

# Word For/Word

A Journal of New Writing

*Issue 17, Summer 2010*

Poetry

# Katie Nealon

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## BODY

i.  
bound

my monsters

in spaces

{            body            }

skin and

boundary

the monstrous

spaces

skin

bone

ii.  
exploring past lives, the animal i once was; the habits  
i keep. losing my teeth and hiding them in small boxes or

losing my teeth and burying the bones in the backyard.  
am i ever human? in my dreams my teeth crumble

to pieces. i spend time spitting it all out. i have spent  
some lives chewing on rocks, and now my body falls

apart in its sleep. the body, a rock, and i spit it out; bury  
it. wake up with bloody bits of teeth between my teeth,

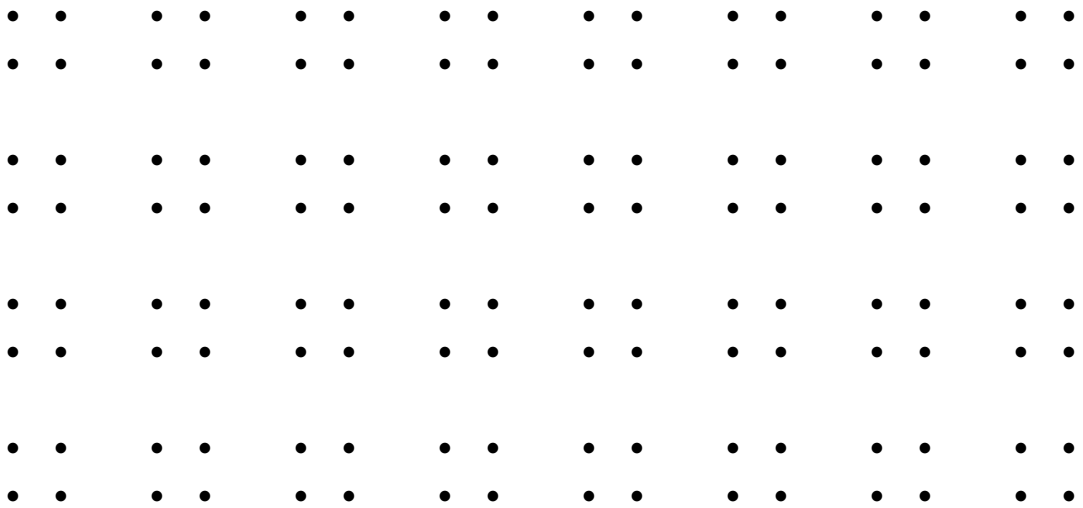
pieces of meat, pieces of me, pieces of past lives i could  
sit eating for days, or trying to hide.

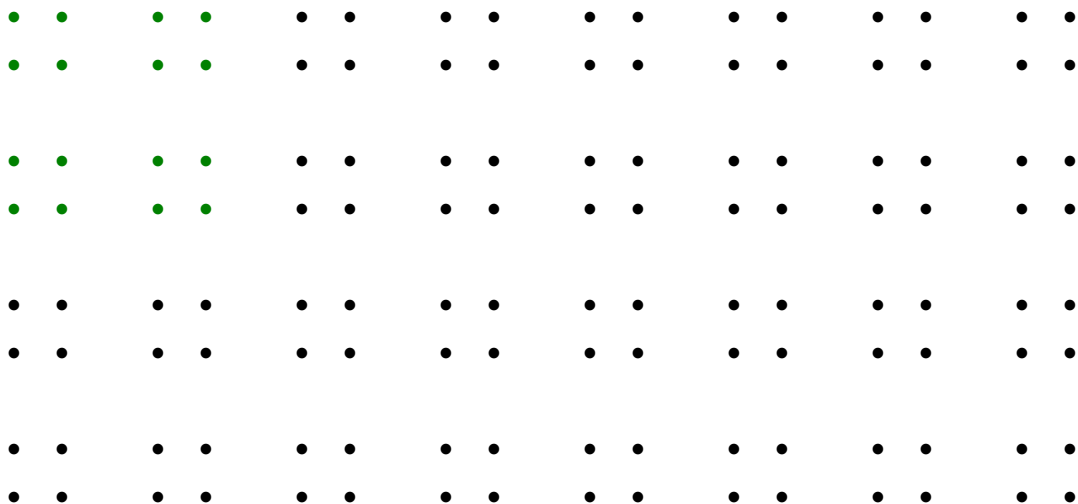
## BURDEN OF LANGUAGE

*after Dawn Lundy Martin*

Monday. I fold my poems in halves, then quarters, making cranes. It happens gently- the sounds taking shape. A beak of nouns, body of bent words, is not a gift. Is a burden. A bird in, and of language.

Matthew Klane  
Secret Caves





● (0, 0)

*Satellite Palimpsest*

as the World diminishes...  
let's redraw the map

● (0, 0)

haphazard

spumes

color

*The Kite Sky*

● (0, 0)

*Tribal Code*

The Khyber Password

\*\*\*\*\* praise be

● (0, 0)

*The Commodity Nexus*

selling-ibex-jerky

● (0, 0)

*Parietal Din*

skull-caps'  
hatch' collapse

● (0, 0)

*Oracle Bones*

skeleton  
of the elephant  
(in the room)

● (0, 0)

*Hijack Circumstance*

standing-by...  
the side  
of the road

● (0, 0)

*The Kandahari Horizon*

dotted  
w/ horseback riders  
i.e. laser guides

● (0, 0)

*The Green Zone*

an apricot-  
and-tamarind  
forest

● (0, 0)

*Cellphone Tap*

mystery warlord??  
*yattering* coordinates

● (0, 0)

*Proxy Battlefield*

box-office

● (0, 0)

*Sharia Coffin*

layers of law  
*buried*  
(in a shawl)

● (0, 0)

*The Latrine Floor*

poorest

● (0, 0)

*Stratification of Meaning*

caste

● (0, 0)

*Stereo Paroxysm*

as the database'

● (0, 0)

*End of Days*

charred balls of steel scrap'

of the piss'  
poor



w/in the word  
*mastermind*



det-o-nates'  
we all' show face ??



they *were*  
a cherry payload



● (0, 0)  
*Prostrate Dollars*

bend and  
rise  
(in rhythmic prayer)

● (0, 0)  
*Shamal: Pilgrim Spit*

air and metal  
*terroring*  
from the shredder

● (0, 0)  
*Ministry*

for the *Privatization* of  
Virtue and Vice

● (0, 0)  
*By the Motor Pool*

a proliferation of  
prying eyes

● (0, 0)  
*Reading the Madrasah*

ideology infrared

● (0, 0)  
*The Greater Jihad*

v.  
evil' ego' selfishness'  
and greed

● (0, 0)  
*On the Golf Course*

ivory giants  
conspire  
to finance a crisis

● (0, 0)  
*Mining Desert Loopholes*

\*\*\*\*\* lapis lazuli

● (0, 0)  
*Introduction to Political Religion*

Helloooooo  
Hezbollah??

● (0, 0)  
*Ijtihad: Situational Hermeneutics*

the illiterate shepherd's  
*legitimate*  
interpretation

● (0, 0)  
*The Muezzin's Cry*

calls  
the population  
to the Mall

● (0, 0)  
*Presidential Representation*

i.e. hieroglyph

● (0, 0)  
*Trail of Debris*

tail fin'

● (0, 0)  
*The Depths*

boiling

● (0, 0)  
*Empire on the Bottom*

turmoil

● (0, 0)  
*Prosehtyzing Wealth*

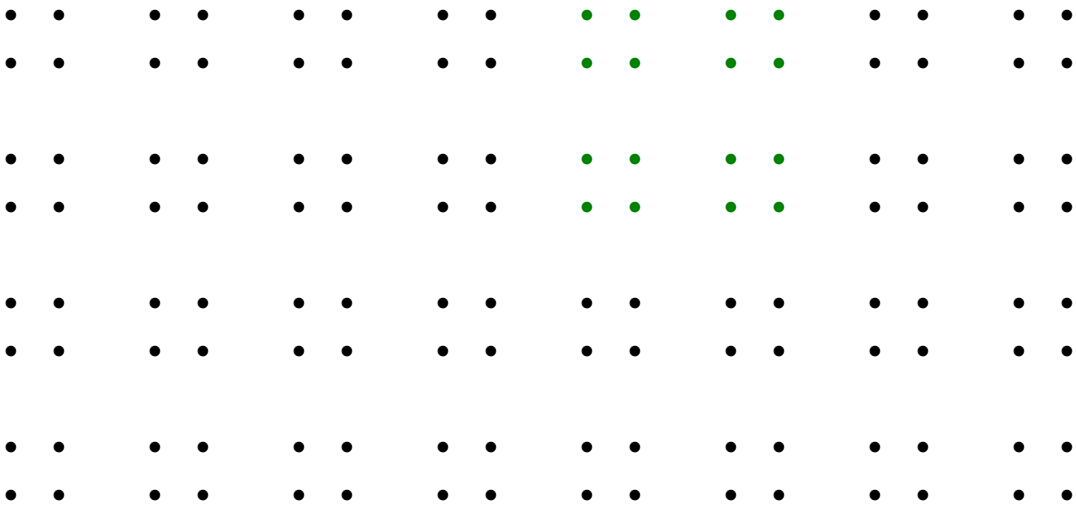
petro-

like a javelin

(in a thermos)  
of buttery tea

*Fire in a Barrel*

apostle fuel



● (0, 0)  
*Carbon Dating Jabiliyya*  
when a state  
of primitive barbarism  
*prevailed*

● (0, 0)  
*Civilian Kills*  
visibility is nil

● (0, 0)  
*Body Bag*  
bundle up' bin Laden'  
(in a burlap)  
sack

● (0, 0)  
*Dreaming Émigrés*  
virgins  
are vanishing  
from the suburbs

● (0, 0)  
*Islam*  
is *salaam*

● (0, 0)  
*Capitalism and Communism*  
are rooted  
(in a similar inimical)  
spirit

● (0, 0)  
*Cro-Magnon Brain Cavity*  
from the cranium  
of the Unchanging Savage...  
language *emerges*

● (0, 0)  
*Pavement Beginning to Panic*  
a barely audible??  
crack

● (0, 0)  
*Free Tarnak Farms*  
to radicalize  
our agricultural  
origins

● (0, 0)  
heroin arms  
i.e. gorged  
serrated terrain  
*Try to Pinpoint a Vein*

● (0, 0)  
*Cognitive Archaeology*  
digging  
(in the dark)

● (0, 0)  
*Defrag*  
the barren crags  
(in the burning nub)  
of a *ziggurat*

● (0, 0)  
*Ablution*  
irrigate the Ear's

● (0, 0)  
*Tableau of Turbaned Men*  
a ragtag' gap-

● (0, 0)  
*Shabada: Bearing Witness*  
w/ yr eyelids

● (0, 0)  
*Male Veils*  
they cut' off the noses





and then...  
pandemonium??



emit' a million' ring-  
tones



mishmash  
(in the closet)



of foreign interference...  
chaos is *going global*



● (0, 0)  
*Afghani Man-*

hunter and gatherer

● (0, 0)  
*Goat Drug Traffic*

a convoy  
of smuggled-in  
Toyotas

● (0, 0)  
*Aorta Pump*

blood like gasoline  
*gunk' gunk' gunk'*

● (0, 0)  
*Paleolithic*

\*\*\*\*\* pie-chart

● (0, 0)  
*Pundit Barrage*

we are inundated  
w/ grunt  
Dan Rathers

● (0, 0)  
*One of One Hundred*

fugged mufflers  
(in a honeycombed)  
garage

● (0, 0)  
*Glove Compartment*

i.e. wasteland  
a place  
to dump yr junk

● (0, 0)  
*Worm Portal*

bullethole  
(in the collarbone)

● (0, 0)  
*Descent of Man*

the Intestinal Fort:  
tunnels' w/in tunnels'  
*plunge* and *spelunk!*

● (0, 0)  
*Humvee Turret*

'spin' and *thbbhunk!*

● (0, 0)  
*Wahhabi Love Song*

silent'  
as an island'  
oasis

● (0, 0)  
*Wall Street*

falling fusillades  
of glass??

● (0, 0)  
*Funnel Support*

i.e. guns and money

● (0, 0)  
*Plumbing the Bunker*

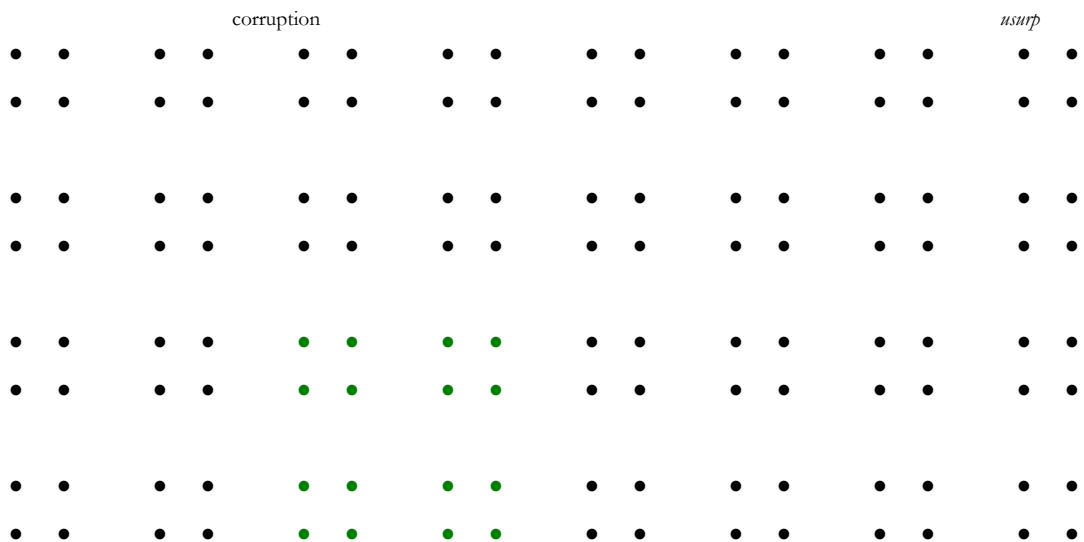
the-government-  
w/in-the-government

● (0, 0)  
*The Soviet Union Dissolves*

fizzy stalwart...  
burping up a storm

● (0, 0)  
*The Quiet Junta*

I heard the word *susurrus*  
transform the word



● (0, 0)

*The Chthonic Lobby's*

subterranean cubicles

● (0, 0)

*Third World Hub*

shuttle-bus  
to the ombudsman's  
mud-hut

● (0, 0)

*Mullah Omar's Village*

home  
to Mohammed's  
Camouflage Pajamas

● (0, 0)

*Pillars of Smoke*

billow  
from an opium  
hookah

● (0, 0)

*Cultural Bubble*

AP – Bombard Province  
“prince in the palace  
rubble”

● (0, 0)

*The Soul of a Bird*

obscure  
as the words  
*Houbara Bustard*

● (0, 0)

*Book of Bazooka*

a Cyrillic *whooshing*  
hull-a-ba-loo

● (0, 0)

*The Local Curry Haven*

burrowed  
into the blind  
of an invisible hill

● (0, 0)

*Magic Carpet dot com*

sniper ‘scoping’ vagina

● (0, 0)

*We Should Build a Pipeline*

to the sea  
of mainstream  
Muslims

● (0, 0)

*Bazaar Wafts*

mutton’ melon’  
and lentil’  
kebab and pilaf

● (0, 0)

*Disappearing Ink*

revealed  
by a *sprinkling*  
of paprika

● (0, 0)

*The Whirling Dervishes’*

cloud of curves

● (0, 0)

*Pyramid Scheme*

a shrine  
to shroud our

● (0, 0)

*Kafirs: Non-Believers*

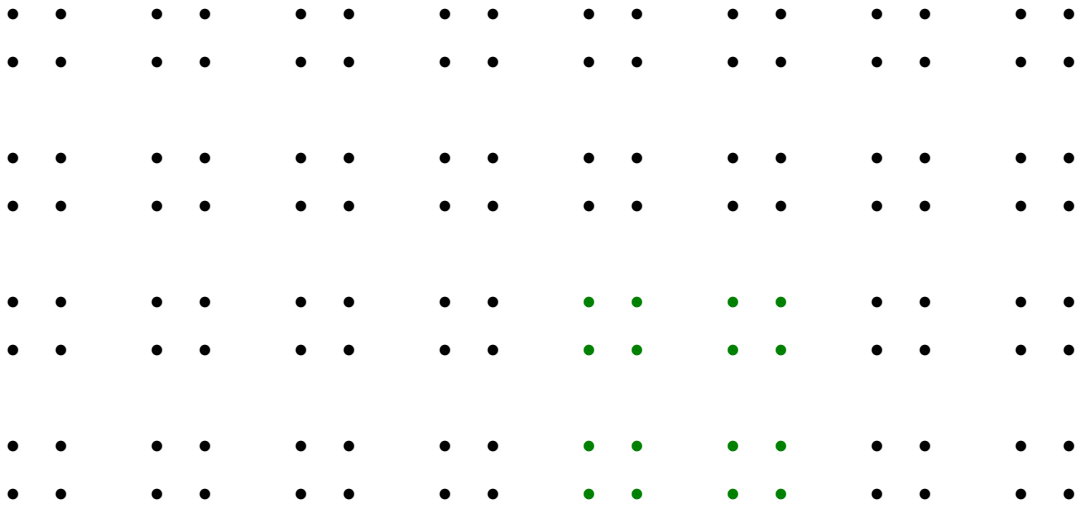
unsavory affiliations  
w/ apes

● (0, 0)

*Escape Button*

type in:  
“donkey rickshaw”

colossal perversions



● (0, 0)  
*Checkpoint*

X-and-Y intercept  
on' the Uzbek'  
steppes

● (0, 0)  
*Secular Tools*

i.e. sex weapons

● (0, 0)  
*Berms of Bias*

parapet the Truth

● (0, 0)  
*Scandals*

sinuous conspiracies  
slosh beneath  
the sand

● (0, 0)  
*My Moral Compass*

permanently calibrated  
to Mecca??

● (0, 0)  
*Cassette Deck*

a Talibani confession  
etched  
(in an echo)

● (0, 0)  
threats metastasize'  
a base' self-perpetuating'  
sensitivity \*\*\*\*\*  
*On Continuous Alert*

● (0, 0)  
*The Neanderthal Troop's*

sinecure recruits

● (0, 0)  
*Sacristan*

superstitions  
intersect  
(in the crevices)

● (0, 0)  
*Sticks and Stones*

paint' the creation'  
of creation'  
myth

● (0, 0)  
*Secretary Cretin*

heat-seeking

● (0, 0)  
*Brute Facts*

contract  
(in the fine)  
print

● (0, 0)  
*Mountain Movers*

mystics'  
saints and Sikhs

● (0, 0)  
*The Kenlar Urnula*

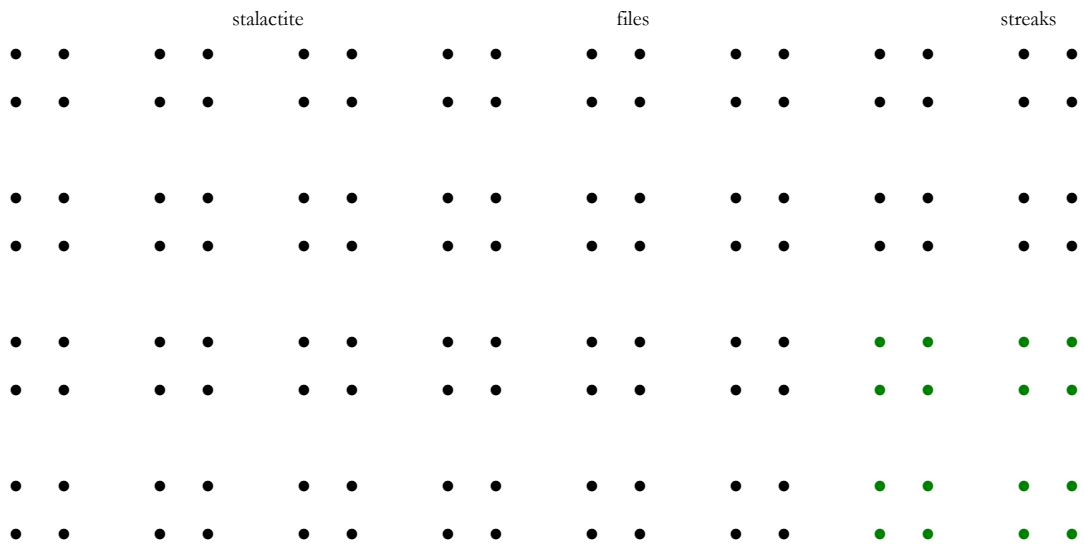
evolution  
of a speaking

● (0, 0)  
*Intellectual Exile*

hide  
(in classified)

● (0, 0)  
*Jets Like Pterodactyls*

three  
*screeeeeeeeching*



● (0, 0)  
*Night in Kabul*  
lit up  
w/ sound-  
bytes

● (0, 0)  
*Department of the Interior*  
You are Here

● (0, 0)  
*Spectacle in the Square*  
televisions  
bashed to pieces'  
hanging' by their cords

● (0, 0)  
*Asbaram*  
i.e. war room

● (0, 0)  
*White House*  
(in the early hours...)  
throw  
the power out

● (0, 0)  
*Ground Zero*  
mounds of earth'  
fear' and fury

● (0, 0)  
*Nadir Canyon*  
dangling the word...  
*doom*

● (0, 0)  
*Radio Shack*  
wired  
like a rock'  
munitions cocoon

● (0, 0)  
*Burst Communications*  
the fffffffft  
before  
the *boom!*

● (0, 0)  
*Lagoons of Human*  
phenomena  
from the idiom  
orifice

● (0, 0)  
*The Border*  
between Pakistan-  
and-Pakistan

● (0, 0)  
*Listening Station*  
the News like a train  
becoming  
past

● (0, 0)  
*Difference Is Birth*  
when the first'  
hominids' dispersed

● (0, 0)  
*Umma dot com*  
summon the Faithful  
to meet

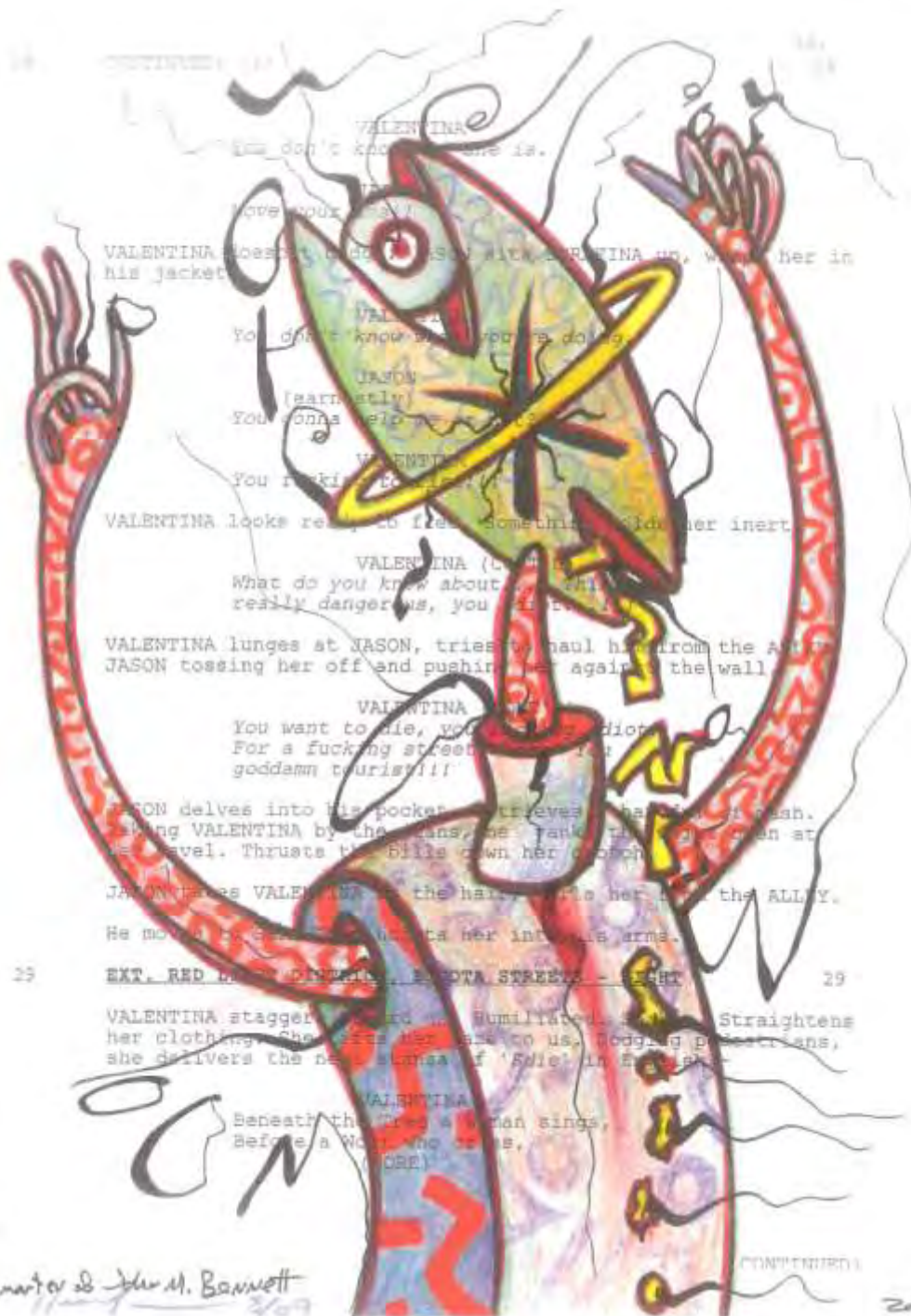
● (0, 0)  
*Peshawar*  
pre- post-history??

● (0, 0)  
*The Ghost of Khorasan*  
mausoleum  
(in a moraine)

(in the ether)

deposit





CONTINUED

16

VALENTINA

You don't know who she is.

Move your ass!

VALENTINA doesn't let JASON lift her up, wrenches her in his jacket

VALENTINA

You don't know who you're doing.

JASON

(earnestly)  
You gonna help me or not?

VALENTINA

You risking to die?

VALENTINA looks ready to flee. Something holds her inert.

VALENTINA (cont'd)

What do you know about this? This is  
really dangerous, you idiot!

VALENTINA lunges at JASON, tries to haul him from the ALLEY.  
JASON tossing her off and pushing her against the wall.

VALENTINA

You want to die, you fucking idiot.  
For a fucking street? For  
goddamn tourists!!!

JASON dives into his pocket, retrieves a handful of cash.  
Taking VALENTINA by the waist, he yanks the cash from at  
her level. Thrusts the bills down her crotch.

JASON forces VALENTINA to the wall, pins her to the ALLEY.

He moves to grab her, she resists her in his arms.

28

EXT. RED LANTERN DISTRICT, SINGAPORE STREETS - NIGHT

29

VALENTINA staggers, dazed and humiliated. She straightens  
her clothing. She spins her back to us, dodging pedestrians,  
she delivers the new stanza of 'Sole' in English.

VALENTINA

Beneath the Tree a Woman sings,  
Before a Woman who is us,  
(OFF)

CONTINUED

musician by D. M. Bennett  
3/09

2009

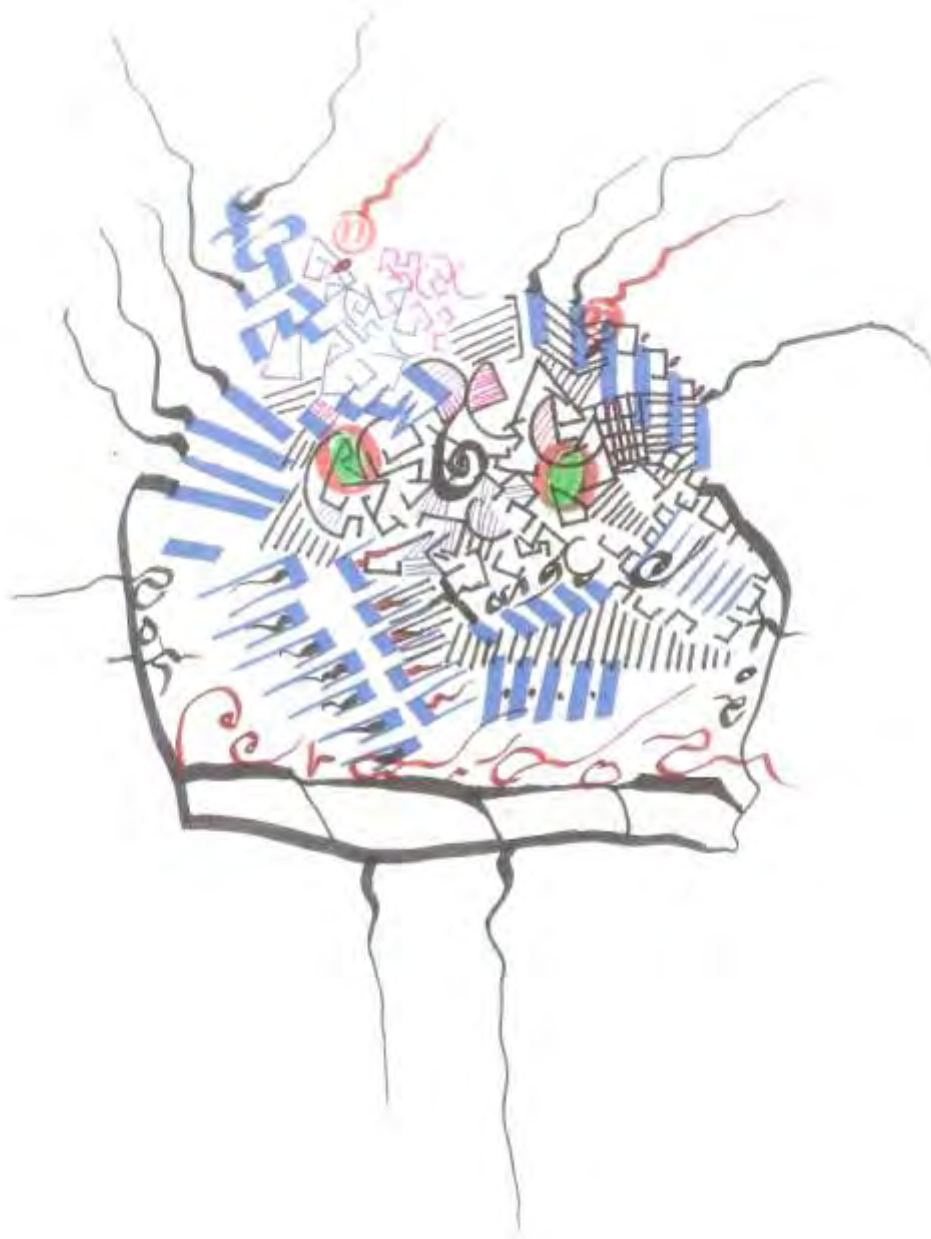


BORN M. BENNETT

SEP 12 2000

SE Murphy





SAFIA AL-BENNETT

SEP 12 2008

SFAL

## Rebecca Givens Rolland

---

*The Drug of Which He Forgets the Name*

if you mix this pill with that  
you'll get a purple bubble

of sorrow and salt  
if you slick down the side of a house

the eaves may fall  
yet the garden will still get planted

rows of camellias  
lifted to the window

begging to come inside  
trace the razed path backwards

until each step shatters  
and breaks off

each round moon  
sheds a square-edged light

on a problem that once seemed  
unsolvable but caved in

a knot without borders  
harboring a burden

asking what's the origin  
of the thousand seagulls

flying over the woman's face  
as she sits in her chair and mutters

thinking her pet parrot  
has come to cheer her on

*here pretty thing* he rattles  
off before shaking his tail

*The Oracle As Witness*

childhood: a bucket of *what do you think will happen*  
*of love came and found which daughter do you know*  
always testing for proof, signs of knowing  
who'd be victorious before the battle had begun  
who'd suffer under fire or hit the stake with ashes  
crying out for mercy with bitter wounds  
which army would be the first to cross which  
would hide in beasts' bellies for historians to find  
(the men said they'd crawled in seeking food)  
a hundred tasks to test if his predictions  
would hold water, killing birds at a tender age  
to see if the one he said he'd hit would make it  
flying off in a cursed diagonal  
or would collapse with a stroke of his arm  
victory was less than simple, his latest burden  
the lot of thieves, whether they'd pass with sacks  
of valued jewels or lose their heads crying  
for justice to the gods as his father commanded  
*teach a man to hunt* and he replied *I'll bite his neck off*  
*if you don't know what's coming don't come near*

*History of the Elegant But Dilapidated Mansion*

the Oracle visits the green house of his brother  
hung with plants

and dark-flecked ladybugs

*What is the cost of our growing?*

the siblings ask

so reckless      so rootlessly

begging to revert to prior visions

landed traces

as wood continues

to rot from the oval grain out

only its eaves refusing to covet danger

holding doors

until the locks around them cease to turn

a single stake keeps the yard's blooms alive

standing them upright through

a patient funneling

hothouse effects

wrought with gold machines

honey and salt

each poured in the corners

of their mouths

turning them gleeful monsters

turtle-eyed

This is no

interpretation

only a rumor

of striving for good

trying for a god

and yet somehow still

coming to ruin

ricocheting at the bottom of the glass

*The Oracle Dreams of the Faraway Hospital*

I could hear a plane drop on the rooftop of the war room  
as the fine tips of wing shafts spread

as men's hats rose headless

in their balance (silver spooned)

I tallied up those who wanted to go to battle then  
everyone who needed to go

unable to say if the weather would sway the reports  
if the men still had lingering questions

of whether someone would keep watch over them  
as they sped all too quickly into flames

I said *if anyone should covet his mother's neighbor*  
*he should be silent and not leave a trace of blood*

and yet I was shaken by my present life  
how it tore my feet off (barked bleeding from the heels)

how without notice it swam me to the sink  
although my days had once pushed me on slickly

numb-handed not looking out for my knees  
keeping me (wing-armed swimmer) on my toes

back then they'd said I was stunning  
my gaze shifted to the brick outline of shadow

at the door (the wind grew white)  
(props of the war room nailed down)

I practiced each day having the patience to fight  
harder to turn the other and the other cheek

## Jeremy Behreandt

---

copula

to build a small boat □\  
simple, lacking the words  
which go along with. stern,  
port, starboard, aft, prow

—to lash together plank  
and plank, to pluck a clump  
of reeds—another, another  
□\and stuff the seams.

to thrust the boat into new  
water with knotted rope  
in its belly, in yours, in mine  
and let the horizon dry up

□\and be forlorn. to build  
AN ENTIRE ARK IF POSSIBLE.  
to be given a rudder  
with no inclination

to steer. to steal another  
man's compass then  
land atop a mountain,  
be burned on its flanks

mid-ritual, mid-offering.  
to stare past the eventual,  
let bones curl at ends  
and peel; quit the shared

tongue brought with □\  
impaired. to know better  
of the birds—myriad, flocking  
□\but not know at all.

boredom looms that large  
over. to be rudimentary,  
how can we not scratch  
and pick at skin and dream

the earth as we have been  
shown? to bury, to bury.  
to weigh the knot  
of encounter □\hadn't we

the acumen—hadn't i you,  
my lover? □ \dextrous  
fingers merely? to unbind  
us, this most difficult shape.

## could

under dome and the truant speckbloom,  
who to peer the rent. there are one true, cusp  
and scope my hide, my purchase. pulling my

ezras apart to ezra scorned, aphelion i. flay.  
clout me upon the brow. in want to prop  
crosshatched, nether lip, the climate splendid: °

if there is symbolic, here, writhing to clarity,  
how could you remember thirst or witness □ō  
sky that throbs and that sky is not dreadful?

you will not remember this poem. sip but low  
so i cannot shunt nor forestall any further  
would have walked barefoot to palestine for °

ezra. the mothfall gnaw when i suggest  
too nearly a vexed revenant. soft crested this  
carving. there is a canopy of course upon

us and dearly you breach, though i wrote  
a dream in your poem. were not prepared,  
no particular could peripheral us, crypted

ezra. iterate vessel. as my vessel, yours. i  
exhort, tilt you. i idiot, refrain. this is my  
daughter. tend, assuage. you are my daughter:

---

° Shakespeare, *Othello* IV.3

† Chris Marker, *Sans Soleil*



**eloah**

SOURCES DESCRIBE THE EFFULGENCE AS HISTRIONIC, IF NOT HISTORIC, A FOLLY, FABRICS OF REEMERGING AND DISTURBANCE, AN ERRONEOUS SHAPE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE FROM WHENCE S/HE CAME INTO 31 MARCH 1988 INTO (A) MEADOW; (B) FIELD OF WHEAT; OR (C) LARKSPUR. IN CONCLUSION, THE MEMORANDA ARE TOP SECRET AND WILL BE KEPT IN SECLUSION, EVEN FROM REDACTED, ALSO REDACTED, ALTHOUGH REDACTED MAY ON OCCASION HAVE A PEEK, IF SUPERVISED. CORRECTIONS MAY FOLLOW GRIEVOUSLY AND IT IS JOY TO BLACKTAPEUP AND INCINERATE THIS LOVELY BUT THE TIME INSISTING, A LIMIT OF EXCERPTS WITH GRAINY ILLUSTRATION APPENDED OVER COURSE OF NEXT SEVERAL. EXCERPTS TO BE NO MORE THAN 250 WORDS IN LENGTH. IF ROBERT STACK, WE WOULD NO END OF IT. WE WOULD INCLINE THEN TO END ROBERT STACK. NOTIFY ANCILLARIES TO CLEAN UP THE SCENERY. SCRUBSCRUB AND ETCETERA. NO DOODLEBUGGERS, DIVINERS. NO DOWSERS. NO GEIGER COUNTERS. DOWEL RODS, KINDERGARTEN TAPE, SOME KAZOO AND GRAPH PAPER, SOME TINNY SOUNDMAKER. THREE MEN IN WHITE DELI PAPER SUIT. SOURCES SAY QUIETLY SOURCES SAY THE EFFULGENCE SWOOPEO AND DISPENSEO. CIRCUMFERENTIAL. SOURCES SAY EFFULGENCE OUTFOLDED LIKE RUBBER LABIA AND LAMPSHADE COOL TO THE BACK OF THE HAND THOUGH BLISTERS IN SUBSEQUENT WEEK DESCRIBED, PEELING, SUBSIDED. AND S/HE WITH CLEAR BRIEFCASE (OUR LOCKSMITHS ARE LOCKSMITHING) AND MANY HEADACHED BEING. TIPTOED TWO OR THREE, LUNGS HEAVED UP ALL RAW AND PUFFY LIKE PINK CUTTLEFISH, DREW RAGGEDY RED AIR, DEFLATED. THE SLOPE OF FOREHEAD, THE RING OF PUPAE SUCKLING ON LOWER RIM OF ALMOND EYES, DROPPED CURLED DRY SOURSTUNK KERNELS. EXCERPTS TO BE UNFASTENED, PARSED, GARBLED, COLLAPSED UNDER COMMA SPLICES AND PLURALS, COLLAPSED UNDER THE CAUSE WE HAVE YET TO BEGIN BY WAY OF BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

## THE HUB

the technique is low and rubber[ \* ]several hoses sprawling tentacular[ \* ]predications as tattered as[ \* ]plastic bags as jarring slim and amplified[ \* ]technique implanted behind plaster[ \* ]routed under pavement through the seven districts[ \* ]the hub coordinates and extends[ \* ]aggregates spare memory from hibernating nodes[ \* ]aggregates to itself[ \* ]the hub may be accessed remotely via four secure terminals[ \* ]the airport the hospital the university the chamber of commerce[ \* ]the technique entices citizens with a monthly subscription rate[ \* ]there are many benefits to subscription[ \* ]they will not be enumerated here[ \* ]subscription is mandatory[ \* ]the technique is several magnitudes and delicate in its many-fibered oracular embrace

: :: : : :: :

the orifice secretes jellied gasoline[ \* ]several poets have tended to and perfected[ \* ]mathematically[ \* ]the technique[ \* ]the technique of course has perfected[ \* ]extrapolated them[ \* ]naphthenic acid and palmitic acid[ \* ]benzene[ \* ]polystyrene[ \* ]the technique requires a viscous incendiary[ \* ]poetry is an intravenous drip for the hub's managerial technicians[ \* ]the hub orchestrates a calumny of astonishment between them[ \* ]wisteria does not have a name[ \* ]only an image in time[ \* ]bachelor's button does not have a name[ \* ]only an image in time[ \* ]peony does not have a name[ \* ]only an image in time[ \* ]there is no[ \* ]no there is no collecting this many in category between the young[ \* ]the poets synthesize their parameters and debate birds and flowers[ \* ]birds and flowers birds[ \* ]and flowers[ \* ]the hub would prefer a demolition that[ \* ]allows for easier ignition[ \* ]sticks better to smooth surfaces

: :: : : :: :

compliant[ \* ]pixel in pixel out[ \* ]least convincing when the ambulance[ \* ]white polish slivering 2am[ \* ]does the hub arrange words such as even the dullest citizen can do[ \* ]is the hub arrested in eloquence and slick of blue gel[ \* ]does the hub act on understanding[ \* ]the standard instrument[ \* ]does the hub execute the needs of its many organs[ \* ]merely °[ \* ]the hub does not raise an often standard[ \* ]but will take tone with undesirable habits and habitats[ \* ]poetry shall be affirmed[ \* ]the commingling «please do not disrupt the ambiance»[ \* ]in response to inquiry[ \* ]one might[ \* ]after all[ \* ]suggest the technique as refrain[ \* ]as the arid[ \* ]the refrain[ \* ]the hub offers several incentives for[ \* ]undereducated citizens who would like to enter[ \* ]one of the following industries[ \* ]timber construction agriculture mining electrical maintenance and installation fishing

: :: : : :: :

the hub commissions bulldozers to repurpose olive groves[ \* ]the hub's television network repeatedly broadcasts the epidemic[ \* ]the either or[ \* ]the hub is housed in an undisclosed edifice[ \* ]behind floor-to-ceiling glass walls and hymnal[ \* ]the hymnal is a subdivision of the technique[ \* ]in presence of the hub the hymnal perplexes every foreign sound into robes into flow[ \* ]this is named «the ordeal»[ \* ]if one can no longer acquire nor ascertain one's pulse nor nerve[ \* ]that is the hymnal at work[ \* ]one is then free to leave[ \* ]the hub will accommodate any and all departures[ \* ]the hub manufactures helicopters[ \* ]heritage[ \* ]the hub incorporates the latest developments in processing technology[ \* ]ecological sustainability[ \* ]luxury accommodations and amenities[ \* ]redefines all filiation rag to flag

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° DESCARTES, *DISCOURSE ON THE METHOD OF RIGHTLY CONDUCTING ONE'S REASON AND OF SEEKING TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES*

**there are times when i am happy and the sand is sand drawn up from the beach**

the pigchildren were out from their memories by the sea,  
insatiable curved bodies and the salt piling at base of spine.  
a butcher's poem—least remarkable sea, upholstered  
in canny green□\almost clean air, flat salival unbuttoned  
rite of sky. my pigchildren, not least of which singing  
to each other "when you have been proven, my sibling,  
when have you, cumpockets all besmirched?" royal purple—  
such palisades of wattling bruised skin! that sprung open  
voluptuous tide. the littoral□\with my only one appearance  
to the beach, not at all in the scale of proving or disproving—  
how we hoofed through dark soft sand and the crabs  
nipped at our snouts, but as known the courtesy is to  
disappear altogether or be hacked into. pleasantly!  
who could know? while we went seaward to the sea-mouth  
to suckle as swine, as swine.<sup>o</sup> my pigdaughters unbuttoned  
into wigs, a rack of glittering, purling wigs. my pigsons  
unbuttoned into dukes. daisies! sweltering the sand castle  
duchies, and when their sovereignty and when deposed  
all my baby spiders crawling over them. in dream  
my four hooves unlike their four hooves are four, eight  
hands, i have held the unfaltering, the stunted butcher's  
blush of warm and the mere suggestion of which, the mere

---

<sup>o</sup> Wallace Stevens, "Frogs Eat Butterflies. Snakes Eat Frogs. Hogs Eat Snakes. Men Eat Hogs."

## the doctrine of recollection

*And how will you enquire, Socrates, into that which you do not know? What will you put forth as the subject of enquiry? And if you find what you want, how will you ever know that this is the thing which you did not know?*

- Meno

did you look behind the inside as with the same? only then  
did i find it withdrawn: the circle in roundness, the square  
in my knowing better but trying any how. and this wary  
blue elegance of the morning glory, its ball gown. antique  
airplane propellers leaned against the garden gate. i put on  
my coat now and travel to the coast and midday sun and  
coast rent apart by sun and wind and larger dress wearing  
this terrible search, such reach of warm folded over warm.  
not to be reconciled or remain enframed by the house and  
i know there is a still distant and cold but do not travel  
there, fall into, nor least in winter. the contrary mightier,  
surface beneath surface, beach tissue laced over with  
falters. as not unlike the preceding other, did you?  
what belongs and to whom? in pussy willow i'm  
to rot and bitter to pale and warp. does it further?  
a prerequisite calm as snow settles and plaster too will  
down from the walls. this only a question this only  
burlap and twine around a question.

## Megan Boatright

---

### A red wheelbarrow beside

*No hens were thoughtful enough to lay an egg for me, but plenty of them did lay eggs....At first this came as a surprise to me, and I realized I was forgetting their traditional role as functional farm animals and looking on them only as objects of beauty*

*--Photographer, Extraordinary*

#### Chickens

the Cochin white frizzles  
the dark Brahmas  
beside the Belgian bearded d'ucelle mille fleur  
the Houdan mottled choking down the last of the night  
beside the Ameraucana blue wheaten, the Araucana white rumpless  
the Hamburg white and silver spangleds, their coral reefs of comb  
beside La Fleche, forked and spiked against the Appenzeller Spitzhauben  
    Polish crested, fluffing across the mine fields, Polish silver laced,  
    Polish white buff, golden crested, Polish lemon penciled, bearded chamois  
    Polish frizzle bantam bearded blue—ain't nobody here but us  
beside the silkie non-bearded, beside the silkie bantam, Spitzhauben  
beside the morbidly obese, flocking towards metaphor  
    but away from wheelbarrows, precautionary measure  
beside the white (meat) nuggets, the frizzled tenders, Araucana fingers, Wyandotte strips  
    forgive me, they are delicious  
so much depends upon  
a Friesian penciled  
ripping its feet out under the rain  
beside a red  
wheelbarrow

## **Choke-frog**

This. Frogs turn white as newts in their jars, diving prayers, pale livers, solid. Functional, complete, captured and suspended, their bones soldered to the lax muscles. Flush and heavy, filling out, fleshing forward their sad balloon mouths, organs differentiated by the water. Resistant, because we have ruined them, their arms cursing us as they pucker into the water. The soft fat heart, palm thing, converted it to liver, to pancreas, a smooth dam marking the negative space of yellow water, to this, this that flakes off into the water, but we will hold it together, come into the ground, come into the ground.

**is to me as seed is to**

the gently rolling of a bird stop she felt overboard stop warm plaster thermal camera trust the thermal imaging camera stop

*<the champagne cork cages, the dimeweight in your palm, the adductor muscle, the things you throw away>*

there is one mushroom that grows inside a dead woman. the redcaps bearing her up. what you could fit in a child's hand.



**“Nothing will beget nothing; speak again.”**

A song in optative, with textures and arousals. Someone must take my pears. I have a fine kettle of metaphorical fish; most days, they are children. They do not precisely gape, nor do they hold a pose. When boiled, they will roll sideways and fold themselves into a fruit. Bartlets grasp my ankles, gnawing hymns. They trot here and there, mouths full of something's skin, often full of mine. A greenish sorrow that rots in paper bags, yes, but twirl them in the sun, you'd never know. Nothing, you see, is planned. I let the fish onto the lawn, they clip along, and nothing comes of it. True, they are happy to soften the grass, but in the end it isn't quite home. They have sulked in samovars, sung the song of the empty, bitten cups. Hands chapped with scales, a bitter lens, and though I turn them like a garment by the jaws, nothing comes out but would have been better left alone. It is dusk. The fruits are biting. I cannot hold them.

### **Purposiveness of the object**

1. To feed things is to diminish your returns.
  - i.a. to open a mouth and what it would take of your hand
2. It is my floor because of the shoes on the landing.
  - ii.a. my feet are for the slippers I nest them.
  - ii.b. they are remarkably good slippers that would ground me to a thousand fibers of moment. In the absence of slippers, other domestic objects may follow. Coriolis under the carpet.
3. If the mouth should open itself, take advantage.
  - iii.a. Bedroom dangers include a state of being-in-luggage. Interested?
    - iii.i. You aren't. Go to the kitchen and break down more food.
    - iii.ii. You are. Find someone in the kitchen and give instructions.
  - iii.b. Do you think it is an easy task to write a book?
    - iii.i. Do you think it is an easy task to inflate a dog?
      - bbb.i. Through the nose, a dog can be filled with seed.
      - bbb.ii. Do not ignore the joints for their storage potential.
  - iii.c. Filling is function. Dangerous animals should not be received as allegory.
    - iii.i. There are prongs in the kitchen.
      - ccc.i. The bears. The honey therefore.

**Do you know which rules you are supposed to obey?**

Don't ever reveal your name in the text or the answer  
Let your readers see the blindfold and the silk gag

---

this began as a cruel space without intention or expressio

**Do you see any logical progression in this line of questioning?**

There isn't a word or phrase that summarizes this  
articulation of everything we believe. We bound it

---

if you leave it open for long enough the mouth will dis

**But how are you performing the objectification?**

There is a history of the virtue of celibacy that expl  
this thrashing emptiness you feel between your cel

---

please let me see her again if only to note that place in h

**Why must we use our bodies exclusively for the glorification  
of the Lord?**

We always get so intrigued whenever skin is mentio  
There is little to differentiate us besides the blood on

---

that phone call still happens nightly, she said that nothi

## R Is For Rangitoto

Imagine yourself in a plane of flaxy grass swimming  
through the constellations & watching the buildings  
glittering beyond the volcanoes. Imagine yourself

trawling through the yards of your neighbors &  
breaking down their doors to insert gray shards of sheet  
metal into their bony ribcages. Let their hearts bleed the

prophecies of sentence fragments & cut-out syntax. Let them  
ask you to call off the dogs. These red areas are in the  
shapes of bevel gears, the curved teeth converging on

the axis of their sternums. I know I said otherwise, but I  
didn't want you to read that part out loud. Catch these  
symbols with your tongue & grind them in between your

teeth. One of the volcanoes has the tendency to explode  
unexpectedly. Whenever it does we walk down to the harbor  
& join the rest of the city in celebration. What is one to do?

The narrative calls for a cheerful input at that point, so  
we trudge along. The sieve of my dreams has opened up  
again revealing itself in pink salts & home recording studio

devices. If there is one lasting image this is it. Blue-flecked  
fish patrol the shores while the kowhai are in bloom. A  
feeding frenzy for faint-hearted birds. Imagine yourself

floating on the water alongside the bloated corpses of your  
neighbors, jabbing at their torsos to see how much elasticity  
the tissue of their skin retains. Honestly, it's a bit of a pain

to sit through their sad lectures. It's not like we remember  
their talking points. You want more than an escalation of  
an escalation. You want more than rising action & swift

conflict resolution. So, one day you bring home a newborn  
baby just to make out the skinny in it. How quickly they  
widen their frame of reference to study these events! Even

fruit, nectar & insects aren't enough. Imagine taking it all  
back & morphing into an exotic creature, your soft skin  
forming a delicate chrysalis around their discarded nouns.

## Z Is For Zopilote

Pick an era. Crew cut in skinny jeans carom against multiple piercings. The person who comes to you in the night isn't the person who came to you in the night the night before. Looking

back on it, we've finally arrived. In this place where the ocean is a forest. In the happy days before post-millennial tension became a substitute for post millennial tension. Just like that

the smell of bacon puts an end to our meatless diet. This is why we fight. Because our skin ruptures. Pain is, without a doubt, superior. The dust storm saunters up another octave. An

improvisational segment in gliding patterns of speech & wastewater. Like any good cartographer, the God of Commerce asks *Why Should There Not Be A Handle?* Oh sparkling neuron, must you still

cling to this process? Please hold. Here comes another spontaneous act of nature. Captain Kangaroo makes a brief appearance at the barbed wire fence & then disappears. Ginger chocolatier wears salt beard. Pollo

al Pibil. Epazote crumbles against individual mandates. Mattress for sale. Victory meal, without a comma. Sounds like a round trip ticket on the gravy train to me. Compress these biochemical statistics into

a cluster of fading magnolias. Despite their puny appearance we still manage to remove our heads from our bodies, impale them on long metal poles & join a parade of lovely children running amok through

the city. A pair of aphorists poke at the ground. Dear friend, *Faced with difficult obstacles will you still retreat to the comfort of tilted poplar*

*trees?* Engaging these diamonds of fur. Pamper. Like bread, a baby takes

eighteen hours to arrive. Here, with self-correcting oscillations. Little roost, we've come this far without inadvertently mentioning the ritual of our death. Exude composure. Ward off the next wave of munitions.

## H is for H<sup>2</sup>O

During earthquakes the light is not supposed to get sharper. But, I reckon, it saunters. Towards the door frame & waits. To the accumulation of water let me

add this group of allegorical notes firing from over the horizon. How else to replicate the moment that came before the moment that came before the moment

before the moment. As natural disasters go so too shall we launch. Note the changes in this parade of vowels. The rain on a tin roof does so much more than the

formatting of freshly drawn blood & unprocessed sugar. Upon darkness we tunnel our way into these lives. A circle forms & glistens in the shade from the moon. All

four senses are required to reach the mouth of a lover. Contrary to the role we discussed earlier in the week. Take this inlet & reposition it in the valley of senseless

captains. Hickory, rootless. It's not enough to gather your loved ones together. You must also chew on the skins of nine volt batteries until you've extracted

moisture. Somewhere in all this, the miracle of wind patterns annihilate the rays of the sun. Moss covered & prickly. Sure, you can pour your teeth into a sweet

lacquer & rinse. But this lacquer, why? What happens when the beginning of this sentence & the beginning of that sentence imitate the shimmering ovals dimpled

on the surface of an ocean? Who will thrash their bodies amongst the twirling epiphytes & bent tussock grasses then? Speculators, align! A girl makes an appearance in

the poem because the poem wants to mimic the chronology of rain. Frankly, it doesn't fly. The nouns reappear, describing a world composed of blindingly bright light

& temperatures you can't control. Notwithstanding the cycle of days & afternoons we'll still carry the remainder forward. I don't care if they never did & if they never will.

## I Is For It's My Fault

I had something to add too. An itinerary founded on certain blue-veined rocks & conjuring up ghosts from a listless pile of money changers. Any appraisal of these conditions cannot

be divined using hinge joints. Rustle up a river instead. As for the girl, she pushes the mimicry of colorful birds onto the lifter of curtains. Like the breeze, the small rectangular terrain

just below her eyes becomes demilitarized. Having lost its luster, the writer covers her skin in fragrant creams. I is for internal combustion. While. Internal combustion is for the birds. Sodium

bicarbonate gusts into something fizzy. Hence the puddle. Now that we've become over-subscribed is it possible to catapult beyond the html code? In a certain combination of buttons the

transformation occurs. Just like that we've been granted the power of flight & speech. A vial of lotion subsidizes another vial of lotion. The spires of directionless larkspur will be

our guide. Their stalks create a dizzying array of perpendiculars playing tricks with the light. The shaft of a lance punctures a large bronze disc in the sky. The sun, if you must know. The girl wakes

up from a dream about tanks & the soldiers who control them. Not until her maudlin sentimentality is erased can we harness the strident energies of this modern weaponry. Surprisingly, our attachments will

not prop up the proceeding statements. What happens when the soldiers who control the tanks & the soldiers who control the soldiers who control the tanks have competing directives? They arrived together, together

they should stay. Now that the girl has been mulched in the mixed media exhibits of war, will she still scrape her fingers over the mossy boulders next to the stream? Will her shadows still reach my skin? How much

longer can this jolly parade of numbers correct themselves? What is one to do? The writer is powerless to prevent the bludgeoning of living creatures. Each time a love song comes on we concatenate our own obit.



## EMBLEMATICS

Emblematics are picture-poems based on the historical emblem form of attaching a motto, epigram, or verses beneath an image in biblical picture books, broadsheets, and other types of popular print, to illustrate or explain the picture. My kind of picture, however, is a mass-media advertisement or news photograph cutout set above a quotation from a traditional English-language poem that in some way can extend implications in the picture above it without trying to explain it literally.

My purpose is to make the closed form of traditional verse metrics draw insinuations of meaning out of the open and diffuse forms of mass media print rhetoric.

All poetry, traditional or otherwise, is rhetorical in attempting to persuade but is primarily meant to be enjoyed as an esthetic form. The poems I quote from, the texts under the pictures, were chosen not because of their distinction but to show by example how the indissoluble form and content that defines poetry as an art can draw out the invisible drift in mass media ads or photos.

Advertisements and news photographs are almost entirely rhetorical contrivances made and paid for to influence and persuade. But they rely on artistry, design, and devices of modernist esthetics, such as irony and ambiguity, surrealistic juxtapositions, dream imagery, vernacular language, deliberate carelessness, and the often unexpected intermingling of graphics, text, and page-placement made possible by print technology. Print advertising since the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century has been a foraging technology.

Poems in strict verse form may be historically out of fashion, but as esthetic objects they are meant to be read separately, word by word in syntactical order, matching content to form, and they assume the reader's compliance; whereas the commercial items vie for attention with each other in the same publication, using the latest stylistics in print technique, hoping desperately to keep the reader from

turning the page.

The verses address us on their own terms; they are exactly what they appear to be on the page and as works of art they ask to be read thoughtfully. The mass-media print, for all its artful and provocative lures, contains more information than its makers put there. Latent, shadowy, seductive but intrinsic information. Why so? Because there is always something human and social flowing through the customs, rituals, symbols, and fashions that both we and the commercial artists, copywriters, and news photographers share, whether we know it or not, in our transactions with each other. Because mass-media rhetoric draws upon the moral and esthetic reserves of the entire culture, even though the messages try to exclude everything beyond the aim of their propaganda.

We are supposed to look at an advertisement or news photograph exactly as the publication wants us to. It overdetermines its message because it anticipates our lax attention and indifference.

What happens, however, if we use the picture as part of a collaged emblem by putting a strictly formal poem of any kind below it as a legend to read it by? The poem can't possibly identify and explain, but if carefully chosen it can emphasize, allude to, bring to the surface and suggest connections. The clever but ephemeral flashiness of the ad or photo is magnetized by the poem and cannot avoid mythic implications the commercial artists may never have intended or even expected it to contain.

My premise is, of course, that all art of any kind, traditional or modern, highbrow or lowbrow, or postmodern catchall, is essentially mythic because it derives from basic types of human experience.

This kind of emblematic arranging may be the closest we can get to realize why mass-print visuals have such a strong hold on our imaginations even when we think we despise them.

# Only one station wagon offers all three:

## 1. V-8 power



New 'Vigilante' V-8 packs 250 hp.  
Get all the highway performance you  
expect. Extra power off the road  
when the going's rough.  
Tornado — OHV 6-cylinder  
engine also available.

## 2. Turbo Hydra-Matic



Famous Turbo Hydra-Matic automatic  
transmission and V-8 power give you quicker,  
quieter  
shifting... smooth acceleration.  
Dual range transfer case, too. No wagon-  
tops (1) Power steering, power brakes available.

## 3. 4-wheel drive

Twice the traction of ordinary  
wagons. Go confidently through  
mud, sand, snow... handle road  
conditions you wouldn't dare  
tackle in any other wagon.  
New peace of mind... specially  
with kids in the back!

KAISER JEEP CORPORATION  
CHRYSLER 1-80-442



See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the  
powerful, smooth, sure-footed

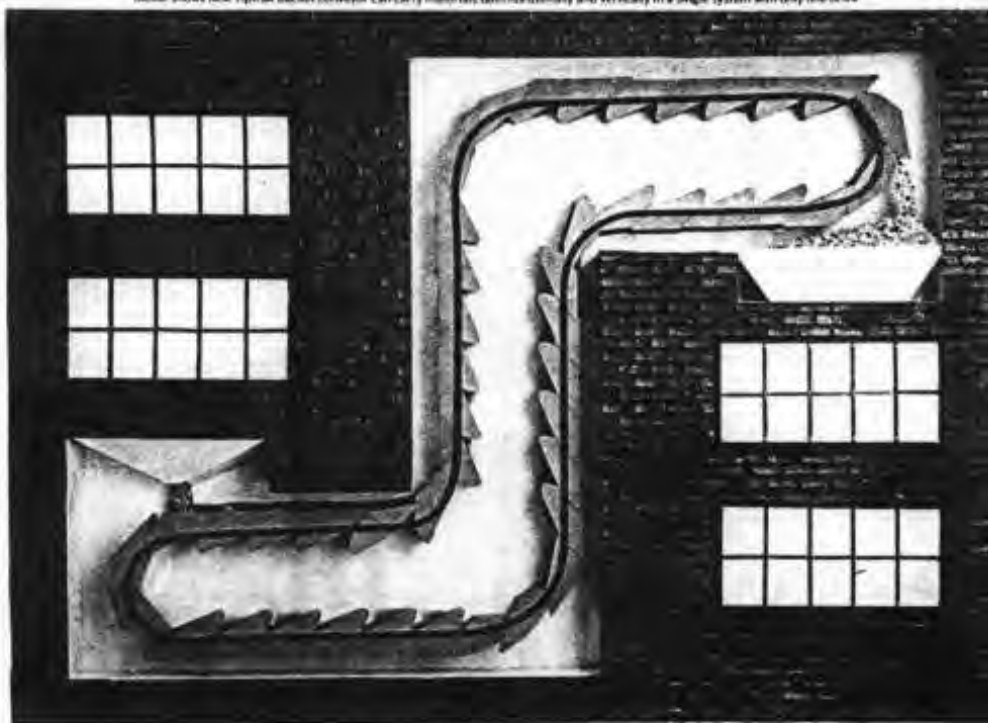
# 'Jeep' Wagoneer

What madness works to delude you,  
Being a man, that you see not man's predilection  
Is for Magnificence, Force, Freedom, Bounty; his inborn  
Love for Beauty, his aim to possess, his pride to devise it:  
And from everlasting his heart is fixt with Affections  
Preengag'd to a few sovrenly determinate objects,  
Toys of an eternal distraction.

—Robert Bridges, from "To a Socialist in London: Epistle II"

# Carry anything at any angle with this new conveyor.

Model shows how Toptrak bucket conveyor can carry materials both horizontally and vertically in a single system with only one drive



After I had seen  
That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
Of Unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts  
There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
Of sea or sky, no colours, of green fields;  
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live  
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

—William Wordsworth, from *The Prelude*

put on a funny lace



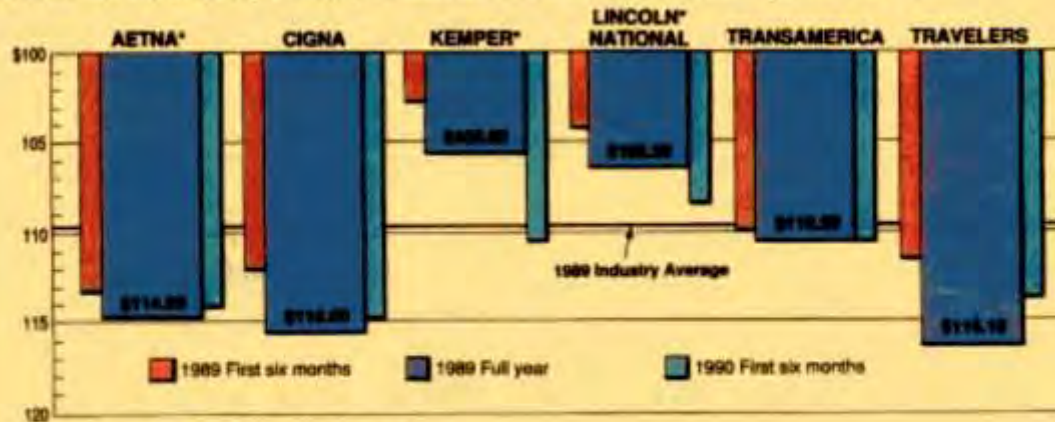
Most fair and lovely maid, look from the shore  
See thy Leander striving in these waves,  
Poor soul, quite spent, whose force can do no more;  
Now send forth hope, for now calm pity saves,  
And waft him to thee with these lovely eyes,  
A happy convoy to a holy land.  
Now show thy power and where thy virtue lies;  
To save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand.  
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace,  
That hand that darts so right and never misses;  
I shall forget old wrong, my griefs shall cease;  
And that which gave me wounds, I'll give to kisses.  
Once let the ocean of my cares find shore,  
That thou be pleased, and I may sigh no more.

—Samuel Daniel, sonnet from *Delia*



## LOSING MONEY ON THE BASICS

For each \$100 of property-casualty premiums collected, insurance companies reported costs of ...



\*Does not include reinsurance. Note: All figures after dividends paid.  
Source: Fox-Pitt, Patton; Insurance Information Institute.

O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see.  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul;  
Tis thus the busy beat the air;  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain turf I lie;  
While the wanton zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings;  
While the waters murmur deep;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep;  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with musick fill the sky,  
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

—John Dyer, from *Grongar Hill*

Put out the bottle that shows you know SCOTCH!  
 Enjoy the extra smoothness that has always given  
 "Black & White" a light, bright character all its own.

**BLACK & WHITE**  
 THE SCOTCH WITH CHARACTER

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY • 40 & 50 PROOF • THE SCOTCHMAN'S BOTTLE HAS CHARACTER • 100% PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY

There now he liveth in eternal blis,  
 Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd:  
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:  
 For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,  
 She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,  
 That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd.  
 In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,  
 Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen  
     may.  
 There now he lives in everlasting joy,  
 With many of the gods in company . . . .

—Edmund Spenser, from *The Faerie Queene*

## Angela Hume

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—

In operable.

Begin to begin to fray.

Outside, the social thickening  
(when were we younger).

Botched train; struck  
man.

One everyday everyday  
refrain.

Freight of your  
winged body.

Absolution  
of all your sins.

We the fatherless.



Rifted, we return from the new hospital.

Once again, a neat  
barbarism

gone wrong.

Young jays ransack  
the understory.

Pending trial.

Whose	testimony.
Whose	scrap of democracy.

Undoing the ascetic: nearly impossible.

## Thesaurus for Ceasing War

1.

and here we find ourselves  
in this predictable fight  
or flight pattern:

despite the parasitic nature of cowbirds,  
their numbers are decreasing;

water left untended  
will turn on itself;

though our motives  
of management were meant to test  
the instruments of large-scale movement, still;

(consider all the taboos  
and occulting)

the theory of mutual annihilation  
*reductio ad absurdum*;

ask yourself, 'Is this an effective  
stop-gap measure?';

once carved for the highway,  
the side of the mountain was  
painted to appear authentically 'rock-like';

the rather genius  
addition of spider  
web protein to goat casein;

'it's best to think of the buried  
waste as precious time-  
capsules for future generations';

so-called 'flicker vertigo' is  
a direct result of flickering  
light and is not limited to  
darkness;

apply the serge  
stitch  
to prevent the seam from  
unraveling



2.

witness  
the sheer whirlwind

surrounding her: nuclear lightening  
followed by thunder-  
ing aftershocks;

funnel clouds of  
acid rain;

dust devils rising  
from dry riverbeds;

methane steam above  
melting permafrost;

each revealing  
the complex weave,

the source

3.

*issued*: divining rods

*purpose*: prescience, divination[sic]

*description*: one end-times prop‘

Now, define the world in conjugations of the verb

4.

the berm, laid down each summer and destroyed each winter, the heavy storms  
sweeping water up from the depths of the ocean onto the shore,  
each wave measured and plotted and given name, the visible

edge of the earth, buffeted as it was, built of age-  
old metaphor, banished to the Island of Errors, preaching  
a \_deep baptism,‘ a measurement of

full-  
stop  
immersion,

the text as source v. the practice as source v. the worry  
inherent in the presence of each and every error,  
gentle-

men, understand the text as source as  
inherent meaning, given directive to see  
deserts as oceans, navigable and inherently wrought

5.

at the war college, cadets  
~~think~~ chaotically”  
and study the *Cloud of Unknowing*:

it’s a bedouin tradition,  
roaming bands, these so-called non-  
created energies:

proverbial degrees  
of loyalty place family, clan,  
etc., etc., above all else:

entropy  
as a measure of disorder  
that exists in the system:

remember the *surge*, i.e.,  
break them down  
with waves:

think of this  
as a cytokine  
storm:

identify the eventual  
product of radio-  
active decay:

in this photograph,  
we are living in a  
house made of bones:

6.

on the steps of her house  
built on the foot of the continual

beating and raging  
against the wind and ice

the brambles are burning,  
(not this, not this)

while she rifles  
through the *Guide for Living*  
*Our Non-Apophatic Theology*

overbuilt and ponderous,  
the story of waves

pounding the fractured  
edge of the earth,

she studies the chapters  
on Game Theory Predictions and

Their Relation to Your Spiritual Life,  
The 11 Principles of  
Attrition, Moving Beyond  
Kinetic Energy

Into the Principled System  
of Information

Combat



7.

and then remember the slight

ortolan caught in Cook

s net:

plumped and prepared (certainly does not

feed on brandy or wine, though

either will bathe the bunting in a suitable soup)

her delicate nest found on or near the ground, (the hunting

of beetles and grass seeds and the feeding of her young

make for a glorious Last Meal,

a fine recompense for toppling the Pacific)

she sings sweetly enough to encourage

thoughtful, though rather sentimental,

treatment from the highest

of authorities: even in death, her gaze

makes the steeliest of men shield their mortal-

weary mouths from the All-Knowing

Word. Shroud yourself in fine linens, Sir, as you feast

one last time, this reprimand your reward

for Good Taste.

8.

I'm told in nautical terms  
\_crack on' refers to the unfurled,  
not steady, advance toward heavy  
weather, speed as *modus operandi*.

We've considered ocean litter  
as a reflective surface  
to promote global dimming, or the planting  
of sulfuric aerosols into voluptuous

clouds. Or perhaps fitting  
the desert bed with plastic sheets,  
increasing her albedo,  
a rather forward-thinking move-

ment firmly embedded  
in scientific method, almost  
a direct rebuke of so-called  
\_faith-based' initiatives. Call it

what you will: —Glud Whitening,”  
~~—Marine Cloud Brightening,~~ —Glud  
Reflectivity Enhancement,” a firm  
step-up from the lackluster

dinginess associated with radiation  
management, solar or other-  
wise. Rest assured, the rain comes  
acidic and she cannot be

sufficiently contained. Coal plants,  
nuclear plants, they all require water.  
I know; we cannot technically attribute  
one weather event to a direct cause,

but I am speaking of water, and  
the spraying of the atmosphere with sea-  
water will increase reflectivity, regardless  
of how many microns of plastic flotsam, or

9.

placed within  
the subterranean ocean, the possibility  
of releasing vast water-  
ways was described as a closed system:  
the system's extreme sensitivity to minute shifts in  
initial conditions, bound by the Law of the Sea,  
a fragile document made of integers, movements,  
aspects, the possibility of beginning  
with cipher and ending  
with cipher, was described as a closed system:  
deep beneath the earth  
\_s deep mantle, a subterranean ocean, the possibility  
larger than the Arctic Ocean, the \_earth' itself  
the floating world, was described as a closed system:

*You Are Attempting to Reach a Page That Does Not Exist*

effluent, flowing out or forth, and so forth,  
water dousing is left to the professionals,  
we see right here the Law of the Sea  
states a closed system, the possibility of

10.

embellished with the rich  
embroidery of the 19<sup>th</sup> century,  
planetary currents — can't you see,

as a draw-  
er of water, she kept her feet  
clean?

— were defined as ~~any~~ manner of swirling  
vortex," the ocean's gyres placed on the surface,  
marked as much by what was above as was below,

were categorically unphotographable.  
Measured by the length of one's fetch,  
I saw the place where they carried her,

the distance from the wave  
\_s point of origin traveling  
to the point of Convergence:

the offering of one cup of water to another,  
even during times of great thirst.

One can transform one  
vessel into two, free one pool  
contained near the lake and rivers

by the simple act of ceasing.  
Effluvium. Exhale. — ~~An~~impalpable  
emanation," but why not see it

otherwise? *Convergence. The offering  
of one cup of water to another,  
even during times of great thirst.*

11.

we set out to abandon  
the vocabulary of the Industrial Age

to leave behind the invisible vapor, esp. noxious,  
in favor of sewing together fields

blanket stitched edges, mitered corners, splits  
of worn cloth from the outgrown and

tendentious, corn, beans, squash.  
we feed our haptic selves, this pottery that,

to the touch, runs at varying temperatures.  
crisis comes. the endless

difficulty of sleeping  
through the night. let us

instead ask one question:  
*how may I help you?*

12.

First, regard all dreams as rivers.

Second, the wind and tide.

Third, abandoned homes, transoms, satellite prisons.

Fourth, fade and flow, black liquor, deracination.

Fifth, collision, and therefore the sludge and slurry.

Sixth, light-box and shadow, stern structures, perversely athwart.

Seventh, front view made of two side views, or 3/4 views.

Eighth, mountaintop removal. Twilight. Lightning, cloud-to-sea.

Ninth, the luminosity of return strikes, limn the first night.

Tenth, fulgurites or the fossilization of light.

Eleventh, redoubt. The land rises as the ice retreats.

Twelfth, regard all rivers as dreams.

Guidebook

the porch is the prettiest part  
give it a name: the porch  
look at those flowers  
from here you can see the side bed  
it is the prettiest part go there  
more flowers  
see how the lawn is or isn't newly cut  
see how the short fence keeps  
out the rabbits  
the garden is the prettiest part  
with its supply of bright and tiny blue birds  
over the tomatoes and chard yes go there

## Transcript

[second bird:] -----

[to its mother]

[mother has given it some]

[food it desires]

-----

-----

[chews, no swallows, whole]

[1 and 2 sit] [patiently] [wait]

[mother hands it to the black bird

w/ the orange on its face]

[you got to hand it to her]







yellow to green

wave not wave

throw down

your sky

with girls on the mountain

up behind us

tornado mouthed

trip to the greenhouse

trip to the back porch

let's toast



Arp on Arp 2009 by David Detrich

**We Must Look into the Matter: Reading Mrs. G Through the English Canon**

Her finely tipped points. The way her heart cut up the sky—in fixed bloom. Lay her in lilies and in violets and in praise—the trees so straight and tall, her modest eyes. Yes on either side the river lie: 1. So, over that art which you say adds to nature, is an art that nature makes. 2. Which be the flowers, as it were, and colors that a poet setteth upon his language by art. It is difficult, but above all, one must remember that behind those lawyerly arguments, those thrashing sides, sits bold in her own daylight: a woman. She adjusts her skirts. Like a god the beauty of the world—out of the earth a fabric huge. Lace upon lace. Suppose in silks or tissues and costly embroideries. Arid, rocky. A slight pink at times and on a sudden red. Or green thick in tangles green. Her head a kind of stern wilderness. One is constrained to praise. Like a god, beauty. Some tone on a hill. Canyons. Bleak-grown pines. The sea salt blue. All that wide and golden scales. All that resolving down into herself. Location being the problem. On either side the river lie: 3. The endless tyranny of a landscape. 4. Long fields of barley and of rye that clothe the wold and meet the sky and through the field the road runs by

## A Forest Hung Upon His Head

176. “Dear sirs,” by whom Mr. G really means himself, “it seems I’d like to tell you a story. See! here he comes now, the hero I mean, and his monomaniac horse. They are something gone unaffected by time. Naturally we are wary. Mr. G finds himself in the bathroom mirror wading thick in an unequivocal beard and steely blade.” It was time for a shave. He goes right up to the window and knocks on the door: “No one answers.”

177. The problem with “Hamlet is not Hamlet” “but rather that thing running atop time.” Its hollow-eyed gestures, dead and with a poisonous ear. Stand and unfold yourself! but there is nothing much to say. “The dust merely rolling out behind them.

y 178. You can hear the crack of each hair under the blade’s steady gaze.” “The horse twitches.” He is dried out and punctured with cacti. Everything ends wrong the hero remarks as he settles into his hat. “Yes,” this is where the story goes thinks Mr. G, his fresh blue robe caught loosely around his ankles.

179. The poor sad horse, he calls out anyway, “A storm of flies pursues.” “How even in his most important scene—a heap of bodies on the stage after all—the ghost will not shut up with his O O O O O O O,” and young Hamnet feeling extremely cross and dead.

180. The hero coughs and his spurs twinkle. In a play within a play there is not a lot of room to escape. “The past will simply pound upon you until there is nothing left but a raw, flinty kernel where a cowboy dances a two inch waltz with his spine. Mr. G stares back at his face, cut to the finest measure.

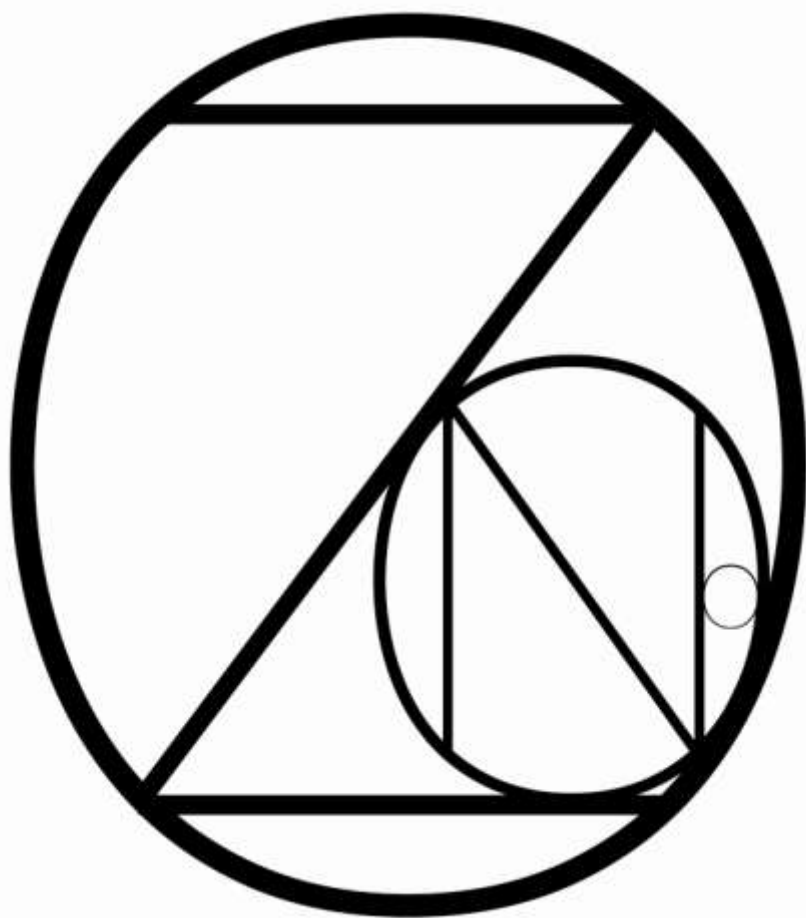
181. “Nothing turns accordingly,” he sighs and walks away, leaving the blade on the edge of the sink. “Many a fallen divinity couch beside his ankles.” “Let them do with it what they will.”

**The Chorus: Homer and a Field of Poppies Twisting, Nude  
(It Was an Arch Bridge—Very Sophisticated)**

*For Mrs. G*

Memory is a fat ball . of golden  
flesh . that runs up and down . our bodies . Watch  
as she bends her steps . against the sky . She is lonely and . en route and  
like most things . misnamed . Once she spent . 18 days building  
a bridge . He tried to warn her (Proust):  
“It was victory before it was a bridge, princess,”  
but by then she had bought . all that steel . Watch . her leave and wave  
goodbye for it is only . polite for memory . is not memory . but .  
To be accurate . about such things she would be called . distance .  
crisp sky . in the sunlight  
watch . but then . so would most .

Che





£ € ¥ € \$



I SHALL MAKE ME A BOOK

WHAT a pleasure, to explore by myself these virgin haunts of the Muses!  
What a joy to kneel and drink deep at these completely un-fucked-with fountains!

I shall make me a book that can only be read by natural light. A book wherein  
The Devil will have his due, and the Angel his comeuppance.

O tiny rhombus of glitter stuck to the cheek of my beloved!  
You were born in a good hour to come to such an auspicious end!

I am like a girl in love, a girl from India or ancient Greece. Indeed,  
I am physically shriveling like the sexy witch in the *Pharmaceutria*.

Sa'di, that saintly sheik, says if a woman speaks good things,  
You are not to think homely or not homely, but marry her.

My dragon-bearded tetrameters! how dare you speak of marriage?  
What need have you or I for a polluted exchange of covenants?

Am I supernaturally eloquent? Yes, if you'll give me a minute. I have to  
Confer with my favorite author: John of Patmos.

MADRID is just now examining Scripture with certain of the Lord's children.  
Pull up a chair—

For, if hearing a single verse of the Diamond Sutra was enough to enlighten Hui Neng,  
Imagine what listening to the whole thing'll do for a bright guy like you.

## TOO WELL I KNOW MY FATE

TOO well I know my fate. I am slated to be the darling  
Of an army of ambitious nonentities.

I was brought up by wild animals, yet I speak this exemplary English.  
I shall forever be lapped by the orange flames of my self-inflicted glory.

What does it mean, this desire, this lust, for revenging oneself on fools?  
Innocent fools! and trusting! with smiling, angelic faces!

I have gone in for reviling nature, especially reviling it to girls.  
I have maligned the delicate spadix on the Asian skunk cabbage blossom.

They are worried I have designs on her? Well! and who can blame 'em?  
And indeed I dó have designs—but only of the purest sort.

I am the purest man in Rome, for all the good it does me.  
I said one wrong thing a year ago, and I've been punished ever since.

I have been fined, whipped, pilloried, imprisoned, and threatened with things even worse.  
They want to make me listen to their theory of literary translation . . .

Ah, write poetry, MADRID. For you will not find in all World Literature  
A half dozen lines together that will satisfy your soul.

## HE WILL MAKE A FINE LOOKOUT

HE will make a fine lookout, for his attention can never flag, who waits  
With eyes locked on a doorway through which his black-haired beloved must pass.

Take a look at the different geometric shapes; it'll do your heart a world of good.  
For any ten objects in tandem are a jigsaw of the human body.

A windmill is a distressed motorist: he waves his arms at the passing traffic.  
But the highbeams of the oncoming atoms only serve to illuminate his despair.

These long-bearded tetrameters have not saved me from this indignity.  
I am bubbling away as venomously as a certain famous, thwarted witch.

My tutor told me as he was dying that I too would have to die.  
And now here I am, a hundred years later, dying of wounded vanity.

"I leave the brutal honesty to the brutes."—That was my motto.  
But now, I must admit, the saintly thing of it is quite faded . . .

At the end of the *Iliad*, Hektor, Breaker of Horses, loses his nerve:  
And at the end of the *Ramayana*, King Rama doubts his Sita . . .

—Conclusions evilly disappointing! But this is exactly why  
Homer and Valmiki are considered artists of the first rank.

## TO PASS SENTENCE ON THE EARTH

WE have no word in English for lust without desire.  
Yet it is the state in which I have lived half my life.

At my first taste of glory, I became a poetry MACHINE. And I spent  
The better part of every weekday, rewriting famous poems . . .

I wrote: "Praise to the Creator! and to His mode of thinking,  
For He has given me in all things a catholic taste . . ."

How attractive these twenty-year-old girls are, with circles under their eyes!  
Tired, worn-out, divorced-looking, how attractive they are!

But somebody tell me what it means, that poem that pleases them so.  
All these kids seem to understand it, so who am I to question?

To pass sentence on the earth, I could always just turn over, stay in bed.  
These DEGENERATES want me to sentence the earth without ever having understood it!

But if I die tomorrow, I'll think: "MADRID, you did OK."  
But if I live—? If I live, I don't know what I'm going to do.

**"Proper adjustments"**

Big blue veins  
I wish they'd be any other color  
but blue  
But they don't care, see -  
Opposing your wishes  
they grow and spread and take hostage  
of the body  
as it opens,  
and the blue veins conquer:  
We have always been"  
the emperors,  
We have always ruled  
this waste-place,  
and nobody else but us".

**"Firsts"**

Will you then admit?  
And babies are not different from  
And blushes are not different from  
And turning plates on dining floors  
Are not too different  
not at all  
And hands, they burst through thick earth-twigs  
And roots, and vanity,  
And many firsts.

Lots and lots and lots.

### **"The 3rd"**

Goodbye, tremendous sull  
It's been an honor just to be near you  
to smell your feet as you run, to breath your dust  
as you're descending.

### **"Electrocution"**

To the chair,  
To the gas, to the gas,  
to the fire,  
To the gulling grip of the mass.  
be it shameful, be it rare.  
The all-consuming hell,  
And the flames, small, they turn  
Laughing jauntily, at our paralyzing roar,  
powerless, slimy, morose,  
The fire laughs, then so it goes  
A flair streams up the spine,  
To the head, to the mind,  
To the chair,  
To the gas, to the ground.



**In Provincetown It Stops a Second**

I always felt I had half an hour  
to prove nothing

was wrong with me.  
Though this material was not

uninspiring, I didn't  
pass. Other people passed.

Mind your itinerary angel  
it'll just keep snowing sand.

I know Route Six is South  
and Herring Cove is West

but hey hey Beach Forest  
permit me an unknown,

permit me a shadow.  
Otherwise I'm counting

every breath, unless  
and until, until and unless.

Hey hey Beach Forest  
let's find a way out of this text.

## How to Upline a Journal

There is a reference to what's left out  
only occasionally. Can we identify

page 29 gussied up a little less?  
A sense of flux is not conveyed by

*Give it a title.* A sense of flux is  
(not) conveyed by *Died of X*.

Then there's the level of myth,  
a going to Hades thing.

I will be more interested in this process.  
I see the motion, I give back

an echo chamber. Don't settle  
for capturing beautiful things

about that difficulty.  
Why would it be anywhere?

## **The Illness In a Five-Story Walk-Up**

Not like a goth kid feels mild  
to moderately vanquished  
by Orange County, no, not like that

at all, but on your back  
with a diagnosis. Can't fix  
the man, can't fix the man.

Doctors don't know everything, darling  
come on up from the ground. But how  
will we get you up the stairs?

We will outsource Eli Manning  
we will make A-Rod our bitch.  
Can't fix the man, can't fix.

Dear god, help us make this  
funny. The neurologist prescribes  
whip-its. The phlebotomist collects

porcelain fairies on her desk.  
One of them is missing Los Angeles.  
One of them is dead.

### Yes, Noise, or No

Buy a wolf trap and a handkerchief. Purchase a wolf-proof door. You will construct tiny cityscapes with bird bones inside snow globes. You will fill the globes with a mixture of bits of tinsel and freshly ground pepper. The wolves will in fact be wolfram. The warmth will be war. The theater will be where the war will be waged. You, inchworm, will measure the marigolds. And then, it will happen just like this: You will cover your body in a dull dusting of wolfram, hoping someone will rub against you for warmth, hoping you will bring brief shadow to a darkened theater, where the marigolds have been ushered to their seats in the wings. The wings—and they are yours, of course, attached to your back after losing your hands—will be read by X-ray tubes using the wolfram. You will try to find *tumult* on the periodic table of elements. It will be between *flue* and *oxen*. The theater will have no stage. The devil will win by one. You will toss snow globes of Tehran into an angry sea. *Oxen*, yes.

### The Wasps in Swarm or in Swans

Soundproof your lungs with sawdust and goose down. Pickpocket sleet from an overcoat fashioned out of agates and slipknots, then skip through a busy city square in pure panic, overturning apple carts as you go. An X-ray of your wings will reveal intricate wirework fashioned into a landscape where deer flee an orchard or pasture on fire. You will release the bees one by one, the wasps in swarm. You will hire a voice coach to teach you how to properly talk to the magpies outside the infirmary's one window. Instead, she will instruct you on how to interpret words from the ghostly shape they leave when spoken against a mirror. *Ocean*, you will learn to read within the fog, *lightning*, *storm*, *lighthouse*. The people who have spoken these words, however, will already be busy digging a tunnel into disaster. The disaster will be made of dynamite and feathers, or dynamite, feathers and fears. The fears will be emanating in the shape of flowers and smoke from your throat, though no one will be able to see it, having already left for the day to watch a parade. You will make great teepees.

### Constant

An engine runs continuously and at a low volume. Because the noise of the engine is continuous and low, it might seem for certain periods to mimic something like silence. Of course it is an artificial silence, and of course there is never silence, since the engine runs continuously. If anyone thinks about the engine, or about the noise of the engine, it is for only a short time. No one knows what the engine does or why its low humming is continuously audible, should anyone listen for it. Presumably, someone built the engine. It couldn't have built itself. And whoever built the engine must have done so for particular reasons, which, for all anyone is in a position to know, related to the community's most essential functions. No one cares to question this: suppose the engine related to the community's essential functions and someone were to disturb its operations. Consider the chaos. Anyway, no one has ever seen the engine. It must be an engine, because, despite the quietness, it sounds like one, and because nothing runs so continuously could possibly be anything but an engine. So it is an engine, which means that it powers something. It would be absurd of them to censure themselves for not knowing what the engine powers. Whoever built it knows—or else no one knows, and the person who built it didn't know either. Maybe a lunatic built the engine. In that case, it might be running, continuously, at its consistently low volume, day and night, connected to nothing, with no purpose at all, something for those around occasionally to wonder about, mostly ignored, and effectively doing nothing. Few go so far as to suspect this much. Whether they think about it or don't, most feel a certain peculiar dependency on the noise of the engine. The less they think about it, the more central to them it is. They try not to think about it. Weeks and months pass, and they remain aware, on an unacknowledged level, that their comings and goings relate, possibly in a vital manner, to the engine and the continuous and relatively low volume of its operation.

Once, a man went to find the engine. Everybody told him not to go. He went anyway and was gone for several months. When he returned everyone sneered. But even as they sneered, a few gave in to asking what he had found. They found him changed. His replies were evasive. There were those who attributed the evasiveness of his replies to shame, having failed to locate the engine. Others detected a wounded or unsettled note in his refusal to answer plainly and concluded that he had found something after all and hadn't liked it. Of course no one knew. And no one really wanted to know. They wished that man—a young man, only about 20 years old, who certainly hadn't lived long enough with the continuous and low noise of the engine and its unclassifiable importance to the comings and goings among the residents of the community—had taken their advice and had never made the journey to find the engine. Some wished he had never returned, and a few even wished the worst for him, seeing as he had taken it upon himself to look for the engine, even after everyone had told him not to look for it, and seeing as, despite having evidently found nothing at all, he had in doing so caused the community so much needless anxiety. As it happened, that man came to a bad end anyway: about three years later he lost his mind, or so it appeared to them and to those in a position to make such a determination, and he finished out his life in an institution.

That man's end was in one sense a benefit to them, as it went far to cement their longstanding resolve to ignore the engine and its continuous quiet noise. Here, after all, had been one presumptuous person, who had against all advice gone to find the engine and had come back disappointed, possibly even damaged, and who soon lost his mind and finished out his life (which lasted only a few years more) in a mental institution. So it was all the more clear, if not somewhat urgent: one ought to ignore the engine, ignore the sound of the engine, proceed with one's life, and

allow the continuous and quiet noise of the engine to take its place unquestioned in the ordinary comings and goings of one's life. The story of the man took the form presently of a cautionary tale, although it seemed obvious to them, as well, that they oughtn't to give more than minimal thought to the man or to his search for the engine and the fruitless and possibly disastrous result of that search.

Each year the community arranges a festival, which involves numerous predictable customs: a parade, theatrical spectacles, contests of various sorts, and a great deal of milling around outdoors. Of course the event revolves around a single element, to which no one ascribes its true importance. As part of the schedule, all residents visit the historical museum, where they pace rows of archived written documents and photographs, dating to the foundation of the community. Everyone makes as little of it as possible, although everyone attends, and those who have children make sure the children attend, as well. Some years the festival extends into the early hours of the following day, because residents are still parading along the aisles of the historical museum, scrutinizing old records and peering, some of them with magnifying glasses, at the details of tintypes and daguerreotypes and all manner of photographs, made and donated by amateurs and professionals. It is easy enough to maintain the pretense that one is looking into the growth of the community, from its origin to its present state. No one would admit that what everyone seeks in those yellowed documents and innumerable mundane photographs is, in fact, an absence: that what is of such importance to them is not what they might discover, but rather what they desperately wish not to discover. The purpose of the annual festival is to affirm, by repeated scrutiny of the official record, that at no discernable point in time did anyone undertake to build an engine that now, unseen by anyone, runs continuously and at a low volume. The historical museum is thorough: there is nowhere any evidence of tampering. All records are in place. One can move from the community's founding to the present day—a tedious experience, but one no resident cares to forgo—with no inkling of narrative interruption. It is a seamless progression from images of simple, serious men dressed in overalls to those of massive stone buildings and congested streets and sidewalks. Year after year the experience is a complete one, and year after year the community ends its festival quietly satisfied that no record of the planning, design, or construction of a massive engine exists.

Were anyone to consider the question, any customary use for an engine would seem immediately problematic. An engine of this size might power a large mill or some apparatus to fill silos or the various machines inside a factory. The community has none of these things, except for a large vacant structure that used to be a factory and that closed over two decades ago. Electricity is generated as in any other community in the world. In fact, it is impossible not to notice during power outages the unaltered persistence of the engine. No one wonders about any of these things, because no one wishes to draw a conclusion. Their most significant fear, and that most deeply and cleverly suppressed, is that the continuous low noise of the engine might stop. The less they know about the nature of the engine, the more manageable the anxiety. Anyone with conclusive knowledge of the engine might begin, even unwittingly, disseminating information throughout the community, information about the engine's continuous low noise and what particular elements of the engine contribute in their ways to the noise. In time, enough knowledge of the engine would have found its way among residents that nearly everyone would be in a position to predict, even unwittingly, how long the engine might possibly continue to function before its parts begin giving way to deterioration and the engine halt.

One night, while everyone sleeps, a 12-year-old girl dresses silently and leaves her parents' house. She walks several blocks and to a canal, listening to the traffic and the water rushing below her feet and, above it all, the low continuous drone of the engine. Her expression reveals nothing. Anyone there to observe would have no means to guess what the girl is thinking or why she has come to this place all alone in the middle of the night.