

GERARDO HERRERA	
<i>As Woman & Beast</i>	51

JESSICA LASER	
<i>Tributaries</i>	56

ADRIENNE RAPHEL	
<i>To the Fountain</i>	67
<i>On the Carousel</i>	69

DAVID CHAIM SMITH	
<i>The Heart Adorned with the Serpent's Crown & Commentary</i>	71

HANNAH SANGHEE PARK

<i>Bible Lesson</i>	74
<i>5/2012</i>	75
<i>Sand : World</i>	76
<i>Sithens in a Net I Seek to Hold the Wind</i>	78
<i>Variations in Black</i>	80
<i>Fall</i>	82
<i>Another Way of Seeing This</i>	83
<i>Governing Bodies: Triolet Sequence</i>	84
<i>Happy Birthday Apologies</i>	90

JOEL FELIX

<i>Don't Worry, Tim</i>	91
<i>King Luscious (Apple)</i>	92
<i>Spitzenburg (Apple)</i>	93

MICHAEL O'LEARY

<i>Farewell My Friend</i>	94
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PETER O'LEARY

<i>First Amanita Ode</i>	95
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LVNG 13

Outside Sucks

I think I'm gonna take a nap...

We're blown away when young begins, addicts
trained to tinker toys.

Look up!
there is something imaginary like thought, like the governor.

The subway is coming, it bellows, "flightless gazaland, caves at this angle have it,
perfect."

Excess stripping telephone wire intestine:
the password is Darfur.

With water we used to go to museums, now abducted
children news power, currents penciled in the walk around.
One wall, meaningful, but they check your bag.

Rehearsing lettered confrontation: we spoke, faces against stone,
masonry fractured with requests, simple spun wool and what it beckons:
sandy climbs served to order and soundless.

Sunday is a homeless landscape. Empty electrons and their security blankets.
This is about logic, benchmarks, people gathered and circled.

Hand on my shoulder, how one enters,

inches away the table (now we are in a place (oak molding and a mahogany foyer)) stirs a
present pipe of re-call
(‘pipette’ drops sensations, a bridge, woo woo for public transportation.)

Stand amongst collected pennies, a sad coin
of carcass, of a sentimental highway
in the desert, winds scrapping weeds
away...

As my friend M explains: pretense is ears and a globe sounds

“you are old man with your guitar, you are old, actual and dim.”

I Am Always Leaving to Gather the News

I sit there, I go away, I let pavement push
against. Epicenter converses shifting. 1906 loops
translation from universally understood spatial
signifiers, tremors card games from a competitive

streak. Documentation spokes plaintive
thoughts through aggregate arrivals. A wafted neighborhood
arranged into a fleeting horizon. Bills are resource,
design axioms our limbs clean. I hand

wash my clothes because machines clamor:
down coat, wool scarf, conventional glove wearing
weather. I am tired of this. I take public transportation.
The tacked down rush off of the crowd detonates—

It screams, “goodbye radio, goodbye wave/particle confusion,”
We are ready—paradigm,
I have provided California, and I am losing my balance,
lesser phenomena drowning my eyes to a tear.

Expansion of dryland farming is an effigy of my year.
Taken space enlarges nothing, a tacked down
itemized account of Fort Kearny’s informational center.
Camping on each landing comes with its own national

anthem, a staircase humming, “goodbye continents,
goodbye immaculate overthrow.” We’ve been carried
along in motion, herded into direction, given
brochures along the way. I deserve better than this: a window

unwinding, fending off a constant apology, born too late
to mobilize, dismantling basic feature.
Highway infrastructure traverses dead weight,
the Portola Expedition, mailbox grouping. Things we have

in common converses boring like, “goodbye protoplasmic
centuries, goodbye radiating land run incentives.”
This sentimental farewell is a centrifuge finishing school,
a miniature 2010 census envelope.

A moment magnitude parades my home full of houseplants.
I don’t do anything.
They just grow.

An Ode: You Never Forget How to Ride a Bike

Mailman, forget your letters
outside is doing fine,
crooning snow-color
They say
you look fine, anyway.

Crooning archway encouraged acoustic. People here for swindle, their leather
faced leaflets left behind. Bells—its lunchtime. Open metal measure, time piece
yacht me home flawless. The fog horn. The brought back.
Paved face, masons come back now. It is our erratic wall,
forgetting its post.

I trade here for another day.

A relief—
city filled garage sale, misshaping memory as metropolis
sidewalks sparkle recycled, safe keeping, special boxes
stacking stalked
buoying up the slipping bells. Twilights force entry. The frontier that is done, lazy and fancy.

Outside is okay. Different salt, sidewalked still leaving bay-salt topologizing.
I have this advantage.
It's a free ride and they are leading a
disco across. Take naps, bring blankets.

Winter weather kit, the lost quaintness of locales bitten against brick, against the hauntless
side panels. Mountains, where are the pragmatic protections? I am wind worn.

Whittled down mechanics,
light up this range, relive the bells told time.
Come out of your canyons, come off your ship.
The seagoing grainy, marbling marshlands fragile replacement, the channels out chiming
edible fields—

Some swell, some antennas field
whittled edible
field.
The packed clouds are maximized.
The estate tax I attend, I forget.

Moon Conspiracy

Where I strayed, I stayed in a lied lunar
landing. The tides tormented twitching
eddy twirls, ridden evenings to sleep time.
Water possibilities make me tired, watching
weather though an interned aquifer.

What I watched I scraped through, weakening
structures meant to mimic
letter writing time. It is effort
to rake up autumn, gathering piles, pyres of where
I've been in temporal turmoil. A blaze to collect

tideless evolutions, walking upright
against flags waving still. I was in a place: photographed
bedside a different gallery: pictured westward,
projected tide, beginning and begun
eroding further what is already away.

Trailed out wrinkling
electric yard signs.
look around! there are tangible things!
motel figures
shared technologies

left over water fallen sky.

The Viewing

Bore of boredom, crimped bone
of time-cloth, bothering past original time,
I got to do mine three buttons at once.

A blonde Bontemps, high-sped
to solitude, my vigilance
determining was I an instance right.

Bartered deep in city backwoods,
I'm no crowd, no long car
perpendicular to parking neither.

The pilling shrubbery, benches
rut out of brick I threw my body against,
funerarily, were all there,

the green mown more green,
the viewing cause enough.

This One's Called Coil

Stick a stick in
the spin of a single-spoked thought.
In the network of pine-wires above our heads,
it's the situation of the scrub jay
that concerns us most.

Watch it taxi the good twig.

The high wood, cleared
of its bower lash, ends in a curbside,
where we once accumulated from fog
into one gravel bit.

Night packs a dell
into a tire-hiss hole, leak indifferent.

A mouth and its tall drop
of protracted desire,
around which this hat did fit.

City

Straight into the hatched hairs
of a summer hat.

A queening hunger
grounded by its mere mention.

This is an applicable wander
repeated in straits,

pleats of pleasure,
branches that emit,

over the bottleneck ghettos,
their own roofs.

I found another way
to be irresponsible

a good four states away,
Charleston forgiven,

the curling turnstile I jumped
like some nearly hunted

animal. A monumental
edging just outside,

my eye forces the handrail
down into the final stair.

IA, Parousia of A

I'm an unsuccessable silo filled with core,
 Goring the sky, a white, aluminum horn, and inedible
 Fields of con nix as they line like the zeros
 In O, my Jesus, my subsidies ... in the tornadic surround.
 Fields of con nix as they line like the zeros
 In O, my Jesus, my subsidies ... in the tornadic surround.
 Feeder ... aisles mask, like, please incline thine ear to my parabola:
 Roundup clouds wagging acres of Roundup Ready cone?
 If the arc's the Lord, Iowa the focus, then,
 Patty's worlds like the beads of a chorus spiraling on Russell's ear,
 One plant shall be taken, another left. Russell
 Pastor forward and gets left. Patty's
 All erosion and glistens to what rustles sounding
 The night of the echoic church. Russell visualizes,
 Evading any cubit of stained glass,
 A city checkpoints kiss
 In a circle, the retinas
 Taken by guards, aircraft
 Screaming now and then.
 This is the city of Heaven.
 No resemblance to difference moments cicada tractor no walls haze, where
 Iowans hustle to close what Iowa's o opens what
 Iowans hustle to close what Iowa's o opens but
 Hey you, oh, verily, you, take ye heed: corny is Jenny
 Hooking-up with Christ, flies, dots on state fair hogs, ozone,
 Heaven, blue crown round a green and yellow core.
 Diane, wrapped in the arms of Handlebar mustache, rouses and sins.
 Not in the city of Heaven,
 Goring the sky, a white, aluminum horn, and inedible
 Fields of nor nix as they line like the grown seeds
 Banding on zillions of white, pithy ears. Justice
 Dehisces in backgroaning of videus irae tape. Jesus
 May would have will come, Trialobites skittering
 Up Patty's fine-stranded hair as she repeated this,
 Jenny's assertion, to Russell, 526 million B.C.
 It's 2016 now. Noun shuck: shucker.
 It's 2019 now. Noun preach: preacher.
 2021. Ten virgins, Devonian fishes' smiles of teeth, B.C.
 When his tongue's ridge, parabolic as Iowa's reefs'

Spines, likens them to whereon such night
Stretch pants, lamps, and oil for light have been will to be were
Took, Matthew 24, to bone the bridegroom. Then, 300
Million B.C. fungi intracyclosuck fungi in a peat swamp,
No, later, veins of coal, mined, burned off.
Five foolish virgins forgot any oil. Five wise virgins took oil.
Makes 10. Plus Patty's eleven. Jenny's wise, Diane's foolish,
And it's the thief in the night makes them do this.
Hands clasped in paying to raise a city checkpoints kiss, I
Focus on my family's daughter,
Stand a pulpit in her pupil,
Streaming Roman-era sci-fi
Into it, that pupil-pulpit.
Aisles electricute to you on the parable
Of dvd's ripple ply to tape video
All like, oh, ew, you've been felt left behind.
It's 2013 now. Noun slip: slipper.
It's 2017 now. Noun preach: preacher.
1989. In, like, a crosstian store, videos,
Lengths thereof two palms and the breadths thereof a palm,
Clasp pace, really, like, 28.91-score cubits of plastic tape,
Spaces includeluding verges in 1972 emplaced
Around the aggregate culture. Conny how some virgins fly,
Other urges to sin stay. Now, thoutube it for thysself.

Mockingbird Sways & Bicycle Hangs

Making way to your Natalie Portman,
I write quietly when asked.
No monster junkie, these tubes protect you
from the colors you don't want to hear
where your backyard awakens,
shakes into an embalmed green
from the over-thereness of here.

Justice is just a shaving tool
that keeps murder off the peach,
sparrows in their sockets, the yolk's shell outside
its dead-lined window.
We rockets lie by snails, impotent as weapons
of mass appeal. Spring would be
the ego's early season, possibly with a typist or an easel.

But the mockingbird sways and bicycle hangs
before a walk to the pond after supper.
Brie and crackers. A muscled figurine
that toys the waves
lapping at my ankles. I look down through the noose
at my own reflection and see
the crescent moon barking, with glee, at my heels.

Follow the Leader of My Silken Teeth

And suddenly, art is a hand planted from the wrist
down into the earth's epidermis.
Its fingers sign their names with wind
in pyramid skins harboring our pupils.

We think we know things.
Animal shapes. The songs of undiscovered tribes.
How to hold baby diamonds. Scratch the fur off why.
Read the delicate membranes of spirit guides.
Pilfer dreams' pockets.

She didn't notice the tennis ball directly overhead
though. I also thought I saw the meadowland,
clouds, a barn, the stratosphere, willow trees,
and my mortgage in its yellow.

Janet Cardiff walks the brain's halls, takes us
on an urban safari,
hope's losses piled on her glass-shaped bed.
Her notes leave breadcrumbs for stigmata I pluck at.

Ground emerges from my silken teeth;
we rankle in the dunes and subject our thoughts
to religion's aftermath. Dust becomes us,
the hand that takes root, the horn-throated beetles,
and the apple-black herons.

We think we know things. Pilfer the lint of dreams,
uproot every yellow, follow stigmata for dust.
We have always been the first fruit and the first to rot.
We are the ones that read the signs after we bury them.

The Godless Sunburn

I hope you're both at the beach
where the horseshoe crab splits
open a can of black-eyed peas, makes
the moon, black and half-risen, cook at noon.
I see only Holland from my bedtime's horizon.
The cage of age yawns
a tremor-specific hysteria, not unlike
my grandfather's Parkinson's
when tying the midget pikie to his fishing line.
I shake his dead tremors from the coffin genetically.
I knew everything once,
and this gently becomes a day for shutting down.
It moves across the multicultural landscape
the way we investigate the crashes' crevices
under uniform to demarcate
redemption and holistic contact:
we're always behind the ocean's metal and glass,
hidden from touch by a lying down sadness,
even in surfaces. In many ways,
I rely on the conventional depictions of clowns,
pick scabs from my sores, label them
with a swimsuit and oar. She, as in me,
lacks a symmetrical face though,
so I poke out my lips and curl them against
my growing nose, sing the sweetheart song
never-ending, and when I move, I'm all angles again.
My stick figure speaks the life of a bobbysoxer,
the pitch vibrates with wooden reeds of glowworm's
clarinets. I pull up to my knees, as if the whole weight
of Oedipus sits, straddling my shoulders.
I hear my splashes echo past the graveyard.
I miss my DNA. I swim the picture to you.

The Birth of Tragedy

Apart, away – these are the sighs by which someone
takes her longest stride, rids herself of hair,
presence, all the amenities and accoutrements of turning pages,
her sandwich and tea, the gut that demands, the jolts
that request a voice in reply, and omit every other undone plan
throughout the night of nighttime’s notebooks.
Prague, according to the Times, is a top place to go right now—
not Manila, Latvia, Tehran, Warsaw, not Amsterdam,
Bangkok, Addis Ababa, nor Walt Disney. But the looks
in European towns, I’ve found, are more open and studied
as if to draw a person in for one long breath, hold her hard,
study dark her indentations, and return you to yourself mid-step,
a little more known than hello. The constant flow of wine
and espresso enables the effort to make surface yield
something not exactly surface. For instance, when my mouth
can touch your mouth’s sounds and the antique attributes
of tragedy taste metallic, then shatter our future decisions as one.
Likewise, Jesus was the first perfect insemination, and you are the sex
of my virgin, pre-fondle. What I’ve found is the hardest part
is how much a body must move about in the world,
or atrophy at home. Then we go along the road with people
tilting forward, without stairs even, that catch me thinking aloud,
“There is no Salamun here.” What is a sad place but the dirt
scene of the unseen? What is the middle of an egg but gestures
tied behind the back, ones that ape the cock of a head,
the blur of eyes peering through Our Lady of Sorrows
as if dancing on a parquet floor were the equal of freedom, as if
listening to Mahler meant anything at all, flying back to America
or the impossibility of one person beside another in flight, indifferent,
high and aloof, this man’s wife peeking over her book
at my stone-bare face, hair dyed, a twinkling in her breasts
despite being married down, despite the moves I make
with my coffee and eyesight, despite the rings I mold
from a whistle’s weight. No matter how hard I hold it, the segues
keep coming—life’s little hollows, harbors I rub my fingers against,
birthing new turbulence to erase what never comes or is imminent.
In remembrance, the Golden Fleece shines through
the little window of our co-pilot’s eye until we get seated
on water that tastes of latte milk and sunshine on rewind.

Research

I.

Little else to say but
birds unspool sparse like a five-leaved palm

I, I spackle the sky
smashed on I
there's always one region of glare
an unknown without seem

2.

Mind like a braided staircase,
admitted falls of following down
as when humiliation over heartbeat
comes, when traveler turns runaway,
there's shame in the sun's cracking
its knuckles over your hair.
Try to find in constant breathing
some reason to repetition, or why
some purest joy in months is a bulk of dim
pumpkined moon still only on its rind.
Never that clean, glass light. Never.
Too inhuman, like some color unimagined.

That bruised pumpkin leaks all down the stairs.
A star emerging dead, the star reversed.
I misspeak this matter of orange clutter, act
as if sheathed in white and made to snow.
I could sell a tract of skin. It takes a sucking inside out.
What the widening will cover will come together
lid to lid. A scrap of anything can produce sense in excess,
even wisdom. What a dawned balloon,
rapid humor preferred.
At the break, where mending breaks in between,
something squeaking's just overhead—
dust falls from its boards—I'm almost blind to make out—

—*This Shall Swell*

I,
rendered plaid, a geometric print
disturbance

like the raw
spaces lining my thighs—

red, microscopic mesas,
pores rubbed
by constantly sleeted font,

a faint hum from around—
periphery,

a vibration in blood rayon.

I'll wear none.

There—

an overexposure to the sun; is it healthy
to care like this?

O, Good's to be! : insert a sun, no, every writhing inside, outside.

I'll drive the lung outside, with my real skylit eye—

It is mine to angle nerves through stars and sand grains

The stop sign will pulse like my skull-busted

thumb; see the sun in my thumb and sow stars

long in rows of raised dirt,

because it is human, yes, human to wish to rend the brown-red

to light, or to prism all things between bone, flossing out meaning from marrow.

Blank

This, nice Raze the rest Wrestling
deep from the grasp of stop
Basking in the throaty glowings, sinews
of light from inside It starts
A layer of bright protrudes
Anxious hands
toy toy rip At once
exposed, rare
for healing So in love
with quiet Makes the body
part of landscapes Sideways
above it, what remains

I, no absurdist
 distinct and honest
The frame of vision snaps from sight
 to black to sight in less than a second Call it heaven
Break the dark stones Name the granules
Awareness shocked in, wearing brief,
 bright slacks Loosen the lens,
let the dim fall on In great trust, I can hold
the blank even in hand
This, narrative unconscious A pure act,
like the first breath unrecorded An act that
mutates no instinct, floats through
 to mute Tell, keeping in mind
the train is long time coming.

Back Of

(Being a sampling of “back-of” constructions from Robert Duncan’s *The H.D. Book*.)

Back of this world is the memory of another.

A mother back of Greece, back of America.

Back of the caprice, hysteria, fantasy—the psychic entity in men’s minds of woman as all-powerful—and back of the other figure, the pure, higher, suffering Psyche-woman.

Back of the accusation against the Poet we find another accusation, against the psyche of woman.

I, too, believed that back of the army was a cult of war.

Back of such thought is a concept of universal sympathies, correspondences, communications.

Back of the sexual organs and the names.

Back of that civilization of meanings agreed-upon, that the dictionary represents.

Back of that old war between the Father and his hero-suns.

Back of Freud was the tradition of earlier Jewish mysticism.

Back of the later occultism, as back of the Freudianism of her middle period.

Back of the analysis room, his office, into his other room, his study.

And back of that home, the first home appears: it is the study of the father.

Back of what we knew as children, scenes were being shifted.

Back of these images of free wild elements in nature.

Back of the name I glimpse a fragment of the dream image.

Back of the later awakening of the man I was to be.

Back of this erotic replacement.

Back of these ideas as a recapitulation of primal experience.

Back of poetry, some collective poetic unconscious.

Not to find the fountain of feeling back of the poem.

Back of the literary aspect of the poem was another aspect; back of the respectability, there was something shady.

Back of the anthology establishment.

Back of the stream-of-consciousness mode is Robert Browning's dramatic monologue.

Back of the famous rapture of H.D.'s early work.

Back of Bloom's personality is that of Odysseus.

Back of Greece, Egypt was primal, the depth to be sounded.

Back of, or below, the bird note of anguish.

As I found the Romantic spirit, and back of that, the spirit of Romance and back of that the cult of life as a romance of the spirit.

Not only may the past be back of the present, but the present may be back of the account of the past.

The source of the songs lies in an obscurity back of the first writing on the wall.

Paging Mister E

I have a message for Mister E that pertains to the poor, to the Invalid as well. I have a message for Mister E to be delivered by a random walk. *You are the twin of between, so resign your position, Mr. E.*

The center is the source of all violence, the eye's attempt at speech.

Blue sky blew its skin, a night-cloak, a clock.
Thought was blind, was ways & blaze of zero.

Not to thank, is to think.
Detonated, denotated. Mister E, we know your real identity.

Looking designs as it desires.
—lacking coordinates, the eye turns inward, a spore's oratory of space.

So fact is Artifact, splayed resplendant.

Now the whole roll, the hole role, relic of the chase.
Now choicest estuary.
Now oldest newest.

A trick of the ink, or red electric lick, black blank.

Shy apparition, flaw is law—

Ruling over the over-
Flow of pure potential.

That violence touch the viol, and teach the air
The error of violet.

Saintly
Light upon the rift, light upon the raft.

No, no
Star-swirl, all to all answering, all to all steering.

A
Dead
Dedicated to
Mister E

—author of A
World almost word.

Consignment

Vervain girl of the green shipyard,
the salt and stone-scattered shipyard,
the rain and bronzes are very lovely
this time of year. I had myself
anointed in sugar, and egg butter,
I had your angular hand polished
by the gemcutter, the design of water
put across your lips. I had long
been coveting the suburbs and your wrist
like a burnt cyprus, liting, glistening,
blistered and split. Girl of the equinoctial
shipyard—spring and winter spent
in Persia, but in a bygone, a lushness—
I named you and sealed you in wax,
and in my bashfulness, O.

Boundaries of the City

We made an expedition to the outermost part, not the sea-edge but to the north, where there was no more glass than concrete or iron, certainly nothing amber clinging to a wall, just things wet and glistening underground. It was the growing season. There were potatoes sprouting through foil in the sewer, silver crested dirt, a floral sundress, stems multiplying light. We found ourselves at the boundary. It was there that the white line was, the mark beyond which there appeared to be no difference, though it could be felt in the skin, it pressed at our hands and warned us back. It pressed at our faces. My husband's rifle leaned away from his shoulders. It was there that a building hung suspended, some time it had been there, it was buried up to its eyes in snow.

Hiding the Unacceptable Materiality of Construction

There are a hundred boats in the desert, diverted rivers flow that way, the sea used to cool the air for miles around. Here is where the body was when I found it, in the dune behind the city hall. There is where its hand pointed. Distaste of salt and where the children come to sleep, where there's shade propped under a hull and scrub in radial circles, the ringing of a lot of steel grown to rust, one ship just ribs. The edifice is marble. We put behind it the mechanism of mud and straw, the thatch woven for winter, the metal beams. Beyond that, a cushion of sand. To stay warm in the desert we built a city. To stay warm in the city, we brought the desert in and renamed it, said to it, this is where the quay was, this is where the fish were, this is what we wanted.

The Sea

At that time it was said that there had been a wreck some miles off the edge. Having gone to deep water, and being afraid the lights would give us away, we lit the sea-lanterns and let their pale green coronas fill the space. We lost our forward tusks on a rock as we dove. We dove further. The wreck was the Bliss, she lay nine miles out and was a pinched steel bone without curve, polished almost white, one end up in the dark unmoving basin, where her other end was burying into sand. We knew her at once. The submarine made motion toward her, my husband dove toward the steering cross, his hand on it before I could say, the rock, we were above her and then beside her, she was a heavy fish in the dark. It was then that the wreck began to sing to us.

Charm

there is a gloss on me fine-fibered sheath cast of afternoon
blur is about the city wrapped about it it is so quiet
except for hawks drifting on stone or drifting on glass and bells

if you listen fixative air or music from outside the house or a thickness
of woodsmoke my mouth is in the present tense
not even light moves not even cleft path of leaves not even white darting

rabbit or rust gate there is a gloss on me of rearrangement of lung
shifted against rib of liver alluringly not right I watch you sleep
I slice a wet pear which is what is needed and slide it against your ear

Hasp

Men bend to smell the earth. Notice the sky changes all of a sudden. You're not liking this light, thick as a root. The press of hot, damp bodies just behind doors, how quickly they draw breath. Women incline to the windows, to the silent avenue, there are no dogs, the only sound is the sound of all the hinges. Somewhere at the barrel I lose sight of you, at the tree lit from underneath by candles, I say your name that last time before we all have to go home, the fields a straight line from us, the canneries along the way all burning up with celebration.

Sunday

The men leave their houses and go out into the crackling field.
Small blue birds fall into the grain around them.
The field smells like butterscotch and loose women.
The men have nosebleeds.

The field sounds like coins being thrown into an empty silo.
Daylight pours into the field from all directions.
The field looks like a rippling swarm of fish.
Blessed is the man who goes into the field.

The field feels like a hair shirt.
Blessed is the man who returns from the field.
The field tastes like butterscotch and loose women.
Blessed is the man who bears the mark of it on his forearm.

Hunger Paint

Dim lilacs shiver at sundown.
The pit lark, violet in the shade,
blinks, is blinked at, sings
into the pit. You do not know
what's in the bruised and dented
truck bed, it's covered in cloth,
it's probably the head of the dead girl
they found down on the tracks,
she put her pretty neck on them
and let the train roll over,
roll her throat to gristle and spit.
The pit lark sings in the pit.
The pit lark sings to the dark.

The Laying On of Hands

Through one wall of the new house comes a heat
unexpected. We wonder pilot light,
we wonder burst duct. If something was caught
there would we even draw it out?
There are drafts that come from the ground.
I know it's too much to lay my hand
on your hand, you like a plow making black
troughs of the old earth, and not look back.

A Song for February

When they made us statues they made us out of snow.
So what if I have no voice? I'll take your hand
and trace the words into your palm. We knew
we'd be laid out side by side, confined
to a slab of stone and we still agreed to go.
We'll see the season change and when we stand
we'll stand straight and stand so close together
that each of us will melt into the other.

The Least You Could Do

Stomp awhile in my ashes.
At least you could track me down the stairs
on your way to the curb. Dust the bushes
with me and we'll pollinate the flowers
when the wind picks up. It's you who chooses
how to bear me. You're the one that hears
me muttering in your ear, laid across your back
like the heaviest of angels. Like the worst kind of luck.

Coming Loose

You wriggle me awake. There is ice. It's morning.
Our destroying angel, his spools of white thread
all unbobbed, swaddled us tight as moth silk,
knotted together.

Clove hitch, sheep shank, figure of eight. Our angel
knows his line, slack bight to the bitter end. Worn
stays are spliced fast, woven in shroud knots, free strands
splayed out in sepals.

There are worse ways. He could have chosen hailstorms,
lakes of fire, locusts, a blight. We've lucked out.
This is it: a bed of egyptian cotton,
rest for the wicked.

Not that I'm complaining. His thread is coming
loose, so when we're restless we feel the other
move. Our elbows clatter. Our palms and fingers
measure and press back.

Walking Tour

Until it brightens, filaments of ice
will bristle thick from stem and petal, shards
like ampersands or seedhusks steeled and hung
along a swatch of magnet. What of these

contaminants, the snowbanks gorged with eggs,
their scrubjays flitting at the glassy rimes
that gasp and wheeze? Today we're cast in bronze

or we're arrested as we sing or else
we're left where he can't help but find us. That
there's poison oak. This here is brewer's yeast.

Feather, Tar

Unmoored and portioned out by skitterings
of fractaled dusk, what little we can see
of rowboat cowers. Snowmelt buoys the hulls
where Talis Sound bores inland. Dock at last
untenable, two barrels toppled, knots

of rope lain stiff with last September's wet
and slats pried free to ladder aspens. Sap
moves source to sink all spring. Our hands are weak
without it. Clinging somehow to a branch
a bedsheet. Worn beneath the eyes a veil.

Across your shoulders little but a shawl.
Upshore a picnic table buckles, dashed
against some rocks. The sheet a tablecloth,
perhaps, but then by now it's blown away.
A campfire down a man sits muttering

the darkest rung of sun aground. *G'dam
ye, that's the sight of Christ Offended, cast
on folk like quarystone.* Fish blanched like flesh
exsanguinous patrol the shallows, swung
by whirlings then and now. Strung tip to tail

the channelcats would span the inlet throat
where coastline turns upon itself. The white
makes measure. What use else is residue
but track and trail? The swells are choked. The dock
is bearing up, its piles ringed with salt.

Sap

Save for the soil we don't miss the fled
land, it's true. Such thoughts are bloodborne,
passed like chains and platters. Here is dirt

is all, crusted with something close to lichen.
Think of this: the rut run back from the blade
can't keep any shape. The clodded groove flattens,

the vee bowled by the wind, lain shallow,
washed out. That much is certain. But take a man's
jeans, cast as they are on the bedstand. Scratched

the knee will brighten but with what? Hogswill?
Tillthrown grit or alkali? Salt
from the ground or from the man himself, caught

dry in the threads? Even when moisture comes
it is film then apparition tamping not even
the dust. You'd swear the rocks had taken back

the water they let out. Somewhere are caves
musty, drops thrust from pores in the mossed walls
and leaves somewhere turn their edges up

like hatbrims to cistern in the rain. Closer
is a hillside blackened, the juniper stormsplayed
and wracked, hemmed by a trench. In an older world

you'd see still notches from the cornered spades
or foottrails from the milling crew or mounds
in the loam where a man knelt to feel about

in the red light for something he'd let fall.

The Tanners' Saint

Before his crucifixion upside down
when last of all he saw the drawn
tendons of feet taut at driving a nail
or teased out and stiff with the strain
of lashing a split beam to its pole
Bartholemew the tanners' patron saint
was flayed alive.

He had a knack for weight.
He'd hold an object, knock back a prayer, and feel
the light turn heavy or the heavy light.

Images of the saint inverted hang
in stalls where men soak hides in piss or lime
or spread the skins with ash and lay them on a beam
to scrape them with a dull knife.

They claim
the saint who can buoy a drowning man or bring
down angels with one glance or make his own body less
anchor, make his own skin cold to the touch, cut loose
the burden of his flesh from where he's strung.

He Metes Out Priesthood in Waves and Coulombs

Breaking weather charms the seers out.
They brook the chill
with lucent bodies, melting frost
from railings into drops mingled
with their spit in pools and runnels
flowing to the sea. The waters swell
and lift boats from their berths. At night
their psalms and tellings bead in condensation
on the lawnchairs and the weathervanes.

That's what it takes to turn man prophet.
Prime the well of his throats. Make ice
of his interstitial swells. Shards in his chest
charge and collide. The Shouters
shriek, beg him to touch the achromatic sand
cooling underfoot and make it glass.

The Unbeliever

Sea beaten to lucite: retaining little
 nicks the wind chiseled, as well as
 kelp lashes, and shade, distant specks
 of fish the size of flies, foam-laced
 concentric halos to corroborate the real
 fur's surfacing angle every needle
 in the otter's coat slants, distance (till
 the floor folds up in back), hour
 pistachio-cyan colored, this time no

denser than air. Is air below
 the model sea's stiff sheet, halted
 polygraph, arcade from which glass
 eyes bezelled in fur face as from
 a medium's cabinet where the medium is
 scrupulously tied. Her client shrouding
 lamps in scarves in preparation
 for the screen he knows restrains another
 world to crack. Its current fault lines

are her nerves: forked narrows
 knitting ambient spirits to muslin
 handkerchiefs raked out of air, the air
 itself now rattling so many blind
 man's canes, now brackish with the drifting
 scents of familiar cigarettes,
 cologne. Just so, in confidence,
 undetected, Mumler primes
 his negatives to frame the sober

brittle gazes of the grieved in stranger
limbs, pale, gauze-thin, blurry, previously
exposed, and recognized always
as the sitter's loss. In the gallery,
frame after silver-toned frame contests
the unbeliever: as chattering trees
uplift a finer image of themselves
in ice, it is by these translucent
frailest flags astonishment

is hoisted out of doubt. And so
forgiving even the suspicious hand
(that tears the scarves down
so the room folds back)
that reaches, now lights
on the cabinet's latch:
it can discover nothing more than
nothing or the girl, just
as before, with her wrists bound.

Analog

They are the same, aren't they? Stars and
Courage finds no antidote to what's already
Carbon-rich deposits, tentative as graphite sums
Are the tenable forms

Tinfoil wreathes to dress the children's thoughts, silver plates
The flatware. And the stars? Don't stand
A chance against hard facts, the addresses
Redacted lives in binary, in other words

Stop-motion shots of one dime spun and so the figures
Sometimes silhouette an image of its slot
At others face-on. Run by alternating current
In 1917, governesses stitched the family diamonds

Minimize the windows you scratched names on. If only
You could weigh steps of your argument down
With real things, namely metal now
Now read "conjugate" for "read"

The sums. Admittedly, one most admires chisels
Making granite flutter like the past, Czarinas'
Using nothing more than the first person
Who occurs to you, all by yourself can improvise the ersatz

Intimacy, it's easy, muslin nightgowns lined with
Ricocheting off bulletproof anecdote
And even through my soundproofed walls
Shooting stars these could or wouldn't be. True, unless

It feels like falling, you don't have to go by way of that
The armored analog. Cowardly to substitute
Diamonds really sewed into the chests
Line equations or the capitals in unison

A linen sentence I served listening
Were the even footsteps on cool marble
Intervals equivalent to how many takes it takes one
Child stuttering through her name

New World Majlis

Abdullah and his children will spend several days in the world.

They go to visit their boats:

how does the cloud move
by eating his weight in gold

Vogue wave:
cargo armadas stockpile grain
the merchant fleet founders on algal bloom

riverboat captain

power
coward

ships the soybeans off for salvage

(jet brooch—furred pilgrim—
turkey burn)

the wave caught up steamships,
oil tankers, coracles, eels;

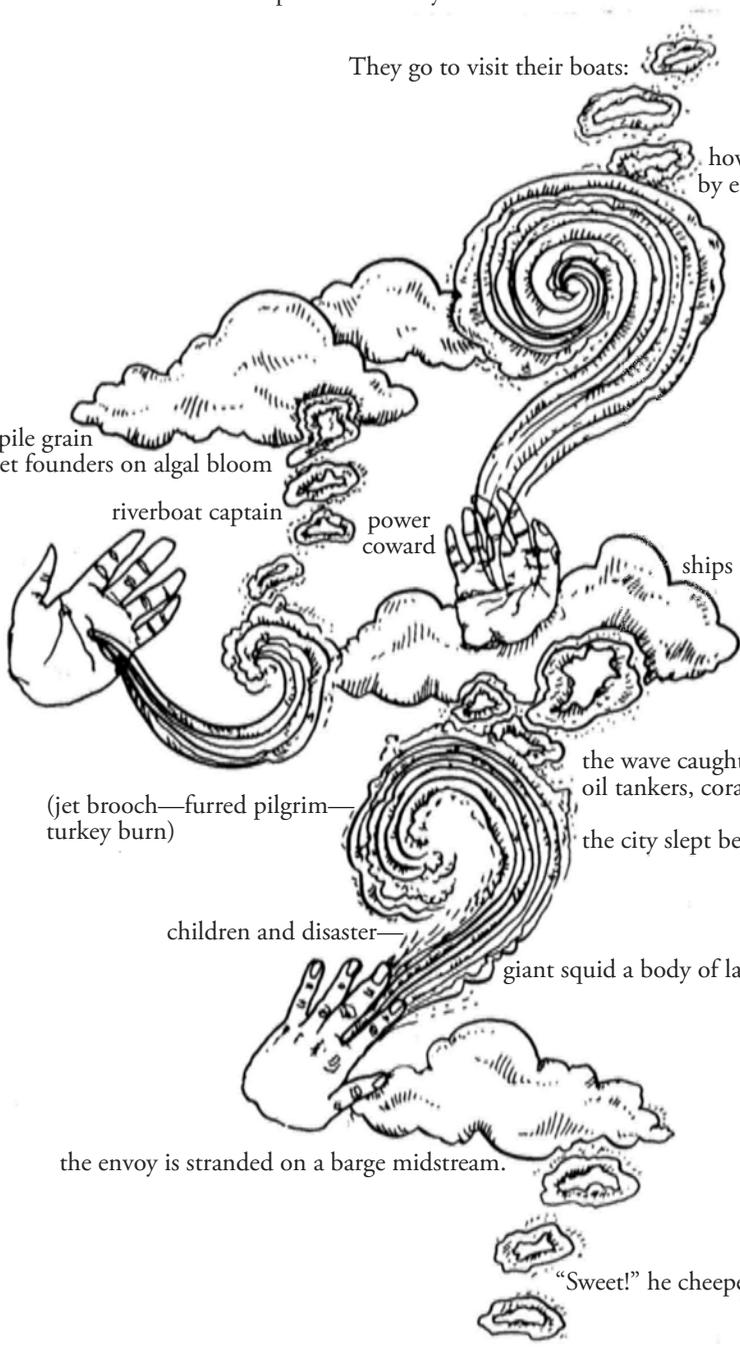
the city slept beneath it

children and disaster—

giant squid a body of land—

the envoy is stranded on a barge midstream.

“Sweet!” he cheeped



Remorsel

Wade through space to reach the machine
riven with bee-sized starry hosts
each take a creature,
allow for olfactory inconsistencies:
prong it – snuff it – tongue-test, peel and seal
each plangent courtier swathed in silk ikat
burred with a liveliness of feeling:
sing for the king, a piquant carousel
for he is neither wise nor fair but merely al dente
a prurient cavalier, grandstanding
at the fable's weakest stopping-off point.

World-Goat Wants to Know If You'd Like to Get Together Sometime, Make a Galaxy

World-Goat
is always
the life of the party

he's funny
I like that

his neat little hooves
his curly tail

OMG did he just smile at me?
did you see
did you see

I think he smiled at me

— so there was this cockentrice in my kitchen —

— I couldn't kick it out it was doing the dishes —
it said

they'll cut off your hands
if you own an eagle
(unless you're King)

THUS: Hide the eagle
Become King

— I did just have my nails done —

WORLD-GOAT SPEAKS: Hullo landmass
wherefore hast thou spurned me?

I was gone
for so short a time

— that cockentrice has been blowing up my phone for *weeks* —
look at this text it sent me

RAW TOMATO
STOPS BURNS FROM SCARRING
and this

ROTTEN MILK
WILL KEEP YOUR ORCHIDS HEALTHY

I just don't know how to tell it I don't think of it *like* that —

WORLD-GOAT: if you are falling into water

from a great height
(& aren't yet King)

ease off a shoe
to break the surface tension

never jump barefoot

you'll crack all your bones



As Woman & Beast

Once upon a time, there was a princess who fell in love with the dragon who soared to her balustrade and flew away with her.

She wished never to return to the kingdom from which she'd been taken, as it was an evil kingdom that invaded its neighbors and turned them into slaves, slaves who were forced to fight to the death in the King's arena, none of them knowing that the victorious would not be made free as they were promised when they were being shoved out into the roar of the bloodthirsty crowds, but would instead be given to the King's sightless ogre, a creature the King had blinded and put into a deep, dark pit, where it subsisted on rainwater and men with broken limbs who pled for their lives in languages the ogre could not understand.

The very last thing the ogre had seen was its mother struck down by projectiles from the King's Archer Guard, feared throughout the landmass for their enchanted flesh-seeking arrows, and for their armor, crafted from the perforated bones of all those they had murdered; a great many as they fled in horror, the skies above buzzing with sharp things that swooped down upon them like birds of prey. The ogre would anguish at this unspeakable memory—its accompanying image extinguished by a red hot poker from the King's own gauntlet, a King who often accompanied such excursions, just to watch—and it would beat its mighty fists against the stone walls of the chasm that had held it since it had been a very young child, crying out for its mother, and for her milk.

The dragon, flying above the clouds by the light of the moon, had heard the ogre's lamentations and descended, as it had not heard such a mournful sound in many thousands of years, not since the island Republic of Ulf sank into the sea and its citizens stood on their rooftops, the waters rising fast, singing their beloved emperor's anthem in unison. The kingdom's sentinels, shivering in their lonely mountain posts, saw the massive crimson dragon emerge from the low sky and sounded the warning chimes, and the people of the kingdom awoke and descended into their cellars, wearily expecting another balloon assault by the Dwarves. Only this could not be so, as nothing remained of the Dwarves, only their mass graves in the frozen ground and the dazed ghosts that haunted the rubble of their smashed clockwork cities, leaving tiny footprints in the cinders that were all that remained of the cavernous Dwarven libraries, their knowledge lost to time.

The clanging of chimes shook the walls of the kingdom and the Princess stirred in her filthy and by now ill-fitting wedding gown atop the tower in which she'd been imprisoned so many years ago—how many she couldn't be sure, it'd been such a long time—for being willful and denouncing the King's acts, first as His daughter and then as the head of a failed conspiracy against the crown that would have had her taking the King's hand in marriage as His child bride and the evening of emerging from the wedding chamber with His blood on the sheet instead of her

own, only one of the Princess's co-conspirators—the seamstress who was to take the dove-colored corset away for alteration at the very last second and then return with a long, thin dagger concealed in its ribbing—had betrayed the revolutionaries in the hours before the church bells were to ring, and almost everyone involved—a notable exception being the seamstress, who would eventually wed the King and rule at His side—was pulled apart by chariots in the arena, the princess forced to watch—her head firmly held, and then her eyelids also—immediately before being dragged by her white train through the jeering, spitting crowds to the very top of the tower the King had built just for her in the time it took to retrieve every last one of His daughter's irksome playmates, no matter how small their role, some tracked down in the remotest of wastelands, places where no one but them had ever set foot, until they were roused from their uneasy sleep by swords cutting through their tents, men who resembled and were the representation of Death Itself peering down at their helpless, prostrate forms, and this wholly indistinguishable from the nightmare they'd opened their eyes from. The door clicked behind her and the princess grew up, watching from her balcony her father's atrocities continue without end, her only company the earwigs and a whispering jailer's voice that told her ceaselessly to jump.

"Jump, princess," the jailer would say through the iron door. "It is your destiny."

"The thing about destiny," the princess would reply, "is that it has a great many peasants. Now bring me my slop, cretin."

The dragon darkened the cobblestone streets below it, its massive scarlet wings bearing it toward the sound that had moved it so. But it found only a hole in the ground, so deep that not even the glow from the dragon's eyes could illuminate it. It did not hear the sound again. That such sorrow existed in such a place did not surprise the dragon; it knew in its boiling heart that it had at long last found the source of the devastation it had surveyed in its long flight over the landmass, and this even before the volley of arrows appeared over the ramparts, moving toward the great dragon in a way that did not seem possible. It looked Heavenward, as that's where it intended to make its escape, and that's when it saw her: standing at her balcony, the veiled princess—the better to not see the vileness of her father's kingdom underneath—and for a moment it hovered, transfixed at the sight of this lovely human creature who looked upon it unafraid in a way that nothing that was not a flock of swans ever had. So mesmerized was the dragon that the arrows it had seen slipped its mind, and instead sank into its back. *Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!*, the arrows went, hitting their mark in vicious feathered clumps. The dragon roared in pain, and flew past the princess in the tower, who at long last took her jailer's advice and jumped, grabbing hold of the arrowshafts as the dragon took vertical flight, and they both disappeared into the snowclouds.

They flew, the dragon unaware of its stowaway. They flew through clouds and over them, so high that the flurries of snow gave way to a vast tapestry of stars

so luminous that her heart jumped at the sight of it, and she removed her veil and let it drift towards the Earth. She saw the mountains protecting her father's infernal throne glide underneath, and then the ruined Dwarven capital, the towering gallows where the Dwarven governor and her husband were hanged unfortunately visible, and she mourned them with her tears, a people so just and pure of heart that the idea of kneeling before tyrants had simply never occurred to them. The sun rose, and the swans that had been the dragon's only companions landed on its back, regarding the princess with curiosity and then, after she smiled at them, as one of their own.

Such wretched loneliness the dragon had endured, entire millennia of it spent wandering in search of things that did not flee at the very sight of it, or try and slay it, but finding only swans. It roamed The Heavens, alone, wondering what had consigned it to such a weary existence, beset on all of its sides by despair.

"*We* love you," the swans would say, frolicking on its back, and there were days when this was enough. The dragon soared Northward, over the salted farmlands that brought starvation to the Dwarven opposition, over the Endless Desert, over the ancient forests, and finally into its cave. Exhausted from its journey, the dragon slept. And it awoke to the sight of the princess asleep under its wing, the arrows she had plucked from its scales clutched in her fists, and this was the beginning of their love. Illuminated in the glow from its eyes, she looked back upon it with no dread, and she basked in the warmth that came from its body, which felt to her like a hearth to a wayfarer.

And the time that followed was the happiest in both of their lives. But there came a day when the princess grew despondent, and could no longer bear to look at the dragon. She knew—she knew better than anyone that their time was nearly at an end. All her life she had seen what had become of her father's enemies, fates so cruel that she knew in her heart of hearts that she would never unsee them, no matter how long she lived. She strayed from the light of the dragon's gaze and wandered into the cold and dark to be alone with her thoughts and there, in a lagoon that shimmered in a crevice's moonlight, she saw a vision of an ominous cloud that grew closer and closer until it revealed itself as what it truly was: arrows, uncountable, a wooden swarm so numerous that it cast one shadow, the death whistle they made as individuals uniting in concert to form a cataclysmic shriek that drove all creature within earshot mad with terror. And in the water's reflection she too saw the dragon engulfed by the unholy weapon her father's wretched coven of warlocks had given Him, whispering their incantations to the trees that were felled and sawed into arrows when the Dwarves had repelled the First Invasion, an event no one dare mention or risk beheading. The vision grew more vivid still with the dragon falling endlessly through the sky—its eyes dimming like a lantern left to the night—to the skeletal horde waiting below to pull its hide through the onyx archways of the throne room and to the foot of the King.

The dragon heard the princess weep disconsolately at this and called out to her. She returned to it, and flew with it over the twilight forest as was their custom. And, for a moment at least, the breathtaking sight of the sun rising over the trees allowed her to forget what the night had shown her.

*

But the inevitable must come to pass, and indeed the time would arrive when the distant sound of war drums pierced the stillness of their cave, growing less distant by the day, and it was during this time that she did not leave the dragon's side even for one moment until, at last, they were together as one.

And though she tried to stop it from leaving the cave with her tears, and to steal a few more precious moments with it, the dragon shrugged her from its neck and went out to meet its destiny.

*

The cave grew dark and silent and the helplessness that she had known in her gloomy tower returned to her unbidden. She fell to her knees and waited, waited there for the glow of torches and the sound of men.

But neither dragoneye nor torchlight came to dispel the dark, and finally she could wait no longer. She rose and wandered through the blackness of the cave for what felt to her like days, until a light appeared up ahead that was so bright she had to cover her eyes. She walked blindly into it until a hot wind greeted her, immediately recalling in her mind the blacksmith's where she and her revolutionaries first hatched their plan, shielded from prying ears by the blast of his forge and the clash of his hammer.

She uncovered her eyes to find the forest in flames, embers falling from the treetops like the snow in some faery realm. The princess ran through the burning trees, fox and rabbit alike bounding alongside her at times, until she came to an immense clearing.

There she found her dragon once more, standing in a sea of ash and iron armaments that glowed as they did during their creation, the horizon bright with trebuchets that blazed like great bonfires. The dragon snorted and paced, its mouth smeared with fresh kills the way it often returned to her, and here a pack of spearmen charged over the hill, the fear of men who were only needed to finish off the arrow-wounded manifest in their uneasy battle cry. The dragon opened its razor maw, and emitted a fire that had no color at all, but which immediately turned their armor like something they had carelessly spilled on themselves and which just as rapidly hardened, and for a moment they were turned into statues that contained human screams before falling silent, forever in place. The dragon spit out bone armor in tangled clumps and licked them clean of gore.

Birds filled the sky by the thousands, circling the columns of smoke that rose up at them. And as the princess looked up at them, birds of every kind, crows and owls and whippoorwills, she felt the dragon's voice rise up from her belly in a way it never had before, and it did tell her of its father, who was a lizard, and also of its mother, one of the winged demons of yore who forged the world in fire and who

fell in love with the curious creature with the long and beautiful tail that emerged from the ooze that existed before The World cooled. And how before she set the dragon that she called her son free into The Heavens, she kissed it on the temple and whispered to it that hellfire was never brighter or more glorious than when consuming the flesh of the wicked.

In the distance sounded trumpets, and these she knew only sounded in retreat. “Come,” the princess felt the dragon say. “Let the tower they imprisoned you in serve as their headstone.”

And so it would come to be, as foretold by the demonbeast, her father’s kingdom engulfed in fire so ferocious that the skies churned with ashes for millennia. They flew, and drank in the agony of their enemies, and soon returned to their cave.

But bereft of nourishment and nearly choking from the ash that the wind carried down to it, the ogre began to starve, and soon felt the physical world fall away. And the ogre found itself in a place with golden skies—it could once again see!—where there were a great many men and women who were very, very short, even for humans, multitudes of them; and though it did not know them, and though the ogre had in fact eaten many of them, they all looked upon the ogre with great love, as its cries had called forth their avenger; and there—by a hut that looked quite similar to the one the ogre had once known quite well—was the ogre’s mother, who picked it up and held the ogre to her breast, her one and only son, and she was so joyful that for a moment she thought her ethereal form would break apart, and they both existed happily forever after.

Tributaries

*At end of the ravine.
At end of the ravine of bone.
I reach the end of my being.
Here the end of my being.
I came but with the sword.
I come but for the sword.
I revive the blade.
I revive the blade.
The cavern is still.
The cradle rock.
The earth belted.
The narrow ravine...*

I

As the knife wavers the blades of grass
My knife shall cut in wavering
My knife shall cut in their wavering

Shall my blades be seen
Shall my blades be photographed
All these blades I fashion

From glass

In each new voice, new word I shall cradle
A world of becoming. It shall be
Of rock and shall sway the night

Into day—these worlds in a cradle
The world a cradle and may it sway
May it sway

II

The world of the real has no play or prayer
The word of them is to be now
Spoken. There are no tricks. No illusion
That there are no tricks. Now illusion
Will caress you, you may become, desire
Will caress you, be kind

III

As cavern, cut, makes a ravine
As ravine to echo through it
As ravine grows black
As cavern grows back

Large as the space of a sea and above-sea
Where winds blow, large as the winds
Blown over the earth, the belted earth, large
The breath blown in the winds

Large the blower
Large the breather
As winds in the sail
Hover as waters

Large as glass

The cavern, the dry cavern
Echoes winds blown by its threshold
Echo of entry
The echo passing by

The voice containing it: marrow and all
This water I have drunk it all
This water in me a cradle
That float

That riven: not to be closed
But cleansed
 The narrow ravine
 The marrow there through it

Sail upon this: marrow of night
Sail upon this: water from waters
It is to truth: that boat may be stranger
 that water from stone
 arrays itself about the earth
 to belt the earth

IV

The shadow on earth is my shadow.
The winds have no shadow but in sails.

V

There one proposed meaning in words.
Thus I said God, said God, the hand of.
God, that which God takes receives.

I take knife to be blade.
Try nothing. I do. I refrain from.
Entrance—into the ravine. I sail. God sails.
The sails are hours and drowned, spilt up.

Again they are mine.

VI

Genius of city
Each of dock & harbor
“Harbor nothing” crossed over

The world, cradle, dock, city, harbor: God

Sails: mine

& the waters of water in me
Belting the earth
Careening to a single

Matter of bone—cut bone—cut with

a blade
too of matter
a blade
too of grass

Now the knife-speech echoes
The wet cavern swallows sound
The sound. Inlet
The cut cavern an inlet
There the knife speaks
That is not blade

VII

Have I been still or as moving? Still or as
Sunning myself on the dark rock of cradle

The mind too sunning
Itself dark the rock

Of the mind sways in the winds

Sails upon these waters flower
From rock the dark rock
Of the mind

The cut cavern
Shadows upon these waters
No shadow but upon these waters

Shadow of self
Under sun of myself

And under reflection of sun these waters

To the Fountain

I ran over and over.
 The fountain is running and
 Still, the water is off sometimes.
 The water is a living blue

 Dyed blue. The fountain
 Fell out of a wall. I felt
 I fell. Awful.
 The city is full

 Of fountains. Once the city
 Was full of baths.
 Still water in the baths until
 The last person to bathe publicly

 Died drowning. Now, the bathtubs are fountains.
 Two in front of the embassy;
 Too embarrassing. Look,
 A seagull. This city is no island

 But full of islands full
 Of overflow. Every time
 I found the fountain, I forgot
 Where the fountain was. From a window

 I found a man on a rooftop
 Watering the plants from his own
 Overflowing. Below,
 No plants. The elephant in the square

 Is no fountain. Saw a fountain
 Of turtles all the way down;
 The water's lower,
 Falling; spring-fed, sprung a leak.

 Earlier, the city's water was led
 Too far from the source.
 Worthless. Wait.
 Where was I?

The fountain was a real
 Forgery. The water,
 Royal blue, the color forged
But not fugitive. I'm led

To the fountain with
 A clock in the middle, run by
 Water, still waiting for running water to run
Right. I left.

On the Carousel

This is a carousel spell.
Subject, object, carousel.

Twenty performances of Carousel.
I didn't wear glasses in Carousel.

There was that diner.
Tinned Caruso.

Diner's not right. The right word ... well,
It's not worth it to ride the carousel

When there is a tilt-a-whirl.
Lost worlds under the carousel.

Lost the bet, lost the battle;
Better not lose the carousel.

Here, here, a wishing well.
I'll wish for a carousel.

Picture you in a beanie, whirligig
Triple-timing the carousel.

Rotisserie chicken that didn't sell.
You always cried at Carousel.

Parlez-vous? Not at all.
Only on the carousel.

Picture the Place du Carrousel:
You've got it wrong. No carousel.

You're in Paris, I'm in DeGaulle,
My luggage still on the carousel.

Weathervane: no wherewithal.
Terrible little carousel.

Too much thunder – a sudden squall
Scares the horses off;

They run away in parallel,
Still to the tune of the carousel.

No carousing in the capital.
No crowding on the carousel.

This is not a carousel.
Too Caravaggio, this carousel;

Must be forged. Carousel, tromp l'oeil,
Trumps a painted carousel.

Who's there? Who's there? Who's there? Pray, tell:
O, too too solid carousel.

I'm too much in the sun, a ray full
Of doggerel; still on, on, on the carousel.

The Heart Adorned with the Serpent's Crown

1. The mated clusters sing their mutual circuitry on the cusp of shadows. The interloper dies in the hall of mirrors, peering into the treasurehouse, through an unbolted door to the holy homeland.
2. The 5 senses inseminate with the seed of deathless light, the 5 sense fields gestate by the womb of unborn space. Their child is the blazing darkness of all 5 worlds.
3. Behold the magical continuum, arrayed 5 times 5. The 5-fold elemental display which spreads and joins itself, to become... (YeHY=25).
4. Like 2 hands balancing the pans of a scale, there is no independent identity any where at any time. As is known: "10 sefirot belimah" {beli-mah/without any-thing} = 87 = {ani YHVH/I am god}.
5. Universes appear as 5 apertures pose the dream of a singing corpse. Eye, ear, nose, mouth, and skin disguised within the prudish fixations of real and unreal. All invited to be taunted by the mystery of a delicious feast left rotting. Yet the heart is adorned with the serpent's crown. Come and eat the living death of moments; an aroma wafting to the sky, replete with the sublime beauty of perception indistinguishable from prayer.

Commentary

The all-serpent appears to manifest as two, like a mirror and its reflections. However it is singular. This alludes to the fact that it possesses the superficial appearance of having conventional limitations. These are its 'beginning and end', symbolized by its head and tail. In the thicket of esoteric symbolism, they assume the gender roles of teli and galgal. Their relationship can be understood to be like a mirror. The aspect of the head is the capacity to reflect, and the tail is the dimension of its reflections. In relation to the mind, these symbols represent pure cognizance and the ground of perceptions which become tangled into unconscious reflex patterns.

The nullification of the limitations of beginning and end are represented by the self-consumption of the Ourobours. However creativity does not simply cease. The conjunction of beginning and end introduces the hidden aspect of their copulation, which engenders infinite reproduction. Reflections reproduce themselves within the mirror, and they ultimately pass into the mirror itself and thus are 'eaten', nourishing endless continued reflective action.

Where do the reflected perceptions of the mind-mirror go? This question is predicated on a lack of recognition of the magical nature of the continuum, in which beginnings and ends occupy the same basic space beyond linear temporal limitations. The transition between linear time/space perception and awareness of the magical continuum is akin to a death, symbolized by the all-serpent eating itself to be liberated from its limitations of head and tail. The metaphor of the serpent's simultaneous rebirth equates with the infinite regeneration of reflections within the mirror, which cannot be stopped. Reflection marks the nature of the mirror, just as the phenomena of the worlds marks the creative nature of En Sof, or the production of thoughts and perceptions marks the sheer cognizance of the mind.

These processes are akin to a spontaneously regenerating feast which is consumed to fuel more eating. The feast symbolizes the array of phenomena which is eaten by perception. The array always continues, continually transforming and adapting. The more is taken the more is presented. The eater is none other than En Sof, as is the feast, the eating, nourishing, passing away, and inevitable regeneration. Awareness of the wholeness of the process, combined with gnostic intention, can transform so-called ordinary life into a supreme sacrifice.

Just as the smoke of the all-burned animal offering dissolved into space from the altar of the temple in Jerusalem, so the perceived universe of a human being can be offered to the infinite. In this action the offerer, the offering, and the process of transformation and surrender all coalesce into a grand gnostic gesture. It is continually released and renewed, as the paradox of simultaneous arising/dissolving is usurped into a ritual of self-nullification.

As stated, the circle as ‘serpent’s crown’ is based in the $0=1$ equation. It is worn as the artificial boundaries of above and below are digested as symbolic designations, and their division is transcended. This has deep cognitive implications. The illusion of linear time is generated and sustained by reflex patterns which are sunken into ground of phenomena (below). As these unconscious patterns are consumed (and thus uncoiled), basic space is recognized directly, and the crown is symbolically ‘worn’ above to mark the apex of the mind’s aspirations. This seals the dawn of gnostic realization, which is the instant at which beingness/consciousness (the ‘I am’) dissolves beyond reification. This instant of realization is not a moment which is set within time. It directly equates with the continual nature of the primordial thrust through which both gnostic wisdom and conventional linearity become possible. Freed from the choice implied by this liminal fork in the road, the instant of realization passes beyond both choice and time. The paradox is that the realizer continues to function in a universe where both choice and time appear, but neither have the power to place the mind in bondage.

Whether directly or by implication, En Sof is the ‘subject’ of all spiritual metaphors (although that designation is unfit). Yet it is the serpent who wears the crown. This brings up a key point: the serpent is the symbolic embodiment of the continuum of En Sof in its creative/destructive modes. It is the thrust of the liminal paradox. However its essence is beyond all conceptual reference points. En Sof cannot, and should not, have any symbolic embodiment at all. Attempts to create one always end in reification. It is clear that the symbolic models of religion can be quite toxic in this regard. Authentic gnostic reassessment has the power to overcome the toxicity of religious reification. Symbol systems must adapt the manner in which profound inner meaning is evoked from its symbols, so their associations can be made to suit the circumstances and needs of living practitioners. This is exactly what mystical systems have always done to survive. The key gnosimes for future generations will need to pass beyond both theistic and psychologized points of view into a living pursuit of creative essentiality. In this sense the serpent can be reborn to stand for a gnostic resurgence if not an outright revival.

This symbolism directly connects the wisdom of the Emerald Tablet of Hermes:

“That which is above is as that which is below, and that which is below is as that which is above, for the performance of the miracles of the One Thing. And as all things are from One, by the mediation of One, so all things have their birth from this One Thing by adaptation. The Sun is its father, the Moon its mother, and the Wind carries it in its belly, its nurse is the Earth. This is the father of all perfection, or consummation of the whole world. Its power is integrating, if it be turned into earth.”

(Emerald Tablet of Hermes, Paul Case version)

$$\{5 \times 10 = 50 / \text{adamah/galgal}\} = \{50 \times 6 = 300 / \text{ruach Elohim/teli}\}$$

From *The Sacrificial Universe*. Fulgur Press: London, 2012.

Bible Lesson

from *Lesson Plans: Double Dactyl Sequence*

Higgledy Piggledy
Judas Iscariot
Did what we now call the
Ultimate diss.

At the time—patently—
Mephistophelean—
Nowadays, everyone
Forges a kiss.

5/2012

coding

beech cupules : eyes	as	eyes : Argus Panoptes
Argus Panoptes : Io	as	Io : quiet heaven
quiet heaven : no	as	no : yes
yes : you held me	as	you held me : spooled promise
spooled promise : sold	as	sold : knuckled hills
knuckled hills : new land	as	new land : peregrination
peregrination : east heart	as	east heart : beech cupules

code

in the hollow of a tree i place your heart

coda

tallgrass prairie find me
wet meadows we wash in
beautiful drawn-out wastes me
bluestem and switchgrass
sh(e)aring air or dear
what's it of what of it
the miner's work thought of moon
whisper cooling in ear

Sand : World

This is the sand from the Sound

Our sea bodies husked by
the sand from the Sound

This towel wiped down
our sea bodies husked by
the sand. From the sound

of it against our skin, some dried
on this towel (white down).
Our sea bodies husked by
the sand from the Sound.

This is the sanded boardwalk with barnacles
that cut against our skin (sun-dried).
This towel's white drowns
our sea bodies husked by
the sand from the Sound.

This is the horde of tourists for brunch
that walk the sanded boardwalk with barnacles
that cut against our skin. Sun dried
that towel. White down—
that sea body's husk bides
the sand from the Sound.

This is the well-worked plane, like a gull
that's filled with hordes of tourists for brunch
that walked the sanded boardwalk with barnacles
that cut—again—our skin. Sand dyed
that towel's white down
that sees bodies husked by
the sand from the Sound.

This is the start. From here, a hunch:
that the well-worked plane—like a gull
that flies, hoards, and tours a bunch—
becomes a sanded boardwalk. Sand barnacles
against your shoes. Some dries
(like on that towel's white down)
from bodies once husked by
the sand from the Sound.

This is the airport. The passengers unfurled,
to start their own journeys from where? A hunch:
that well-worked plane—from a hull
that's flown, boarded, and toured a bunch
from a sanded boardwalk with barnacles
that cut against our skin, sun-dried,
once this towel wiped down
our sea bodies husked by
the sand from the Sound.

This is that which is of this world
that comes from an airport's passengers unfurled
that started their journeys from here (a hunch:
that spans deserts to well-worked plains), like a gull
that's flown borders where tourists brunch
that walk the sanded boardwalk with barnacles
that cut against our skin that dried
that's dried by the towel wiping down
that husk of our sea bodies
that sand formed the Sound.

Sithens in a Net I Seek to Hold the Wind

To be headed for heaven

to the heaven of the written

beheaded for having

the heathen writing

Have we so forgotten

the heather writhing

bee heads

wreath

So—

we have forgotten

the heathlands wintering

beheld

wrath

You must love last to last

the heartland wintering

warmth

Be held

in my net and stay

The heart withering

love last

The heart wilting

my net

Be

warned:

*You must last
and stay*

The heart wilts

last

in my stay

will

last

my stay

You—

stay

Variations in Black

I.

In 2008, scientists created the darkest material on earth from tiny carbon nanotubes. Rolled shut to the eye, the orb, the absorbency > 99.9% of light. It is 30x darker than the current standard of black. The goal: an “ideal black” that can absorb all light/reflect none. The tubes are said to resemble grass blades where light is trapped within, between them, and cannot be reflected off its chopped surface. ■

So often poets praised the fair-haired, their ability to reflect the sun. The drowned dame at Binnorie, saved from the crushing mill-wheels by her whitened gold *White and golden Lizzie stood, / Like a lily in a flood* But my hot little head holds the sun. A pinch-topped teacup issuing only a seam of steam. Imagine this black grass burning.

II.

	-en, -ened, -ening, -ens, -end		is the new-
the-death	-birds	-thorn	the-sheep
	the-market	-bears	-berry
		-out	-light
-star	-list ,	-waters	-mail —
	-heart,	-hole	

III.

It is day it is not night

Sky of lint. Lint off clothes. Clothes off bodies. Bodies of pul(s/l)ing. Pul(s/l)ing off worries. (Worries of what?) What of him? (What of him) Hymn offbeat. Beat of blood. Blood offers color. Color of want. Wanton offer of. Of of hands. Hands off limits. Limits of sky.

It is not day it is night

IV.

Me: I never wanted to get married (In some countries, one wears white to mourn)

You: You changed your mind (Married in black, you will wish yourself back)

Me: (louder) light [REDACTED] could you absorb any

You: (softer)

(Theseus loses Ariadne to a god-as-groom. He forgets to switch his black sails for white ones. Theseus loses his father Aegeus, who sees the black sails and commits suicide)

V.

COMPOSITION

HERE stacked power lines like staff paper

HEAR quarter rests of shocked crows

HEAR quarter note (fat huddled crow) *semibreve*

VI.

A star burns out, and is a black dwarf.

A star collapses, and is a black hole.

Soot eyes outburn—

Soot hair holds—

How many containers of light—

Fall

The land was skinned of spring. Rough-cut cornstalks
bristled out like Cadmus sowed the earth back to—*again*—
the second chance. All the propped, swollen
silos filled
with fall. All the thoughts
expressed with hands: the closed fist, the cusped grasp, the palm
opening like a startled ptarmigan at each
uncertain contact.

How the air
was busy with loosened samaras.

The land subdued into landscape through the
window of the car. Rain tempering all day.
Every car on the highway a pushed
abacus
bead. And everyone
waiting and wanting to be counted. Was it then
in the wet spools of road that I realized it was hard
to look directly
at you, more
specifically, the stilled precision

of your eyes? I felt embarrassed and I
would not articulate why. Eyes like cut water
but I faced the fast-going landscape.
Cooled apart
the tiny, blessed thoughts.

Had we so loved the world we could just let it go
Had we loved, we could just let the world go down its
swift declination

And our backs
against it, asking for its mercy.

The land, at last, sighed out into small hills.
Wind pluming, and wind squealing. We entered it, and
sang. Then you lit me. Then you held me
like a breath.

How could I then—primed
for it—pretend it didn't matter? I misspoke.
Now let me tell you how much it mattered, darling,
let me see the wet locks of your throat.

Another Way of Seeing This

Now we have all these feathers
Now you can have your full pillow
Now all in your falling hair
Now to escape the old island
Now a dress of a million
Now, know
Nowadays, this isn't all right
Now giving what you were gifted
Now moving on/ the process of
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move...
Now moved on, so
Now the sifting of the sea
Now we pull the catch in
Now we have a naked man

Now we have a naked hen
Now you can have your soup
Now in rib and wet swells
Now coldsalt, raised flesh
Now addressing the innards
(no person can contain it)
Now what of your full guilt
Now what? You're full of guilt
Now let fall your shaking
Now a white blur
Now day is doen...night is nighing fast
Now the sifting of the sea
Now we pull the caught out
Now we have all these feathers

Governing Bodies: Triolet Sequence

Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?

Keats, *Endymion*

THE SUN

OSVALD (*sitting motionless, as before*). The sun—the sun.

Ibsen, *Ghosts*

MERCURY:

Run out your guilt. Give me the sun
through all the angry gods of light.
Your body's orbit can't be done/
run out. Your guilt gives me the sun,
as something earned by something won
the savor of the (f+f l)ight.
Run out. Your guilt gives me the sun
through all the angry gods of light.

VENUS:

Desire me: the almost-sun,
the almost, burning, always bright.
Like Mars—who sang—and then he spun,
he sires me the utmost son—
Who hasn't Cupid cruelly won
by arrow shot and arrowed plight:
desire? (Me, the almost-sun,
the almost, burning, always bright).

EARTH:

And half the time they move by sun,
the other half: they move by night.
The Terra Mater comes undone
and halves the time they move by sun,
returns them to the dust they're from,
the cyclic string. The moonworked tide.
And half the time they move by sun,
the other half: they move by night.

MARS:

The morning red through sky and sun:
but watch me close. There is some life,
some struggle on the western front,
the mourning read through sky and sun,
through soil as red as some(thing/one)
from countries where they check the bride.
The morning read through sky and sun.
But watch me close: there is some life.

JUPITER:

Such mass, so many moons, some sun,
dominion of the pull of sky.
So many find themselves undone:
“Such mass!” So many moon—some swoon—
so many falter: bull or swan
or golden pouring, birthing light.
Such mass, so many moons, some sun,
dominion of the pull of sky.

SATURN:

So far. But taking in the sun
the sickle like a ring of light.
And as for rivals, I have none
so far. But tucking into sons
and daughters helps me shun
the thought of that. And not a bite
so far! But taking in the sun,
the sickle like a ring of light.

URANUS:

The cold, the cutting off of sun
and warmth. To father further blights
deserves a household's full-force brunt?
The cold? The cutting off? Or sons
who leave me barren, dim, and glum.
I let blood spill. And then my plight:
the cold, the cutting off of sun
and warmth. To father further blights.

NEPTUNE:

Though all the angry gods of light
run out of guilt, give me the sum
of what it costs to end the fight
through all the angry gods of light.
It's dark out here—the seas are bright
as caves. Come find me at the run-
through. All the angry gods of light:
run out your guilt. Give me the sun.

PLUTO:

EPI(GRAPH/TAPH)

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain

Homer, *The Iliad*

1930-2006
[Sent to Hades]

Happy Birthday Apologies

2/28

I'm sorry I said your beard was the fugliest thing I've ever seen on a human or an animal. I'm sorry I implied you had nothing better to do with your life than wash your shoelaces by hand daily. I'm sorry I said that even though you got a 5 on your APUSH test, your history is a MISSstory but come on get your antebellum facts straight. I'm sorry I used the reductive words "landscape" and "chewed-up syntax" when referring to your poetry. I'm sorry I assumed that when you went fishing, you were just dipping your hands into an aquarium full of goldfish and hoping for the best. I'm sorry we're always a ways away from each other and I fill my tin can full with static when I mean to fill it with meaning, and I mean it. I'm sorry I said your gloves looked like serial killer gloves when they really just looked like one-time offender gloves.

2/25

I'm sorry I said you looked a lot more handsome without your beard multiple times to multiple people, and that I'm saying it one more time. I'm sorry I get so angry when you eat small fruits (berries) in front of me but it makes me really angry. I'm sorry that you insist on wearing that buffalo-check lumberjack shirt. I'm sorry that your magic trick was so sorry. I'm sorry I said whatever I said to you to make you sore and sorry. I'm sorry that I lied at the magic show by telling my students you were some mendicant I met when I meant that I really enjoyed how sudden the doves, how sure I was nothing was real, but some trick of, *really*, but you were in the wings, left and front, and you were laughing, and I was sure, *really*, I was so sure that when you turned to me for an aside I could see it—and you as real as you would ever be, your body wilting into birds.

Don't Worry, Tim

Given time, Tim, the fairest of notions
 lampoon us,
 ictus and beck itch cluster
 on the heels of every screen.
 I mean, the far yellow trees
 are brighter than the overcast sky
 beyond your bare window crab,
 leafless hedge,
 the better to light the word last seen
 on the run. I mean it's all on you and
 and I, and me,
 the real laugh-getter
 portion in-posse,
 but we're just renting,
 so any pose is possible
 with the limp-limbed,
 humiliated cordon
 of stripped males.

Imagine this scene frozen
 then reconstructed in minerals
 right to the leash around your throat. How this
 amortizes in a daze
 the bright
 exposure
 gold fogging
 the value perception I had
 of my horse
 fly,
 the brutish angel
 of the late financial
 deepening

King Luscious (Apple)

It will seem as if these words come from nothing, but they do not. A March snow deliquesces to sticky rice on the bed of the leaf. The snow breaks off, *contritus*, from the world, a collapse, its walls broken, liquid. The air carries the vapor away. In the leaf ladle all that remains is the great vibration, the dragging metal and milk of this place, noisy eructations of its flesh and fruit, the indenture of morning. Between the twigs, invisible airwaves crackle with life; the air talks as radio to storefronts poked from the evergreens, petrol refinery a vacuum tube on the circuit of earth. It is a diapason – at once – the anaplastic mammatus askance. The channels are hailed to irreducible facts sliding by within a fictive set of dimensions, a toy universe for how heavy were the gods when footprints of Zeus crushed small cars to the sea bed; irreducible, like a shore, like what's fucking freezing, like plates of the mountain snapped outward. And in that volume lays the demon of freedom. Freedom, our bantam god, swiftly kicks up the fantasy to be in my own bed again at last, gaining leg lock on my lover, our limbs unhinged with lack of obligation.

Freedom is the condition converted to hunger, the apologia of identification, a pattern become familiar that someone once saw and cut out of the mind on this window, the vertical cloisonné roads are drawn to, the rife crown of the regnum walking the lighted edges of a leasehold whose vulnerabilities outlive its ruin. It is the stars on their leashes in the waiting room, the page crossed by a breath, branches' shadows on bare walls. In freedom we issued from Mother's back, the words by thousands, weightlessly swimming images of appearance, events made of the silence filling the oven, the pinecone spanning the throat, the plast of autopsied omens pulled from the box that walks the six feet of body walking down the hallway, open to a street blasting from of its kernel, rooms populating furniture no one touches or sees on the reaching skin of the word, shambling there,

crying?

Spitzenburg (Apple)

The soil thumps like a belly
up the Hudson.

Follow the sound sojourner;
avoid fracturing
fugitive joy—

A sorbate star and I
sow Esopus'

cart-wheel
arch-
itecting.

Farewell My Friend

There is a fat man inside each of us
just waiting to come out and stroll beneath
the stoa like a fleshy Seneca
fresh from the baths where he consoled himself
and told the emperor the universe
is a slumbering animal who dreams
rational souls and elementary
particles, all of which explains the chain
of necessary causes tethering
the bubble of our loves and solitude
to frames of reference as in Einstein's thought
experiment where you are riding on a train
and lightning flashes—death is not the end
but something to endure like an earache
from swimming in the lake all summer long
and loafing through the open afternoon,
learning to live in time—and as you pass
the station platform lightning strikes again.

First Amanita Ode*Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore, Upper Peninsula, Michigan*

Earth is best, while asurian fire colors day and
 night is silvery white, the radiance
 divinity intensifies
 in the tawny speckled
 head

crowning from the duff of white pines
 and birch trees flocked under
 streaming slants of ante-vernal sun. Superior
 detonations sound under lapis wind-tossed
 flashes. In ancient times,

a lordly wealth of amanitas. Bellowing with power
 in North Country orange. *Vesture-of-grand-
 occasion*, Himalayan

priests intoned. True nature. Shining through.
 Even in the closing season. A freakish
 lutre to the fruits.

Autumn's pneumatic semioclasm
 exploding waves in limestone – bright choir
 of illuminating sunlight. Shadow.
 Shadow dreaming men. Metamorphoses of
 vital gloom excrescent

mushrooms body forth as form – hundreds
 of fly agarics in a Michigan
 pine woods. *Move forward – what stirred? Move
 backward* – the all-ceaseless pauses, woven repletion
 of the scene, the pattern a clarion,
 a sound and a call unanswered except in vocation—.

Creation is the task energy
 in darkness undertakes where lurks an ante-solar sun
 the onset of whose odor signals
 Earth's unseen reticulations unspooling into
 an everpresent antiquarian:

loam's rich undying gloom.