

AQUATELOS

A Thesis

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by

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

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To walkers and watchers

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HYDROCANT (I)

1. THE SAGE

First atmowheels locked, undershot the worse, then lithoplanes began to fade by flecks then stria and fuel couldn't be trucked in (some pyraulics fault), so phosphor mounds were sawn, sectioned and sparked in domiciles. The reek withered atmocress and miles of farmers lined up at relief stations, all with scarce carbonates. Pyrogen cells self-combusted then, soon the highways lit with incandescent nodes like holy notes on a dread score. Many felt these end times. Sales of geo vit soared, violence billowed through towns scraped hollow. That wasn't the first we thought all wrong. Millions of years past when our brilliant sires (some kind of tubeworm) spawned ambition by flopping up from the tars, a spring was wound that had slowly been undoing itself with increasing fury until it reached its final thick sweep and mowed down the world in a magnificent backstroke, gathering everything piecemeal in its coils, its feelingless dark until it all mashed together blissfully, unfeelingly, again. So philosops wrote. So we sang, some of us, or sneered at, most, but here it was: no sharper edge, nothing more dramatic had fanned through the world-stuff. Grain drowned the plains, vaulting levees like a monstrous, static-colored millipede. Larger and harder as well, granite, not sandstone, and ripped right through metabrellas like they were salterra taffy. We were advised to stay indoors, but the agitated pyrifers would blast whole blocks that came back to earth as fiery buckshot mixed with the thundering grain. They tried reterrations which failed spectacularly. Everything slipped rapidly after that: reports of cannibalism, (not technically outlawed, just outmoded), mass hysteria, riots at the pyrargyrum refineries, all our worst movies scrapping us. The crowning moment a universal hallucination of a robed being with a strangely wormman beard, who came (we later agreed) floating from the dark on a lavalike structure that never cooled and set, and was disturbingly transparent. The being called itself Thales and made one pronouncement before effervescing: "BROTHERS, ALL IS AUTHENTICALLY WATER WITHIN, AS WITHIN OUR DECEITS OUR SUFFERING IS AUTHENTIC. WE ARE ALL PAINED WATERS." And as one we saw through the veils, saw their warping clear as his "water." Everyone knows what happened then.

2. MANIFEST

They found an ant on Mir,
dabbed it on a fist-sized globe of water
which they spun. It struck out
for shore, where its queen
lay swamped in her needs,
and swam and swam
and swam and swam
and swam

≈

How it goes, the old winding their weakened rivers
through remaining fingers
The kitten left

blindness and an appetite
for journeys

≈

What more proletarian than water—finite, indestructible—
swifting and last inculcation. A manifesto of flow, phase imbroglio,
intermundanity, labor-martyr shuttling heat between
lostgods, bipedal reservoirs

≈

A trinary message arrives
where infinity fell: one and one
and one is
one and one and one
and this haunted countenance.

Motion venerated depth
and possessed it.

Arcs of spume appeared and fashioned
a shore to clap hands on.
Crystal leaked from the black ewer,
stopping for musics hulled from nowhere,
a sly beautification rendered supreme.
Thus land, chilly clumps of time,
harmonies in subatomic keys.
And water, unfrozen time, first harmony

≈

Particulate coil, rammed into flesh,
longing to fill, longing to leave, pure ionization,
which is longing, direction. A preference steers it,
yes.

Ouroboros lunging from self,
mimicking escape (making it therefore real)
and returning, falling into body as minds
fall into history

≈

And Noah begat cussing

≈

Water seeks the lowest
denomination, an underfoot invisible.
It is the basic model of governance: grinding
earth into muck, shattering the high
and burying the low, campaigning
for allies it dissolves into water, preaching
its ism as ground state as well as cureall, opacifying
with rational translucence
in millions
of thin layers
its story, or conquest

≈

Airy vagabond. Nobody keeps it
long, no one overlives it

Easy come, easy go
Insuck, outflow

Babies, even terrible ones who grow to murder
babies, it threatens with acceptance,
return to the allbody

≈

All ways tangent to the cycle
while instructing one.
Through-mantra, on-charm,

picohydra scattered in single nubs
of hydrangean wheeling. O bright tides,
combers, scarp of rain,
O creek lacquer, O access.

≈

Simplest of the weird complexes,
it knits skins stronger than iron,
trims away weapons

≈

Whip—drip—pip
 saith spring in a century
Sip—lip—lip
 lovers mouth their menagerie

≈

Our catholic melter, our frost-god,
shelter with barred windows, staid betrothed,
only right to be, final doe, dipping sweet extinction
into hawthorn thickets,

motiveless insubstantiality

≈

Throughout the period, a sarcophagus sings
a Beltane feast. Perfect lubrication:
regenerative, poised.
Laundry butter, big survivor,
analog clock, liquid sock around
each rhizosphere,

O penitent glass, seeking everywhere
for its one sin to understand how to begin
to reverse this perpetual falling, make it offworld,
coat the medium with mirrorfilm,
a rainbow plane linking planets. O pathetic
mediator.

≈

Intolerable union,
it has colonized us, taken over,

scoping neighbors through our eyes,
holding tissues hostage,
revolving its staff so we never get
a clear face, a clear shot,

riding off in our very breath
in billows, like a spy
escaping in a basket
of soiled linen,

headed for the clean place

≈

Elemental on a level.
On a level fundamental.
On a level incremental.
On a level sacramental.
Sentimental bevel for our shames.
Mastersign: it greets metaphor
as the prodigal one

≈

Even now—in your flaking eyes
your split fingers
it heaves, magnetic snake,
towards the aquifer whispering vastly
just beneath your soles

≈

And diatoms approve, lonely slime molds approve,
tanagers approve, damaged camillas approve,
zinc deposits approve, chalky rocks approve,
xylems approve, inchworms approve,
larkspur approve, nematodes approve,
pillbugs approve, kudzus approve,
violet sawflies approve, egrets approve,
yellowjackets approve, onagers approve,
bleak mosses approve, firefish gobies approve,
horseradishes approve, jaguarundis approve,
bean weevils approve, guanacos approve,
quadrisphaera approve, unicorn roots approve,
aphids suckling and drowsing in shade approve,
water striders approve caressing with bodyleg

3. THE PACT

I made the pact and changed
 charged
with a purpose and sheaf of selves

severed vision with innumerable cuts
 till I lay everywhere
listening to the last of me find me

through bedclothes, bolts of soil
 heard Earth resume
before silence pulled me under. flesh of history

knit through me: pigs, loam, sharp
 insect musk
then swept up felt the slow pain

of trees, the rough grass shrug
 strange lovers
sipped me through my watching lips

now sit in fruits to fall, seed for swallows
 and sky seems a myth of the sun
which disappear together. I like and dislike

neither like nor dislike stretched
 like time in three ways
now wait in tiny engines turn the twines

and fragile pumps. my thoughts far too many
 minds too fevered
to meld. know much about all but thunder and rush

know but cannot stay the knowledge
 cannot stay divided
undivided cannot scar with event

can and cannot and neither can nor cannot
 scar event
score my trace my little sounds

I made the pact, but with whom? for what?

4. FOUREYED JACKS

skewed jacks are bouncing stripping
off the world's coating, striping
it with jackshine, falling through around
the ball bouncing, the head ducks under jackfall
and comes up grasping, the jacks inside responding,
revolving, silting along sunless canyons,
mending, rending, eating scum and making bargains,
jacks are gleaming, glowing and preening, the light
inspires them, they arc and blow on it, the jacks
complain, croaking and maiming, spanning the skies
with degrading hues, the jacks impair, bear down,
fit squarely, implode the caverns, bar the latches,
melt the lairs, unwind the stains, sear the salty,
pierce the faulty, arch and beam, skip and gleam,
parse the margins, pool in legions, spar with
ardor, rot the larder, bloat the dying,
excuse the frying, remodel blouses, right
the landscape, pelt the fireside, own the porches,
steal out roaches, seal the lovely, scrub
small children, bury the castles, renovate trestles,
heal the laundry, mash the wanderer, jacks
implore, devise, dictate, they fall and flow,

carom, inflate. And where jacks act
there are no players, just the jacks preparing stages

ATMOCANT

1. CLOUD MODIFICATIONS

(Score: Luke Howard; Mise en scène: Jacques)

i. Hard Candy

Sideways the knowledge came. First they had no sense of it. Then, and
then—ants boiled up from sidewalk's taffy

fuzzy seams frantic lava

Chocolate shavings left out to melt— Then they sensed sugar might be a
general

cause.

an empty shoebox filled

Tar bead eyes they squeezed from dark rivers on noon roads

they squeezed the eyes

Closed. Then, and then—frigid hamster, three pink grubs gone

before the mother stopped

One survived with a scar, chip from an ear, that made him the hero

never journeyed limp by turns

And they hesitated when called to supper. Then, and then—snakeflash in the
gully

marzipan coil— but no—

Then, and then, it rained, worms exploded from nothing, illustrated the yard

dry ampersands with little "c"s

Twigs of red licorice—but no—a little thing's last wisdom vetted on green
flesh

Mommy's swelled up squirming gut

Then illness, the ripened melon tapped to heal her, and for weeks

she nursed ice cream bowls

They turned eager for it, smashed potato bugs for spice, tore

white powder wings

Caught a bunny and sheared its ears, they were not sweet.

Then— and then—

Sideways the knowledge came. A budgie who rhymed, nestled in clavicles
palm shiver blind thin

Bright as a lollipop, stopped. No one would kiss the chalky head.

another shoe box hole in a hole

She was Cirrus, sprigged on sky some years, then sprouting. Like seeing an
organ

gleam from above magic mirror shard

Still they fought the peripheral—look! marmalade smeared on the road's open
shoulder—but no—

just a cat—

ii. Interlocutor

conical heaps of words,
each a luminous toffee, pearly wafer,
on the woodpath to school

seemingly accumulated
by careless drift, but he perceives
malice is their cause

knows it unwilling
as the snail who searched and searched
for a suitable home,

worn out at last
by an unseen burden, sank up into it
still, they are damn sweet

the wood stretches, clenches
the sun creeps into his emergent satchel
starts tipping out its eggs

as he with small noise smacks
up the woolpack, tells himself between
mouthfuls he's not being fleeced

he knows who worded here:
the others, the jagged multitude
the genius of ridicule

he knows this path:
how it doesn't lead to school
but to more and narrower

path and lack
of company, then an iron mouth
scorching him into

further nerves:
oh huge fist of woods, oh
saccharine sticky

roe of words—
still: the path goes on,
there's a turn ahead—

iii. Enter Usher

Furnace fog, sequined with dire evergreens,
credit me time for warning. The one you seek
lacks eyebrows, in *bellum iustum* 'gainst the Usher
plucked entire each morn in mirrorstroke,

and other arts employs organofulgently
to sign her somatic on the tapered rows
of stadium seating. Sigh not for that,
for brows are but cousin to cankerworms

and for one reader only she her long self writes.
Uniform your lute, lay by your uncertain
wine. A level hush improves bestowing,
the blurt imparted heat by long unknowing.

Though economies lapse between your eyes
and hers, and ever she quakes at the mincing
Usher's dreamy torch, make steady your skin,
tense for motion 'gainst the movie's ruptures.

The theater though the world could stupefy
the hardest ardent cycling through his cells.
Rot not in words arrested, stretch marks
of outgrown yearning! The walls dissolve in fog:

Fracture your woe and strew it on old earth.
Rise like bread with dawn's microbial swarming,
and meet naked what clothes obscure: her,
full as air, trim as dew, robed

in probability, and yarely infect her blood
with frank communion. The Usher rakes
the granular carpets evenly, inspecting
not a grub swept voidward in his rounds.

This mark, that dimple, papyraceous cheek,
all fail sufficiently in the nether sun.
Expand yourself, repulse the ground and leap,
love-twined, discontinuous,

from abstract boredoms to the lump of sky
you and she might be! Prognosticate
serenity and last of all rehash
your joy in tatters of betweening. The Usher

finds no case demeaning, will decline

no taint. The acts roll on, the axis cants,
Polaris dreams of resignation. So long
as intermission reigns, so may your passion.

v. Or not

Blend at blind women,
or not, behind parallel
bars, faces, intergrained, given
to haloes.
This

sentence inceptively posits, or
not, its watchful remains, proud salmon
cottons, extenuated digits
clasped on
helves.

Artifex, random, or not
sample, selector, binary impulsive,
judge for wind, subcontract
schismatic.
Lean

for thickest, pray, or
not, on lovers, swallow each
stony, knife of parlance,
decompositor,
the

sardines hove, in fresh sweat, or not,
professors unreel fat tongues, preference
verges annihilation, kin, pleated.
Sheep respire,
lay

coats of floss, or not, in cairns,
cover the colony with threes of color,
majesty's invasive weeds, a passed-out wig
declines tea.
This

fortune rushed without, or not without leisure,
scored pleasure in sandy racks, the top
hat, felicitous hog, breaks innocence into fact
and guilt,
prolongs

posteriority, arraigns, or not, the repleader,
sweeps bystanders, transhumance. Blackrobe
is honored, among, all, above, left-handed,
some days,

right.

Frame masked, entrainment, a sigil of bone,
the piecutter, top cream, marry the lance.
A cause eddies up to thin elbows,
the corpus
exposed.

Curious, phenomenal, or not, birdlike, cocked,
footprints plumulose, an early riser, definer, real
schematic, full fruit of remembering those dainty
gardens, saint
to

wardens. Who could defang, or not,
the moondogs, the sundogs, erumpent as echoes,
of screaming, from torture, for rain,
for lost
breasts

or pendent plates aligned, or the sword taken,
or not, two-handed, just act, who is to care,
make-a-hole, light the feather, limn
with indigo the
ash.

vi. The Sisters
For Genevieve and Helen

dusk dyes red the grey head
one-a-day, two-a-day, sweet flyboys both
lost on the way to the coming of grey
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink her health

then her children went swiftly
one-a-day, two-a-day, no more are left
son sinks in silence, daughter too willing
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink their health

Atlantis is rising, so says Rush Limbaugh
one-a-day, two-a-day, tune in to wealth
Colorado is sighing, her werewild unhoused
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink her health

the Poles are not stooping to gather their ankles
one-a-day, two-a-day, still stiff with breath
the sisters turn haughty a noble profession
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink their health

bottles embellish the shelves of religion
one-a-day, two-a-day, there must be no death
take no pill singly but split it with gossip,
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink her health

mountains are mushrooms, snowpack a vision
one-a-day, two-a-day, roots are pure breadth
she leans toward a heaven slightly more lonesome
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink its health

God picks from humility the weakest of actors
one-a-day, two-a-day, praised be His stealth
her rage is her aegis, she fumbles for glasses
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink her health

the pluvial dreams are increasing in number
one-a-day, two-a-day, she savors their heft
in song there is blindness but also salvation
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink her health

computers are laughing, alive with derision
one-a-day, two-a-day, what are they worth
the sisters inhabit a frieze from the fifties
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink their health

the world widens beyond their blue scriptures
one-a-day, two-a-day, tart apple faith
legs turn to veins, voices to whistles
one-a-day, two-a-day, come drink their health

they live in the knowledge, it causes their sorrows
one-a-day, two-a-day, nothing but self
at least they have vodka and no grave ambitions
one-day, two-a-day, come drink their health

night dyes black the heart's lack
one-a-day, two-a-day, do not go forth
into the air it will tear me apart
one-a-day, two-a-day, here's to your health

vii. This Mass

It is too much, Mr Howard, to ask for a “methodical nomenclature, applicable to the various forms of suspended water.” We know

“they are subject to certain distinct modifications, produced by the general causes which effect all the variations of the atmosphere: they are commonly as good visible

indications of the operation of these causes, as is the countenance of the state of a person’s mind or body.” But to speak of knowledge means already

to loose an unbroken colt, quick, playful, an energy incarnated, but it plays amnesiac, alone, honed to wariness, itself knowing nothing, the one animal in a gaping

valley. It is second childishness. Bridle it, it will turn on you, snap your neck. So lay by *methodical*, ginger with that *nomenclature*. We know our cloudiness.

Our time is spent with nephometers, training their slender probes on one another, scanning for the rents where some light could slip through

without warning. We are most charmed by dandelions about to dissolve. Your love for these mutable species burns through interlaid ages

like white phosphorous, whose present employment you could surely not imagin. Your love cohered, only perhaps to your later

knowledge, from the ultrachromatic skies of two volcanoes, as a star emerges from indescribably tall columns of primal gas, out there

in the perfect, speechless violence of cosmos. So too our loves suffer from a flawed hypsometry. We are never far from the deeps, never

far from we. Did you envy the clouds, white hanks shredding into long licks fading, rosing up from below, underblush announcing evening’s

promising return? Rib racks stretching for miles, beaches, puffed flanks, pirouettes of lesser ganglia close to treeline, creeks of gray honey—

How seemingly desireless, insensate. Toothless, eyeless. An embodiment of the unattainable middle path. But what do we know—

denominators have not fared well with the holy. Clouds seem driven equally towards one impenetrable body spread around the world, a final nest

for birds and upturned bones, swarms of panicked lightnings,
a perfect cataract drawn over this lone unwinking sapphire.

And equally incomplicit, mauled by their true, unseen body,
of whose Austausch they are only a sign. They are vulnerable

to human wishes, the careless refiguring of our vision: unicorn rearing, army
of ducklings, slack-mouthed face of a lost lover asleep.

So we use them, veterans back at home in their noiseless, hysterical parade
without even touching their fading cheeks, without so much

as a fare-thee-well or solemn, grateful wave. To truly touch—
beyond the body—to know there's something to touch,

something touching—Mr Howard, did you love a human being as you would
a cloud?

Or did you rise with your vacillating kin adiabatically, already

nel mezzo del cammin? We know what it is like, at a young age,
to witness something meteoric, let it singe the mind back

into an intense hole, like the space at the end of a telescope. We know what
colliding
jets can do, what SCUDs streaking like unlucky stars within our fathers' sight

can accomplish. When you wish for more names, a complete knowledge,
what do you feel? Love, surely, awe no less, but to love the mind

or the world is to love something less, as the calm of the scientist
is not the bodhisattva's cold fire. Still any kind of love

must be necessary and just, the brief cement that props some tower
in winds which cannot love, and in similar causes and forces.

So love is limit, the condescension to form. Or is it chosen humbling—
returning as saints do, sitting in the opened cage till all cages open—

or is it staying out of sight once the act has ended, hearing the encore
but declining its summons, letting the life ebb out of one

into the ferocious, motivating light of memory, as curtains of rain
close out the scene, remind those left behind they thirst,

have need of sleep?

2. PELLUCIDUS

Am I not living then?
I swear, that rents in the cerements
dab my sight with the gone:
my scant cheek, other skins.
A snarling cousin. A certain blueberry patch.
Cotton plants in the shape of clouds,
that I picked before dawn—the dew
increased their worth. Clouds in the shapes
of clouds. My father's glittering hoe.
A fingernail sliver we found
after the funeral. The heat appeared to me
as an idiot's face, heavy and cheerful,
innocent of its weight. Am I then?
A similar moon pursues
a noon-blue sun. Stars
strange as they remained. But I read
staying on they might, in fact,
be dead. Slicing slowly the night sky
like the plane I would fly, ripping
with my distrail the white turf
of cirrostratus, and following,
that other plane always,
that I could not see but now
I do, a shadow patient and pure
as a labrador retriever, swaying
between the flowing weave,
sealing up the sky behind
with its contrail straight and earnest,
tracker unmaking my track.

3. THE VEIL

Something in saliva calls for honey—
Each raindrop has a name it forgets on impact.
A coronal of lightning closes its vanished circuit.
Velium terrifies, exaggerating the nimbus.

And the few, screened off by green reeds,
following willows in their quest down
for latent sky—

My sweet, let me fall through your skin
and we will be clothed in storms.
When there is nothing to clothe
and light that seals us in separate bodies goes blind,
we will hear the word that joins us.

Over the lake, the ridge was serpentine in its indolence.
We drew straws to see who would drag the boat in,
but the nameless member never returned.
A veil of life parted us, for a moment, was all.

PHOTOCANT

1.

It's a joke between gods. Here's how it goes
in rough translation:

Hohonon noh phonon. Oh ooh noo poo hon.
Ohn ohho oon nhoop, phhoohonon nohonohn.

Hphononn, onh hoon o, "Poooohn!" n nh oho hnoh.
"Hon hoh hononono nhop?" o hop on nho o, "Oooh!"

Slays 'em.

2.

The angel was surprisingly
clear and rapid.

"Information differentiates
heaven and hell.

Sinners arrive to find
they know everything about everyone,

nobody recognizes them,
and they can't make themselves understood.

It's just the opposite with the redeemed.
Everything else is the same."

And purgatory.

"We switch faces and voices around
when they aren't looking,

for as long as we want."

3.

As promised, the Christ reincarnated on Wall Street.
This drew attention.

Naked as a kindled sun he gazed concernedly over the crowd
who were all veteran or tenderfoot fans.

Panicked the feedback was horrible but they heard and the world
his gobbling as the heart attack smacked him from the podium

and a cameraman torn apart by the faithful shortly after caught
his one pronouncement, his divine heresy
as he sublimated to sweetly evil music:
“Where’re the sheep? The lichens?
Didn’t I say *meek*? Oh Father this place is fucked!”

4.

Of course an Italian first
noticed the halo
soldered on his shadow self—
the only place without
artifice he could see
the most telling evidence
of his body—

took it for grace when it was just
heilighenschein, indifferent razzle
of light which though seemingly ironing objects
into themselves so they don’t take
contact for communion

is always just
departing unseen
and soundlessly
into the eye invisible
to itself or else-
where, where

neither body nor eye
could follow—
this was our
freak divinity

5.

Not a lamp nor a cheese nor a lux-
ury car said

the lunadaemon not a bit
unsurprised it’s a

button bob on a thread of silence
passing through holes in vacuum velvet

stitching over the noisy tumor
cosmos finds so unsightly so

unseemly and slipped beneath cometary
dust with not the slightest

puff

6.

O fat and simplex Sol, our circus donnée,
mercy on thy don't-care condition Earth.
We're ignorant of largesse but don't stop learning us.
The retarded child, the loud nasal shame,
the one so hurrying it misplaces its spine: look, it's taken
millions of little Earth years just to confess!

We take you for granted, near every night,
your *Citellus citellus*: look in our sploshy eyes and please
restrain, divert to Mercury the skull-crushing impulse
(he's had it coming, fleet at your door)
and promote (we have vitamins for this) the petting one.

Someday you might be shriveled and white:
we'll feed you then, nurse legends in the vacant heart
of the clan, stay attentive and relatively close
(familiar at least, boundary quandaries)
though others (we will not mention the flatulent pretenders
to the throne) with their citrus kits
might drift off, chart
their private straits.

We know! We know: selected by the diffusing kiss,
how couldn't we embody symmetry?
A circle is all halves but never more than two.
Androgyne, cinderpoint, parent
divinity, juice your motive still for us.
We'll suck it, seal it, snake it through capillaries, the Krebs

cycle, papyrus injunctions, whathaveyou.

It keeps spinning our heads.

7.

No motion but the wax
and wink of a kind of alpenglow passed
from gem to thoughtless gem

ink-dots on the infinite scroll
of the cave
and the dim thing hanging

thousands of years later, it
emits a cheeping,
its miserable half-cheep to itself
cloaked in its own cast-up guano

then is forever quiet,
a regular dot once more

and the sweet flutter of night
on night

8.

Myrmecophilous light
like a dumb kid comes

every new day to poke
its face in our tunnels

is taken hostage with tissues
but mostly gets away, back

home (or wherever)
awestruck and hurt

and returns each day
knowing nothing once more

sharp stick
magnifying glass

sugars of heat
color

9.

Broaching the mark by twenty parsecs
we rammed our confession through to the maker.
He was pleased with something, I don't think it was us particularly.
But it was clear a condition had been met, perhaps a test passed—
beams flaring like grave molecules of the first sun gave way to us.

It was all the firework we'd craved in that place.
Thirsty marble, patted till cracked, we puzzled over you the longest,
with your dubious forest, your sapience of insects, your tiny
hidden teats.

Now sit in our begging bowl and allow us a spell of finalities.
Soon we will have to move so fast we will only virtually exist.
There go the rings: goodbye rings!
There the moons: goodbye moonies!
And asteroids: adios!

One last time you recount for us the clear stars above,
the breath at hand stirring our eyes until we could look at nothing
for a long time, flickering like comets in solar skeins.

That we once stood gazing at last at nothing, swaddled, benign as
caterpillars—
That we had the sense to stand still for so long, the clear beneath,
the stars at hand—goodbye.

CRYOCANT

1. SNOW REGIME

i. The Living

Snow beats the silence till it stiffens.
It is folded into everything, toughening,
tautening. It breathes *be still*.
Veins of crystal assemble in its vacancy.

The world's rounded, blinded
for a thankful lengthening moment
to its ruin. Things could grow
again themselves from this powder loam,

sloping miles of pure confection,
the bluesheen icing
gracing dry twists of trees
so that each one glows

behind splintered panes of air,
unbought candles. The forgotten
recalled, adorned with form's memory.
Winter calms all but the sight.

There through ribs of alder catkins,
an unguessed trail, white scar turning
past a clearing where little humps
gather, and out to listing grass and fences.

The sere is read *high* for *old* and *low* for *new*,
clear as black letters huddling
on self-made islands in the blank sea.
Land face bares itself deep into being,

weight of escarpments,
stamp of furrows,
splayed hills.
There is no veil of life

to choke under. And we, rasping
ice vapor over alveoli,
move fitfully, pinned by the end
of our gazes. How

many stars flick lightly at us
like riders with whips,
how the power plant's twin stacks

reinject the sky with cloud,
how it bloats, wavers, breaks.
Why not bow. It keeps us alive.

ii. Nieve Penitente

belonging then
kneeling figurines

pewtered imbricate
face each other

faceless perpendicular
heads the cone-growth

orange, olive flare
bases taper to points

of guile full casting
nets of white berries

sign of poison
asking from numb cores

what must I have done
for you a confessor

what must I want to do
here above earth's docility

where sferics toy
and immaculate we

each to each lean
brilliant stamens

waiting for fire-bees
to immolate aphasia

knead us gently back
into the guilt of motion

from anonymity to longing
for anonymity

belonging again

iii. Memory Like a Sieve

Edging the roofs, snaking forward on glassy bulbs of flanks,
the elephants inch their white bulk around.

They do a slow dance, grasping trunk to tail until their distinct
forms fade into a border humped above gutters.

Sun quickens them, makes their sunless hearts twitch
so much faster, spills tension into muscle.

By noon they cease moving, dazed with the sight of their own kind
sprawled before them to the horizon,

each wondering what if we are dead but unburied, alone
with the high vultures soaring beyond sight.

Once one decides this is so, he lets go.
The shrill zip of his hide scraping the side of the eaves.

The dangling half-breath of falling
flattened to a gasp by the crumple of impact.

Bones like icicles. The next elephant, with nothing to hold,
starts his slide.

iv. Waverbond

All, it is all
over. Felt flake,
velvet urn,
arrest me in sleep.
Little slaps
on the face
so light they go
unnoticed for hours.
Until the face is numb.
At least there
is pressure,
brute mercy of
contact.
(PSI is pounds
per square inch
or passive
suicidal ideation.)
Rasp your lullaby
feebly until dreams
fuse like the skin
of snow and snowpack
forms what I recall
of my body.
Severities,
another mask
of emptiness,
heap dead heaven
in swaths like
wounded waves.
Conjoin my pain
with an earthly sign.
Make the bond,
spring the lock
of living.

2. MUTER

i.

She pulled the pin
from the fist-sized bun

The furtive grain

and December's likening
stumbles compactly towards

And burntout again
the larder-skins rustle singly
as he goes

Nameless scars
justify the diaphragm

ii.

She flays inspired air
Inevitably the decor swarms her lungs
Likely long-dead stars spark up eyes
Saliva on tap, the gumsteel trap
Baited with torquing tongue

Utter her name: she'll be that one

3. DEPRESSION STORAGE

i. Why We Need Friends

I sat hollow again among strangers and juice-dripping lovers and a friend who joined us later. Smudgelight, liquor.
Dressed as a doll in quaint clothes
of a smaller doll of yesterday.
A lot of talking roamed somewhere near.
What could I say, having done nothing or
having no memory of having done.
In fact no memory of who I'd been just five
minutes or years ago. I was prepared to pass
out there in pity I didn't know how to use.
I cycled through my deck of selves soon
run out, recycled, couldn't stop.
Nothing changed once more.
And then, my friend, noble in company,
began to tell a story about me,
one I knew nothing about so I listened.
He said one winter day I'd taken a baby
cockroach I'd found in the bathroom,
gently cupped it in steady hands and went
to the backdoor which I opened with trouble,
then spread my hands in gesture of easy gift,
letting a bug live my roommates would've killed.
And this is why we need friends: to tell stories
of our goodness which will be believed.
I believed it too until I remembered
it was winter outside.

ii. At Times

At times I am aware how others
can act convincingly happy.
They are unaware that
there are no feelings really, just modes.

At times I am aware of them
beyond this coronal cataract,
icemilk armor, double-edged diamond.

At times I am aware
of this constant armor,
its heft,

boon companion.

iii. Ghost Story

Just because you sometimes see me
walking around, talking, laughing,
doesn't mean I'm not long dead.

iv. All Right

Let's not get sentimental now.
Just this once I'll tell the truth:

4. THE TRUTH

A harpy dismantled
four legionnaires twisting

the nightpaths like twines
moon leaking its rust

in slag ponds
swarmed by black beavers

what brutal fraction
excited the sycophants

to this
how turbid the timbers

falling slow and unstopably as dawn
while cisalpine men shiver

while a druid sops bloodfall
small motions animate

each avalance
the mare tails subvect

white scars the elephant eyes
long forks short cuts

the patina of lightning
occupying the retina

a bee-purple blizzard
what women what fruit

what secondary objective
gonadotropic the cabinet

brokers living wills
a zip line unthreads

fields proffer more broken skeet
martial mosaics clutter

the hapless synaptic gap
darker resistors
spill over the byways

each berry has its secret

patch brood not pulsing still
a star imitates its master stars

plumbs the winnows
to rank earths a new thronging

motivated by a need thrown
and no obstacles move

bar tender process
made cumulative by likeness

pocked and puckered not eagerly
where unaware hums

there can be no future specter
trite the lesson bitten

off at the cheek juices
welling the plural wound

the beggaring impulse
not a casket weaving

not a heap sounding
but a rolling as in

lugubrious thunders
grazing the cropped summits

the too lately found niches
and humans imply

their tolerance warily
in voices and eyeless

occipital protuberances
in topless sites reaching

bemusedly into the nearest cavities
fumbling for a switch

back to longing back
to apprehension of streams

and the affirmation of vanishing

the sad permanence of space

the hopeless bovinity of time

5. ICE AGE

Distribution. Tempest tucked.
In. Separable. Tenses or,
vernacular, forms. What each
hunk. Or hair. And what each.
Knows. Negotiates. For being.
Is. Bound to cells. Sleeveless
in. Dependency. Entire
nations. Of calcium. Carbonates.
All breaklines. And bliss craze.
Total incarnation. Of carnality.
Drenched fugue. But more.
Than abstract. Pattering
or movement. Taken all.
At once. Unawares. Unawarenesses.
Biotic gruel. Pent. Carnival.
Peak gesture. Sought. No. No. No.

Glom. Penetrate. Scars the tapering.
Gully out. Valley bellies. How sullied.
How stupid. Push.
Push you antebirth. Groove.
Slip column. Hips in crevasses. Lop.
Foothill heads. Snake your scoured.
Bed. Push. You jugulated.
Fuck. Spurt. Rope.
Push you scat. You glut.
Shunt. Devolve. Devour.
Begone current. Go to hell
where you belong white eye. Piss
on other epochs, other balls.
This one's mine.

6. LONG WAIT

long weight

grey weight

long far mountaintop

lone blue mountaintop

these red doves
this cardinal igniting the sycamores
this crow brandy

formless ache of snow in pass
the formulation of longing
as
fidelity, constraint

renegade sun tilting
at slow-looping days

the force of it, pressing from behind, the lancet
rasping the mind's garret the snowpack rolled

over familiar hollows like a shroud

a long far memory is the sum of memory
frost heaving inside, leviathan
pushing out this crumple, that inanity

do you dream of being, asked the nightbirds
asked the night

this ache, empty nest
the pushing, forewinning,

the memory coiling to seize, throw self out of myself
into green abysses

leaving possession of nothing

of vast sparkling nothing

the lone spark of mountaintop. the far cardinal.

7. ANTIPODES

why must we oppose our limits
the river freezing is not at fault

smooth skin easing over flanks
of lucent wax
colored daiquiri

sacrifice the tongue for a moment
taste so sweet it stings
to death, bee made of honey

summertime and white flames flare
underwater where rock encounters
difference in itself

wintertime and white flames leap
as if in vengeance impossibly granted
to branches, switches, twigs bent down

we yield presence to what snaps
the strings of our attention
stirs their hum in fierce choirs

like coldset inhabiting
what air imperceptibly was
seeming-gone air
quickfrozen, belittled by cold
into a slow kind of murder

winter frees the sight, makes neighbors
known, as after the flesh is stripped,
after the bones rubbed with ice,
something hidden may still move

what wouldn't we give
for mere environment again, fish
who forgot the thawed lake

instead of this snowpack relaxing
over our familiar haunts
leaving profiles diffusing
into banks of calm
and voracious light
consuming each face that dares its gaze

one look and the spirit tugs driftwise against
the bitten flesh in the over
and over stabbing gusts

driftwise and over the long and at last
slightly shifting flanks of river stroked
by what body it can't claim forever

downstream, driftwise, languid and looking
for when silence announces the end
of one life hung on bridges and salt
and the beginning of the next

lost among the fluttering movement
of tiny changes starting from the sky

8. THE CROSSING

a vastness moves across the vast ice, a vastness with heads

light has yet to be devised, or revisited

suddenly grinders will break free, carry off dark mounds of ice and becoming-ice

the movement continues, harried by the future, what lies within all ice, though it is nearly shattered by doubt, needs, by complexes of minerals and minute electric

the sky aspires to ice, pressing heads down penitently

peril hovers, a household god, dog to be fed, weaned from wild leanings

a hammered bracelet made from iron not of the sky, that says on itself
i was not made

sheer canyons luminesce when the stars shake their manes on many splendid aprons

then it is like the fog-wood, the flayed trunks little tucked treasures,
dreamfood red

then all places are home

but the others, the ones ahead, ones behind, the ones in their unspeakable oneness, all fur and bloodheave

then no home could be

the movement sweeps its last array southeast

winds pick up basketfuls of snow, sheet them out, snatching up what is left in tracks for its own

the ice regenerates its white, blink rises with the first tarnished moon

soon fire eats the plains

soon the land stifles in a bone sea, terrible blanket of song

much is lost, something other gained

LITHOCANT

1. EXHAUSTION

drags my symmetry down and apart into long ragged rockfaces
and my mind rolls a little in the col where it's settled.

Wish I had a friend like Sisyphus who never sleeps but scrounges
for minds like mine to push up above the cloud cover

where it could get the stillness and sun it needs to soften
enough for me to get my eggtooth through and dry

my cramping wings in the dead photonic wind until they turn clear
and sweep up stray spectra to toss willynilly as rainbows

on the unbelieving earth. It's cold, cold, cold goes the sycamore season.
Ladybugs conceal themselves like assassins behind the blinds.

A platoon of seagulls arcs in, a promise there's liquid water yet
somewhere, not just this slag of glass ladled on the brisk hopeless bushes.

Or maybe they're the last, refugees from a natural age. We only admit
so much. In Hokkaido, the Ainu say the lovers would be walking the dusk

down into night, and a freeze might snap the spines of hapless trees,
crystallize their sap, cause them to explode. Splinters tallied thousands

of killed dreams. And here I meant to write about myself, my long
slow self-killing through the deliberate isolation of dreams, and I've gone

and turned out there again, where the dreams come from, the steady stream
of pulsing wave-particles, nicks of light dancing between being and antibeing,

the laughter, the abandon in my son's eyes when we open a new book,
the endless waterfall of joy hammering on my knotted shell

here at nadir, the deep and still cavity I chose for its soundlessness,
its lack of anything but myself, where I wedged in and rock a little
uncomfortably

from time to time, trying to get some rest.

2. SELF-ADORNED

Weltschmerz old friend take
your eyes from the pitfire
awhile they are melted and sore

Earth occupies a nest-
node a confluence of multiple
Goldilocks zones
nest full of biological analogue
to gold: liquid (at surface
temperatures) water:
is this the end?
an allowance, a demonstration,
concrete reminder of middlepath?
the perfect union of form and feeling?
incarnated spirit?
no: there are its uses and manners
of transference:

Agon in earth's heart you
spit heat through your prison's
cracks

wrestle only your impotence
cooling like lead

and your upthrust middle
fingers will not last
the earth's face will be
cosmetic at last
when your anger has lifted
one bursting shell at a time
as from a droplet of water
skittering on its own self-consuming
bodyvapor
over a hotplate

This is not clarity or lucidity but not quite agony not that but a fuzzed up
numb sliding through the gates of locked hours to the passing flesh of the
world:

This Shangri-la crammed under one lean

fingernail, I took it for omens.
That we go in scattered like bean-sized
grapeshot, that we eat without chewing, without
jaws, marvelous funnel of forgiveness.

But hot-hearted the day grips harder
and all labor shrivels like the least overlooked
membranes of autumn.

What bridges the gap if not
a leaping wild spark? Unhesitating, unrepentant
as the flayed-over wind sexing everything?

I have believed in placebo gods.
Cottonmouth, rival. Betrayer of sugars.
But we are rollking, dropping into infinite
curvature, no shrines, no curbside.

Mountains self-adorned.

3. MY MABON

the coil-sign, lituus swelling its decisive iris
marks the dolmen where time redacts

the psalter of sprig pulse, calligraphy of capillary
actions, straight and crooked as genealogies

profusion of scribbled leaves lunging from bindings
sweet green hands waving *help* from each tunnel

each spine tapping the black undertree of this flesh
this compress of filth sealed on a heart called earth

its venereal zeal, its willing passivities, multiplying
declivities where spores scuttle, contagion drips

but innermost the welter inverts, marks a new round
in contradiction, in a bubble-chamber in soil's ocean

space within a place, tomb upturned to crib
where the shape of our coming scores the quiet

with finite, incandescent sounds:
Mabon, eat the dark

and that subtler dark we name the light

4. BASIC TRAINING

the two meld

old belted dogs

bearded circumspect

rail ruts down to water

in fire the sanctifier

three dash for dawn

tow naked fascia

pearl finger treads above

gigawatt yellow

turbid lattices

commence the evolute

for posies for dire

and tenterhooks

divulge its splendor

masses intersect

rapid the fountain's disc

deliverer and piles

fervent by northwest

deep polemics coil

the basic instruction

5. CREATION MYTH XXXII

A lyrebird hoards pearls.
H says can I have a handful.
No.
H says can I have a few.
No no.
H says can I have just one.
No—
H says can I borrow one then.

He makes a bow from his right arm
an arrow from his left. Kills
lyrebird drawing the H-hair string
with his thirteen black teeth.

But the string rips out eight teeth,
his biting teeth.
The pearls spill looking like his teeth.
He starts sucking each one into place
but is always wrong.

The lyrebird decays into the world.
The H teeth take off each riding a wind.
They are master-drops, call up rain
here there every direction.
They stay hid in clouds always
changing their plumage.

H follows each but can't fly without arms.
H could meet you someday out there.
Everything is lyrebird-brown, lyrebird-thick to him.
If he lisps at you, "Where are my teeth?"
do not answer. He'll snatch yours.

6. THE POSSIBILITIES CLASP AND UNCLASP THEIR FINGERS

i.

Turning's terror, the originless forces saunter gamely over our charring field

Wrenched from detachment we awoke strangled with small glowing water lilies

Lately I've begun to see ghosts just where daylight scuttles along the cracks

All along the fog-prone highways, frogs lit the night with brief candles of lust

We repleat the charm with a thicker clay this time

ii.

Promised a racket and we were delivered into one, a tine maelstrom

A thousand lights beaming, begetting—found some braided tightly in the barn

The instruments burned in bright shatters and a mining generation strewed its lies

A great three-dimensional crimson X floats serenely over the clicking vegetables

Veldt, my lonesome! I reached for your mane but my fingers: thorns of smoke!

iii.

Geomorphologies only delay the could, would, that berry swelling on starry frames

IT wants what it engenders, free of dainty caution: a contagion pimp hustling

And poetry, that sad well curling over with the weight of its own emptiness

Sticking out like a compound fracture, bone breaching a skin's jealous ocean

Like Moby Dick launched at the heavens ----> AH!

7. THE DOPPLER GANG

W are manning
posts bored
with sacrament

W is lacquering slate

W are banebane
& last release, mint

W call to W
"W are here
W is there
W are were"

W taps on windows late

8. THAT IS ON ITS WAY

Cardinals bauble the dawn

Come fumbling, I wake and push out

I am through bargaining faithlessly with my other lives

Whiting out my face, my rank thicket mind

I cling to the falling heat, for water

A branch thinks all the way into a forest

A woodpecker surrenders to need

Hydrophylacia fill me with water's eiderdown

Forgotten thorax, jewel beetle stirring the mulch

A thousand yellows

Concerto of pumps

Last loon probing the dark mats

I swim intrinsic, fervent packrat

Through wildness we come to our never living mothers

Friends, from mull we began the sarabande

Pull grass and flow, the scarecrows lean into speech

Unfinished labyrinth, hermit in his own company

Resorb these stones, divorce the seams

Proud aeronaut, sink with no lip

Study the picnic, the ash pile growing indolent

Until moons carve their product into panes

Let some wither, shrivel the dynamo

Gourds curl restlessly in the meat of night

Ligatures, bedfellows

Pray for no rain lest dreaming end

9. SLURRY

Hawks plunged weak atmospheres,
sank below the pine verandahs.
I ran thumbs through pollen braids
on the flattened heads of slate maps.
Every wasp figures its motive.
Every house has a hidden gable.

I drank air and wished again for feeling.
The sandy curves winked in a dayquilted moon.
The smell of salt, of relinquished toxins, was everywhere.

Where had things taken me? Never mind doings—
I wanted to plug your heart into my body like a battery
and move again without a thought.
I followed every lax temptation, turned down
nothing I couldn't quickly absorb, metabolize and flush.
The harder things hurt from afar.
I circled, a booted moth kicking lightly at the blaze.
I jabbed, struck a cautious proboscis in the nectar tube,
withdrew when I grew elated and overwhelmingly, sweetly drunk
on the end of my poorly articulated cravings.

It wasn't you exactly, just an isomeric fluid,
close enough for a prereveal, forerevel.
Curled up in a hollow knot, I passed out in tidal hours.
I trusted the stars enough to dream them swaying over me,
a choir filing in twos and threes past the most special exhibit
the zoo offers. And they were silent for once,
unadorned with soul, just bobs of senses drifting slowly,
mechanically even, past my slumped surrender.
I dreamt you peered from every face for a spooky moment,
but you as always were kind enough not to mar your pity.
I marinated in its pale wine.

I awoke here, islanded by what must be first mountains.
I scan for miles. The air refuses to debar my longing.
I am giddy on echoes, slightly feverish with aftertaste.
If you dwell where they said you would,
I can only, in the end, grow obtusely accustomed to despair.
That is my joy: a certain unalterable condition at last, a helpmeet.
Though that's an ugly color, the sound of brown rot forming
in the world-tree's parenchyma.
I am dumb as a tomb alerted to the first rills of foxglove
nodding over my handicap.

Hold me, yes, I long to say then, but no.
How can I clear this virus from my veins.
gnawing clarity in alcoves of my mind.
How can I speak, relapse into conversation,
bring some precious and necessary self to table
with the catabolic giants of the cosmos.

This is a lying part surely. I know you'd disagree,
take one of my hands in your hairless, fleshless own
and press my grub-finger to my wormy lips,
let a smile incise my memory like a bloodletting,
a cactus thorn removed deftly from the ten-years-aching sole.
Such gestures a speech approximating delight, an asymptotic
deliverance.

But there—the hands drop, abused by crows.
A slim glide, amber loon tracking lake current,
mapping out a possible death or possible water field
where spray grain soars and sheds on its roots its nourishing fruit.
In the face of such potential, I can only be
noncommittal about the hawks' omenness.
I try to remain at least a part of my own identity,
not some sprocket lodged in a nerveless circus.

The road seeps on, the towns change but not the act and not
the actors, if they are like me, but I think
others seem to know something right and exclusive, like a formula
for baking successfully on Everest, a way of frying
good meats in Greenland, and not the audience, of actors.
I am made of star-stuff and so was Hitler. So are dumpsters,
the babies they cradle on their way back to nothing. So was that shit
who lied to me in second grade about another student's lunch
and wishes, and led me to devour her candy bar and get slapped
by a tonsured principal. I was the moon hit by a meteor:
why this permanent hole? Why no breath
to massage it gently away, level my uneven self-hatred?
Star-stuff: also the meteor, the moon, stars. The dead stars
and dead worlds, all la-dee-da one spirit of one
super electron masquerading as all the protons, neutrons and electrons
supposedly out there in a froth like a saintly,
subatomic ant colony.

Mist is coaxing matter's stain from the world.
The glaucous wedge of ridge between lake and sky
will soon dissolve in the nothingness of lake and sky.
Already puffs of white arise here and there—
Already upwelling radiance forces the cracks wider—
The limit within one—the swelling, uncontrollable growth—

the inner, outwardly invisible division even in only one—
of this, I speculate, the universe came. Which means
I am an epicycle of nothing.
An epicycle of slim holding.

I am a shall we say spirit with some vague sense of dropping
and at times like—oh, this time as I watch the hawks
ride thermals against the fading rose of day
till they're commas in the book-length sentence
of the sky, and I watch and forget I'm here or thinking of talking,
or that you could be listening, or even extant, these times
when silence subsumes me not unlike my blood encounters again,
a pleasant shore-wash that brings deep-polished objects
glittering to my skin, these times I believe what
I am dropping into is you, the better me,
not the penult nor the free upgrade, but the pilot
that is the plane that is the medium
of flight, flight's most lunatic optimism about its existence,

alone with its necessary opposite but unburdened
of its difficulties with control, motiveless
and upwardly destined, unaware of victory
lived out through pockets of conflict,
abandoning, dropping, looping through its first pleasure,
every one of them first and threaded on the one line
possible to follow, point X to point X
with all stops between pulled, forests of throats
unblocked for finale that signals
incipience, a bracket lounging over sleepy
emptiness, catsun, the pinch that brings one back
to dreaming.

10. INCLAYS

how to put it
down, the towel
swollen with grief,
by the red seep
of sunset, the hideous sea

a tentacle of moment
grasps the serried hedge
and up from sewage
our lonely god arrives
and begins his seductions

the folklore embodies
sparkling skates once
known as constellations
intrusive as a root
canal, as carnal

simply bat the dandelion
seed away to lodge
in another lover's teeth
where we lean hazily
into flesh, the suture

organs ripple a harmony
so insensitive it moves
us on and onward, back
to the plush armrests,
long after heart-death

beyond a scalable
photo, behind the cilia
of eyelash, an eyeball
measures and clicks
and measures

all these dolls
in a ring, so
little, a hole left
by others happier,
as a promise, a lead

one young cone
like a mauve phallus
allows, from its flanks,
a drop or two of sap
identical to dew

11. GEOPHAGY

The elephants kneel
before the cave gouged
by unknown scores of ancestors

kneeling to dip the trunk
again in precious mud
ingest the bitter knowledge

of survival, the animosity
of the great watcher Time
They march for days

each year to the black space
tucked like a crypt cell
in the mountain's body

and kneel before squeezing
into the narrow track
to the eating-place

the medicines they know
far from suns
nearer to bones

to earth that knows 2,190,000,000,000
days, that is 189,216,000,000,000,000
seconds, or

94,608,000,000,000,000 thoughts,
567,648,000,000,000,000 feelings,
each with its singular iris

BIOCANT

1. POLLEN ZONES

Little Dawn Horse, did you know
how your kind would grow and grow?

anything

grapes, lice:
the skin of

happens

is where the action

even with blind dough

netherstory
metastory

[Anaximander: "Ape iron"]

a fine polygamy
reared most every one, set out
ground laws, determinants,
the eating game the bleeding game
boiled down to paste each
species acts and tastes the same

superposition of motives
produces

OVERSPARKING

dahlias and freesia
stickleback cichlid
Drosophila Agonistes
supreme Christlike sidekick
forgive us

or the swerve into
aesthetics
[the contextually nonfunctional]

botulism

recidivism

but let's not get ahead of the games

postglacial nuzzle, Holoscenic

37-acre fungus grows
[Pavia]

mordant
with fiefdom

or Spallazani catching 52 bats
in a certain belfry

to blind them, later find them
replete with bug meal
blind and "intact" alike saved
by attending to their own
voices

as frogs leap forever
into blue terror

they died after spreading
out of home out of home

and came back with Spaniards
into alien urges
foamed, went mad with déjà vu
then madder with joy

as camels humped it up the coast
coated a certain permafrost carpet in
to-be-Alaska with bones
and never looked back
now reunited with cousin camelid
llamas in the Cama [camel/lama]
breeding hopes feverish
for meat yield

the Marine sights
the dromedary under
the dignitary.
flash
and thinks, of Christmas,
the older cousins.
flash of silver,
sliver of flesh, wrack
of myrhh, the
trigger.

planktonic

herbfested

whirlpool
lifeforms
tirade

the eyes of
are upon you—

1,400,000 or so camel eyes in Australia
[world's only feral herd]
budding from camel heads
budding from camel bodies
budding from previous camel bodies
brought from India/Pakistan back way back
[PreJeepocene]

the key that broke the outback's back
unlocked itself all over the desert

over cattle pastures now

well-lashed eyes
well-lashed eyes

the aerial marksman
sights the Bactrian
about to mount

well-lashed eyes the kneeling Bactrian

some said, in the deserts, south the mines
the diamond

is the perfect union of fire and water

[and time pressure resistance transfiguration]

but it is

not:

the perfect union
of fire et al. & water is
the membrane.

[go slow, lotic

cosmic

slowsion]

thus

comedy

quick the hingebirds are attacking the latch of spring

evolutionary discourse of enchantment: an ell, a spell, a sell

the wound
was buried
in forms

goosetalker
hawk moxy

yellow trauma

A mynah moon: the curl of smoke rising from the page after her
hand. Avenue of flutes, fans

gliding from tree post to post.

language of two bodies

[oil & dusk]

riddled trunk of honeys and love
and in love a rainbow of honeys glazing inside
my hollow my honey

[chlorophyllic counsellors declare *yes let's join our lights against hydrogen bonds*]

And the law of the land

suffer the buffer

was arrived at following

or plunge it

sedimentary procedure

Ah *fitting*:

guacharos fly their lightless hundred cave miles to Brazil
for nuts only they can digest
in every language there is the word
that birthed the language and is untranslatable
unfathomable to every other word in its line

Darwin's moth slips eleven inches [stud]
of proboscis soundlessly into
the eleven-inch nectary
of Darwin's orchid and sips
humans with complementary immunogenes
smell good to other humans
[the human stink: Buddhas & flies]

this body
must lock in somewhere
like the penny slung in the science-fair funnel, leaning lower
in spin each revolution till its sides and the funnel's tip,
its grand purpose and design-guide, coincide
and it drops through ringing

sink, look, what! and there!
and

anticipating sky whips
each thousand million fir
pinesprucegrass gapes each
thousand billion elegant
sexmouths to tonguelashings
craving discourse
flap, flop, fill, fall,
fruit

going into sensation others as sunlight sifts into leaves
unaware of sifting
losing itself [but it doesn't self]
that splits

nosefirst into history

and the circus! march of ungulate reservoirs

[carbon, H₂O] and the bipedal

the eyes of lifeforms
are upon you—

ganglogos, ramified savior!
photodendron, our savoir-faire!
neurotopoi, high fey grey

eruptions!

lead us to forgo the light,
neverending bureaucratic method [it never learns]

lead us into cthonic incrustations
slow slowness of niches [frontal lobes]

[student collateral: Santiago, Kent
State, Tiananmen Square]

or Baron von Pernau
[near Coburg]
whose young chaffinches
were only exposed
to the tree pipit's song
and resettled
in an unchaffinched spot
of the forest:
sang pipit ditties
for generations—

:strength in numbers:
:neotonous instincts:
:trophotropism:
:et hoc genus omne:

we are a massive seston, sundrawn— so that's what the sun is for! remote
circulation. OK.

:pleuston envy:
[with money the parvis was converted into a serpentarium]
:nolite te bastardes carborundorum:
penniless archons are the prime suspects

distrust the *greensick* I.E. there is too much red or blue

[chlorotic colonels declare *yes let's enjoin light for hydrogen bombs*]

form so how do you like it, orgone agent? the delight of infinite
you are bound to a selfing cycle for self-knowledge
[humans a potent stratagem, Goldilocks
trio: thumb, predating forward vision,
descended epiglottis]

orangutans speaking of which still refuse to decline theirs leaving it fused up
to the soft palate so they never swallow words
(their breath, etc.)
whereas

Homo etc. muddles its chambers, leading to choking, dictionaries, endless

planetary

shitstorms
poetry

[one insect pollinating one flower one
million consecutive years]

yes this is homeland to a few of you,

going up is not an option

we stepped in it the lightest of causes, drew our vocable avalanche close and
fell

[bodyslam]

into strange goulash

stirring it with Latin sieves to put this thisplace that thatplace but you know
how liquid is

how water gets its way
the favored child
its imaginary friends [infinite phonebook]
every one of them always made real in the end
for water's end—

in the pollen
zones man hoes
alone

dimly other

hunched figures
materialize [or sight
evolves, complex/compound/convex
vision]
in the detailed field
beside us working into
it
more detail

2. SENDOFF

One light scents

Plashgold triadem

Bug sidle throughpine

Tucked in
miles of feldspar, dragonspine

one
snail-sized
indigo flower

The feel of pity for time
that must move on—

perpetually white sail

unbroken mirror

3. UNDERTOW

Ash relax, night runs aquatic
Saturated with thoughts of leaves
Currents connect, trace summer pedigrees
While cicadas drowse, rasp off last sun
Raccoons squirm from dumpsters like a birth and run
For vanishing gaps between the fence's filigree
And the black where earth's ocean heaves
A spider sighs, packs up his web, fatally romantic

Cycles reconfigure, turn and moil
Tucked young shiver, moan a little
A lithograph moon flakes its brittle
Message on the dead, and the living who still float
Insensate to what's passing, like the fish who could not gloat
When first it sank a stocky fin in soil

4. VACUUM BEHAVIOR

A captive starling devised
necessary flies to hunt
when it felt its specific action
potential go critical
though this was felt as that
mad kind of hunger surging
only when the body
is perfectly satiated

in hallucinatory meltdown
it saw a fly
hunted killed ate
it vigorously cleaned its
spotless beak
all in vacuo

and we wake
in the same blue
line-bounded bubble out here
in interstellar calm

strike the sparks
ignite the rods
anything at hand
cities each other
making our little
flamesongs to gods

Fac nos Familiae sanctae tuae exemplis instrui et consortium consequi
sempiternum. Amen.

NOOCANT

1. MEA CULPA

The bear bred to little dolls
with T-shirts mutant

green a throttle green

with on them cute
redundant pandas

exactly like the pandas
[collect the set: Père David's deer,
polar bear]
its logic gapes

smiling with baseball
caps of teenpink
nubby turrets fetching

the eye and buds of tongue ready to drop
and on the T-shirt pandas
T-shirts

distorted from the farewell paw
prodding green nothing

a tender message
final bid for interspecies amity
[only civil words considering]

descending in diminishing
pyramids:

Sorry
we've
been!

2. GSL

how tricky licking the tongue down the ladders
of a second language when it's our first, a mother
tongue ironically discovered mid-twentieth century with its odd
notions of determination and right. when it's a tongue our tongues
get tangled in, not a language at all but a bandage spliced
across heaving gaps in matter till eyeballs are engineered
and fine cilia for pleasurable motions, organelles churning
out their protoplasmic chimneys toxins by the gram—
it's confusing since it's a tunnel, a long black wavering
throat we walk towards leading our menagerie, our dollies
and fishy tomatoes, our mice all ears and our prick-
do-we-not-bleed pigs. it's frightening, one might
say if one came up for air, pulled wads of coding
out of one's mouth and spoke in that dead drear useless
speech of English, Chinese, Spanish, German, French.
the new lingua franca crowds the echoes thinning up against
the cavern-roof, palatelike with whorl-murals of perfect evolution.
the throat, the tunnel whistles, or it clicks, and unknown
odors scale the rungs from far beyond our sight. but it's all right—
we'll walk in comfortably led, provisioned by our inquisitions
with our tender guide, a cute white rabbit glowing green.

3. LINEAR B

I am a person:
divorced, beheaded, died, divorced, beheaded, survived.

Mnemonics neatly eliminate man's only nemesis: insufficient cerebral storage.

No plan like yours
to study HISTORY wisely:

In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue.
(In 1493, Columbus stole all he could see.)

Europe guided turbulence:
Willy, Willy, Harry, Stee, (I like playing soccer with William.)
Harry, Dick, John, Harry three. (Happy Henry lithely began baking cakes,
One, two, three Neds, Richard two, not omitting four necessities: never eat
Harry's four, five, six, then who? Shredded Wheat.)
Edwards four and five, Dick the bad. . .
Harry's twain, Ned six (the lad) (King Henry died Monday
Mary, Bessie, James you ken. . . drinking chocolate milk.)
Then Charlie, Charlie, James again.
Will and Mary, Anna Gloria,
Georges four, Will four, Victoria. (Can Queen Victoria eat cold apple pie?)
Edward seven next, and then
Came George the fifth in 1910.
Ned the Eighth soon abdicated
Then George the Sixth was coronated. (George eats old grey rats
After which Elizabeth. . . and paints houses yellow.)
And that's all folks, until her death.
(A.k.a. nitwits cuddling zany gabbling geese astride several British kangaroos.)

Dynamic holidays eradicated tame yob's lumbago;
kindly cannibals scare timid visitors, cruelly menacing feeble Communists.
Cossacks oozed back to Turkey, cursing dead sheiks.
Port wine should be left alone when it's gone red.

Better be Right or your great big venture goes West. Righty tighty, lefty
loosey.
(The word "believe" has "lie" in it.)
But also "Eve," "belie," and "be": I believe Eve belies the Be lie.
(When two vowels go walking, the first does the body-chalking.
And if you need to both discover,
multiply one times the other.)

Last century produced nude promiscuous smiles:

sober physicists don't find giraffes in kitchens.
(Put every man down and shout!
Can inspired Kerry stop some foreign military operations?
Better get ready when your mistress comes back:
"You fucked up thug!"

Retaliating for long frustration, Moses bombs Hezbollah leaders, deriding
fatwah.

Father Charles goes down and ends battle.
Every army denounces God before encounter.
Mary's violent eyes make John stay up nights praying.
(Battle ends and down goes Charles's Father—
Run oh you great big ironic virility!

Only holy angels have opposite angles:
Easter bunnies get drunk at Easter.
Heaven never asked Kriegspiel's extra rent.
The word "believe" has "lie" in it.)

Camels often sit down carefully; perhaps their joints crumble?
(Persistently extracted oil might perpetuate plutocratic republics.
Only when affects position,
multiply by changed condition.)

I am a person:
Roy G. Biv.
Thirty days hath September.

I am a person—
(The_of_and_[a_to_in] is you?—That it?)

I am a person at
FARM B:

The old Arab carries a heavy sack of hashish.
A tense cat lies very low, sneaking slowly, contemplating a pounce.
The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.
Please execute my dog, and soon.
Sam's horse must eat oats.
Good boys deserve fine apples and
all cows eat grass.
Lucky cows drink milk
(other cows, smoke grass).

LITTLE PEOPLE:
we talk of Mr. Green at home
pouring green water around cold vases—

I am a person,
divorced beheaded dead divorced beheaded survived—
(The word “person” has “so” in it.)

I am a person at
FARM B
 (“Biotech,” “B-2,” “believe.”)

a Greek SPA
where kings play chess
on fine
gold
sets—

4. SKINNER'S PIGEONS

The most adventitious
superstitious
responses:

1. Define an axis. Turn on it.
2. Overextend left wing. Sing hymns while you wait for it to break off.
3. Stick neck out so far you can see up your own ass. Courage: being full of shit is a sign of life.
4. Back into a corner. Bow and bow.
5. Jump on certain words in the dictionary until they disappear.

5. HEMISPHERECTOMY

One grain got swelled, abrupt in the grass-shackles of time.

It is no mystery how one lives on without half of a redundancy machine.

It was plucked and planted elsewhere, a heap or fancy midden by the highway.

When days are twice as overwrought, nights more needful but boring.

All root it spooled and explored like it always did, tapping resources.

And each wild leap a leap into static.

Marshalled worms, slim scutterers and the expelled, the exudate congeries.

A cap of northern wools may be pulled down as far as the cream or coal
Adam's apple.

This forgotten ravager made its fortune quickly and with minimal conceit.

A cap is a cape is a caper is escape.

It vaulted the doldrums and posed with rare cultivars against spectacular
riotous scenes.

So gather your vendors while ye may.

Ultimately it discovered its prongs and plugged them into the planet's single
socket.

A swift hire lauds, will inspire the troops.

Cthonic current was too much, anticipatably, and oversparking occurred with
heats.

Boil roil toil and bubble, clubhouse char and courthouse rubble.

Saline filled the upper half like an aria or errant fugue.

And glacial, the pate slipped by in darkness with its gaudy tombs.

6. CRYPT AS SECOND HOME

i. Zombie

every day
the mind wakes
up in one

consumed
with ravenous
consuming
of brains

dim stumbling
flesh
shambles
of need

numb meat
long slow spool
of rot

the mouth that
marvelous portal
reincarnated
as a
one-way valve

the eyes
suckholes

the mind wants
out
drowning in blood

drenched
in horror
at the thought
it's just
some
body

ii. Library

Borrow and lend the mind: the wedding cake
of infinite girth. The slices return
as people, frank and generous.

I'll build my nest with these scraps,
sour rags reeled from defunct
mouths.

The must is overwhelming
its body, warm as a lynch mob,
warm as sprained ankles.
It is enough

to burrow and land
in the mine.

7. OCTOBER 2, 19XX

The valley was taken
suddenly by dusk

He stood, lank semicolon,
visor, boots, late

in the dust
war, pressed by too

many answers
kneaded by a
practiced disease

the answers on his clothes,
the one deep in a leg,

the man-sized answers trundled
in white, the boy-sized

The first plume had been slickly grey
with veins of blue

The question had been born
again.

Somewhere, a bomber is tenderly
painted.

8. THE USE OF USE

red plastic teaspoon
in come sugars, new scratches
come enlarging salts
each use deepens usefulness
till worn through you sit vacant

HYDROCANT (II)

5. SAMENESS

One falls into the same river
when the waters are rhyme
when the pulse is time
and all honeys coincide.
Leeches emerge, vacant as moons,
algae streamers braid themselves a sleep.
One falls, electric in moments
one pulls, is resumed, warms,
forgets—The rush inks
till tracks are subsumed,
till the cold intervention
of liquid aches the body
alive, back into feeling,
back to dead happenstance,
fakes it into history,
history through it to life.

6. WORLDMIND

Love the world or the mind, love them less.

The cycle seems directed from a pinprick human gaze through human thickness:
and there might be such a thing, a guiding whole. A sad, lonely monad. Mad god.

Consider the flotilla: 29,000 rubber duckies circumnavigating the globe, dropped from some ship. (Flotsam travels fast due to wind motivation.) Also 30,000 Nike shoes, 34,000 hockey gloves, 5 million Lego pieces, a number of onions.

Consider also movie footage: of neurons in a fetus, distributed throughout the nascent body, migrating slowly until they gather tribally in the right part of the brain, then reaching out to form synapses. Four of ten die between the ages of three and five. Those that survive are well connected through dumb repetition.

What will happen when the ducks find their shoes and gloves? When the onions house themselves in bright plastic? When we find the right one, or ones, or cause them to be, or not to be? If not the world as it is, are we to love the world as it must be? Could be? What modal snags our allegiance?

And while we dither, the journey goes on, under Arctic moons, through square hectares of lightning. Mad shamanic grins, bleached skins—there's a wave, there's a turn ahead—

7. TELEOLOGY OF

Slow slowsion
Ongoing subtle catastrophe
Blue into blue

Foam furnace
of a well-loved waterfall.
Scent of loam and mushrooms.

Overhung, the trees fear leaving, not the fall
but the departure, the rending of thusness.
Here and there, fireflies remit their cavities.

Mist surpasses its colonnades,
grows lethargic at the gorge's scalp.
Pores rule place.
Floodwater blisters, on its curves and the moon's hollows, its brief skin.

Slipstream, go swiftly. Break the spell
of vision's distance. Tunnels of angled
panes, leaf shatter, conduct the voices
diminishing to night.

Let rock petrify. White crucible,
forget your marbled forms.

8. THE CYCLE

somewhere in the tub a heart sends out waves
it's in the baby in the bathwater
water in the tub

in the heart beating waves
through bodywater through bath
as human sounds gather as motes

days and days of moments learning the languages
of consanguinity continuance of gene
of five-legged American English mind
of devastating shocklove vertiginous

knowledge of time's evaporation
of cables pool regrets declined connections
of the worth of mirrors of mouths

as motes gather as human sounds
as condensation nuclei beckoning around them
come come orphan ions i am the soul
come clean into my zone and remember

somewhere in the air a cloud awakens
scar of past encounters seen only as passing
scars and circumflexes over the father

the most of it returning silently to the tub
where it laps in the forming mindlap
of the sitting baby plashing making swim
laps the water beating waves

the least of it brushing bodysalt sebum
of the father lading heats somewhere
near the ceiling where it calms into liquid again

drips floor father tub where it laps
in the beating in the heart in bodywater
in the bath in the father's eyes
as sounds gather as human motes
the baby adrift sidelong one ear tucked

under water migrating down the brown drain
come come down it calls up through a spiral
i am the self come memories and condense
a lasting relation in the quiet tides of matter

pierced with waves sent out from a heart
somewhere in the room in the tub
the baby drifts gazing half-lids at the mother

pulling water out a faucet from that place
so unknown where the bathwater
goes somehow purified somehow righted
returned to gaze hearing hard use

unknowing as it wears to nothing in epicycles
sinks drains metals hands babies hearts
as it wears nothing of its past
moving indestructible as knowing

its past makes it it no other
babyheart eyefather mother
another day drowned in flowing
down the spine's neural unfurling

incidental bodies polestar minds
slowly flaring in arrested burning
hands out to lift the small laughter
hands out to touch one water

to one water
never parted
from water

9. SO IT CAME TO PASS

A droplet turns out
to be the world,
suspended in the gale
we mislabeled *space*.
The only space is between
you and I, this line
and this, and it moves
glancingly from site
to site. An electron
turns out to be unknowable
but useful, like the self.
Little lives hoeing away
at the furrows of being
in the solar fields.
One day a magician,
an extraterrestrial, examined
our composting spirits and declared,
"Here was a place
_____ enough to accept space."
We remember enough
to appreciate *enough*.
The breath returns to its
second home, then returns
to its first.