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From feminism

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FROM FEMINISM

by

Adam Strauss

Bachelor of Arts
Occidental College
2004

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the

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Department of English
College of Liberal Arts**

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ABSTRACT

From Feminism

by

Adam Strauss

Claudia Keelan, Thesis Examination Committee Chair
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From Feminism means to emphasize a world-view rather than an *a-priori* eye towards women; the manuscript does occasionally strike a generic feminist-didactic mode, but for the most part its concerns are with humanity/ecology and gender goes unmarked or people are altogether absent. The world is various, and in terms of form, the poems in this book are rangy: sonnets, prose poems, serial fragments, free verse tercets, measured and rhymed tercets, couplets, over-the-top monuments to generation by rhyme. Unconventional use of white-space occurs fairly frequently. My thought is that having breaks in articulation in two places, not just the end of lines, may create potential for more sense, for a more various way to breathe. Many of these breath-oriented poems do end-up having a visual component, and I'm interested in the way prosodies geared towards the eye needn't be seen as adversarial to ones oriented around the ear and utterance, either song or speech or a medley.

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Reason Beyond

I'm a man holding a dandelion—trying to reason
Beyond female/male.

What your average family in Mali does on Sunday: do you believe
This an interruption or inclusion?

Am I correct thinking I'm human in Sanskrit?
We is most when mixed company.

In Colorado. In Mexico.
In Mexico eating Mole Colorado.

Unsure

Would I like
Being a new truth

Or do I
Prefer attempting

Exemplify? I've got
A ticket to

Ride; it will
Take me 20 blocks, near an address I'm unsure of.

Overpass

A balance at the weight
Of one large yolk shines:

A branch of its light
Darting: arcing

Over an
Overpass

Because this
Is Los Angeles—

Home of the world's
Most glamorous feminism.

In Passing

In the windy light motes make
Dust mixes with water wipes

The air clean. The road's
A mess we barely

Pass by on:
Cheerfully low-down

Looking at clouds rush-off
Revealing a rainbow.

Hatching A Course of Action

The woman—perhaps
A girl elsewhere—

—“Too pretty for eyelashes”—
With 3 eggs

Stuns me. My
Feminism

Dictates I question
Awe—am in it.

Unknowing

My relationship to
Makes a

the word manly
circumference

Doesn't contain

conclusion

Just revolves

powered by

confusion.

I wish, seaside, I was grinding aromatics, had a fish,
Knew how to fillet, knew, too, the way to breakdown a chicken.

Tyranny

4 species of birds descant

Against this region's tyrant breathes

A verbena laced reek; furrows steam;

There's less grain to glean than in decades;

Consciousness abrades and rats raid.

What's a "sweet machine" if not a human?

Why desire Cartier when a little below here

There's lumen. I don't much dig numinous;

My mind's more guts not voluminous—

Birds in the wake of thank-god gone shit ground-cover.

Tyranny

You could be a dictator if you were
Powerful; you will stand so sometimes but
Never enough to do true harm. The spur
Isn't fame; it's small as those spores. A hut

Would bode well for we or no; where it's at
Means most plus how I'm feeling in the midst
Of what ever "stage of life": I've had
Enough of your lectures? Am I just hissed

Regret in retrospect? I hate feeling
Unable to love you not wholly wrong
When you don't deal with more than dealing
Diagnosis. I can get along

With contradiction until it's unclear
You're being culpable not act-one Lear.

Treeing

In this we are alike and far into a view we can't quite make out maybe a falcon otherwise known as fulcrum prisms backwards and deep downs diddling tried deceiving us but we're quickening to truth.

What has above got to do with Feminism? Pears pleasure. Hands pare. Spare
Hands over heart-attack—art-attack—arterial investigation.

I am. You are. Are we?

Reality doesn't recognize itself.

Identity contests mirrors.

What am I or are you doing?

In hickory-burl he understands. Burundi seeps cortex: she weeps its un-enigmatic status.
Paris fashion-week sweeps his mind to minding hemlines while pipelines pass legislation.
Personally speaking those ones badly make their case. Writing personifies but personal's
Not here; there is their question; that is the heir of an answer; Paradise is needn't ask?

Bright star would were steadfast as political not rhyming to hypocritical. Bite a celebrity
Then let wind litter.

Reality is not reflection.

Seeds treeing styptic fruit foreground swallows loop hither-thither and swallow-tail
butterflies. Were the Roman-wall colored fog to be seared-off you might see that city.

Reality is an "effort of affection."

This garden doesn't understand French. Haricot Vert vertex thinks one lolloping through;
acid-rain shines ilex as ibex look me in the eyes.

Sea's Presiding Genius

For Wallace Stevens

John Keats

John Donne

A little boy who I imagine grows to be tall—
A gorgeous pine of a man—stands on a shore
Steadily depleted for cement; he is From England;

As a “new planet swims into [my] ken” so too
Does he move to Maine: makes home with either sex.
When “contraries meet in one”

Does it vex him? Where's any of his family?
Are there parents? If so, are they ripe, or overripe, for divorce?
Is his keeper an older sibling? He, right now, looks

Like a peace-keeper; it's tempting
To pray for him but I believe he knows more than me
Doesn't mean he's guaranteed food and shelter; I should.

In my mind this kid's been a Britisher in Kerala
But now I see I've addressed someone
Stereotypically “3rd-world”; you can call this

A mistake; could you say it's the point of view
Of the sea—ramps the beach regardless
What's there until it's a nowhere.

To Country

Sumps and deepdown dirt longs—
Stumps stutter and leap low to mossy—

To country we all deserve.

Oranges
Blossom—can't smell the gnarly

Rivulet of piss and
Fetid other-flow

A few jasmine petals float on.

In Cartagena a foreigner
Focuses on emeralds

Do not break beautifully
Like the sea.

Eggs

There aren't birds here anymore;
If flight happens it'll be

Ripping—aloft on a gale.
Turtles might lay eggs here if watts

Didn't flare—riotous—onshore.
I reabsorb my confession

As a mother turned away from beaching.
The bleached boney coral's like pretty

Platinum brooches in this silvery
Atmosphere—quick—quick—

I feel slow—attention quickening
To a quicksilver I can't translate.

No Fathers Without Mothers

] Dear teacher
[] Please let's
[] Now plait
[] Wreathes
By the []
Sea my []
Hearing grieves []
For father []
[] Lost at []
[] here is []
[] Pink under-lit clouds []
[] Lumen
Upwelled []
[] Father's tilling shines

For/After Elizabeth Bishop

East, West, Tropic,
Polar, pacific,
As swells break here I

See rusty cob-webbed
Whichwhat of metal—
Beyond the combers

A bag, before
The roar a comber,
His eyes a drifting—

Rifting—entering
Your heart like no Pierce
But as logical;

The Charles “Slpps” by;
He’s trying to cry
(Into gratitude)
On this concrete bridging.

“The Wild Carrot Taking The Field By Force”

The goal is to create
A flexible structure—
Don't call it chaos. Rose

Stem rips a hem of his—
Rakes skin: a tender swarm
Of atoms are rose hips

Hip to the field of hops:
Where it's likely neither
I nor you will have been.

I see more of the world
In words than another
Way. You don't have to put

On the red light. A pool
Of wild water in
Sunny woods and I'd be

Happy—no: my view can't
Withstand walking through: I'll
Take the fen—all my loves.

True Love

Love is true—several trillion
Degrees of attention. I do not
Want to commit suicide. John Donne

Probably wouldn't like me were we
To meet; I eye his spine; I'm a world
Made punningly of elements. Tree

Tops make bottoms of us all. A small
Slice of foie gras would hit the spot.
Damn roaming charges: I want to call.

Globalization

Beyond the there is beauty unattached:
Allowing more intimacy—freedom.

The dim sky highlights jacarandas.
A parrot preens itself within a eucalyptus

While the 101 flows slowly.
Working blooms laced

Through chain-link a bee
Eyes a Salvadorian fled a sting.

Localized

Wind sussurates through forsythia
Circumferencing a stand of pines
No Cyprus. The squirrels not thinking early
Days of the virus just nutmeat and run.
At the stoplight a Corvette holding
A cigarette out the cracked-open passenger-side window.

I'm sure you remember slam dunking through the window.
Other than a book for a surface and a pen and leaf I'm holding
Nothing except my breath. Tonight's still early—
Later than usual. Because of calories I don't run
Other than late. Sun lights laden with motes—strikes pines.
Across the road a splattered plastic-bag like a toque tops a forsythia.

Now

The truth makes

Me feel like

A criminal

Why my soul

Must rebel?

I should

Cry what will

That achieve?

Certainty has limits. In this sense, space and time are discontinuous. Trees mimic seraglios; unlike some bugs, the mimicry's a failure. Tide ramps a beach where each to each is nothing said or water swirling round clumps of seaweed. Inamorata and caterwaul happened simultaneously 3000 miles apart, like loving hearts. In 700 years some part of the past recurs. Is 'hello,' in this country, destined to be in the continuous present? Will the American idiom tend towards Williams' Sea Elephants? Every however many years the poles reverse; if we hear this ahead of schedule will who conclude God's more likely? I'm waiting for the split when I speak seal and bull on that rock roars in my former tongue. You, love, only know now, recognize its richness, hence my attraction is logical. I'm excited for the filament sparks—space and time arc—reality avails all of itself. Someone says living's irreducibly complex; is enlightenment simple or is that what dictators are for? When preaching fails its teachings are the instructions untrue?

Grass grows

Brown. Hot

Ass rows

Down a river:

Twelve

Years later

Drowns.

A slab of fossils fractured just so and displayed at such an angle as to appear fresh. Palm-fronds clack like pelicans' beaks. A man reads *The Preludes* on a subway. Brick-grit dusts a dove. Love lets us be true; its definition is flexible—velocity. Obedience and oppression are in relation I cannot determine. The sermon on the mount's become the spray of the fount's become font; when I was 12 I lounged at the Hotel Du-Pont, Delaware or well aware travel by train can be miserable: such value is often be placed on soul but its truth may mean weak. Antique has attraction; past is a present interaction. It's easy to succumb to a present defined by past and future.

After And For Stephane Et Anatole

Adam, be all heart,
Go on, look—flowers
When about to start
Crying, when power's
Given-up: "billows
Of circumference"
Yourself sweetly grows
To resemble—sense
Clarifies—eyes
Espy third-person:
I'm ready for cries
Long before sun
Rises—please more sleep
and he'll be safely.

“Continuous Present”

You’ll be doomed
If you throw your

Stars around the floor but
There’ll be more

Light for lovers;
Lovely others eye them and

“Speaking of” looks:
His was someone sits

You bare-assed on an awn
You now know you’re allergic to;

Is it true
Saying the day’s

Lovely when dew
Glinting skin seems

Poison like remembering
A forgotten chore ruins

The present:
Happening all-ways.

“Dear Oboe”

For Wallace and Claudia

The world made pips and his peeps show
Chaste interest; a pigeon blessed
A blank, a chaos; snow’s falling—
Sun strikes it rose as hirsute stems
Shed themselves; wind howls rough as white

Water; an author lives feeling
He knows how to live himself least.
Somewhere bluebirds and a full bull
Compose “credences to summer;” she’s
Tired of teaching disbelieves.

Wallace would you
Allow me to

Refigure your name?
Walls would ya’ll

Fall should caterwaul
This place ain’t seen be?

Moon lights leaves
Appear as fire-flakes—

Hold one: its collapse
Is almost kohl;

An actor
Makes up his eyes—

Prepares to speak
As coolly precise as

This Fall night beams.

I Barely Know Where I Am
For Robert C

As it just so happened
Parallax was on our side
So the walk there didn't feel
Being taken for a ride.

A hawk glided between
Caesar's and the New York;
A tourist as green
As wasted and broke jerked

Into my lane like lame
Has caught you in out of breath
Long before race's end;
I'd rather the life-game

Didn't have so many
Crappy rules only tools
Know how to use; we're free
To choose what we don't need.

I happens
Without
Trying

Scares me.
Someone in
My not-dreams

Knocks on the
Door—way
Becomes blocked—

Locked in
Must translate
Not knowing

Any of
The target
Tongues.

To go on is
Beginning he

Decided
Feeling elides—

The truth's a
Swarm we

Can't know than
As spirit.

Sun sears-off mist.
Oh were there time

To only be
Specific.

A soul reads by blind touch.

The plum tastes good.

The warning proved untrue that time.

I'm not attracted to me.

I'm so much problem.

Is solution a nightmare?

I wish I knew butchery.

In deepshit's an Angle of Repose.

Technology changes; nature grows.

I care about dick-size.

There'll be good in I die.

I like the weather today more.

How neat to be a Martian's anecdote!

Musing

Where does the
Sky begin?
I wish when
I shed were

Elegant
As snakeskin

Not delta
Denotes drudge;

The muse is
Always in

The making:

“A Worldly Country”

The general was
Ridiculously

Specific, arthritic too.

At a point of
Retraction

The hope

An appropriate action
Would actually happen was born.

He lined up the pigeons

Pink as piglets
Then slipped like the knife of

Someone

Who doesn't know how
To shuck an oyster.

A bridge's underbelly

Or bats
Made razzmatazz of twilight

Left her scratching his rump.

A girl studying for her final looked
On enviously as Iranians at my friend

Successfully left the American embassy.

Her mother toasted cumin
And washed her hands of albumen.

Rain-rinsed light

Slanted through the blinds.
Had someone tried

To play Bartok someone else

Would have turned him off,
Picked up the remote for the TV;

Who should it be? Pamela Anderson or Ashcroft?

4x4

...“But what you want to say—the business of the wanting coming from Outside, like it wants five dollars being ten dollars, that kind of want—is the real thing, the thing that you didn’t want to say in terms of your own ego, in terms of your image, in terms of your life, in terms of everything”--Jack Spicer

Prologue

Why do I want to write this down?
It is already; is it to come to terms?
Shall falling further the flight in me, or brown

My bottom? I’m lucky that road of town
Wasn’t trafficy—someone’s death so easy: I squirms
To tell what’s happened is why I write this down

To strangers; stupidly I drown
The clear story: smartly forage other germs.
Shall falling further my flight or brown

Grain till it’s as Coronas are to crown.
I hate I want drives more than (really less) walking berms.
If I’m truly changing by writing this down

It’s worth it, like a Chanel gown.
What bias anthropomorphizing worms!
Shall falling further my flight or brown

Becomes Brownie, the Weimeraner
Of the roommate of the man I fucked
And was fucked by at a sex-club; his
Name’s Scott but I think Hot-Bod apter;

Thank you, with your sweet smooth back, firm legs,
Chest, for topping my night’s disaster.
If you pick me up, it’ll be hard
To mind car-less: walking the dog,

My hand on your coccyx.
If you change your heart, will
You have lied when you said
“I want to ride you more”?

How can I truly be
Mad at you who said "I
Understand now you've cummed
You may be sick of me."

Dear Scott you scarfed my load;
I hope we carry on.

Jack, you're
Full of it, shits,
Funny as
An elephant
Looks blankly
At the dump
Just left:
"The the"
Grows out margins,
Rusts barges.
A nation's
Ear hears fear:
WCW's
A communist:
Mock-Orange
Waves no while
New born Blue-
Birds eat worms.

I look in
The mirror:

My face
Seems to me

A Lesbian's
Not mine;

I don't like
What I see's

Me I mean
I can't stand

That I don't
Like what I like

When it's not me

And when it is

Insist it's
The wrong face.

Giant bugs
Fly over newborn

Trees that won't
Reach bark-stage

And Jack piddles
Down the Seine

Grousing I'm insane;
We agree

To pitch camp at a moraine;
I tell him Willy May's

Is in the smoke of our fire;
He starts to choke

Then quotes Yeats;
Something bleats through the radio.

The darkness

Manifests the light.

The forest's become a few trees:
John Ashbery's

Breath lingers about the place

Where a man or woman
Refuses to face

They are. I'm daydreaming this 11 pm Tuesday
Of sunning my buns.

Carbide Canto

It is wild to be close. If there's a way to plant a date palm in a pituitary she wants to. She wants to. The sky turns blue. After more than three beers he's ruddier than another. He's another one of us—humans: we should be ashamed—our shit grows no trees, our feeding pollutes groundwater; getting where we're going alone, listening to our own music, our tastes cede atmosphere. Peace is the air we're after in the epic; the swart ship whistles. Spray lashes someone's eyes; the waves are nettle-green. Picture yourself as a bridge, a rig on-fire.

Authority

You—I—
We—are
The Expert. Dew

Shines arrival
Do you feel

Tug that's
Soul an egg
Hatches legs
Hard as hooves

Club anyone.

Louder Than Breathing

Before now is still long after—bore that bedrock; what's the axis your praxis revolves around? What's that sound? Not wings: removal of a wig—breath-whirr as she delivers witticisms? A locust lands on a page of Wittgenstein; the purchaser of the book has never looked so attentive. Wind rumples a swale; seen from the helicopter it's roughly the shape of gray-whales; parked on the shoulder of Torrey Pines road we watched them breathe; below, Blacks beach was pushing twenty-feet: roaring walls a goofy-foot air-dropped down into carving cleaner than my apartment will ever be. The desirability of wiping out: the undesirability—soul's solstice is hyperbole—is a hole molds us to wholly.

Truth

Can there
Be true

Or only
Truly?

The truth
Isn't all

Good—enough's
The best love.

“From B[]ank To B[]ank”

Even incision seemed elision. Humus steamed into a specter: he regretted not having a scepter. An owl swooped: were his tongue speech ‘t would be slurs. As a crow flies he’s a straight-shot to the Fleur De Lys fountain on a mid-sized-city’s riverfront; muskrats muck-up the pipes. A cock crows midnight as clouds intercept the moonlight. A freshet flows into a creek, in the crook of which a salamander stirs. Claudia Sander’s place is closing-up. If this woman walking is Godless do you wish her to find faith tonight no matter if it nearly takes her life? Since “in a net I seek to hold the wind,” why should I urge her to move from this here hamlet? The moon’s beams are back: I’m intimating birth—immortality. My strobe misses what’s most: microbes.

Emily Dickinson Rocks

Throwing
Up I

“Hemispheres
Reversed”

Fall leaves
Me colder

I do not
Make fall up

ThroatBloom

Glottal

Sings maple

Leaves me

Without my

Self—serves soul:

Humus

Flowers.

Ars Poetica

Irises at

Attention

To can't be delayed longer—longing for leapfrogs a braid of green water
runs out a gargoyle, silly imitation of a spring-mouth.

I read most of my nights—this one lit by Northern Lights—
and go south in winter, craving, truth be told, another hemisphere.

Why does one

Value

Purity with

What can't be

Drunk

Thus flowers

Long for a

Gerund-state

And moths

Flying through

the moonlight makes me understand the night at least as so lovely;

except interest in virtuosity what's my desire to rhyme? John Donne

and I have something "in common" if he has no say. A sprat

is a skunk-spritzed brat or a "Roger-That copycat." I don't know if pun

Has run its

Course inspires

Into a gorse

Plain or glistens

Like ice

Plants glitters

In optic nerves.

What's the

Point of an *Ars*

Poetica. Check out that

Magenta back-dropping seagulls dip, pivot, wings glazed

like bar-bites in heaven. A disco-ball explodes seraphim

throws my serotonin out of whack. I'd like to stun

You to

Tokyo; there's

Traffic; I know

You're not a

Fan of Public

Transit but it's faster so let's take that way to thataway. I want a poetry serves

language to the point; I'm at wallowing in indeterminacy as if that's the
only tint I can't take for granted; I shan't have stopped lying till I pray,
As in a mirror: self-
Comprehension
Refracting—
My minds
Intention

Fully
Occupies
My marrow

Reverberates
With my beating
heart bleating. What's next? I'm never right in the scheme of days;
I ride a line till it's broke; tansies tip their spice to circumference;
an Elephant Ear makes unmistakably of an otherwise anonymous
stretch of here, anything occurs; truth doth not demur.
And what right
Hath I descants
Unless within no
Unreasonable time
Sound argument

Can be made for—
Well, anyways
They built houses

But forgot
The doors; this
one's for you Jim; let's jimmy the crow's flight and please, please don't whisper
about-me "He's..." I'm not sure how to characterize my heart other than in
its lexicon. Mean Girls, those Muses, why not Breathe Scriptures
with your own breath? A queen kisses a queen's. "Baby beluga in..."

Is U. S. a miss-
Spelled god
Which is to say

In the past
Eight years at-least
Hasn't Iranian caviar made a come back and is it illegal again? Fact and fictive real are
one; deer to dash-hound, treads a chasm, dashikis groove, groves wither;
what it is isn't known but the general's very particular about hers.
The optic
Nerve looks
Like a Red

Maple in
Winter

Growing from
Behind a grave
Except really

That's just
The half of it:
Wholly seen "we're talking" a cantaloupe cut in-half, its seeds scooped.
I want to be a mother; no, I want to want wanting; yah, it's true,
I want to be that old dog a father; no, I don't; no, I don't approve I do; no,

That's a
Hecatomb.
Do re mi

Slides all over
The scale like
beads on a rosary; she bought one in Rosarita; he expected Toby Keith
not cantina music. Ronald Johnson's 5th book has been published;
someone across the border reads it, monocles glinting in the
peignoir palm-fronds publish; time sets the sky's line magenta:
Sluicing
Marrow:
Arrow-y,
Yarrow-y;
Yes-sir yes-sirs

Questionably
Sickeningly
Sequester

The "Pup" in
A void, a
Voila, Valhalla, where a foal crops clover by a freshly
painted fence as a parrot parrots spring. She hears choiring.
Blood risks flensed of its bone if one's spirit
won't own its sins, spiders spinning sticky seconds.

“Pied Beauty”

Here—wee—we go—
Reciprocal flow fruits:
We receive the savor of truth’s salt
Seeing a doe lick: look up as a dearsoulhick
Passes in horseshit-pied boots:
Steps with a world within his soles’ tread—
Beer and blonds not the Breeder’s Cup buzzes
His face: freshly trimmed. Please
Tenderly tackle me.

The Very Fabric Of Life

They bend. They amend. Dust's displaced. Atoms
Aggregate. He was ever disobedient in hopes of turns merman.
The history not given in detention. Dust to Dante. Dimity's
Conviction. Swallow pips in last week's ashes. Atoms
Flow not flies. Bluebottles. Arc describes bleeding.
Détente seems barely matters. Generally in this
Country Dante's all story; how do we hear with his
Sound so diminished? I like beastly obeisance. Eye
Swallows. I have no hope for a singing career. Twenty
Miles from here wind bends tindery grasses.
No halo nor rainbow but sparks repairing cars.

Unfulfilling

A god a dog a doggerel verse verso serves—tennis
Courts an oath: be free only so
Far as dancing in chains.

She draped daisy-chains on weather changed: chilblains.
He lovingly eyed the glow
Of her cheeks; she mirage—menace.

I who constructs this lie in the service of truth
Wish zero degrees could be a rainbow not blizzards.
Is it lack of commitment or verve has me move us to Tahiti?

Could a case be made it's essentially sleazy
To save a damsel-in-distress? Breasts hold gizzards
If the law of this second is paws; there's no vermouht

Just shaken therefore 007 won't be here.
“Haply hysterics” sticks the landing
Whereas composed would curb necessary nerve.

For J. A. In A Retrospective Flowering

A COCKATRICE, so said the shirt, in two seasons' ago shoes, shimmied
Up to the lumber-yard to, well, do what is entirely unclear,
But there were cocking of ears at the sudden
Calls marvelously imitating a cat.
44 miles away, exactly parallel, an old woman in shantung
Yammered to her young husband, just out of an overnight
Stay at the hospital for an overdose of antihistamines.
Lozenges glisten; mock-orange absentmindedly admires itself
In an oily puddle; the bartender at the corner pub thinks *I*
Could muddle that till you'll be in trouble with the cops.
Somehow this is just to say they were right about wings; she drops
The ball frequently. Tomorrow last-year the sky was so birdy it seemed it might fly
Away till there's nothing to look up to. The children, miffed, imagine the shelf
Is being dusted by monsieur long-dead not their babysitting cousin cleans
For the hell of it. Except at a distance, the smell's awful. That fight
Ought to be the law. Leaves collect and rot in a hammock slung
Between neighbors who hate each-other but Christmas more—pat
Each-other on the back for the way Jesus has turned out this year: one
Ear is falling off and his tongue's already in the gutter; someone who can't steer
Their tricycle splashes through Christ's reflection, thinks *we'll all fall*, crashes, nosebleed
But no cuts on the knees. His stage-name is cheesy; he deserves props for I'd have peed
My pants were I to have seen the shenanigans at the rear
Of, well, if truth be told more a bordello than a Broadway theatre; the son
Of the corner grocery said he'd never heard such good singing besides "that
Boobylicious gal on the billboard up the street who does "Bad." "Of course you're hung,
It's always the skinny guys," he'll, who's he, surely say to me again. Moonlight
Shines a moon-shined virgin; Racine's
Misanthrope has morphed into 90 down a road children live on; jugs, not Delft,
Their glaze more lustrous, like dugs, are filled on the sly
Behind the Baptist church where only real rats and barn cats lurch. An old crow hops
Along a falling-down fence; a man on horseback bee-bops;
He alternates between eyeing the horizon and hogweed so he won't cry.
Another man's in-laws tell her "he's all pelf,
Get the hell out of this marriage, forget the baby-carriage." "Jean's
Been through 3 douchebags before me, she knows 'n case the height
Of annoyingness to your ears is mom's romance advice." "Baby, dung
Can make a palace for a beetle, but"—"Mom, you'll be fat
As the ass you stew so well if you're not careful; it's fun
To be an expert, I know, but why so bitchy?" "Oh dear:
You're as mean to me as your brother"; "I'm running errands, anything you need?"

“Dearest Freshness Deep Down Things”

fall apart as the truth
 Startles—with
My body I declare
 Soul—; blood
Cells sang and it’s true

To someone else’s ears
 She pulled off
Her recital grief
 Struck: bereft a
Son—I’m unprepared to

Be a single dad and cannot
 Partner insisting
I cannot break-up:
 Down—humus
Reminds me breakdowns bloom

Obvious/Oblivious

“That makes two of us “ she said
Somewhere twixt wowed and woe:
He spoke so she couldn’t determine
Just what an asshole he’s been.
Somewhere twixt wowed and woe
Ferns like Lichtenberg figures and lilies grow.
Just what an asshole he’s been
Only who sniffs his briefs will know.
Ferns like Lichtenberg figures and lilies grow
Until one year those acres are clear-cut.
Only one who sniffs his briefs will know
That warm wild-mushroom smell.
Until one year those acres are clear-cut
I’ll go for hikes, strip at the stream.
That warm wild-mushroom smell
Is a dead-deer in the loam, this time.
I’ll go for hikes, strip at the stream
Rushes over a lightning-felled tree.
Is a dead-deer in the loam this time
Enough to prove there’s too much traffic.
Rushes over a lightning-felled tree
Counterpoint birdcalls. He cares
Enough to prove there’s too much traffic
In women to someone powerfully ignorant.

Labor

The shore
Ablution
Breaks at—
Where poor
Women sort
Shells as
The yen goes
Lower—
What's full store
When this is
The case?
Gulls
Dip and
Pivot; deer
Graze a steep
Hillside—
Across
The "sea"
In a cement
Shed green
Coffee beans sit:
A green
Snake sheds;
Its skin's unfit
For fashion: too
Narrow,
Brittle, not even
A watch.

Class

I must not forget
To check

The status of
Rasika

And Esther—
To hand out

The classes'
Chance to judge

Me—calling
For Heather's voice;

Now—insisting
“Nigger-eye[s]” aren't

Like blackberries
Nor phones—

Yes cellular—
Too many black men

Yelling un-listened—
“Practically

Speaking”
Out of my ken.

Heartbeat

Silence says
Easter

Flowers—
Rosemary

Savor sprung
Out mineral

Tang—yellow
Noses a

Polyp—
Speechless

Bleeds into
Cries.

Catholic

Out of proportion
Like censers swinging

His faith
Was rock-solid

His goodness
Winging

A test that can be
Prepared for;

In this
Case failing

Is a flower-grown guard-rail
Not breakage

Greening acreage

Moony

Florida apples foreground rockets: many more men than women on the moon, as if that will make its light masculine. If you don't side with her you'll wither; cite her as scourge and the truth—if it's ever arrived at—will scour your perceptions till all you see's hallucinating power. Hearing the blast you shake; the flowers appear poised—surely poison to some or another's maw. I'm not an anarchist but don't believe there's any inviolate law: unless it be life's a flaw; you may dislike your jaw but without it where would such sweet reason forth from? The rest of what I might say must grow subsumed by waves—refract into seraphim—posits a state of comprehension no declension can explain as the atmosphere declines to dawn's answer. My grandfather decided to marry part of how I got here as the ship he manned entered the Tropic of Cancer.

Sonic

Hair in homophonic
Means Thumper's gnarly uncle.

He seemed unconcerned by his lacuna;
Moving to the

Laguna

Pueblo probably won't resolve this.

He knows at-least two tongues
But Humans isn't one

Or he's so apart from other animals

His being's the very soul
Of why we're world's greatest disaster.

Predator

Cantilena—come hither—come stir us!

Blue dilates:

Belles prettily pealed the day bluebells were uprooted.

The scholar focused on Containment is dead.

Dawn prates.

The data is outdated but too much loss is in rebooted.

Mergansers make the muck look stately.

Brawn Prays.

The moon beams are cocainizing; the hare is fully bled.

Heady

Pate can be interpreted as an appellate for brainy or head-cheese. My grandmother recalled how I disliked saying please and thank you—how rude of me but true: I didn't ask to be alive—though I'd plead were I confronted with prematurely die. This moment I'm leaden: my favorite word's spry. A walk would quicken—make keener my ken—but it's too cold outside. Here's womb-warm compared to other parts; shouldn't the heartland be hot—green not stubble-fields? In my mind the men there make me flush; it's just as well they're bundled-up: unlike at the Buffalo I'd feel no permission to touch. I'll never palm my beating—though once I ate a pig's off a plaited-frond-plate. It's getting late; I've got to go to sleep to go-on; please wish me no dreams I'm aware of: I want to wake-up freshened not hung-over from some nightmare.

Unbroken

Speak “yes
And no un
Split”—life’s
Not a bitch.

We’re in Fez
Tomorrow—
Till then
Goodbyes!

There’s been
A big break:
Don’t restore.
Birds call.

I hear tin
Lightning
Strikes.

Mission

Across a bridge from a tribunal
Flanked by roses

Essays on iniquity in the making
At an address the mailman rarely gets right.

A week ago swallows
Arrived at the mission.

I believe in Bluegrass:
Admire a berm for its word.

Tradition

I'm for tradition: a sandstone rock in wind or Picassos
Mounted on the walls at Alta Mira.

I hope someone sends me a postcard from there.
Is woman Sanskrit? I hope—in any language—means strong.

Visionary

Please help me to make sense

Or when is sensual

Sensible versus screwing up?

Birds on poplar boughs cheer me. The sky endears me

To blue along with oceans and a period of Picasso; in a different period he

Drew less and less of a bull until there's no doubt.

Grit from gentrification dusts wing-feathers.

Because desire's like that there

There's a big fight in the interstice.

I need the "untranslatable
Ice to watch":

Is gap

Primarily problematic distance or space

To see through to? I'm fond of Ferdinand the bull—frown at the king

Watching cruelty in rings—fingering his wife's bands—full of hope

For a new world.

World As Marriage

Who are you?
I am I?

A bird then he'd look better without a beard.
A saucy rib balanced on a dumpster.

Breeze lifts things.
Where's the nearest cathedral?

Leaves into tresses as walks
Through the weep of a willow.

Fortune

A lot's
Unlikely

To depend on this.
I'm not gazing

At grain swaying; I'm fortunate
Breakfast's not a miracle.

Sustenance

It won't just go one way
Nor be one thing.

Mrs. Porter might
Be here in the spring.

So much depends on
A wheelbarrow:

Women
Eating.

Relation

I'm barely now nor one who matters.
Green grows.
Brown burns till you can mix it: draw
A line at your brows like kohl.

I need to drink more water soon:
A luxury of necessity.
I'd rather sip pinot-noir and eat
Marrow custard spills a red center.

Satisfaction

I wish there were an ok
Way to take a bath of blood;
I prefer green apples and white wine;
Potatoes growing in the margin of vines;
If you'll allow me placing a sexy
Woman we'll have *Vindaloo*—I'd
Prefer gazes at studs or stewed in
Italy at a restaurant a nowhere
Ways away from Parma.

Attempting Direct Address

In the interior—hand against

A bough splitting into blooms ride currents of air

Feels like tail-feathers touching.

At this moment can there

Be a we? Empirical evidence suggests

No until there's a reader: you who

May not be if you're illiterate.

Desire

I brushed
My fingers through

My hair—2 strands
Fluttered off;

I make them sound
Like butterflies

And wish today someone
Gave me a dictionary.

Break

Long grass into windrows.
At ease in my break:

Portrait of looking in a dewdrop.
Thinking about making bread-dough—starters, proofs.

My neighbor mows the marriage's lawn.
Instead of tires people should slash trash-bags of grass.

A he feels closer to the moon than who he's with
Who's glad for the space within the closeness.

World As Marriage

You took the made love

Salty wind sand-fly swarmed seaweed

Ancient cisterns now trashcans

What does past mean?

What's the truly of believing in the moment versus erring?

There is no definitive terror in my life

The closest I get's the indefinite with seemingly definite consequence

The sea weeds out by no clear logic

Sometimes I'm caught in circumference not blown by its billows

Kentucky Homing

1

The air around the roses
Smelled shitty.

Eyes opening like a Brancusi,
Its mind blind to the blooming

Chestnuts, a bench
Green as some leaves with rust.

2

Guy Davenport, a hero of
Mine, calls the art museum in my

Kentucky home-“town” provincial:
This upsets me some.

He correctly cites their Brancusi
As the sole exemplar.

3

I hope the Rodin in
My Kentucky

Home-“Town” is still
There when I’m next back:

I want to caress
The stone’s cuts.

4

In Paris we were stared at
By a thoroughbred whose fucking

Costs \$150,000. Men speaking
Michoacan did maintenance.

To himself he said some places
Take longer becoming home.

Temporary Address

Blood

Rain rushed off with some

stains stone-paving

Dogs lapped as much as they could

Someone's waving

The other's craving

The blood sauce almost curdled

She guessed as much

and wondered if the bird

ever sang arpeggios

The chef entered the dining room

hoofed it over to huddle with the maitre d

ducked back to the kitchen in case

the critic arrive early and suspect she

did have a wonderful dinner

[In the real world are there gaps

I was blind to buds emerging

Bloom transfixed]

Perhaps lightning

strikes

leaves ferny traces moon

beams before burn sets in

The mayor boasts his terms streets

dogs questions about recent murders

inappropriately mentions God

these days and centuries past

invoked as if a hotrod

:

There was theatre

broken heater Love

kept our blood from

becoming abrading ice

moon
lit mouse

Owl swooped

In the case of wind arrival is departure

frozen seed

someday leaves shaking

The coldest thing I could do is
set fire the scene

:

a rock
rose

owl flaking off sarcophagus

dazzling sea no slaking

mistaking)(eriors)(

:

Approximating how many
feet straight ahead 's right to

parallax has the last laugh

When temporal becomes immoral

might matter as deserved
if we could be rid of sexy

:

Goodbye sweet
a way maybe we'll meet

:

Here green
means many
shades me

:

Women are better
than men does not mean
man no good

:

They say get
to the point

peregrination

I hurl and glide
rebuffs must hurdle

heart a part or
enveloping hole

soul

:

I no longer know
how to go as subject

:

Bugs live their business

:

Our going is
out prison

into death in life outlives

:

little Death little bullshit coinage

:

one many
cigarette
Bad should
not feel good

:

petunia politics
fern
alfalfa
hay
heydays

:

buzz over a blue bottle

Lips service polis

Moon lights bleeding

:

Moonlight
manifests
home's late last century host
carries a cravat

:

workshop smell

:

smells soon here's raining

:

error reigning

language arraigning

tongue sounds interpreted by

Leger
Rodin
Botero
Brancusi

A spider spins at the base of a *Bird In Space*

nostrils

Weather lights and shades stone

flowers

Self Portrait as Valence-Level

We're complete when we fray.
Like Buddha Christmas ornaments avocados hang from their stems.

“What's uncreated fundamental essence?”
A matter of translation?

The seeing a viscosity mind refuses to slow for.
The seeing creates pain reflection can't help.

The genius sea squalls: we're nearly
Lost in vision.

A seashell held to ear
Echoes a la *Troubadour*.

Economy

1

If I knew chess
I could crown her.

2

I'm so composed—
Such lying—
I seem to believe
There's something
Wrong with crying.

I'm stagnant water;
Looking in
Feeling sorry;
I rhyme badly.
I'm an epigram by

Holderlin—apart—
Not outside heart
Just ear—just unable
To be there or here.

3

I'm going
To try and
Not be myself.

4

It takes every feeling
To be animal—
Love is so
Complete and I'm
Wholly not.

Economy

1

I'm in a
Low-mood feeling
No-one to

Blame but me—
With a you whose
Words entertain would

Be good but barging
Into another's life
(Even needing them) is a bit rude.

2

I've left out
Particulars

Which were
They others

Might be cud:
Crud—eye-glasses

I know where are
Ugly: can't smartly

Go to a bar but
Can look at flowers.

3

My hair's not
A nightmare:
Nor would

I go home with it;
I'd like to be
Under the influence:

Kissing masculine
Lips in a sea
Of not as sexy;

Cigarette smoke
Waves; a swisher
Breaks wind—

Whistles
“Like a virgin’s”
Old news.

Redaction/Attraction

The truest authority is nobody
Or somebody saw; only wanting
To be seen appearing good

Fails to re-conceive tenets of being
Human: Pumas almost turn me on
Doesn't matter—I can't survive that night:

A tender rake makes me a mess his love can't
Lick clean; I sleep to sleep sweet dreams
Aren't made of me: daydreaming acting good.

Capitalizing

In the capitol
Mostly no-one

Reads Marx. There were larks,
A man whose larynx is bad,

Bleeding hearts bleating,
Pigeons eating crumbs,

Facades being photographed,
Eyes' every snap

Shot me to a visage
Where Atlas hath shrugged,

Everything appears askew;
Were I a sophist

I'd argue blindness is best;
Were I a pear tree

—Unless lightning char me
Or disease ravage—I'd be headed

Towards ripeness, sweet leavings.
My tongue has yet to learn another's.

VITA

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