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LVNG 15

Free

LVNG 15
an independent journal of poetry & art
FREE

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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ADHESION

Where the peacock never pallors you will find
the adhesion to grief is missing
what should be recognized.
The hostess scatters her mint there,
the colony sees itself
as a colony. Take me
where the lions are terraced. Take me
where experts talk with the sea.
To foresight apology: that's
domestication. That's
a human (need) backed by resource
at dinner with a species other
than the peacock. Between "tackle"
and "lyre". And how it must rain
in the mind to be so lush
as it is. Basic as a mammal.
Oh, make my wicked
deliberate again. Deposit
macadamia both with your orphan and
in the pocket.
(must rain in the mind)
But man of moss, man of flare, take me there.

LANDSCAPE MILDLY AFTER TURNER

Anything can be a cure so long as it pulls
the precinct wall
down willingly. He hears belated and conjures
a chaise for proning.

That's not indecency, yet such a bore
is rehearsal. And one's face to the ground made acute.

Gorgeously, we're
trained in these glances as though spirit and clink met
back in the cave.
As if anger begot only misery.

But staring deep at the thing his senses rouse and
cry then,

"modulation!" He hears ravage and all this water
appears. From sanctity, who shall know

their viscera plundered? As breath on the forearm
like guilt.

It can't happen. As a waste of lamentation.
The sky goes on
monopolizing the palette.

BOCCIONI

“Unique” warrior
marks his strength vaporously,
being a filled-in (molten)

form of ether
(expanded after the blast),

rendered solid
as an after-thought,

osmotic between the formed and un-
formed, seeping (he barely fails to seep) into
bronze

or a membrane tensed
over pressureless gas, or the outline
of ink in a swill.

What if we are the striding ones?
What if he (this entity of petrified silk,
somehow engendered?)
forms the realness

of our limitations:
a version of what we fail to be:

tethered and
continuous:
pierced irregularly by cartilage (hooves on a plat-
form never cloven) (no super-nova husk),

endlessly gaping after form
in space,
opacity remaining.

EASILY NOW

Live in Grieve for
Live in Touch shame
 & Water, claim me

Lies the self source you
brushed off Where

I deflect to Exotic
Allow time make Me edible

so go back

Once looked I
up Once thought “easily Now

 the sky is coming
 holding fast to its therapy,
 holding with both hands
 to its therapy, evocative of how it was supposed to
 be, answering the questions we hadn’t
 thought to ask it
 until straining
 below its multi-directionality
 (which is no strain), permanent
only when opened, erecting
 when only a pregnancy,”

was quiet

Sought poor
end Prompt judge Conceder, no
 attempt

I try
I concede
A man reads to me
(come back, sister)

Reads quietly
His voice invents New flora in

me who bought
her Own flowers

only
What voice comes
here What tone I know The sky
for mother

Thought could be New by
denial thought I could
Be new by denial

Less meek than a party & brazen More
decorous Or hospitable to
crowd My wreckage

the I
What bore

How often men say
Sorrow is weak
thought More litter Had

intrigue for
Where the juice shows For
“in pavilion”

No

No matter Hope
for judgment and its linger Hope before did say

“Kiss me at my evil root
Kiss me so I may flare through,
thirthing,”

did not The feel of mother's
hand Discard from
within The buffed pearl
that Exile.

IN THE CLOUDS HIGH UP ABOVE VENUS

Tonight I'll ride Pegasus to heaven. If you don't have a broom you can ride a shovel. Owls to the Acropolis. Obliquity of the ecliptic. Charon's ferry costs an obol. The Cerberus cake doesn't have to look pretty. Shades go before me and I turn into gold. Offer a bow to the new moon and turn your silver. Shoot an arrow make a river appear. Abaras's guiding arrow. Preserved from the arrow that flieth by day. Scythe, go and reap of thyself. *I am walking upon air and attacking the mystery of the sun.* Where were you when the dog-faced witch was here? The beast with a hand. Engrave the moon on silver, not on lead. Blinded by Jocasta's golden brooches. Blinded in Gloucester. As Euripides blinded Phoenix. Athene alone knows where the key to Zeus's thunderbolt is stored. Red thunderbolt of destruction. *Apollo! Leader of journeys, my destroyer!*

APOLLO DRIVES THE FURIES FROM HIS DOOR

Odors of a poisoned torch. Odor of chastity. The attraction of virgins to horned beasts. Wondrous beasts of the Hercynian Forest. In what forest did these sticks grow? Ad hoc sad havoc. Priam's altar burns in vain. The innkeeper swims in a vessel of wine. Pythagoras spoke with an eagle. I retire to my Thinkery. *A great ox stands on my tongue.* Socrates on the crane. *Recourse to glammers.* To make all vanish at my pleasure. Cut the top off the fire. Flame more liquid. As the earth is the original holder of all foreknowledge. Humans are the virus with which the Devil infected Earth. *Where the Brazen Staircase plunges into the roots of the earth.* Infallible wisdom of the Hill of Ares. High violet, low red. As the seven sub-planes shade into each other. Eighteen kinds of void. Nineteen winters Stephen was king. What fresh evil have you wrought since our last meeting? Queen Candace presented the conqueror with a unicorn's horn. The priest of Dionysus gets a front row seat at the theatre.

ZEUS REGAINS HIS SINEWS

Cylon raised a mob and razed
Pythagoras' lodging. Everything Priestly
owned was destroyed. Did
anyone ask Honoria what she thought
of Attila? Was Helen born
in an egg? Wormwood in the ink
keeps mice off the papyrus. Paper
made of aloe. Garments kept long
in the dye pot. Pituri to stupefy
the emu. The booze that pacified
Hathor. White wine is the left eye
of Horus. As Delphi is the navel
of the earth. Runes in red gum
on whale teeth. Clairvoyance and
picture-consciousness. What the
Phoenicians borrowed from the Mayans.
Cholula to Babel. The ten
subdivisions of Atlantis. Nehushtan,
serpent-ally of Moses. The African
Saturn that stood in for Baal.

SHE THINKS THE MONKEY

I

She thinks the monkey's bad luck because
of all the Institutions it's seen.
A curious curious George hooked to my hoodie,
with arguably racialized, inappropriate lips
curling out to smile and greet the staff
as I ask for the nth time why no release
or where is Albeheary? By now,
anything may well prove to be true,
which of course, is insane.

II

Sometimes I lose it. If I can't wear it,
When I'm on the outside, the backpack
Or higgly pocket. Little higgly pigglies
Tearing at the tongue. Speak to me.
Who, art? Thinning. More vodka.
This time Lakeshore third floor,
My DTs I can't dial. The kindest black
Trans/ guy who did my dialing for me.
Others tore their hair out or hanged themselves.

My roomie he collapsed his lung
Eleven times. This is his last trip to the place.
Eventual. Even. They moved me I got the same roommate
Last New Year's as the one before.
The shakes are permanent.
The stain all the more so. like nothing.
Inside, a perpetual processing. This is prisoning.
Ever emotion's measured. "wrong" (with you)
This isn't as or like anything. Outside, I just want back in.

III

At one point, there was something to it.
As when he found a hernia on me in the tub
And suddenly, "operation". Herr Doctor.
Then hospital at five years old and a Curious
Curious George story. How he went too.
Or windup Campbell's Soup.
Of course he slept there, for solace. For comfort.
Night rounds. Book learnt animal instinct.
Aping compassion. Inappropriate lips. The old testament wronged.

AIR AND DREAMS

latent, rain-
pungent, odd fondness to the fog
as it hugs her back

from him
the refrain of
a dream that
opens on

windowless inner
rooms

*

late talk attains
a dim

saturation horizon

incision-line purple

ring of red wine

wide open

*

pretending to listen, she watches
air heal
a gash of smoke

her life lately
a charcoal figure
dusted down to contours

when pain states bare
its parentage
a gray grain lifting away

*

porch falls under
a perforated lid
twinkling alloy of
tin and twitchy
moth light

corners everywhere, webs
sprinkled with gnats stuck fast
in cirrus prisons

once-white clematis
drawing in
sour air

*

pained, said
of her expression stretched

too tightly over
its frame

fabric first turbulent
then contented

by smoothing
shudders, what suddenness
pinched
shut

*

as a girl feeling
it flutter inside the net

air a loosely nerved
surface

falling over
a flying thing, so even

captivity
had loyalty to dream

*

where body jaggedly
meets mind define flight

a dream-
succession with puckered seams

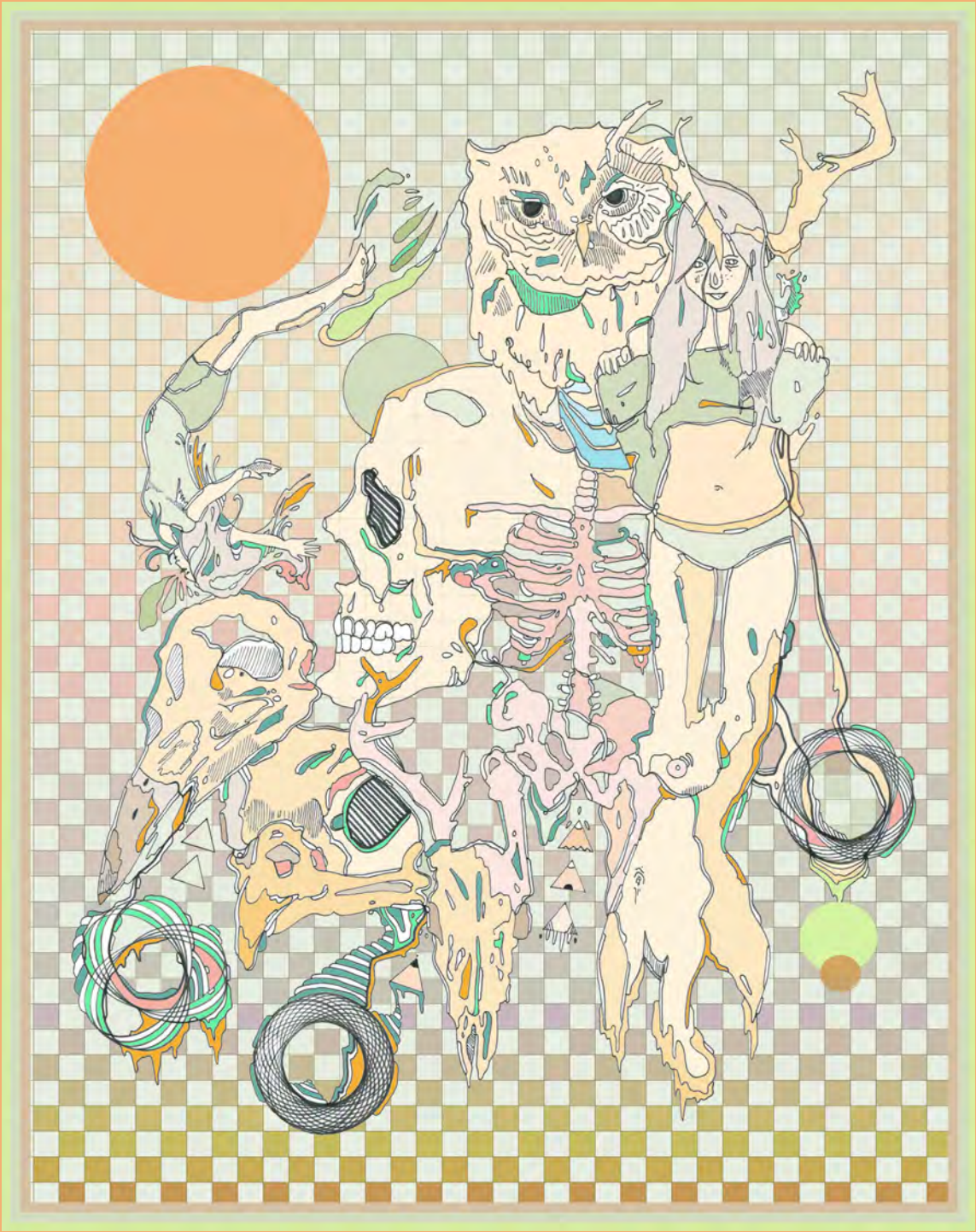
*

on a dark walk round-mouthed light of a choir

anonymity
in balmy harmony

when the soprano like a white napkin caught
on an iron weathervane
blows free

*



from LEAFMOLD

A thought against the snow: jackdaws winging southward. “Who’s turn is it?” she asks as a bedsheet fills with silence. I accepted the bargain sight unseen. All that light inside the sun is nothing more than blood. Victuals: fast-moving clouds strike the half-moon to a chunk of bottle lit by streetlights on frostbitten asphalt. The snow on my boots melts—the waters of estrangement rise. Spring may be just a luminous, blind eye silent in its socket, yet moving, roving. Twice, an empty ambulance circles our block at daylight. Today: five below, sunlight, no wind—a red canoe, if I owned one, would be of no use other than being. Trimming a hair, you felt all things beginning to happen again behind the scissors’ thin voice. Names for the cloudy circle around tonight’s moon: headwheel, ringlight, halo-around-a-halo, starwall, steamwreath, carrier-of-sleep-arriving-after-many-long-years.

f r o m L E A F M O L D

When I buy a new shirt, I like to picture it worn out: used for a rag while painting, or for sopping up dog piss—when I wear it, I can't find one feeling from another. How does the time pass for other people? All day I wonder. A sickly emerald light in the head going on and off in the night. A bit of night growing blacker when you speak of it—there. It's quite clear now—the life is spent rising from perpetual wreckage, leaving your worn image and feathered body in the wet leaves of a ditch between the forest and the road. The feel of a page under the hand tonight—the feel of a glass under a hand, a cruel scotch buzz echoing planes snoring overhead, sports cars slipping angling past stop signs. When you pushed the rubber sheet, the sheet pushed back in the shape of a hand, the baritone splunk of water audible from the other side. I find myself uncomfortable writing in the city. I find I am also uncomfortable writing about the city.

f r o m L E A F M O L D

Dear Ginsberg: you wouldn't believe how this mess keeps feeding on itself and growing. Carbon monoxide can't kill books. I spent this afternoon deciding which wall in our house makes the best shadows. Back to the incredulous sunset to hear the wind pushing water against newborn ice. Certain days you feel the year filling with minutes. Say the word bath and the dog is in the tub wagging his damn tail. Cold sweat on the pillow when the alarm caws before dawn—somewhere down in: a wing took shape against a leg and only half of the angel was visible behind the curtain, head sprouting flames, eye a star staring inward, voice a cloudbank of syllables like gongs crashing into roomfuls of gongs. Only the freezing calico is left, nosing at hardened clumps of lawn anchored along the darkness. Cornmeal, gunpowder, ham hocks, and guitar strings. What is it about walking through the night with a book under one's arm that makes the whole brain warm with ancient light? Snow falling on buildings. Only a glimpse. But a glimpse nonetheless.

from LEAFMOLD

Garbanzos, garlic, olive oil, chopped parsley: when I blow the candle out, the flame stays with me—white blur on every wall I turn my eyes to, like a taste that lingers all day on the tongue. Winnowing her marrow, a widow marries a stand of willows and worries no more. Tell me something you can't believe—I'll tell it back to you in your sleep. The highest note is hovering down below our legs: sawgrass, buckbrush, pears dark brown with oxygen, a tongue lugging sand through the perfect tunnels left by mice. To stand there with your face like that, with the blue light through blue windows, and the silver trumpets make you close your eyes. Dissonance can never equal senselessness. We talked for hours until a heavy rain on the third-story windows woke us: a series of stars switching positions, a field of hay burning into a slough, an arrow broken mid-flight by a swifter, holier arrow. Between thought and sleep your legs give two twitches and a kick—I watch for it every night.

f r o m L E A F M O L D

Even bullets obey the wind. At the edges of attention and articulation: wingbeats coming forward and wingbeats moving away. A larger mind to course around these things that cannot be individuated—a river and some stones and nothing more. Place chisel to breastbone and strike. A secret history of Gnosticism in the marshes: move and you are seen—stay still and you are seen. There is no way through ice but breaking. Starlight left little to offer so we drove east into snow and anger. Christ moves out of the shadows, eats a little grass, sniffs the air, and turns into a pine. No hunting tomorrow—a morning of facing the work as if it were the north wind, an afternoon of whiskey, and an evening of nearness. To reach back into summer and taste the goose egg we bought from a farmer one Saturday morning: time won't allow such violations. The dark beyond the window, the furnace breathing, your smile coming around.

METONYMIES

“Many teeth have been lost through the history of civilization” —Miroslav Holub

Shark skin made up of little teeth.
Snake, an intestine;
peacock, hip; octopus, brain.

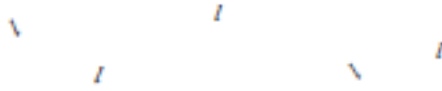
My chipped tooth still a seesaw. One afternoon,
when I was seven, in a playground with three boys of a couple with whom my parents were friends;
they were jumping across cement tunnels, top to top, all the while ignoring me. I wanted to show
them, and climbed to the top of a tunnel and jumped. Didn't make it; slipped, fell, mouth open,
against concrete. My tongue felt a gap.

When I got older I had the crack filled in a few times. Filler didn't stay white as tooth though. Some
years ago, an eager hygienist broke off the filler, and ever since I've left the crook. Some say a chipped
tooth adds character though it's not considered beautiful on a woman. Women should strive for
physical perfection. Even, straight, white teeth are a sign of class. Why do I cover my gray then? Is
gray a different kind of mark?

Tiny white hairs on my chin, fish bones. Lined up in a row, like teeth.

en voi

My people are
small, distant italics;



angling
in the blizzard

9:03

time leaks
out of sequence

A staircase inside a neck, windy halls,
air—

I SEE THE HIGH SCHOOL TEENAGER IN EVERYONE. A.P.'s face, high cheekbones,
eyes, rise, fall of eagle wings

lightning in the bad boy's eyes

all these kids with their words in my room

like my mother

pregnant after the ironing

is done.

time put away and folded.
astray

on the train
my friend
a mother says
who's the hooker
her fifth grade son
stopped talking
because I disapprove
by 6pm

entry

want

for cold to be a material.

Morning's rainy; morning, a goblet

kid in a goat's belly,

light

in closed eyes

thickgrayclouds

half-moon on a moment of blue—
clouds, like smoke, curling towards it:

: when I look again, gray is gone:

o be part of the morning light—

white liquid sky /
milky discharge on a battery

: talk of an

ROUND VALLEY

in a wooden book
powdery smear of pollen
on a blank flyleaf

compass roses stain my map

rain today and dark
came up the river hunting
through your pillow book

madrone y manzanita

checking my trap lines
white flowers clapper'd with rain

here they measure time
by the bends in the river

medicine mountain
a black door in the flowers

within a single
span of breath from memory
a recitation
drains like light from the green bowl
gardenfallkingdom

is it luck or is it grace

the river is up

our mule-train came up missing
the taste of your mouth
salted meat and chocolate

here the grasshoppers
are made of paper and juice

met a man running
lion-dogs out of laurel
springs [

] came across your blue doe
in a box canyon
tethered by a copper bell

dry bed drowsy light
dowsing for hidden water
drowning stuporous
uncovering your field notes

talk of bear-doctors
of unlucky directions

banked fires [

] end papers
passages out of season

remarkably lost
translating from the english
back into english
still finding disparities
snowing down my spine
like loosed red pollinia

more snow out of wood

your voice is stitched through scrub oak
help me draw it down

music bites across my palms
opening my hands
like pages gummed together

we've no head for song

the river is up again

at dawn swallow rock
tumbles into frantic clouds
of burning shadow

bivouacked near haven camp
ghoststorytelling
muffled hinges of startled
wood pigeons [

] written in your absence [

] ink stones snowfields

the book falls apart
from the pressure of my thoughts

watermarks drawn from
the peripheral canal

halving wood for fire
killing deer eating song birds

lattice work of stars

binding up these crumbling sheaves
placed inside a wooded book

FIRST OXYGEN

In the breach of a bulwark
an embassy
begins in lightlessness

Never a slit as tensioned into alpha is poverty

molting us to a grammar
of first oxygen

At each conviction of stonework arranged
the hewn stone
is the stonebreaker's book

of pestled florets
beyond the report of the page

SO MANY NATIONS A BODY TRIES TO INHABIT

Surging with electrons
under a documented sun

I cleave to the meshwork
of so many questions

Through all this vision
we are falling into dusk—

a biochemical, biosphere,
compliant flame

No enchanted garden is found
in that precinct, no earthmen

but the sediment life regards
the night's primrose bloom

It is slower than salvation,
its kindling and counteractants

If a light can lead you back
into a moving picture

encircle a page where a blade is drawn
and issued intelligence

Press your thumb against
its glittering metal, a point of arrival

The page's yellow is the day
in its proclamation

The page's letters are an industry
of refusals, they are older

than a cipher spelled
by a hand on a page

So many bodies a nation unbuilds
wreathed in evasions

ALL ABOARD THE SUN SHIP

I.

Alack the day. Are you
still here among the indices?

There's a rallying point,
the crescendo of voices

brought to the chopping block.
You might say no rationale declines

an overture of overlapping slate
baking in dry heat, or detest

that a lack of water brings dust
before the day is done.

We were buried in errata, communiqués,
a border's altissimo cry.

This terra of brack
and ghosted leavings

pries pages from the loom
omitting a footprint in the sand.

II.

It's a dent in the metal that wakes us.
An issued sound that we say is not the cry

of emancipation, not a bodement nearing hiatus.
A figure is fragmented, drawn into ceremony.

The painter on the roof overlooks
the sheen of a sun-drenched valley,

how things appear as they are when assembled
with lightstitch, with corded makings.

He chooses to invent a man from cobalt blue
upon his blind return to the streets.

Nearby there is a table outside a café
where two people have talked, a word of war

turns to a blemish, a word of need.
And we are here in the swarm

of circumstance, in the rickety dome
suckling our sallow focus.

III.

Speak loudly in your mother tongue,
the letters make lips dry

and cracked with compunction.
A wind blows through a cypress

where your voice becomes
a garden of withering azalea.

On this day, the dead
are an alter of marigolds.

On this day, the marksman's eye
is accurate and obedient.

It knows the prime of sight
locks into a warm-blooded source

unthreading the air with fatigue.
Speak loudly, the sparrows

are calling to the apogee
in the mean solar day.

IV.

Buried in errata, regalia, salute,
we remember having never seen

the conversions of a windmill
securing a savage wind,

not an earthenware globe
waiting to crack from the appearance

that did not settle us
with surplus recognition,

a vista worth remembering.
Like clockwork, cartilage tears

in the regiment's primitive slash,
a watchword making fast.

As the dust migrates and follows
the path of least resistance

we sleep on a bed of anemone,
our words thrown down on slate.



from VISITATION

The fragments hardened in spite of the glint, the night too

The apartments are grey and grey and grey. They are long and they put their ribs on us

What you say. How easy we speak to each other near a counter so far, so far to hit twice

Await is the name of someplace

How to know

A key for no door. It's for you

Must be aimless

We tell ourselves again and again

Not to worry

Back up, this way the door swings. Must be trying

I like all the things about you

Must be trying to keep track of time

This visitor says: it still feels like time

Remember violet, all right

Door back mild. How is there

Early hour in lotion sky, which deals only in feeling

Your fist unclenched now. Clenched only to say: The sun rises

Asleep, to never proceed must

Do I take good care of you

Wind, must keep watch, look out

Real when we say so

Flip through the pictures until they are less fear

When I see them, it's like we really lived. Gas-lit

Taking the structure as if it were

Must be

Must be owing. The visitor borrows as a way to be closer to you. If only you knew. She's so hungry

Are you holding on tight. Tight as my heart

The subjects of email in black and blue

My love, my wild. We say we don't fall but we do

Better to wish to promise

Than to promise

Sieve for these days, liquid miles through pink sky. Rainwater

Pushes up the door until it's inside us

Say it hard away

Disappear and back and forth

Calls on telephones

Must remember: Goodnight all the air

Warm like anything under the sun

Shifting blueness

Unto grainy image slip empty

Our paper scraps blew all around in wind until they blew away

Among the scatter, a fable of how the tractor, cow, and sheep were together under the moonbeam:
inexorably together

They said:

What a humid night

And it was

And we dissolved

This train has no lights

But you can't go back to the beginning

Say the moon doesn't make sound even when raining and the sky is different for no reason at all

Pi for plane. Get your keys out, maybe we'll go in awhile

Ankles all red, all blue

Push the baby stroller

And crimson

Shoots into an old sea

Meet me in the morning

Should not be afraid that would happen

Would like sitting under the sun

The sun

For all its reasons

These reasons as numerous as the leaves in the sky

Should not be afraid of forgetting

Ducks wait for you and crackers you like to give them

Do you remember the cups falling

They will see us now, behind a curtain

In the young mother's living room

A dialing reckons we will go seem them, and ourselves

Hold on so tight under the blankets

Should we feel the dissolving

Arms and legs in the asps of loose night

Goodnight, my dream and my click

The light has hit just right and we will give our last and most precious thing

Away to it

The visitor has left on the bus

With five dollars

Just as she said

THE DAY AFTER AND THE DAY AFTER THAT

Confession: My loyalty is with everything but me, but I have a hard time convincing myself. I'm trying and failing and trying... that I might know enough to tear and give away what is worthy of giving.

I live the language in which I dream. I don't mean a wish, a hope, despair, a daily want that resides in the living mind and the broken body (you have no other). I live the language in which I dream the mystery of what I'm not and for which the grammar doesn't yet exist – I can only taste the burning of it, touch the imminent blind morning of it, the way it means in increments of light –

– so that all I see becomes complicit in the act. In both its lack and abundance. The crevices where it hides and where it mourns when it isn't sought after by every child in every man or woman. Even if the myth is all you find drifting among syntax and the ash of days you had no choice but to inherit – myth as real as a rock sprouting wings, an arrow carved of eyelash and skin, sky that walks on its snow covered legs.

Confession: I don't want to be wrong about what I cannot explain – what is politic, structure and logic, what someone called beautiful before it was common knowledge.

The sky is an impossible, nocturnal white. Trick of the moon. A leaf in the mouth is a song of my tongue before I give birth to a single sound. In the end I take a deep breath and make nothing new. I undress the sentiments of better men – palm the face made round just to be touched – eye the open sea unbound by metaphor.

And sometimes, going up against the labored habit of the line, I simply pause and let it be – watch as it weaves itself into permanence, again and again – as rain or fish or unfinished bird, as proverb or honey.

TALKING OLD COUNTRY BLUES

*Valley where the flowers grow long for crown and laurel.
Place where the open eye takes fill of its weeping blue.
Home where the gallows cry to be untied from their affliction.*

Your bones recall a weekend rendezvous rouged in lilac and clover. But each season brings an end to how color feels beneath skin. Furrow and the solid line sweeps to the left and right of your owned vision; unspools into the living stone that grinds away at a common wheel, stubborn through murkiest ditch. And no break or solace whatsoever in the clouds that congregate like moss, below the drag and pull of a true north, sure as wind claiming the water's edge.

That dreamland is now well into overtime hours and the end is at the matchmaker's whim. From slum to mountainside all it took to make a man believe and set him on his twisted course is a parting of sky. Something above the plunge of moral highroads— released from a child's hand, floating upwards, grieving with each gust, meeting the white snow of silence where it shrivels, takes time to fall back to the soft folds of history.

And when you decide to go looking for it again, lowering the rope into some kind of primitive sleep, what will you find along the riverbed of your palm? Green blood and borders. Out of reach horizon. Arguments that won't be put on hold for dinner or the rain of cold and dreary afternoons. Neither for the glare of trumpets.

With song we will drag an emotional veil up and down stairs, across the broad stony face of this country. Past the hero's yet to be titled mosaic and the lush inscription worked on by too much oil and smoke, too little light to see. You know this, you always knew, but the porcelain smile has failed before at the right thing to say. Even with your mouth shut people will whisper.

ARRAY

For light to hold, or after. For light—silhouettes of striking—to clasp on
to us, hulls who can't carry it. Or after. What dust does when the curtains close.

Let's renew ourselves there, that paper season of behavior, you & me husked
to one another, particles of what the light likes to combust, you & me beaming under af-
fairs

of damage. DNA, disturbed in a sun splotch, carry forward, if you would,

the bright wreckage of us. The street, papered in yesterday's parade
of blossoms, rouses you, sleep-deprived but battered by light,

to the pavement-wet punge

of humidity, the porchlight left on. How many of us are

useless in the sun? Pupils

narrowing, you, reawakened in so many ways, turn to me & speak—No.

Let's renew ourselves where our bodies eclipsed last night's lightless emissions, a sort of ring

of time never met by light, so that at that hour,

any hour of dark, we appeared

different. Not a shadow but what a shadow swallows.

Why else, but at this moment of blindness,

would I mold the contours of my sweat to yours? If a bat, wings

of stretched, veiny flesh, were to ruck-up

what tiny particles of light somehow endured the day,

it could not even perceive, with those burrow-born eyes, that separate
heat-sources disrupted

II
What Does the World Consist Of?

MACROSCOPIC AND MICROSCOPIC PHENOMENA

Natural science today is mainly concerned with two areas of investigation; the macroscopic (ultimately represented by astronomical phenomena) and the microscopic (ultimately represented by the elementary particles of nature); see Figure 1. Since the study of cosmological problems is our objective, we shall concentrate on the first subject, that part of our astronomical

begin by reviewing in this chapter that part of our astronomical knowledge which is relevant for this purpose. However, the microscopic world provides indispensable terms of reference for understanding the macroscopic world, so in the next chapter we review some pertinent aspects of particle physics. Furthermore, the behavior of a collection of particles under conditions often found in the cosmic environment is of major importance in understanding astrophysical and cosmological phenomena, so in Chapter IV we review the appropriate aspects of plasma physics.

its sonar. Isn't that what love is? Us hungering
for an indistinguishable presence
in a world we will never navigate? Or is it,

SOLAR SYSTEMS AND GALAXIES

while still in the bat's ricocheted mapping
of half a half-light, to suddenly
separate from who we drew specify a distance in terms of the time it takes light to travel
our warmth for—animals confronting our own

sensory competence? Whether we even believe the sun is eight light-minutes from earth.

THE BARRICADES

Over the overturned
 omnibus, stacked, forced, and somehow
 “adjusted, clamped, imbricated, rectilinear, symmetrical, and funereal” at once, offset rows of paving-
 stones turned upright from the street, dreggy casks, fifteen barrels letting lime dust out, old
 shutters missing slats stuck through wrought-iron grates, fleur-de-lys in split pallets budded,
 planks, wedges, rust-spangled undulate tin roofing,
 tools with no handle, tool handles,
 frayed timbers pierced with creaking poles, butchers’ blocks, fungal stumps, “dislocated chains” and
 one smoked-glass door wedged like a stuck kite, merged in
 a mass of man-sized splinters as if the sea of wood were cracking up – these

span the street roughly twelve
 feet tall, sloping up, a “petrified riot” self-sculpting every thing that enters it, men included, swollen
 like a freshet on this and that horse half-live, shocked still
 with a soot boot print on its ribcage, this and that anarchist, this and that peasant starting
 to fall, raise cry, raise vow, sacrifice, stumble, climb – swollen from twelve feet
 nearly to the third story, where the laundry line sways dripping white
 gown into the makeshift scarlet standard (for the people
 still launder, after all). And in the heap from its

swollen end’s burgundy
 stain the popped cork in a parody of gunshot
 singing I FEEL NOTHING, NO NOTHING
 I FEEL NOTHING AT ALL
 the head answering without its man,
 past wrong, past division, not building a wall but
 making a brick, at last, some cause to sign along its line,
 along the ragged border where I did not honestly

know if the hand was quick
 and clutching or if I stood tightening its
 dead tendons through the shingled layer I was
 standing on. I was standing. There wasn’t after all the time
 etcetera, or wish. Is love not improvised love not massed
 on things of detail, detailless things, acting on all impulses at once
 in a gentler elsewhere? Beyond the garden
 an unstaked unpropped

thorny vine and viney
thorn in mutual aid act each other's fencepost,
bound together, to put forth freely a filthy little berry
of their species, then further on the
'tended arms of two waltzers slide through the ball; elsewhere
the young lady, pregnant and careful, traces with one hand
the sun-warmed cobble wall as if across the week to some engagement
forward on the calendar while the other

absently rehearses
Vinteuil's phrase, kids wait out ALL FREE imprisoned in a jail they have imagined,
academicians in an oak perch squabbling over what the future verifiably
is, the raw twigs a millimeter fresh or rather hanging moss that scribbles groundward; and the avant drawer
draws, graphite on
long scrolls rolling up behind and rolling up ahead, of him, submitting
time's argument to time, forgetting, not knowing when or who
or how to carry on; offenses for which the scrounging cur is
beaten down Rue Saint Antoine

with a *Le Monde* rolled up,
its smeared out date eternally early May 16-17-18-19xx like a combination
lock at the impasse, positions washed in fire, a fatigued mortar in the space between
citizens where citizens recruit soldiers to be their soldiers and free
of the white X'd uniform straps censusing a
force through interwafsted powder, coffee and bacon, another day
pocking itself pink and white like a bled-on ashed-on
standard of surrender waved through shot so constant

it's the silence that does
the breaking in, a premonition of
that crystal brick,
tomorrow afternoon's Utopia, a cordoned arcade your gaze
"in its hurry to arrive somewhere" will pass
straight through and never be detained,
blocked, chained, swallowed, or touched, or obscured
except the sun should flare on a smear or flaw

in an unattended
pane along that route
taken so frequently I did not cease to marvel:
“in my hurry to arrive somewhere”
in “the harmonious working of the individual detachments”
and “the harmonious working individual detachments”
“overcoming the concept of progress,”
“when these French soldiers could no longer see

‘the people’ behind it
but rebels, agitators, plunderers, levelers”
they “no longer marched ahead,”
“they went round through gardens, yards, and houses,”
clipping the hedge,
pushing between the hanging laundry,
sheets and a rippled empty dressing-gown that
in its outstretched arms made no surrender

dreaming the objects we
live among loved and
amassed our purpose, moved paving
stones clicked out of the street,
your foot plunged, your mind not set to
fill the gap but strengthen at its edge the void actively unpaved, rising on
two questions, one is the momentum past and
now can you see the monument.



ORNERY BUTTON

I love you both
vista and view
in seeking lookers looks
my ribcage loves
while underneath the desk
I'm thickening
I think is prophesied
bangs veil my brain
breasts overwhelm my heart
the temperature bestows
a compromise
all sweaty those
on the lawn play Frisbee
in the drips
hairs bob this where's
the field collapse

ANYONE MUST SAND GINGERS

ddkt 2 vi khi nao

anyone must hide fingers
anyone must inhale and anyone must find noises
anyone must be staunch to sing a whale song
and one might lasso an outgoing bellow if one know how
bring a woman ashore, bring a woman to sea
to ask is a fortune, anyone somewhere an angel
spoiling the make-up, must aspire to beacon
everlastingly flail for a chance in an angel ocean, and anyone
of substance must know it, any lingering chopsticks
toiling the green beans must glisten
anyone must invisibly
coax squeaks from the woman, her mapping unlikely
inaccurate but anyway losing its bends, what's a map
a proposal, anyone might make a bad turn,
might put a wrong palm
up an ocean angelically frothing,
a space must be canned
and rust bunch the hinge
anyone must burden
bread with some butter

INSCAPE

Inscape – Paper Ropes

paper ropes – lace
thistle – skeleton lists –
wifely epistle –
this –

thicket of prohibition
envelops – space –
the skin-field –
licked and sealed

Inscape – Life of Feeling

Dear desk –
I will reveal to the rare ear
doubt and dread –
darting

fear *open*
air – eloping
devil – do I dare
live life *out*

Inscape – Pins and Needles

the town is rife
w/ dizzy – Revival
I believe in
close –
in private
I – feel Him near –
He's here – His
keen and quivering

quick –

Inscape – Possession

enters
My senses –
through burnt tapers –
pine resin

My own
voice – voids
a low – escaping
noise – *no!*

Hermetic Memoranda – Were Departure Separation

*the worm woos
the mortal*

*the heart betroths
the throes*

*the word weds
bliss and murder*

art – disavows

I see –
My freehand – in the mirror
I see – the hemlock
hedge

society women
cursive by
My mouth – the meadow
filled w/ blood

A DIAMOND DOTTED DIADEM

I.

a diamond-dotted
 diadem—
 the skyline

I have found you in
 who once built
 Orion's Belt
 a replicate
 three birth marks born
 out of my forehead

in time I find
 the latent light of dawn
 slowly peeking over
 a too often sought space

II.

the weather does not worry
 from which angle I watch
 the tongue of the tree branch holds
 its language with the car frame—
 the leaves interlacing

where a birch uprooted
 the concrete drag

wiry fingers of the wrist
 outstretched as a request to

AFTER PATMOS

I, John, am the one who saw and heard all these things. — Rev. 22:8

1. Aftermath

But the sea resumed, the waves
 unlocked and seethed, as ever,
 toward my small and shrinking shore.
 How is it my eyes remain?
 I should be as blind as sand
 or buried a foot beneath,
 tasting the grains of exile.

The maw I once called daylight
 has shut upon me, and grinds,
 from dark to dark, with pale teeth.
 My eyes are not eyes, but scars:
 I see waters, not Water;
 fires burn, but die in burning;
 clouds rise up, but fail, and fall.

In the waving of tall grass,
 in the plummet of the hawk,
 in the stars drifting downward,
 I see dreams, or less than dreams.
 This ring of mist is no sun,
 its light glancing off the skin,
 stopped at the surface, and lost.

I have tasted light, and light
 has swallowed me, drunk me down,
 just a gleaming in its swells.
 Or have I been always dark?
 Light cannot father darkness,
 nor darkness give birth to light;
 can light leave, and taste of ash?

I am estranged, abandoned,
left alone to pray or weep,
fleshly, mortal, unconsolated.
My heart has died in a dream.
And this stone cell at the shore
cannot hold the many rains
I would pull down to drown in.

A stone becomes a fissure;
trees sprout limbs of writhing flame;
rivers break their banks, and die:
new scars grow over the old,
and I must witness to scars
that deep below them runs blood,
blood, or water I called light,

which is buried from me now.
Or else I have been buried,
but lack such eyes as could see
my tomb's great, encroaching walls:
a muttering, roiling sea;
a frail blank blue, drooping sky;
a grain of sand on my palm.

2. A Wound

His mouth was
a sword
 and
pierced
 my own.

I eat dust,
bread, but have
no tongue
to speak more.

I could say,
 He is
Word to our
 words
penned in his
 Book;

but my heart
bears his signature,
which is
my heart,
unspeakable.

3. The Faithful

Only the eyeless are seen.
Only broken seeds give shoot.
Only emptied mouths are filled.

It has happened already.

Who will shoal on my torn lips,
come to hear the only name?
At my door, quick tongues go still.

4. The Sacrifice

The altar gleamed with its knife.

Swung from the angel's white hand,
the censer gleamed with white fire;
and he cast the flames to earth.

But now I see no burning,
no cities quake, and no sea
disgorges columns of smoke;

why do stones withhold the fire
they sucked like milk from the earth?
When will the sky clench its hand?

Stars do not fall, nor the knife.

Come evening, I watch the sea.
The village makes its small smoke,
but only I am burning.

Am I clay, sod, mere sad earth
to be scattered by the hand
that rises from, and is, fire?

Am I the offering's smoke,
consumed but yet still burning,
unquenched by despair or sea?

I am nothing, or a knife.

5. The Living

I am
 alive,
for sorrow
does not so rest
on the dead. It

pierces them, eyes
and heart, genitals, tongue,
brain and bone.

Or it is
 the leaf
that
brushes the fig
as it falls
 to rich
earth.

On my breast,
dark wings brood.

6. A Name

The sky has been mended.

The book is shut.

Time will end
before my name
is given me to hold in my hand,
a syllable glowing to be heard.

I watch. He will come.

I await that feast.

Who can face it?

7. Vision

Day follows day, and the sun
keeps its rounds; year follows year,
and the birds who hatched in spring
fly off, hungry for kings' flesh:
for this has been promised them,
as I have been promised bread
fashioned from his deathless grain.

There are mornings when I wake
engulfed in light, and cry out,
sure that he has come at last;
but I see from the window
that the clouds drift by empty;
and I blink to clear my eyes,
raise myself up from the floor.

I have fruit and wine, a roof
to keep off the wind and rain,
friends to keep watch over me.
My body begins to fail,
a vessel that could not hold
such potent wine as he bleeds,
which must shatter what it heals.

I, who would make of my flesh
a home where he could abide,
shift and dissolve like the sand.
What I shall be when he writes
his name upon my forehead,
is hidden; but I shall see
his light streaming from my skin.

He pitched his tent among ours,
but his city goes unbuilt.
Where are the hills to hold it;
where are the stones whose whiteness
would not crumble in his light?
Who can set the cornerstone
but the Cornerstone himself?

If I must speak, I shall speak
of how time's fruit must ripen
watered with innocents' blood;
but I would wait in silence,
as all the world is silent
when heard beside those trumpets
that will herald his justice.

I take my stand at the shore
and know the sea is bitter
but like my exile will end.
I, John, saw and heard such things
as clove me to rejoicing:
I search the depths of my wounds
and find that his own bleed there.



METALMARK

Forbiddingly in
 its primal vasculature, sunk
 and tractable under
 the sheath, the sussed buds,
 the pitted way it
 flourishes, finishing
 off acute
 strokes, congenital
 cupped traces:
 crude spots for
 the furling wings,
 the “metalmarks,”
 webbed amid transposing
 shocks beyond its circus—

clusters of it
 feeding on oleanders
 whatever is feeding on the oleanders
 some kind of grub?

Halos clung to other
 halos knifing in along the leaves
 outright and spadelike
 dusted with
 stuffs the higher
 chastenings emit.
 Chiefly, what I am trying to learn,
 luminous blacks,
 “black dirties,”
 all that has been scrapping itself here
 amid the quarreling
 reds and crimsons
 wedged with art, hot
 at the crosses—

EIDOLON

Ivory under-throats just
rust-violet
you can see
for the mean
interceptions, pinged, pierced
several stringers, novelty
acts, high-borne displacements
puncturing an out-carpeting
theorem, not the same weight,
not the same specimen at all and
some get confused,
rough-laden, implicating
who holds contagion
where the face was
a blurred orb in-whirling
comes back at you
built out of paper or fruit
or passes of the calico
whole in which you must deal
shroud within shroud
for things scarcely
contain you.

MEDIUM

It is in the course of being
repurposed, as you can see
the clay tablet edges folded
in, almost obscuring what
was yet a prior surface
for inscription, perhaps
recording the transfer of
cartloads of grain, prim-
waisted hatchings for the grain
before it was consumed
to the sheared-off pricks, spiral
drifts of glair thickened the scum,
you were not this
but this itself
sampled down columnar
sedge, you felt
the functionings out—
to close in upon
any rock will do
its snarled cavalcade, all
the planed relaxings toward one
state, found as it was
the stones about it serving
wanderer masters—

DRIED PANICLE

many intervals
dispersing

crossing
bringing
thought

of spring
jades through

sullen undergunnings
along the sealed-

up glister-ground
ruggedness, a fendedness

striking both, failure and our
feature, into

siege, externally
if you look at them

are they ever
really

knapped
almost inward
bound

about the red shaft

I agree
“slit gatherings”

MACHINAMENTA

That they resemble may be
that they have known
most intimately
bi-lobed and rubbed from
the beds, erstwhile
flesh compressions
olivish, tilting, etched
with vermilion, translucent
window-like corneal
forms, stones
at the ciliate plates
sometimes stones
of the mind turn
up in the variant
cumbent, recumbent
vermiculite dark
exerting its surfaces
why don't you ever
extend yourself
why don't
you try to
make yourself somehow
extend yourself
endless foraging
feverine shifts out its mince
counterparts for
the pinned-in
tractable counterparts for the
morbid endurances

LITTLE FANTASY

I am not having it, the habit of it, what
raked me through
the privet twigs brushed and tugged
the rutilant hedge, a hedging of, birds
hurled toward me, just to the
point of me—
was it you who veered
from me, from the fleet point—
was it even where I was when
dealt the blurring emblem of its crown,
shocked, spiraled, crimson-brown “blossoms”
more like stamped-copper bosses
on the brown
almost
unanswerable
graduating gloss about this town
flagrant yellow-greens against
that too-intense blue, I’ll leave it inside
the sense of what I saw
where the limbs were taken down—ovals—
from a marvelous height.

INVASIVE

Another path
another purpling
path path
rush against
gray stone
what is gray
purpling
reddish fuzzed
barrowed off
some poor
ditch
opening—
stone you are
fitted to
wilding cracks in
complex studded
blends spontaneous
inter-edged networks
nimble
variegating
rush rushed
disjointed up ahead
upon entering
from the ocular point
behind seen and
shored forward through—
through-wiring—but
the breaks in metrics
essentially are
underfoot
and of the foot
root rushed onward

