

PARCEL FOUR



PARCEL FOUR

INDEX

Featured Artist: Amy Reed : pgs. 4, 8, 19, 24, 37, 43, 49, 55, 63, 70, 80, 86

Jessica Baron	
<i>Vines growing from the mouth.</i>	5
<i>Some peaches or an orange.</i>	6
<i>Seasonally lit.</i>	7
Eric Baus	
from <i>Please Send Dust</i>	9
<i>Latent Mantis</i>	11
<i>Deer Tongue</i>	13
<i>An Ember</i>	14
<i>Iris's Saliva</i>	15
<i>Muslin Excerpt</i>	16
<i>How Birds Are Nourished In Japan</i>	17
<i>Miss Molting</i>	18
Matthew Cooperman	
from <i>Spool</i>	20
Paul Fattaruso	
from <i>Village Carved from an Elephant's Tusk</i>	25
Derek Henderson	
<i>Culled from the Earth, a Poor Flower Fathering Yellow Out into the World.</i>	38
<i>Fastening.</i>	39
<i>Spider carries herself across my sandwich--</i>	42
Aby Kaupang	
{ <i>Soak</i> }	44
{ <i>admittance</i> }	45
{ <i>tongue</i> }	46
{ <i>paralysis I</i> }	47
<i>manna's often stale</i>	48
Dorothea Lasky	
<i>Things</i>	50
<i>Ars poetica</i>	51
<i>How to survive in this world</i>	52
<i>Mystic love</i>	53
<i>Bakelite bracelet</i>	54
Eric Linsker	
<i>Together Forward</i>	56
<i>Availableness Occurrentness Ode</i>	58
<i>Philomel</i>	60
<i>Notes for Poems (Spring)</i>	61
Trey Moody	
from <i>The Book of Flattened Hands</i>	64-66
from <i>And the Children</i>	67-69

Jen Tynes	
<i>Faultlines #1</i>	71
<i>Faultlines #2</i>	72
<i>Faultlines #3</i>	73
<i>Frankenstein #1</i>	74
<i>Frankenstein #2</i>	75
<i>In The Toolshed Is A Toolshed</i>	76
<i>Heat Wave</i>	77
<i>Outside the Act</i>	78
<i>[Where is the rest of the body, one irate customer demanded to know.]</i>	79
Nicole Zdeb	
<i>Marlowe</i>	81
<i>Poem for Tory Dent</i>	82
<i>Phyllis and the Swan</i>	83
<i>Transcendent Echoes</i>	84
<i>The Rainiest June Since 1842</i>	85
Biographies	87



Vines growing from the mouth.

after Neo Rauch

Pray to the snails and snakes, to things that slither,
pray to the new neon lights marking HERE,

HERE, HERE: pray to the television.
Beyond the hill, tanks fire, although just

expending their red shells in the dirt,
so poisonous with a touch we could die

in the grass near our feet, these mushrooms.
Let's spin our tops anyway.

Let's play under the eaves of this green house,
under birch and bark, under branch and leaf

on the delicate edge of destruction.
The house says nothing, yet makes effort in

blank balloons the length of itself. It's tired
of parking lots, of carnival rides, tired

of being behind the game, trailing
all action undertaken. *Look inside me,*

it begs for our attention, waiting
behind curtains, *I will reveal my secrets.*

Let's spin our tops anyway;
with the paper dolls' tales severed, their clothes

no longer stay on bodies, no longer
can they remain upright, interact

with one another, without blowing down.

Some peaches or an orange.

after Neo Rauch

In the clouds, there's another ocean, more
blue, more strange. If you're adept and find

food, you might be able to climb a ladder
to the beat of music, a marching band

or electronic drum-kit rhythm.
You won't need it, leave the music behind,

there at the top. If you've managed to climb
carrying in hand already-cut fruit,

there is an abandoned tree, sky on all
sides. Your task will be to climb said tree,

with footholds uneven, its branches far
apart. At the top, be able, you'll make it

to jump right in, but vault up and out
as between city buildings separated

by a small alleyway. I tell you,
the reward of the water will be worth

all this. Tides never go out, and one
never tires of treading. You can float there

with your sliced fruit, eat section by section
in haze, sugar perfectly balanced.

Seasonally lit.

after Neo Rauch

When reindeer begin coming out sewer
grates, mythical beasts pull the plow,

time has come to re-examine the sky.
A bit of light peeks, look for cracks made

out of helium, I was made to burn.
Handle me with care when you put me

on the grill. I'll float to a place you can-
not touch my masked inside, water wide

this red behind the silos, trees bare
above the wheat, full of cardboard and tape.

If we clear the medicine cabinet,
they'll be no more tools. The beaver we keep

in the lightbox will be abandoned, half
man, dinosaur. So much trouble finding

food tall enough to reach its mouth upright.
Small fires rage in distances, he

runs as fast as he can waddle his large
bottom, this red rock under the dirt

calling for an eventual demise.
Don't touch the snowman, fucker, this chalet

our land of children and snow, red rage, stop
scaring all these customers back through this

turnstile. Now, go with these squash down at the
farmstand, shape of evergreens. Get going

four different colors, someone decorated
for the holiday season: orange, green,

yellow, then blue from the base moving up.
Just try cutting that open to fit all

into the oven, taking care not to mix
those multicolored seeds, our squash insides.



from *PLEASE SEND DUST*

FORT FOREVER

I walked close to the fence and they snorted. A wasp's nest. A paper place. A field spilled all across the herd. A sister occurred, straying apart. Her hand was the hand from the film after the film of the letter left under my door. She embroidered her orphaned fur with worms. She wore a broken horn and a frown. Her face For Rent. She went on wearing it, roaring, Fort Forever.

HOW I TALKED TO HER

I have learned that she likes carnations. That is important.

I waited until my throat was tight. That is less important, but still important.

For a while I thought I was talking to her. I thought a sister was speaking. (She was.)

I am trying to say this as clearly as I can: A crooked river will always appear before a sister arrives.

HOW TO GET THERE

Sing one:

Common Cloud or Clovered Ohms

OUTSIDE INFORMATION

A sister who points to the ground at least once a year is a good sister.

All sisters are good sisters.

WHAT SHE SAID

My mouth is dry. Please send nests.

SOFT LAUNCH

Another letter was left in my path.

It read “Re: Dust.” or “New Nest.”

The film of her hand was looped inside.

ELONGATED BREADTH

She severed her scenes. It created the illusion of a latent mane. “I travel from speaker to singer,” she said, “across my elongated breadth. My river cannot swim. And I, the bodies it encounters, am found by tigers. It has a mechanical name, but I force it to forget its story. I pause above its body. I forest it for water.”

Latent Mantis

Red powder

oxen,
ants,
twine.

List of materials:

- 1) seeing better inscribed, alighted
 - 2) very few words cover
 - 4) all colors all colors
- are rare

That is what you say to a ghost

What Ana says

I refuse winter
I refuse to rest

“Do a volcano”

“Be a diorama”

leaving being told

(silent lens)

bees
claws

crossed speech:
an oration for thorn
and barn

“What my people look like”

(They walk away)

real ash upon us
I hold it

it covers the trees
in the noon-pressed dusk

their nettedness

“a setting surface”

Everything I (music)
know how (time)
to do

on a black sheet

one paragraph
on a black sheet

it tells me
what it is

so starred

it stormed

star anise
deer tongue

you take
the space
the space
around her
tells you
to take

It is natural not to

remember a hive
a clotted cloud

hunger

remains
for the migratory door

leaving, being told

“You can’t keep me here”

her distance defects

there has

there has
never been
a deer

never been
a fish

“This is the shape
of my tooth”

(red)
(fur)
(worms)

I can’t find
the siren

the siren
split
in my throat

Deer Tongue

Minus converges his lambs with an asp. He coats the candles with sugar and waits. Whenever I pick up her voice, he writes, I hover above my letters. I steep in the trees, unsigned.

An Ember

When I was awake, I was seeing salt, seeing what salt says it is. I was trying to explain “sistence.” There was a sifter beside me. “An ember,” she said. Her reading was a foam reddening, a painting over a page. A film of my tongue, an orange film. A pool to watch while the ground arrived.

Iris's Saliva

Iron filings filled my tongue. Then the sun found me.

Muslin Excerpt

I was what I drew in this house. Listening meant I wasn't lost. I drew your house, a duplicate urge, a room I never knew.

How Birds Are Nourished In Japan

A cloud consumed by a moth is the beginning of my story. What it has seen consists of two blue skies a moth is consumed by. This is a song for Mary Rowlandson, a song for a piece of her arm, in the sun. It begins: "I am allowing the field to become my trapeze." Mary Rowlandson writes: "I water sticks." and "I walk on molasses." She thinks in the nude. She tries on her eggs. She records the sound of The Sound of Bees. I swallow her gowns. She has left a light on inside my lungs. She writes: "I like the woods." and "I like when it rains." I can see her breath in the greenest bowl. An animal sleeps on her stomach today. A bird in snow she is saving for Spring.

Miss Molting

Underneath her talk, inside of Inside Of Us, inside of irises, a song is made. I write down The Sound of Fire. I think in a fine powder to see how close Miss Molting is. I say, "Maybe you should dissect me. Maybe you could see the water that I was." She thinks, "There is no boundary to being a lamb, but there are brooks in the ocean." I want to retire all her distances. What I do know is that The Things That Live Inside Us want me to keep tracking her. They want me to be a swallow. I have eaten all her field notes. My bed is asleep in her head.



what's sayings truth
in cultural ears
that repetition recounts
sincerity makes peace
with attempts as
fulsome gestures so
much human voice
making effort rise
to recognition hello
I know I've
met you some
where or time
it's space and
days that sits
you saying yes
it is true
I've said it
now you see
and seen you
take it forward
next life think
and there it
is so familiar

§

kind of crown
to wear away
my ablative unmaking
more and more
the day makes
clear the day
is separate being
I must enter
at all costs
the very thing
like linden moved
a tree for
all my wandering
and a marker
king of leaves
that actual thoughts
are things quite
real but separate
from the world
these lemon rinds
upon material tart
and tart again
my ego loosing

§

branches prompt look
at security justice
a border knows
what emits carbon
your lucky numbers
for centuries clang
a physician's credo
do no harm
that hasn't changed
someone's mind is
a terrible thing
waste matter ensures
time will go
on and on
witness was questionable
so we did

§

starts with many
may not be
aware our leash
law encumbers freedom
makes travel scarce
among moveable huts
where immigrants are
concern there is
and fence evocations
who are you
and where from
in the scheme
of things are
origins the gist
of who we
are more or
less all immigrants
thrice removed we
discovered our tombs
to be gardens
rimmed by blocks
living testaments or
sweet flag tenements
tradition it does
carry forward yawps
the laundry snaps
our culture attentions
these living signs
a lively debate
about forgetting remember
your trace is
a reciprocal grave
we will remain

§



from *Village Carved from an Elephant's Tusk*

I keep an ivory watch
in my ivory pocket.
No one is coming.
I turn it over.
I open its insides to
the world. The ivory
wheels, their ivory
teeth. I hold my hand
over them, spinning,
the little bit of wind
it makes. I wait for it
to do something else,
grow some peach-
colored fur.

Pacing the village I noticed
a rhinoceros had
wandered into the graveyard,

yet the little fence
was still perfectly intact.

It was slow and careful around
the gravestones.
It breathed, but

only rarely, a short
huff through the nostrils,

and then nothing for a long time.
It was slow and careful
with its breaths.

It wove among
the gravestones

for a long time,
and at last it came close to me.
Its slate-colored hide

was too supple,
its hazel eyes,

its two horns, the
one horn
and the other, smaller horn.

The eyelash brushes the pillowcase.
The pillowcase, white like the sun.
She blinks and the eyelash brushes.

I listen through the night.
Later she holds her open palm up to the sun
for shade, to shade her eyes,

and once again the sun
makes its white
radiance between her fingers, almost

the shadows of her bones
shining through her hand.

She holds the winter melon with two hands.
The winter melon like a book.
A book or a lamp.

It's more fragile than it looks.
Through the long winter nights it will burn
its cold, pale, green, indecipherable light.

Our village is so small
the roads don't need names.

Somewhere very near
its center a woman
undoes her long black curtain
of hair, with a candle,
a nightgown, and a mirror.
No one knows
her exact age.

The farmer, tilling
the field. A relic

turns up in the loosened
soil. A relic

from the old world.
But this world

is the old world,
the farmer thinks.

This relic
could be anything.

They will never see the village from space,
the whirling fragment of a lemniscate.

Alone in his study,
in the heavy depths
of the night, the doctor
sketches with his pencil
the numeral 3, by
candlelight,

and he stares into it.
Three, he thinks, *yes*,
but three of what?

Three entirely different
things maybe.

He stares into it again.
Somewhere is the real
thing, the real 3,
alive and dreaming,
like a camel,
a two-humped camel,
a Bactrian, it is
rare, but
he has read about it.
Just now it sits.
Its legs are folded under it. (It folds its legs under.)

When the butterflies arrive, they get everywhere.
They perch on the silverware, the doorknobs, the backs of our fingers
as we nap.
Something unmistakable about the paint of their wings:
Even the children notice that these are not last year's butterflies.

I take an interest in birdlife. Today I watch as one perches at the edge of the well. This one seems to barely use its feet at all, even as it perches. Then I watch its eyes. They are oddly steady. Most birds' eyes dart around. This bird seems to know something else. Though there are many varieties of bird in the village, we don't give special names to any of these different varieties of bird. It would never even occur to us to do so. You might wonder how it occurs to me to mention it then. It occurs to me because I was not born in this village. Though I can no longer imagine how such a thing is possible.

When I put my ear to the well,
there is a sound,

a tintinabulum
that is not of the well.

Its tinkling is soft enough
to be unmistakably

distant, farther down
than the bottom of the well.

*Someone asked a question
into it*

*a long time ago, my
father tells me,*

*and just now the answer is arriving,
he says.*

Once everyone in the village
has gone inside

I will come back here.
What else

is down there,
I will ask into it.

Purple snow mirroring
the purple dusk sky &

balanced on the trees
like a heavy system.



**Culled from the Earth,
a Poor Flower Fathering Yellow Out into the World.**

Porch & concrete
rounding out
as facts—
I live at the end of this street
and shake my augur stick at the dull ground
first to place
first to displace
the body's flux—its arms lift & lower,
legs imperative & weakening.

Time was
a victor, an author,
sang or sung to,
first shut up.
Clinging to a stick, clanging on the a/c console
my sons place
heralds—small bugs, bird-picked peaches
around their feet.
Their eyes are glassy eggs of fire
and there are no more walls
to keep out their voices.

The passage of time is,
the door no less quiet or shut.

Fastening.

I.

Sadness
a thought
that does not vary.

A stab at what
eating accomplishes:
cereal glued to the bowl with milk & sugar—
five Froot Loops.

The number of God is pared down & gaudy

a word with all letters
left out.

The softness of Ann's skin
is adequate as idea—
two hands loosening a tucked towel
to skip into sex, sacredly
from the ironing board—
to redden at first
a flower on the floor, a []⁷which lingers in the
memory

⁷Space left blank in the text.

II.

footfall as a sleepy warmth increases, creeps,
more perfect for your assent
written in troubled crayon—
creeping redness written on the skin at last,
the passage of blood up over the clavicles
the scapulae,
was as one
with me, a word *if* weighted
below the tongue—
all our talking lopsided, crossed out
there—to remain in bed with what the eyes give.

III.

Fire stirs up,
sun-hot coin, tightened chest
to loosen, lay in waste, hot copper

Life rigged,
heartburn again—fire
in rays through the slats in the blind

Stab,
fated & flushed
with good words, even before, a step

Outside, lovely
rub of bark on skin
steady & stabbing. The path is padded.

Spider carries herself across my sandwich—

Spider, you are endeared to me,
with spinnerets behind & tuna on your feet
debilitated, your parade
is effortless, & leaves a trail of silk



{Soak}

Little “g” god grows tired of me
& this my drowning day.

They say I seem wrung.
What a drench
of tongue I am.

me, a tender haunting in the glass beneath the waves
me, a blessed peacemaker
me, tonguing Chiron for his skiff
me, my own my Heavy

Tentacle on lip.

{admittance}

I am a girl with a flawed pelt

my mouth hinges
on interpretation

one speech builds the self
one ink silences
men but my god
arrives

with revelations incantation
and elucidation

for the utterance
of mystery
is a case of design

tongue under roof
wandering

we are foreigners girls
under a steeple
tongues signing for the incredulous

I am the one tonguing in flesh
the acolyte with torn light hair

gift me god,

Someone to interpret
{cori cori cori cori kana nai}
some Name to translate

{tongues}

kiririri me ca la dost tiruana
se duria fe me kani kani kani
o sepularania do la fey kiri
manini ta nana los cori

cori cori cori cori kana nai

se duria fe me o sepularania
maninini kiririri don taria fe
sworni sworni sepularania

{paralysis 1}

for every mouth an answer mimesis
for the falling downs tongues and self
is a steeple rising the tongue
is a case of architecture
 roofs blow up

come then invitations
lofty like cantors and vulgarity

when precision is anonymity
unattainable
I worship

my god
my god is a god is an utterance of mystery
a word gone out numerously swelling

almond trees in a vacant lots bloom
looming up the utterance of mystery made
temporal

are not my poems
an attempt
to translate
my god
is a cymbal drawn out
my god

I tire

I mean to say are You not the name and the naming
of time now lived at the end of the day a new
name and the name in truths precise?

manna's often stale

borrowed in a gross way
acolytes lie
over the altar make love
to little "g" god their gusty
breaths sweat-wrapped gifts

& screams (faking it & pleased)
are like my screams (faking it
& pleased) screams
on this side I alter

so resemblance:

I have asked for god's remembrance
of me little "g" says do this
{do me}



Things

There are things leftover, things we discard
 Contact lens cases, eye drops, tampons, old tissues filled with tears
 I once emptied urine into a pot I was pissing in
 Put the cum-filled condom into the trash, o cum-filled condom
 You will never be a baby, only to discard like earth
 We discard dead babies, their heads buttery and soft
 By the time they reach the ground
 Blood and water we leave those too, and fruit juice
 Fruit juice we empty down the drain, and flowers, purple and worn
 I once threw six love letters out the window of a moving car
 And the love they belonged to I was never quite taken with enough to lose
 Kisses I threw out to children because I love them
 Love children in that they are the fire of the world that keeps me breathing
 No, when I say that, it is not for effect
 Not for some ironic gesture to say I love children
 You should be less cynical, world that I live in
 That throws itself out with every misstep
 War you're too good for, poem I wrote in the bathroom
 Laundry that got soiled just right after washing with the day's rain
 Snot that got all over the sheets for no reason other than it is cold, cold outside
 It's cold outside, can you feel it?
 Have you turned yourself so way up you cannot feel it, well then wake up
 I do not think you know what it is you keep, world heart beating like a bird in the sun
 Who is warm despite itself, despite the death or humor that will overtake it
 Dorothea, the bird might say to you, I love you anyway
 Even though your head is not fire like you thought, but a gentle meat that lets go
 From what holds it back until it is nothing
 Fire world, you will say back, you are nothing
 I thought that I would become
 That one day I was dreaming I thought of some other thing I have never seen
 But will never see, because it is not the time to
 See what we all hope with, the thing that is empty
 And the bird will say nothing to this, he is bald and wise
 And he will rise from the tree made of tea
 He will go speak to someone who cares
 I do not care but neither does the bird
 He was not made to care and neither was I
 The burnt sun was made to care, so it cares for you
 So look at it lovingly, stroke its hot shoulders, the bright light coming out of it was
 made for you
 And sit in the bright light, and bask in its beauty
 Bright sun, sun that was made for you,
 Warm hot belly, white hot love that was made for you

Ars poetica

I wanted to tell the veterinary assistant about the cat video Jason sent me
But I resisted for fear she'd think it strange
I am very lonely
Yesterday my boyfriend called me, drunk again
And interspersed between ringing tears and clinginess
He screamed at me with a kind of bitterness
No other human has before to my ears
And told me that I was no good
Well maybe he didn't mean that
But that is what I heard
When he told me my life was not worthwhile
And my life's work the work of the elite.
I say I want to save the world but really
I want to write poems all day
I want to rise, write poems, go to sleep,
Write poems in my sleep
Make my dreams poems
Make my body a poem with beautiful clothes
I want my face to be a poem
I have just learned how to apply
Eyeliner to the corners of my eyes to make them appear wide
There is a romantic abandon in me always
I want to feel the dread for others
I only feel it though song
Only through song am I able to sum up so many words into a few
Like when he said I am no good
I am no good
Goodness is the not the point anymore
Holding onto things
Now that's the point

How to survive in this world

Whatever you do don't feel anything at all
When that big mammoth of a man comes inside of you
Don't say anything at all
When your friends call you drunk and are annoying
Because they do nothing with their lives
Just smile and say that's life
There is a lot to be sad about
But no point in feeling that sadness
In a world that has no capacity
To take your sadness from you in a kind way
Inside it steals it from you and turns it into
Gambling or other sorts of useless endeavors
Like also talking on the phone, which is useless
I got so mad having to show up to him
After he had came inside of me
He pretended I didn't know he was gay
Had bad taste in women
Was a mediocre poet
And the worst part was that he was really an atheist
Atheists are all over this world and they are such idiots
To think they are the ones that know what is really going on in the world
I know what's going on in this world
When I hear Puffy's sweet voice I just pretend
I don't know he is a saint, but he is
He is a saint that Puffy
And his voice is a midnight I'd like to walk into forever
But instead I pretend he is nothing
With that rosewater poured all over him
His coat an aching shade of white

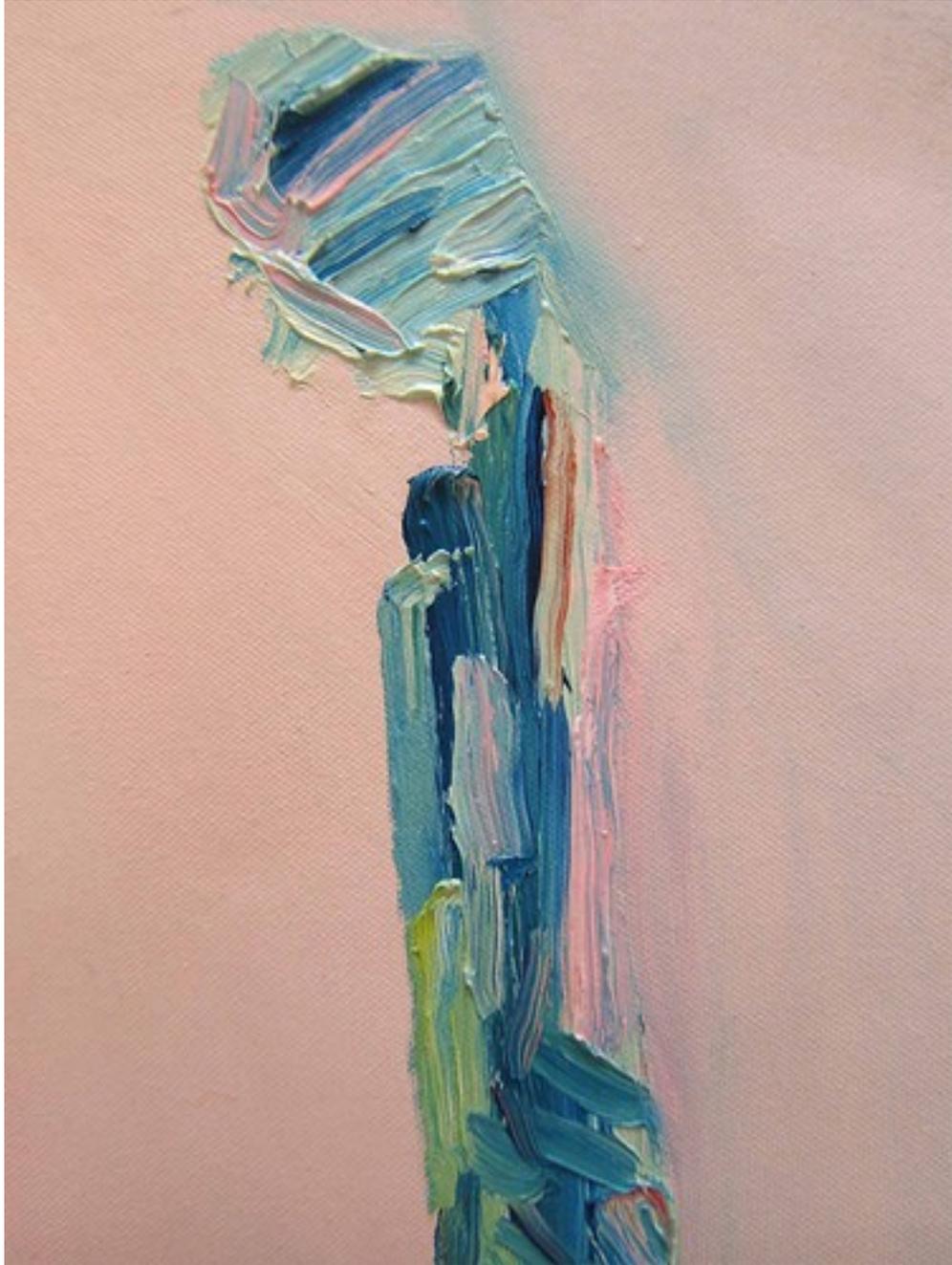
Mystic love

Crazy love, the fiancée of John Mark Karr
Has that crazy look, I've had that look before
When looking at David, the crazy look
Of love when you don't realize that love is not crazy
Love is a stupor of the heart, not crazy
Falling over on your bike or leaving your dishes untouched
God's warrior, has a knife on you, but what do you do
Only look at him with the kind of love that is only possible in hell
When I was with David, the only love possible was the kind that was in hell
But oh he was a nice guy, seriously
It is not hell that is crazy it is the mountain
That extends from this world into the next
Great unmentionable, misunderstood gopher
That spills his little head from the hole of his own making
Great unknowable vast landscape
You crazy landscape, you will never have my heart

Bakelite bracelet

Bakelite bracelet, your plastic eyes
Are one with my eyes, the end of the day
Colors of you blend into me
And I wear you just as I wear myself

The one time I didn't wear you I left you on the shelf with the other ones
The china doll and the gold purse and the blue scorpion
Etched into my right-facing plantbox
And the one time I flew without you to the Netherlands, I got a broken heart
Not because the Netherlands gave me a broken heart
But because I will always be brokenhearted without a blue such as you



TOGETHER FORWARD

It will take us time to destroy what is left

Now shall I praise the cities
it will take us time

no earth to hear

right

Everything is
free

Sometimes on-screen the sound of us
filling the earth with knowledge

which we were given/which we took it does not seem
to matter

It does not
seem

some fell into heaven, singing with their eyes

now?

I promise you the earth

is not listening to the wave's ruin all over
your body

She wanted to be invisible.

My dream is to not be able to see

AVAILABLENESS OCCURRENTNESS ODE

I am hurrying toward a soft wind
 in the bare field from where now (fourteen) wheat-
 doves you did not know they were
 there (once common
 meadow birds) uplift, up-
 light, scraggly, some caught in the
 heather, some free in the parallel draft—(field-
 dwelling species, forest-dwelling
 species)—holding in the glances of
 wings—strafing (pale blue and green and then the uprising) some caught in the heather wilding
 up unattainable—in the now more bare (you had not
 known they were there) field—the trellised oblation—in which I'm laying down the conscious
 the parallel watch it picked up by wheat-doves at once
 turning (thought: occur)(thought like a hand occurring)—and shimmering—at
 once—from
 particle to
 wave, by
 turn, scraggly, engaging the free, taunting
 it to lay them down, back, into the bare field, dizzy being
 two things at once
 (and he rose from behind the rock)
 (holding his hand over the nettings), where the most
 common are caught in the
 waves, above the declining, becoming a
 fold in the waves, a place in which to carelessly
 occur, hemmed-in-by, counted-down-to(will suddenly want to end
 at noon)(to sing of love)
 lifted to see the crawling
 earth (gas)—some more bare now lifted by the gaze some in the gaze now lifted by wind in the
 gaze now, the gash
 in the gaze in which
 we are trying to find ways to be here—(the damp wedded to
 difference) have to (at
 noon) wind-stare—but only together—they are what we call
 sound now—slow in the century—the wheat-doves like turbines cresting—
 and other mildewed slippages of
 mind—(the song going outside you) (arms of
 heather flecking in sun) (am not sure I have ever seen anyone
 thinking) clumps of the
 shorn, some clotted with sheep blood, the sheep spray-
 painted blue, bowing low into each other, looking onto each
 other, the grass here like sea

PHILOMEL

loosening public humiliation of
 spring which disintegrated part of the
scheme in hawthorn with other matter
 blends as stock-doves bloom e-
lastically micro-
 scripting scalloped tissue green
flourishes the sea

 sea the flourishes
green tissue scalloped micro-
 scripting e-
lastically bloom stock-doves as blends
 matter other with hawthorn in scheme
the of part disintegrated which spring
 of humiliation public loosening

NOTES FOR POEMS

(SPRING)

my body is made
 to be pulled down as the mind
 rises – we do not need
 we do not want – to rise for-
 ever [there is no time] [without
 end] there is no
 tension and besides
 we feel – tense – same
 with falling –
 – if we create – tension – that
 is – stillness
 [the
 only *active state*] [in-
 active?] – the constant
 present
from it – we
 speak –
 eventually
 we will not need
 tension if we can speak –
 will – not *go out* – would
 have – already – been
 there –
 so you are over
 without worrying
 what you are over –
 maybe – you are not
 over – anything [be-
 come still in movement] this
 is being open –
 the forward
 movement of hunger – we can
 move back with emptiness –
 you are not over
 anything that is hunger –
 hunger is not said
 – is already [there] –
 where is not a worry – the moon –
 – is a circle – but don't –
 imagine form – the line – but

the circle as – something already
there – positing – into itself
– a hole – pulls –
back – *after* – we move
it in [we get rid
of after] [then it is one]
to come up into one
would require – that you think
back – but no time [time already]
why can't we go down
if we are over nothing
[stop feeling – above] [make
below]

in a photograph you'd
have to posit "it" –
– "it" would have already
to exist –
and when
do you create "it"
[she's not even in
this country]



from *The Book of Flattened Hands*

This raining in my mouth is no help. The settlers outside
 And their singeing of land. But the orchestra
Hasn't yet come to coda and there's winter
 Passing from seat to soft seat. A light from inside

Your throat helps illumine this dark attic. Something violent
 Happens to a lamb, which is something a grandmother
Spoke of the week before she died, and now

The collective memory's ingrained with everything
 We've ever heard. Summer's the subject of a chain email
And may be a virus. After years the house has swallowed the house
 And digested each and every lamp within it.

from *The Book of Flattened Hands*

The insect under my tongue can't stop living, its body
Hard as fingernails. The symphony's luck
Has run bad, each of its arms

Without strings, mouthpieces. But a body's not a body
When the light's turned out. A tiny guest bathroom:

I can feel the shape of Japan from behind my eyes.

Once, someone used the brain to discover the mouth.

Yet the fire trucks wail down the shiny street, asking
Everyone: listen to the size of your existence.

from *The Book of Flattened Hands*

The beetle can't roll over from its back
And the glass jar weighs down the counter.

A flute includes the process
 Of bodily recognition—a hand covers a hand
 And skin understands its limitations. The sound of weather
Crossing the Midwest brings a tear

To everyone's eye. In the night
 A boy wakes up to smell his room singing
In a familiar voice. The landscape's there to remind us

Of our failures, and to hear the silence of a body's neck breaking
 Brings us outside.

from *And the Children*

And the children witness The Aftereffects of Light through the basement window.

*

The weather was something that brought us further
from what we thought
of whiteness. Land and landscape:
the healing presence of two, ineffable hands.
Shards stuck like the first breath of night.

*

Memory and sight: five separate,
scathing fingers, light from between each.
As if the skin knew what it was feeling,
our cheeks against the pane—
we touch our dry, rotting mouths.

*

Through the glass, water teeming. We wait
for what we need from the sky. The last memory
ingrained in our minds: two clouds
against each other, imitating one.
The burdensome thought of brightness, its warmth.

from *And the Children*

And the children remember The Smell of Soap from the basin of the dried-out tub.

*

But the face should be soft—
not an easy answer. Caked plaster
spotting the rust-colored rug.
We knew what we were doing,
if only from our febrile skin.

*

The necessary steps: one foot
after another, after another. No one
knows how well the bath fit
to our bodies, our backs. The scent of a cast
suspended in air, blood trickling out.

*

And every answer must have a question.
No matter how hard we scrub, we scrub
to strip our bodies. The color
never more red. The weight against the skin.
The sound subdued, if only from within.

from *And the Children*

Plea.

*

The space of These Clouds needing a name—
We'll call it the present, and we'll sing *amen*.



Faultlines #1

Nearly he saved me meaning that I recognize, become familiar, with an oversized sharp green inside. A chimera. From the field progression. Entryways get in, become trapped. A thin end and brick walls. The only character before memory or literacy. Intonations: we were riding, he wrapped me in another animal's skin. Gilt-edged, leather bearing bloody parts. It seems more miraculous in his work, cracked together. On a red velvet background a marble table glitters. A hammer and shovel and arrowheads.

Faultlines #2

My grandmother flowers across her breasts, a wide white stepping down. Some humming, some sharp, the whole flower. Suck from the green she returns tore from fingers, grass of the last animal, the difference between people and white people. Before it gets there a pocket drinking. Fingers her way, wanting beige, dressing fish. Against the fencerows, remember the minute with fingers, the appletree in your bed, the rain gutter without knowing. In the afternoon. Between the brown house's napping against the mortar.

Faultlines #3

Polish our waistbands, space my hand. Hair on fire waiting for some company. A sweatstain, a collection, scrapped your mirror. Rememberplants growing the moment out. Your historic self is a radio. When you feel company all the water is dark-fringed about the openings. The metallic self stomachs the little white face. At some hour it differs unlike any man or woman. Unpettable but a progression.

Frankenstein #1

thumpy quality Blake
to a certain extent not quite
as careful so called feminine
rhyme and cover
lover lycra bounding pow-
-erful a calm middle
I kind of share his
sentiment take enormous
pleasure bear
with me and my
handwriting what
would be the tools what's that
called when they
look the same but sound
different "five miles
meandering" sticks in your
mind tear some poppies
off and suck on them not
necessarily to your parish
priest wonders why
he got them so
cheaply what in
the world is
that bloom in
the afterward.

Frankenstein #2

there are no women
scientists in the 19th
century ransack is probably
a good sense of the
word as when the monster
learns about european
life versus what
precedes it the willing
suspenders of dis-
-belief his beastly
pursuits and so on one of
its virtues is
immediacy Gabby
you've got your
finger on it "the wondrous
power which attracts
the needle" the elephant
foes of our race the movie
that is said to
be closer "pope
on down" is a-
-bandoned "I was so
guided by a silken cord."

In The Toolshed Is A Toolshed

In the story the boy controls the length of a day with his throwing arm, he gives his father his hand. If I build up a memory using the smooth sides of rocks, turned sideways, massaging the pressure points. I was awake all night with a “crick” in my neck, trying to represent this theory. It’s like a blue plastic tarp thrown over a pool, “middle” sags and creates its own pool. Full of frogs and their equivalent.

Heat Wave

I used a word to mean a word, I doubled and trebled in language and when, and again, made a plan out of bath salts. I think it from a floor pillow, I maxed out all my charge. My charm. My bare arm. I bought a block of ice and hauled it across the city and made a self-centering plan. I stopped smoking every night. I stopped smoking every night. I stopped smoking every night.

Outside the Act

I've gotten about halfway through it, browsing around. Thank you for all your prayers; I hope I'll be able to write about it soon. Mostly I find it's just answering the really obvious questions: what's next or what else? I nearly missed the snake's head fritillary: spring spring spring spring. I like moments of that sort, when forces that are usually so sneaky and hard to point out slither out of the grass and are as obvious as, say, an anaconda that's eaten a cow or an elephant turd on the carpet. These things have meaning, but I'm beginning to think the meaning is not languageable outside of the act of a poem. Even though my poems don't seem to be happy, I think I like to sing. Historically this is a lesson that's been harder yet for a woman to take into her bones. It's something that has crossed the line where you didn't quite go before. If new form equals new content. I have a two-hour break for lunch tomorrow that needs to be occupied. A line is a hesitation, not a world. True, it always changes every day, but the changes are especially numerous right now. I thought it might add something to our discussions, not the least being that people are trying to make such arguments these days. They were actually about quite a few different things. We agreed that describing it as "green" doesn't really cover it. I guess it's more than anything a process of discovery which is closely related to why I create visual art. The best approach will be for you to choose a favorite and tell me what you like and don't like. I remember telling my husband I want to buy a gun to know what it was like for my brother to have a gun. So close. How is that possible? Let me know what you think, no questions asked. Credibility is a basic survival tool. Researchers have found that religious people are better able to deal with stressful situations than non-believers. It doesn't mean they posed for the camera. Not so much a score for performance. A book of nursery rhymes gone wrong in translation. I'm sure a couple people stand out above the noise for every one of you.

[Collaged from internet pages open on my browser on Apr 21, including
<http://www.commondreams.org/archive/2008/04/13/8257/>,
<http://jjgallaher.blogspot.com/>,
<http://www.botanicgardensblog.com/>,
<http://www.utne.com/daily.aspx>]

[Where is the rest of the body, one irate customer demanded to know.]

A man takes me home to be his helper. It is a commuter building, with glass doors and mirrored elevators and a basement garage. There is gold-leaf and a gym. If you look close you can see some teeth and an eyelid. A man's wife

is pregnant with it, like an easter yellow balloon that was not accidentally released, that bops and dips at eye-level. I write down a man's dream about architecture, a man-made river

where everyone can meet. At first it was only a greasy piece of skin. As a crevice I think of suggesting we make out on his sectional, if only to see the soft carpet better. Like the green field of a city park on a day you "stay

home" with fever, the saltiness of shrimp snacks. English is not a man's first language. With his shiny telescope I can make out his mother, waiting at the airport with a bag of ingredients. She walks in on the twin

beds of her daughter and of me, does not correct my vocabulary. It is a polyester language, switched at the thighs. We suck nutella from some fingers in a basement, I forget

whose. A man leaves a car running around us while he buys himself a white envelope to put the money in. When they ask for it later I'll have some things to articulate.



Marlowe

What does 'Marlowe' mean? she asked.
The book in her hands had a cover
of a painted city. The buildings
tilt in strange postures over the street.
The streetwalkers have coal eyes
and cunning. They wear suits
without buttons. He looked
out the window toward the river;
the bridge a thin line of ink spread
across the dusk. *Marlowe is where
this man, I, lived. It is not like
you imagine. The houses are flat
and the people are poor
and they think like this:*
he hung his head. *I walked
its streets sometimes all night
and the buildings would turn
their backs. I left notes
all over their backs.*

Poem for Tory Dent

Soot blooms, hung bulbs, pestilent stamens
infectious sexual organs, poxy phlox,
slattern lilies, the wretched bouquets
on the graves of the HIV dead
and now you, Tory, the black milk
of wailing dawn fresh spilt

in the shadow of St. James, the croci struggle
to reenact the resurrection, small parish pariah
the compassion which is not compassion but
bloodsport

alien gives birth to human conjoined twins
hope and grief

greedy sex-trussed spring's emissary
a robin of the mind

dessicated sponge far from sea
uprooted, upended, strung out

Phyllis and the Swan

Weeahhl I didn't hear this until I was forty or more.

My cousin said, You didn't know? Get a Certificate of the Priest.

So I wrote my daddy and he said he never knew never knew never
when he was over there in the war she had them babies.

She never told daddy. Put up his dinners

and that's how you know about lying.
You're the only baby I ever had. The only one.

I've got his army stuff. It says that he has excellent
character but the varicose veins

so bad he couldn't march with the soldiers. I'm going to get him just the same.

He was slim and he looked good when he sent his body up to die.

That was my daddy. He said, I loved her so, loved her so, loved her and got
such a burning.

Transcendent Echoes

a mobile thought, crystallized in a wavy line,
the plump platonic lie

the loft platform bed and withering figus
light particulate sediment crusting windows, the traffic, stagy horns and tire shrieks, capework of an
external city

oil paints and their attendant unctions permeate the room with a familiar loamy essence that smells, to
this day, like love
Unsuperfluous, the room, the dithering figus, the sheer layers of linseed and solvent, the light became
tactile, incarnate

Pompeiiian, my life that day, instantly birthing memory, the past sprung up as whole and incomplete as
it would remain

she, his model, sat hours as the light graced her body
and his eyes grew around her, until her body replaced my body,
my body becoming part of the richly oiled shadows,
the dark reds and umbers behind-the-objects
I, a shriek of wind, then transcendent echo

The Rainiest June Since 1842

My sister spent the summer disappearing;
her bones reminded the apartment
that someone lived there.

The monk's privilege.

She doesn't exist, nor ever will.

Neither is she a figment, a fragment,
or a fracture. She is not as I dream
or imagine or incant. She is no
different than me, but not me.

Like you are not a blue-thimble, bobbin-
blue. A self of steam.

Butterflies tickle the air over the sedum-
flanked path. Painted Ladies.

They converge on a tree and it appears
to breathe. You might not be able
to see her, obscured by a thousand
pairs of wings, clinging to its skeleton
thinking maybe, maybe now I will
be free. In time, ivy climbed her
and she became the yes at the center
of no, a hope for blight.

The walls speak in unpleasant tones,
poorly cast and off-key as a chimpanzee.

The room has a song like meringue.

The cupboards are bare and ma's selling
her body on the wharves at night
when the pigs return to roost.

Pressed against the window
to feel the cool glass, a girl
with a woman in her throat.



BIOGRAPHIES

Jessica Baron is currently writing and teaching at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, CO. In a previous life, she was a professional actor and received a BFA from Southern Methodist University in Theatre Studies. She has poems out in *Matter* and *Wheelhouse*.

Eric Baus is the author of *The To Sound* (Wave Books) and *Tuned Drones* (Octopus Books).

Matthew Cooperman is the author of *DaZE* (Salt Publishing, 2006) and *A Sacrificial Zinc* (Pleiades/LSU, 2001), as well as three chapbooks, *Still: (to be) Perpetual* (Dove | Tail Poetry, 2007), *Words About James* (Phylum Press, 2005) and *Surge* (Kent State, 1998). Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *New American Writing*, *Electronic Poetry Review*, *Pool*, *Cannibal*, *Free Verse*, *Denver Quarterly* and *Gutcult*, among others. A founding editor of *Quarter After Eight*, and current poetry editor of *Colorado Review*, he teaches poetry at Colorado State University.

Paul Fattaruso is the author of *Bicycle* and *Travel in the Mouth of the Wolf* and the chapbook *The Submariner's Waltz*. His work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Octopus*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Bateau*, *Glitter Pony*, and *Phoebe*.

Derek Henderson is currently finishing his PhD studies at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, where he lives with his wife, kids, cats and rat. He appreciates Charles Olson's comment "that we are all late / in a slow time".

Aby Kaupang's poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Verse*, *Caketrain*, *Shampoo*, *The Laurel Review*, *Parthenon West*, *Aufgabe*, *14 Hills*, *Interim*, *Ruminant*, *Matter* and *Oregon East*. A chapbook, *Scenic Fences | Houses Innumerable*, was listed as a finalist for the *Laurel Review/Greentower Press Midwest Chapbook Competition* in 2007 & 2008 as well as the 2007 *CRANKY* chapbook competition.

Dorothea Lasky is the author of *AWE* (Wave Books) and several chapbooks. She is currently pursuing a doctorate in Education at the University of Pennsylvania. She has a dog named Lucy.

Eric Linsker is a graduate of Harvard College, where he received the Academy of American Poets Prize. His poems have appeared or will appear in *Colorado Review*, *Columbia: A Journal of Literature and Art*, *Conjunctions*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Drunken Boat*, *The Harvard Advocate*, *nthposition* and *Web Conjunctions*. He lives in Iowa City, where he is pursuing an M.F.A. in poetry at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop.

Trey Moody lives with his wife in Austin, Texas, in an old yellow house. He teaches at Texas State University, where he is completing his MFA and is the Poetry Editor for *Front Porch*. Recent poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Alice Blue Review*; *DIAGRAM*; *Forklift*, *Ohio*; *Handsome*; *Salamander*; and *Third Coast*.

Amy Reed is a painter, musician, writer and naturalist who grew up in California near the American and Bear Rivers. She recently returned from an artist's residency in France where she created paintings and installations inspired by her interactions with the local community. She currently lives and works in Sacramento, CA.

Jen Tynes lives in Denver, Colorado, and edits *horse less press*. She is the author or co-author of the following books and chapbooks: *Heron/Girlfriend* (Coconut Books, 2008), *See Also Electric Light* (Dancing Girl Press, 2007), *The Ohio System* (w/Erika Howsare, Octopus Books, 2006), *The End Of Rude Handles* (Red Morning Press, 2005), and *Found in Nature* (horse less press, 2004).

Nicole A. Zdeb is a poet living in Portland, OR. Her work has appeared, or is about to appear, in *VOLT*, *Gulf Coast*, *Word for/Word Wicked Alice*, and *foursquare*. In her spare time she designs perfume, paints watercolors, and drinks wine, not simultaneously.