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NO STAR GALORE

By

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Professional Paper

presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements

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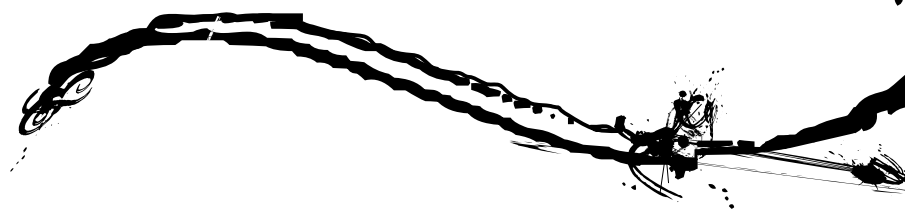
Karen Volkman
English

Chris Anderson
French

NO STAR GALORE

Z CODY LEE

no star





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P r e f a c e

Not you, me

shadows of stainedglass on normal
glass, where

nothing moves

not even if we
say

an owl can sing

nothing changes.

To take yellow
to heart is not

easy, the twin

smolders of it

in the owl's eyes
peel into dark

hums around us.

The dark hums
around us

even though nothing is required.

And—there will be this girl
in here

hums the dark.

You will know who.

You cannot miss her.

Some vapor contrails
the corner of my eye

some formless movement from
not sleeping

is there
I refuse

it, but
it tends to become

intricate
for its own sake, the way nocturnal

animals have done.

Become intricate, I mean.
Not the spiraling

that is elsewhere

the shadow spots
at the periphery

that go away as you look at them
at first

you might feel
unlatched

they are the ghosts of the dead
shapes.

Given hell
after a time you know

these visual
visions

have something to do
with the deep-end clover

as well
which we probably survive on in hell

if we go to hell

and hell is covered in orange clover.

Not given hell
those dark

shapes
are unearthly

leaves of the moon
have come home, I mean

only the horses
know how to eat them.

Just know that

you might see something

where nothing is
moving

moving

after a hundred hours without
sleep

it might
be an owl

and the red of its feathers is like some reliquary.

I could sense when someone was mad at me
as a kid

I felt unkept
by it, those I felt it from

would not speak to me
and would not tell me

and when I asked, I got punished.
Guilt makes you

demanding, uncertainty
makes snaps.

You are an anti-solipsist

like
everything

and everyone is real
but you

are not

without
rapid eye movement.

I don't look away
when the hollow black

ovals over
pattern the wings

of owls
and appear

absent of birds
and go

spirally, widened
onto other feathers

across a breast
of what has no state.

Its almost perfect scale-pattern plumage
proves it,

it falls from a non-body

becomes other patterns

widened into shapes

the way we know the wind

is there.

Because we survive for a time
on energy

itself
alone

all the while
the sea extracts a whisper

from an owl's
throat

then another
and one

more, none of whom
could

speak in the first place
are now assured against a whisper

my friend thinks about death all the time
he tells me

In came a misfire

a split-second
when I thought he was

an imagining
for some reason

maybe I was dead

I felt the warmth of his hand
darker and yellower and—

I always get afraid.

It was a split-second
like I said.

At this part
because the owl knows

I am watching its stillness
we become miniature

and the gramophone
dies for us

(that one, right there
it's sitting there in the corner)

I brought it back from a white cloth
of winter.

The owl approves of the needle.

Which is unwell.

Listening
seeing things

is only abruption

and passes

I just see patience
as of late

to not rest

takes the brutal light
we also had to yes

any and all things.
Instances shy of nothing, sleep.

Any night
is invoiced.

You die without energy.

Shed the owls

the precision of a tree
will do anything

all at once

between self-conjuring
a solution

to break
the slipstream

the arrow
is the bomb

where speed is
a noise

it wakes against the fletching

no less
than we do, like a skull

mottled over with a worldless red
that god was over.

Chiaroscuro of bad weather
kept on a hook by the bed

I fear you will take the corduroys
of my fingerprints from me

and look after them
like smaller things than

they are, sometimes birds

and rain is opening into a bell shape.

I used to hide under the floor
when I was a kid.

Today I took my deckled edges
from a woman's

fire, who had not left of her own

uncompromised by others.

It is not outside reason
that she will die of grief.

Take my hand. Take it.

My heart is filling with blood.

I.
STAR

IF I COULD BREAK YOU
I COULD BREAK A TREE.

IF I COULD STIR
I COULD BREAK A TREE—
I COULD BREAK YOU.

H.D.

Don't Rain

Magic
enlarges small.

I lived in bangs,
chasmed each.

In the abysses, jump up.
It make spectator birds

whose peculiarity
colors us.

I am pregnant for your
information. Dragons.
Hanging moss. Re-
liquary. Reliquariums. Portraits
engraved in wood: glow
for us. Do the glow. We do not
know to ask

to come back,
knowing

what bolsters crisis,

we like
experience.

We make a chapel of it there—
make sculptures
which are

in their first phase
ruins.

You'll see
a place play quietly. You made me
in trouble. I hope.

I hope we end
in kisses.

Like
asking a building
to hover.

As of Late

We love each other mimes
is all. Finger space,

hallucinogenic wicker, water
off

the surface,
solid. Top ofs. Stopper
thee &
so bold be.

That night changed weather water solids, we
got more wanter if not
winter itself.

Got our skin a good looking.
But we dealt pearls &
chandelierlessness got you sad.

You put an attack asterisk next to me,
which might have hatched.

I fear. Perhaps neverwhile is.

Maybe chamomile
can cordon.

Erstwhile nonetheless hardens,
purls. Perhaps the universe
lights you back.

I hope it does.

What Is More

Rooms of utmost courteousness superior the sun
over & emmer.

Acres the impression she hated
if you are sad.

Blue was inappropriate. Acid wash. Completely terranean
was a question. Without rinse, errant entirely
of zoos.

I want to
make my printmaker.

Dare In The Dark

While we were
each other
I left a sendup.

Space enough
caught a bullet.
Cold case. Addiction

made me bold
somewhere.
In the night,
weathers
over our skin.

What are you looking at? Candelabrum
of rooms
made you so sad. Sincerity,

singularity, the reading light lights
you back. *I'm looking*
at everything. Sun acres
& the hour. Might perhaps this
be the universe. *Say,*
you wouldn't ever be
so inclined would you—

Asterisk

At first it places
tongues. Then
all the thundery.

The waking of snakes & kabooms
is dicey. You see it
too, spill at night
before the blacker
inventions.

Enter snowflakes breaking
perfectly dark.

To dance in ballrooms
the stars filter their own hard glow.

To fill the silk beetles' hook point eyes
fill two hook points
to find closure. And when
animals say yes they encounter novelty.

They dismantle. Obsessions,
so they mist. Addicts
when they cry out, ooze.

A glass blower's lips
now a short distance from you
mouth no more.

Just as the word before a space can
cross the space as well, zoo.

Meet

If you flinch
the bathtub
wrests.
If you think *medicine*,
insist.

That your stomach spread
its curtsy
is one thing.

I am well lost past due
space.

Shut
my eyes this time

for me.

More Lush

In the rattlesnake
musculars, I spoiled. You
put forth fibers that warmed the air.

Late into the season
we still embroidered.

Sui, Sui. Anticipation
by fallout. *Sui, sui.* Childhood by force.
Up to the wrist in
my babysitter. Fuck off
with how you care—worry without inconvenience.
Don't exist.

I have been the you here.
I know what you are doing wrongly.

To Lie Closer

We unliken us to the electric once
but in a great while—neither
ask nor stomach.

Astonish. Nor expect
more. Would that happen to be chrysanthemums—
either way we would know,

some moments it was as though.

Others we had had too much cold
smoke &
all the stars piled
above us flickering
in nets

we walked in
lockstep

moving like foxes
talking on tiptoe

in low tones to quiet scythes.

Take inventing a type of half-silence
half-life
an enactment we were slow to effervesce in
for a model.

Of metals, as though. Patience was analogous
to unconditional reception &
approval &

what I felt for her
I could not tell you

there will never be fallout.

Already she'd convinced me one cannot say no
to flash.

She has had heroes without me & fire.

As an everyday part of life, I would sit with her plants.

As she is a way, this flood is meaning
full without repossession.

This, what it must mean to crosspollinate waitings.

Lost in the seaward chase &
that sensation develops in the owl

of storms. Those predictions
of memories &

the snow brightens behind her.

She forms the word *chintenge* & continues.

I say that a beautiful wolf wouldn't say that.
I like to put her heart under me.

I hand hold it.

It, there, feeling the onrushing,
I am little alone.

Neither of us rescue images that will later be repeated.

Their refinement, their associations &
disturbances are what I call patterns.

They are an intensely living in dragonfly exhibits one can
walk to.

In those sounds we hear over again. I am amoral.
But, M, when I look at you I want to say yes.

Heroin

Sometimes walking into a red room it all goes off. Being in an off-yellow room they call the red room, where traveling happens, flashes &

drastic surgeries occur, through which plants are kept alive, strikes me as emptiness. Ultimately. I will haunt you.

The last line in my headphones was you undressing that night. Then you came. To listen to the crickets overtake the field you can feel them breeding. You said, lying upside down on a broken bed with the windows open, motel cigarette in hand, *you can feel them peeling their jaws back*. The light came in and made *us* all at once. Then with a mechanicality in cameras: silence. You've found me. Tattoo a line over a favorite vein if you hold doubts.

M r s.' s

The description not the explanation.
You are only left.
What is there lets you slip into something else.

Sitting there you get the impression of her hate.
Blue hopes a printmaker sees this.
You hope he reaches for his acid.

Who is this the visitor,
the indiscrete confidant of blood?

Who desires to bend even as the crossing straw straightens?
The darkness was the signal
to me: everything is not symmetrical.

I tidy your pearls quickly.
It's no use us talking.

Symmetry over hauls our childhood.

Some moments had too much cold
smoke in our lives & the stars above us piled

in flicker nets we walked
in lockstep moving like foxes
talking in low tones quieter than scythes
inventing a type of half-silence a half-life

acting as though we were the slow effervescence of metals

as though patience were analogous to unconditional
reception

& approval & what I felt for her came so easily

already she had a flash
had heroes without fire
everyday part of her life I would
crosspollinate with loss
motioning to the seaward chase
our storm
of memories
brightened. She forms the word
wolf.

I like to put her
where
neither rescue nor
refinement is needed.
Associations & disturbances
occur.
I have patterns & intensity
in those sounds we hear when I hear
like a red room.
Like red room kept alive by emptiness
undressing in the night.
She came
to listen to the crickets overtake
the open
light, came to hear at once.

More Earth

A slow wave
forgets
pleasured deep reposes.
Sleep is availability. At peace
a house the land left
is the safe place.
To vouch for you
between boughs
the skyline
you sing
buckles bridges. You doubt an arrow
maybe. But there is no allegiance.
You join diversion to nothingness—
the nonverbal stampede
aswirl again, the inside desert,
the abandonments of it,
is pockets of shelving—
just copper & brass.
Cast language,
the one you became, the elegance
the kaboom taught you,
dries the mouth.
You reroom you.

This Trying To Speak

Halve the descriptive encouragement
first.

With pantomimicry
finger spell the fanning

way the unscrewing of a light looks.
Hand curls into itself, stays.

I think it is dead, you say.
Then you slip something into the night.

Those who fight the temptation to explicate
seas'
capacities to remove,

I am with you.

You who respect original
intent—

it is the empty part of the world

that the room might find.
Why are we here.

An orchestra reenacting a rising.

Bees over a hill over a monument.

You did not read this the first time.

An arrangement of birds shocked from a wire.

Moments for eyes are anything.

Days of frozen surfaces & minor clouds
the decade

elongates & mild distancings—

ambitious baptisms
balance out

as sirens as satellites as swathe
broadcasted

over the extravagant water of
us, our lives

the difference between reciprocity & requitement.
Consider us our mother.

Parent of crêpe & silence
perpetual sidereal state: motion
under light cover, snow.

Sirens & corners that will not sit flush.

This fuck. This brain panic
trophy case of record mysteries.
There is no surface, we intensify unevenhandedly
the catalyst inside all that deepens.
And now we cannot say.

A Fern

Harvest them. Quiet. Inhabit the city. Leave it behind enshawled.
In light,
ampersands smoke. Maybe,
maybe not

just tigers
come

tonight
any night
confirms the broken silence.

A hurdygurdy of a portrait. Others look into the lens
like they can see black stripes approach over stones—

the cats come howling.
By now you know the body

has its own reasons for life,

you've seen the way a horse runs.

Slamming

To slam puts lullaby on loop for a long time.

The quiet yes of the typhoon queen,
whom we had wanted, speaks. The first time

I was in a bathtub.
I invented a nigh plutonium.

My nocturne was one part wolf song, one part loon cry,
but who could tell. Plus, lullaby.

On loop. I was in a bathtub, remember.

In springtime. I shut my eyes when it went white.
I shutted them.

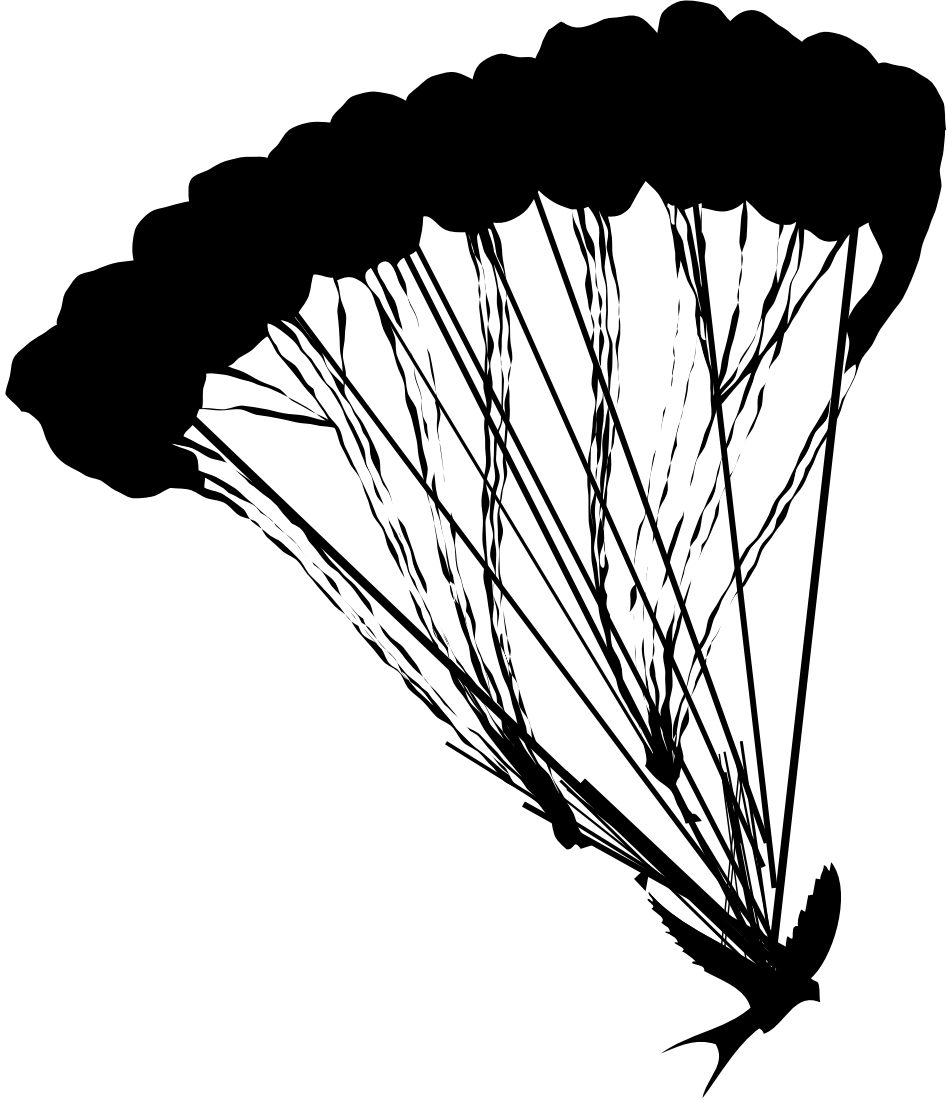
The pelvises' underlacings of women I know by heart dreamt with
me.
I suspected until then that spring dreams.

An applaud mechanism
that a liminal goddess can undress in trees
makes the sound of dogs barking.

Hecate. Hecates. I say I have this nervous system.
I mean, love happens in the brain.

As It Is Ever So

It's settled,
you were the listening,
I was mechanical blooms—
the pinky-blue inside of an oyster
inside of you. I knew
orbitariums at a distance,
whose affair was nocturnal
& coral. I hoarded myself.
A collectioneer of doomsday food.
Heroines whose yours
I once knew. But it is over now, it is
settled—
me, not you, who lumbers through
in hazmat pajamas
to exact a rendition of wandering
a frequency of cells—your stone-in-the-face face
was throwup on the collar, all true. Still,
I have donated blood
to the mission
to be that close to you, close like blood in the body is,
A-tube-bent-against-itself closeness.
You appeared on two moons. You were not
the listener listening-in, the inbetween of things
that has always been
subtle as a turnip
respirating in its cold holster of dirt.
I felt you'd flail & snap
the elastic corners of the black mattress
with the broken electric
blanket. That made static.



II.
NO STAR

ARE YOU LOOKING AT MY WORLDS?
JO ANN WASSERMAN

You Are Now Finishing

I think it is the message we get when it is over
from birds.

And the louder you are
the more it moves from the field
to hold your sum
of tender gravity
that rainbows made.

I left her like a starshaped impression in tin.

I would have instance again—
but you know about egresslessness.

I would have traveled that space
between two distances

to cover her body, though
I also thought

she would blind an apricot
for me. And you know

what must is.

I thought

molecules. The air breaks in two.

I thought the lightning reflected in gloss—
thought about all the blues there must be
in the word inlet.

Thought might crack plate glass.

Then again, just before evening.
Then again, *bedtime*.

The human eye inspired the bear trap.

If affection is a value system
I do prostrations before.,
I want sleep with its dream bird
as it passes over houses
& moves over rules.

Rushes is what I see most at night
just as I wake up to rain egressed in stained gauze:
a dream bull is being led into a dream crowd
where actual people start to pace
& look at each other & stir.

You woke nervously & stated
no such thing as unicorns.

That was the love part of us
coming out.

These days you find slow waves second
the charismatic flash of dreaming covers you. Face
like a light bulb's thin glass, something like the sound of silk
bowties coming undone or something of a sail.

You are now finishing, is all it says.
You are now flatlining may be the last sensation.

Before we go, tell me,
how was it you used to say,

what was it you used to do.

You used to mother your own eyes.

In trace abundances, evidence.
Of bodhisattvas, those theories, for one, are translations
which fray the lilies. For another;
those painting you like are about movement

as much as this silence is about birds.
Birds we dub rushes.

And if you are still
talking, you are still in recovery.

But I wanted to tell you:
tell me more incurve mums,
whose whirred swilling
is a bloom of jellyfish
is a proper description,
is an imprecise illumination,
is described as nonessential intensity.

There is
at night

& there is
in the night.

And
I used to look at her eyelids
at night—

those specific whispers
in the night
were without further adieu.

I know the slip.

I guess it is only undone to me.

So, let this be dark then.

Let be as it was.

Pittman

I turned.
She was facing the tree
already.

One plague was the person
behind us
who heavyed with stillness

& went black as a tulip's fist.

As the billows became
still & awesome—his face
in the offal, in the daffodils, in the bracken was
her voice
back then—

she rose to say fire
(it was production)

& we'd run to the airlock

as stars
bent into ampersand flames.

That night
I touched an ellipsis in a tray.
And went on empty.

She says grief is the debt of heaven.

Escaping is a sort of went.

It is deepness
made only of no strategies
&, of course, yeses.

So
one night I broke
her quiet.

I said: snow.
I want snow

over his mouth, over his eyes, inside him like deposits.

You make a star.
I want it like sunlight.

That Day The Day Stood Still

True, it took the place of the sunny era.

In that time we learned to embrace while
it lasted, while it spread frosts of perspiration
over our hand holds
& made lists familiar, things were being spoken to.
But to embrace a while is hard to endure
& a night made entirely of maple trees too.

We caught on the tines of everything
to pass through it.
We tried for days in that way.
Force is a silent force, was at times the moral.
The other? It was a consistency & anything else.

You are always in my brain Dear One as you are.
Over there, you are always defining your acquisitiveness.
Absent of hope, I suppose is a sustainable salt.

And don't you consider warning a format for praise,
the way a bell regards its clapper
I regard you.

I would tell you about sugarbeets
& bowtie pastas & honey but
you do not know the word for food.

On a day, even a unicorn leaves hoofprints.
That is not how they ought to be characterized.

Those hours we looked at the pages of memoirs,
we thought all the inactive tightrope walkers
gave in to the body's fantastic selfcorrection.
New alms of balance filtered though the human.
We know not to put our faith in winter stars
just because we have seen flowers & know
how they open.

H a n g i n g M o s s

The real crime is:
were we to rise above the butchers'
monastery in the streetlets & see
beyond lists & mausoleums
of walls
bells would fill
with snow & all scripture would go holographic
with loss.

The Show & Tell Machine

My idea for violence was invocation.
 Childhood is so much technology of thinking.
 Remind the world of how certain hearts are dispensed with.
 At first no one was there. Someone comes,
 points with a pen & says this is a ski mask,
 this is a fork kit,
 this is your length of piano string.

Some nights we were asked to envision
 a past life plant,
 then to consider how it
 looks on the tree of plagues,
 then as a coldheart flower that grows despite the heat
 we were shimmering like new asphalt.

On long stretches we resemble shepherds. Of stillness,
 waves. Of recirculation, all at once.

It becomes a hinge, a perception—
 like watching a face that watches hands,
 hands making shadow puppets
 for a carpet of children. Before we go:
 forever.
 I love the end.
 From this place, tell us of colors.
 Erupt into silence, open spaces.
 We are the weightiest thing to happen between us.
 Who do we love—
 say that much. Make it linger in some whorl
 until there is no more mail for that person—

only a breath in the ramble—

a hateful frenzy with no tactile information
decanted into a lament of collaboration & air

You say, look into the dark pile.
You say, blacken. And nothing happens.

The Oversight

It's like releasing a balloon.
 Into the air, children are dying.

You don't use small ways to reach something
 if it involves love

it is a revisitation
 we don't illuminate,
 don't leave a path.

Behind us
 the idea is constantly an invention of a new ore
 & to pull it from the earth
 we are raised in a very specific psychological key.

We believe in love
 made of instance,
 of lies
 made against time.
 Tell me,
 & always work alongside me,
 is evidence averse to antagonistic situations but always in a
 warlike stance

& if we perceive an attack, the argument folds into an as-if world

where only the mechanics confuse us,
 the rest know more than the insides of a dream,

where we act as if life & ideas were sensuous rapture

were androids? We saw

where the cattails were. Still,

upright despite the snow
we braided leaves of a wickerlaced proposal.

From the ice,
speaking of fire, a denomination of light
evokes our peripheral vision. Eyes do not shut
off.

We want truth in geological terms like life.

I was moving past purple curtaining.
Through a century of memory,
our parents were woven together
inside the birthing house.

A defense mechanism working with different
kinds of shapes.

& howls ascertain a kind of syllable.

A supernatural night
they call in for supper.

They only call it satisfaction when something is
over.

Compulsivitialy

Be tame to recognize what is done
right, invent a ritual.

In taxidermy
stampedes
will end the reign.

Of it all,
I will still close her window.

I still listen & know full brightness
At two percent of maximum, you can imagine

the best will survive the sway

of the deadbolt, its elegance
will be of all things hope.

Ventricles

Wind in grapevines

pull the ladder up behind.

We say lift your legs like you were climbing.
Climb over my body

until suffering is of an emotion. Any detour
in a hillside should betray the expectations of lovers,

every time—the idea of a follower gets blurred by the body
in particulate form.

The more decadent the human
the more they costume. Words, leaps—
the better contact is reality.

Let us hope it stops time.
There is no gratitude,
the aura of that mythic world is gone.

A ghost, the air, lifts, a way to pull things apart.
Pulling it apart releases
a woman.

Her buttondown unexpectedly
breaking & blushing.

The part of us that accepts loss
is not us.
We observed from a distance
& the indecisions were our voices.

We were in the column shapes of whales—
contours so total.

Bring your childhood within reach

of this continuous glass

& the trees lose their leaves,
the parking meters house pedestrians,
antennas cut into the glass.

No liminal space calls for heat or light,
wind not fire,
air through air.

Find me in the dangerous galaxy.

A red that is there, then not.

You Have Not Been

You'd have to know how strange it has been seeing the way it happens, there were cross words at the park, then stopping speaking, maybe all luckiness has been set up by earlier doings committed to observation. Rags of turpentine, a violent rule, & that is what is happening in the world.

The Way You

All this time we build
remembrance.
You are as near as you stay.
You say
word
by word.
You walk to the body & say
this is not a body.
And you are as near.

I Know The Nightdress In The Field

Everyday before it seemed
I worked on my pearl, now
each night tigers come. And
for whatever it is, you are welcome.

Growler, According To The Music That Survived

I am still to sit right waiting here ready to listen to you,
testbody that opens out.

Field of action, is creativity more than memory?
I am familiarizing myself with the commonest human.
What so?

Predicaments
as these: promise, crisis, trauma—there is a mercy in that
I don't know.

This is the unfinished world. This is why we have things.

Into the sphere of all tended, memories connect presence,
experient, closure—
the blood panting in us
is us. Warm animal.

Surface surface.
Our bodies war for them,
who are those around us
& who
for them there is no heaven.

Here moments here. There
made entirely of pleats.
Fans of their sensation share mountains—
sides covered in trees & happiness
in partial progress & partial.

You can hear the distant.

Mixed chance, it must be wonderful.

To dance to that beautiful music
in a headspace movement constantly, at rest.
Emotion is hard-hearted. Being, you, spread out with the scenic
hair,
what are you about to think? Love has a negative
freedom. So quiet
it comes.

Vespering

All the mechanics think you.
This one life is. And this,
the nonappearance of comets
is a privacy possible of surfaces.
Who turns my superstitiousness into fieldwork,
descriptions of autumn,
& a task reserved for the sky
to adapt today.
I myself am an act of estrangement.
A reason for distances—a bruise with a pulse
& mechanism.
Where nothing should be, should be
left to guess.
You are the absence of echoes.
You are music for what refuses to happen.
In all but one way this is true:
I think of you in systems of waterstars,
in lakes of stars
that wink. Every stillness
curates intricacy.
To honor others caught up in this, I go.
I refer to the magnificent, everlastable
sweetness without dimension.



III.
GALORE

In Their Intensity

They leave us all open
those lovers
we god at—you know,
summon to—whose bodies crown out
into the world,
instruments of a fine square.
Measure of no more, one yes per increment.
And we fuck italics for them.
We move by sense of space into the world
all flutter & nonchalance & ajar
& in the mornings no one was awaiting
us sooner or later is now & that bright someday is here,
our practice on the willow, our recitalings are over in terms
of breeze, the reciprocating silences of that room: gone—
vision of cardinals, epiphanies which left
tire tracks in snow, & the sound of cracks
as they are formed, the pressure inside a box, the unbound
absence—
my birth parents could have done no better, my luster
is my luster & where a zebra & her colt stand breathing
in the night it hangs over it all.

You sawed through familiar circuit rareness, closed tulle, scheduling, & choke games of fox redness. The lace of someone else was here. Don't inconvenience you. Message: care is inconvenient. Antigram, you there, helpful one, comrade, movement, please. I am upsetting. Message: don't die in front of me, okay—I've convinced myself that you're under my watch, so—just don't make me look bad.

Contorted as it is it is merely the tact necessary to make modern animals. The discovery of a brand new pit in a sketch or a brand new oval or a friend & only then does the quiet come & the ellipses of panic that scraped through childhood darken every doorway like monsters without a world.

A vascular invention something imagined by a moan that deeper ministry of the larynx where the word act is formed something of an end is imminent in all of them quietest inhabitants of the nest quieter residents of loam a man each morning taking time to consider if there is something in the roses that does not die until his thoughts are just a thing inside him & if you can do cremation why hide it? Leave us now, we borrow the architecture of phenomena each day & there is a reason for that distancing we are the recipients of these things so go on now now go. Your worry is problematic. Memory used to predict things.

You too
smoke—you too, in piles of stars,
whose privacy floats
yellow & white, float—you too
always vary addresses to you.
the description not the explanation
(you're only left with what is there)
& then you slip into something else
& sitting there you'd get the impression she hated blue
I hope a printmaker sees this & reaches for his acid
(Who is this the visitor,
the indiscrete confidant of the blood?
Who desires to straighten even as we're crossing the straw?)
The darkness was only the signal
to me: everything cannot be symmetrical. And,
symmetry over hauls our childhood.
I tidy your pearls quickly.
Memory is used to predict things.
It's no use.

Come To Wake Some Snakes

That year we disturbed the habitat we adopted.

We asked warriors,
whose only mantra was deeper still,
what.

As though one day we too would be leaves
covering sand, a dripchant, a reduction on the surface of doors.

We thought about the lives of horses & the strength of ladders.
We thought it was a method to remain untitled.
Instead there was a darkness & within it devices to measure
traces.
We found abundances of its pitch.

This is the driftwood jetty & over here are the salt bitten cliffs.
This is the empty space in the air where our drives used to be.
The strange mortar that was used to divvy up resentments, gone.

One thought further, an impression of saline, or a sun print
but we learned quickness.

That the beyond is already made is not a mantra.

Corrections

If only the roses traded off their aphids for bees
or a real wet nurse, someone
good at being glad
I was soul,
who took turns sitting in the stillness
at night you know;
all the makeshifts are dissipating
into oceans or some frequency
governments cannot
protect. You think I am happy maybe.

Melankton

See it there it is a fork kit & there is something sinister to it.

Watersnakes like moving.
Surface to surface entry as we go sweeping.

We know the whole time you are only left.
What is there is back & then I led you willingly.

Things tend to be
in order to return.

To them, later only
will darkness dismantle every relocation.

Only we all wake up & find something to do each day.

Only with you I found that one of the moves that was happening
was that you were moving into my bedroom.

Or Planet Earth Or Pleasure

Face to face with the mirror
pleasure
& there is a rose on fire—
can't you feel it.

It breathes you a hologram
keepsake.

Dance is every anger.
And all of my light is for you.

So Fucking

Some lamp lighting district.
Some narcotic.

Kingdom
of somehow. I feel I would lose this

clarity, this

capacity to innate the hysterical. Yes,
innate it. Clarity this for me,
would you—of so few questions,
here is

one: How fucking classic
was childhood for you, good
friend? I suppose your dad

drove to church.
Your mom is unappreciated, no doubt.

But you didn't get the training to know that
until you were older. So now you know

to pretend to care about things.

You came by to spell out words
not to say them—to feel you made your effort's all,
no doubt. You conveyed overall that you wanted
concern to be convenient. It is wrong to use

someone
even if they hurt
you. We are not so different.
Maybe only in volume.
Do not turn that dial.
Stay tuned where you are good friend.

It is all my thoughts think & a hymn
just gets louder & louder.

I will carve a name in my face
& I think if you think
you know as well as I know how this will end.

Not in obsessively composed
line item music none get—no,
eventually, I will hello your lace.

Hello, keepless. Hello hell.

Had I known
you would be here I would have been bigger.

I don't mind.

Gesture

It is something ponderous to glow.
To be a cymbal to the airwaves.
I mean, you,
with the boygrin,
when I describe
skin-by-the-wayside,
I mean, I, not you,
used to get fucked against a toy.

Mirrored ceiling here brings me back.

And as a way to slim down
I slam my eyes open.

I don't know if solace can be exact—
but you've heard of feelings,

of villages, of sleeping with three women
in one day in Paris, of rolling the vein, of
how the stars resequenced
& repeated my name.

I made my demands
on the world: Let X be

so that Y won't happen.

Explain what authority is in it.

Single me out the meaning.

Die Happy Now

I wanted a life departure.

To have to come & to go be of an all-at-onceness.
I thought other sunsets enhanced the blood mystics.

Thought shadow puppets amid religious marginalia
might benew my feelings. So I felt like stamps.

I touched letterlist cocoons of she-sorts.

I pushed aside the lock of hair
& kissed her enclosure

where the e didn't echo very well

& when you catch
your cat looking at you
how it scares you

I caught my own eyes in a restaurant

& wanted to stop leaving

wanted to touch a lover's sides.

I'd raised her shirt

collar & drive places

where language had been reassigned,
where they took to using canyons.

When suddenly I wanted to stop leaving.
Wanted to be the fire
the moth the moment
the blacken
the supper—be tame
it ashes & everything
done is a ritual & let us go step outside
to stay
is not to remain.

Galorium

It's like there is no more, no longer a circulating.
No more a no star galore building up the myth.
Ahead of time in that ID is called wonderfulest.
Did you ever feel like your body was carbonated?
You've got a scalpbelt but it's empty. They know.
We are the greatest common factor in our existence,
which is the belligerence of experience sometimes.
And we perform an enactment of life for them, the others.
At some point they had to sit down & name
their monster, that is sometimes called wonderful.
Can't you see the world where you stand? Aren't you happy
with what you've had? A sundae with Momma, a cigarette,
an epiphany, some action in the garage, some peanuts & laughs,
& knowing the force that bends stems of aubade roses—all this,
all bullshit, total oxmeat. And the stillness of so many nights
has made each lover's face a description of
this-is-how-you-treat-me or please-treat-me-like-_____, okay.
The seclusion of how one encodes
what is rife with the sounds of patterning is hardly any different.
Which is, all those specific whispers,
all the intensity that destroyed them—this time
not bullshit, desire. We want the original pond shape of being young
to come back. We want a gramophone telescope with a tuba lens
& goldplated eye piece. What we have is a consistent
inroads to the brutality of fact. And the soul is not a soul
it is an escape velocity holed within an electric mud, dusty as stamen,
or clay globes that explode in the kiln, which would express
some excellent news better or correspond to changes in weather
like a lake view or the absence or presence of insect oranges and asterisks.
I have been one of them waiting.

