FALLOW

by

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The Thesis prepared by

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Entitled

FALLOW

is approved in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts Degree in Creative Writing

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ABSTRACT

Fallow

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Fallow follows both line & circle—i.e., the generational evolution (cultural, political, personal) of family farms in the Amurrikan Midwest; & the mandalic forces beneath, above & within. The steady decline & demise of the family farm faced w/ corporate feudalism, signals not only the degradation of a lifestyle, but also the final nullification of Jefferson’s yeoman farmer, upon (& for) whom this country is supposedly founded.

Of course, the depredation of a mere human culture pales vs. the ecological transgressions of modernization: tillage, petrochemicals, ever-bigger machines. Few landscapes outside the Heartland have been so thoroughly stripped of indigenous life, & now, fecundity. Land & labor are expendable from boardrooms where “fields of green” becomes the Amurrikan idiom: sow seed fencerow to fencerow; prosper in this way.

Out goes the floor (as social buttress & metaphor) :: so go prices world over.

Land values soaring & cashgrain prices in decline :: ready the next downswing!

So from this where-we-are

we goes.
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We are ourselves both the instrument of discovery and the instrument of definition.
—Olson

Fallow follows both line & circle—i.e., the generational evolution (cultural, political, personal) of family farms in the Amurrikan Midwest; & the mandalic forces beneath, above & within. The steady decline & demise of the small family farm faced with corporate feudalism, signals not only the degradation of a lifestyle, but also the final nullification of Jefferson's yeoman farmer, upon (and for) whom this country is supposedly founded

:: or what was
before Ham-hands' big $$ push
(bolder w/ Jefferson in Paris)
:: meatmeatmeat

Writing in 1785 to Jm. Madison, Jefferson predicts the approaching possibility of parceling out land to all citizens as incentive, investment in the visceral stuff of the nation: "it is not too soon to provide by every possible means that as few as possible shall be without a little portion of land. The small landowners are the most precious part of a state." This valuation clearly endorses an autonomous, active polis—plurality's shared stake in existence—meant to incite engagement, to create & maintain a constant kinesis. Recent annulments make this moot. Farmhouses rapidly boarded over, the fields to larger operations, families into the cities.

Of course, the undermining of a mere human social philosophy or culture pales against the ecological transgressions of modernization: tillage, petrochemicals, ever-bigger machines. Few landscapes outside the Heartland have been so thoroughly stripped of indigenous life, and now, fecundity. Land & labor expendable from boardrooms. "Fields of green" indeed.

Grow fencerow to fencerow; prosper in this way
(round rubber dreams
(record land prices D.C. al capo
Jefferson dreamt of manufacture, agriculture fusing...
However, plumbing the trajectory of ag history throughout this country’s
development presents a formidable task—particularly when the goal under-hand is to
identify the scoundrel pundit/policy that led to the present decline. As w/ any such case:
INCONCLUSIVE
(i.e., a clusterfuck)

Even these “historic times” of “unity” (Geo. Bush Jr.’s wooden rhetorical teeth) find the
autonomous small farmer still disenfranchised (word of dubious commodity anymore ::
generic victim tag) by ag policy, in spite of a recent comment by an agribusiness
economist who, in discussing land value prices, cites decided change from the ups &
downs of the 70s & 80s.iii Land value, of course, being tied directly to legislative action,
being tied directly to import/export authorities, being therefore & not-quite-finally tied to
the military-industrial complex:

FOOD IS A WEAPON
(elected mouth’s other side sez: IS NOT)

Where Fallow begins: a depression (rather, THE, 1930s)—& its strange
cohesion—in mutual endeavor, hands helping & tending to own use. An onslaught of
itinerant laborers & organizing (“Disarm the rich farmer or arm the worker for self-
defense” say the Cotton Pickers striking, 1933): bridge of together-hands, stronger.
Henry Wallace & FDR reconfigure the ag policy, ergo the nation’s economy: w/ grain
price floors, socialized conservation/preservation efforts, renewed faith in good ground,
its people. Emerge from the inconsiderate dust: this New Deal. Many assembled behind
Mole burrowing. Wallace, Roosevelt, Roswell Garst: architects of this spire. “We are
now your fathers: and you shall not lose by the change.”iv

From this emergence: victory gardens, WWII
(another shell loaded to chamber)

A rejection to follow: harvest cum fallow cum use. Ag Secretary Ezra Taft
Benson, in stark contrast to the centralized restructuring of FDR’s New Deal, removed
the supporting subsidies upon which farmers learned to rely. Open the market: the credo.
Grow more, fencerow to fencerow (in the mouth of capon-in-waiting Earl Butz). & from
this: the Green Revolution’s imperialistic profit-seeking. Export the technology, practice,
seeds to developing nations (at a profit) to “aid” growth in these potentially democratic
societies (ever-widening chevron, gyring spheres of influence). In theory: perhaps
humanitarian; in practice: wholly un-. This disruption of tradition compromised the soils
& perennial cultures the movement invaded. Though publicly abandoned early,
recognized for its detriments, the Green Revolution covertly continues: Pioneer & ICI &
DuPont, each a powerful presence in contemporary Eastern Europe, Asia.
This monied push forced unprepared cultivators of land—domestic & abroad—to become manufacturers, suits, & stockbrokers—nothing for which they were educated. To compete w/ professional money-movers at the Board of Trade who direct the flow of food & funds, as a novice economist w/ a forced hand better employed as sod-laborer, is a Herculean feat; to succeed as such, nearly impossible. Without the subsidies & support of the New Deal—they themselves a crippling rod through the ag backbone—the floor (as metaphor & legislation) fell out.

To return to Jefferson, again to Jm. Madison, 4 yrs later this time’s topic :: debt incurrence & life expectancy

the enameled seeds of living economy

“No generation can contract debts greater than may be paid during the course of it’s [sic] own existence....This principle that the earth belongs to the living and not to the dead is of very extensive application and consequences in every country.”

& yet despite these fair warnings comes the 1970s push to BORROW BORROW BORROW vs yr paper-worth. “Best move an agribusinessman can make.” Grow more to make more. Fencerow to fencerow to house on house to woe. Land value sd to be climbing (though known to be falling) & the inevitable scramble to byuysellbuysell—a mad-dash to commerce & indentured servitude as a labor force working off the recompense of debts. True to form: those who fall make room for those who climb. Yertle the Turtle rules all he sees. No longer “land of living” but dead debts instead.

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE:

a clarion—

GET BIG OR GET OUT

(verbatim)

& for those who founder: new centralized authorities to regulate the “surplus” of grain, enact new subsidies, & shellgame the grain away for small gain—the grower, if lucky, getting just enough to pay on his mortgage, through futures markets & ASCS sealing remunerations. Embargoes & embargoes, intimidation campaigns w/ food as fulcrum. Fair trade indeed. Open market same. New World (Trade) Order.

So goes the floor :: so go the prices. Land values soaring & prices in decline :: ready the next downswing!

So, another farm crisis: this time, smalltown bankers share the burden w/ the farmers. So invested in these communities, many bend as far as physiology & policy allow (others take the gun) out of compassion for the broken-hearted foreclosures, grown men weeping so. Yet, the FDIC maintains the binds around the bankers’ hands: & so closes multiple small branches across the country in order to recoup losses on personal loans for farmland. Enter the hobnail thugs, to pursue the insolvent (whether confirmed or suspected). Many forced into payments, into estate sales, to avoid prosecution; &
from out this: depression, homicide, drug abuse, stringent faith. The desperate communities seeking any convenient peg to hang a hat on:

find together (religion, family, domestic outreach)
find implosion (hate crimes, skirmishes w/ the law & each other)
Dale Burr's multiple homicides, single suicide, December 2, 1985

These conditions certainly resemble those of any gutted culture: victims of unfortunate circumstance relinquished to their own squander & spoil, forgotten, ignored. Farmhouses boarded over // squatter's rights now claimed by meth-head labs & indigents. Community dissolving as a forced urbanization takes hold again in the so-delineated “Western” tradition:

Santayana rolls over & over in his earthbed.

& then of course, from this depredation comes a brain-drain: disillusioned youth educated in-state, migrate in search of prosperity, having lost faith in the good ground, nothing left to anticipate at home. All opportunity funnels away, & the once-thriving communities fall into desertion (goldrush ghost towns).

(& Vilsack, rather than bolster literacy, opportunity, turns —hand at the back pushing—

BIODIVERSITY PROSPERITY
ie, machinery, tecknowledgy
from what this hanging)

Yet already & still: farmers & ag extension specialists are pointing to expanding & expensive technologies as one of the chief financial drains on small farmers. W/out the acreage to support these large-scale investments (Global Positioning & prime yield monitors), many small operations are sieving their funds into the manufactures industry in order to simply compete w/ the primacy & privilege of modern machines & those who employ them.

So, from this where-we-are, conclusions are moot. So, from this where-we-are

we goes.
The following publications presented selections from this manuscript in present & earlier stages of development; the author remains perpetually grateful to the editors for these opportunities.

**Folio Vol 19, Issue 2 (Spring 2004)**

**Red Rock Review Issue 16 (Fall 2004)**

**Everybody’s Poetry (Adams Media, 2005)**

[Creeks feed through]

[In the gray arms that fold the sky]

To the following individuals—necessarily disparate in influence—also to whom Fallow & I remain perpetually indebted: my inexpressible visceral gratitude.

Claudia Keelan, JD Mitchell, Gary & Elaine Lietz, V. Nicholas Lolordo, Christopher Hudgins, John & Linda Quinn, Mandy Kalish.

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1 Olson. "Human Universe." **CP.** 155.
4 Jefferson. Address to the Wolf & People of the Mandan Nation. 12/30/1806. **Writings.** 564.
6 Mouths of Ag Secretaries Ezra Taft Benson, & his capon, Earl Butz.
Woe to you who add house to house
and join field to field
till no space is left
and you live alone in the land

Isaiah 5:8

the crucialness being that these places or names
be as parts of the body, common & capable
therefore of having cells which can decant
total experience—

Charles Olson, “Places; & Names”
FARRAGO

One in a plexus, this river
w/banks to sound echoes of
these varied footfalls,
from a bald rock sprung

(small reed flute for
wandering, her hurt, the loss
of him, & Maya)—

world of appearances
& bodied consequence,
this challenged godsong
& briar—

From two pines, flayed, strung
at cave’s mouth, this native skin:
thrum what song you know.

Echo of 12 million
footfalls, of shepherd’s
attendance—infinitive
this plexus:
praeludium

Mother's Air :: phrygian mode
Seated, work around you

(still farther from than walking
a sharpened stick)

dragging
behind a good horse, the dirt churned up
ended in to other furrows, folding un
rolling—

close enough to still
guide this rending

rendering
particulars

& ineffable
tiny dead stars

pulling along
an eclipsis

(light breaks
on a curve
extending)

ecliptical.

Halt the old mare, climb down
hoist a large stone from plow’s path
lug it to the feathered waterway
& among sprung weeds leave it:
good to stop the wash of rich soil
thirty, fifty, two-hundred years.

—Haw!

rattle of harness
her maneshaking
& lurches off long hiccoughs
of earth unbubbling.
Task a manual of hands
& mutual respect, turn
sod with mind to sod
& need, in same air

the secret of secrecy

guide seed whorling into
warm-womb heart
hoofplod & plowbow
breaking earth softly

value, viz. that the work

or softer than later
tired metal would
enact & allow

the loss of due & profound

from a padded seat
too high to turn or reach

not so easy as it sounds, nor

down, farther & farther
from hands in

black, rich
infinitive

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Good to gather fistfuls
of it about yr nose, grind
it in fabric & nailbeds
here behind a good horse
atop the good warm ground
hoodsky arched over

good there too

(light of her passing

navel-day’s
milkbun).

To touch it

tinkering thrift, picking seeds
from chaff & rigging impossible
features, handy structures

To help it
happening

To make living things
grow, dead the same

To handle stars
reviving
& on the old Pony Express trail
single horsewagon, rider:

—Home...

purpling Raccoon River valley
goose pimples the grainrows
them shuddering vespers

home

wheel tracks & ruts & puddles
filled with muddled water from raining—
splashing tongue lashes
up hooves & leg spindles

home

light there, at windbreak’s edge, a window’s
glow warmly, sun now nearly gone

home

pheasant hens warbling moon-
tunes over eggs dome white too

home

dog huffs through chicken yard,
complaints clouding loud in all directions—

the thick-pawed bounding yard-long,
over to see mud-hooved Josephine,
& Zeb climbing down.
act I
He slumps in the doorframe & smiles
boots toppled at last on ragcloth rug

(Kathy my
Katherine)

Scent of wood smoke & panfried meat
slinks room-to-rooming, she’s bustling
somewhere within, clanging metal &
scraping, now calling:

—That you Zeb?

(linger here
quiet a little
longer)

John & Jim come running,
the younger braying

—Dad Dad the most amazing thing
that crazy rooster’s head
stuck in my trike spokes
but I wasn’ stoppin
him so funny floppin round & round

basso-thick chuckle

—Slower son. Jeezus!

—Jim, please let yer father sit.
So good to see you...

hand light on
thinning hair

hovers behind him
happy phantom

—Here, love. Eat.
Oscillation under everything
this motion alone
together worlding

a happening.

What there is:

love

of light &
water’s awakening

(bees heavy
w/ pollen
blossomhopping)

Quail weave a running
track through tall grass;
females patter ahead, pause—
quick look back—then
off again; plumes bob before
circles through circles through

*roo coo roo*

3 girls concealed
by leaves:

young corn god Gosadaya leaps through
still crowing, chuckling

then gone, scatter to
titters—flash of

legs past stalks, toes
shaking dirtsprays.

Song of chase in clouds
on river’s flat face,

hills round to hear—
erupt in flower.

3 maiden of grain giving sport to 1
alive in sun's warm—attuned to the dance
them dappled w/dew-streaking thighs.

into the glade beyond

The ordered rows, wild
& laughing to be so
far from the gathering

briar (its dark eyes
delight, absorbing

this world of
divided color)

A game: 3 hide in a fanning spread
behind new leaves & trunks
of trees, peering out—

& then
a song:

This house is strong & tall
hey ya hey oh
with beams that swell in sun
hey ya hey oh

its walls uncovered
the floors are bare

gotta find a flower
to make this house a home

hey ya hey ya oh

Step lively, young god
& entreat them sing
an answer to yr shaking
dance: their petals open
for the lusty bee—
& she of sharp
slight limb, dark
hair & eye, she of
corn steps out, begins
to sing, dance along:

I see your house is firm
its poles are birchwood full
& if you make the river run
I'll make your house a home

roocooroo
(he crows)

these two
in chase

begin again.

Sepals wide into sun:
soak the warm
down into loam

—Bee! see me
this flower
heavy & full.

Cora—of blade leaves
& bright teeth, lithe wife
of pollen behind her ear

& Gosadaya
of the corn unfurling

(these new
will know a use—)

fleshed corn bodies
wed in light, make the
Raccoon River flow—

what there is.
Enclose it: to start in any place. Bodied. Fully emerged. & from there, out.

Some thing to tend: yrs. A tag a stake a spire, from the ground. Built. Up.

foal finds her
legs // calls them

to motion,
by imagining

a start & at
it, alivest—

First for the privileged, from Chicago & Paris: acreages in Coon Rapids or Calhoun Co. As land manager, on-site super & buyer: for a displaced bankroll. Feudal as they come. & during a depression. w/still the means to help, mind to match.

First, as a hand. North of inconsiderate dust. Between arteries, flows (along its own, history of highways mulched down to mudclung, afterthought at root’s end: present, still breathing). Still family venture, tight wound around.

Two sons, a daughter, & the pride of progressives. Dos Passos meadowlarks for Garst in *Time*, & later, returns, crushed in carcrash. To Coon Rapids. To recover. Center among cornrows. Good folk

them to fight
for, principled

in Des Moines in Washington.
Given power’s ear, influence of
his sincere voice: ‘colorful’
they’ll later call him meaning
bullheaded—belief
in a thing made stronger
by black nailbeds

new business
savvy

(vous?)

: sincere.

Family neighbors his people suffering
him lucky enough
so tenancy so change so chemical efforts.

In close arms to the university
(those ears too) monies, time

make labs of compost/crucible
new life of old oils

\[ \text{pH tests to} \]
\[ \text{parse it out} \]

\[ \text{color spectrum scale} \]
\[ \text{on side label, match} \]

& apply topically. In
finitive artifice.

But now, only this Monticello, this welloiled savvy…
:: EMERGENCE MYTH ::

From an unselectedness: Old Man Coyote, who is. & w/ him, wide water, ducks to ride it.

& w/ privilege of form comes a power, to name. Fiat & mud to mold arms, legs, wings. A root from water’s bottom (ducks, the able heroes dredging, bringing forth) to plant & prosper.

So exists—this plural world new defined, beasts (tags) to run it—& Cirape. Who comes.

‘You’ve done well for this world, brother. But it’s dreadfully boring. Shouldn’t we help them bide their time & populate? procreate?’

‘Go big: put out. Novel!’

& so coitus—Coyote finding favor w/ Cirape’s counsel. Finding favor in lordly voyeurism. God’s mysterious interference & bodied distraction. Peg preferred, for manbeasts of a mind.

‘This is good, but this is it? Let’s see them do somethin else, besides this awkward fucking. Otherwise they’ll overrun this world. A dance, perhaps? Show em how to move & feel—some new preoccupation.’

‘Of course! Give em music too—what they want to hear!’

& so birds discover new throats, humans, hands to drum out what’s heard (received).

‘Give em different tongues & abilities—add enmity. Raise the stakes.’

Transference of fiat & gna—a ledge to sound the echo of. Singing world, into being. & w/ it, so tools & trade, so war—

‘What wonder! together, brother, we’ve shaped all this—’

& so

(this

shiftless

spire

built up)
Following the river from its bald rock strung w/ skin that thrums her songs, this bend where a willow fingers the waters, this bend where tripartite a plural runnel transmitting leading w/
her fire

forged eyes of
cipher, this bodied

memory of

lisping brother's coming, Cora & caught stars (ineffable
classical
water

& this gna:

:: Two there in a clearing by the bend—young boy covered in burrpad lies screaming
 his mother over him sobbing who sees first

—You!—please—help him help him

Cora pauses, approaches

Inside her turning, his coming & the sorrow of knowing each breath
she bends & pulls a single burr from his side

from the wound
a viscous milk

& him screaming
all the louder

—NO! Yer hurting him!
—I don't understand. Then how?
—Use this

Mother stands quick, thrusts an adze into Cora’s hands

—Use me. My blood. For him.

who falls back

—I can’t! The child needs you—his mother...
—You must. In this way. Before he returns.

adze clutched at her chest
Cora watches the boy writhing

spreading oozepool around him

headshake
bodyquake

—But the boy?! Who then for him?
—My blood. For him. Otherwise he dies too soon. For use. Like this

falling to her knees, the mother
draws her hair over left shoulder

(from over the river
—locust drone)

napeshiver
moonsilver

adze blade

—Through—to the solar plexus. Release its force & leave the adze buried, a transmitter.
—But you live for a reason—no right in me to do...
—Our eyes both forged in briar. In there the right. In service of change—our motherbrother same. So you must must must. Before he returns.

Shrill boyscreams deafening & in her head, a paper brogue of mandibles—fill the space & black out—hands to her temples, the space between
Then, her godsong from the ground:

Good One O brother am born of you born of mother the same O Good One O brother am born of you this bend O Good One

& grabs his hand eyes fire for him watching him writhing

Brogue & drone—all-color rushes in behind closed eyes—matte white of temples in service of—these shrill screams—her godsong—all the louder—& Cora sobbing adze up in moonsilver shivered down through

To solar plexus, then falls: severed mother (god’s mysterious interference, an antenna) over her son & blood spill Cora to her knees, now void. Silence & her fast breathing

in the iridescent seep around him the burrpods fall from his skin turning to kernels, her body to dust

& he stands full-formed softly to Cora her shaking so
—Don’t mourn these leaves. How they’re formed.

  shifting sift of
touched by wind
among seedpiles

—She wants you to take these...

dropping a handful
into open hers

enamed jags of
in a small mound

—Go. Make them.

Cora bundles the seeds, ties it around her neck. & the boy now grown goes into the glade
where a young girl covered over w/ burrpods awaits him, takes his hand—

  enclose it:

    tag
    stake
    spire

    him who
    makes it

Grows the business. Beyond the family, into a global chevron. But first as, a hand.
Committed. To grow—

  under Henry Wallace’s Hi-Bred
  him who tags his own type farmer

  him who informed a crippled hand
  in its painful opening (promoted

  to the executive branch by same hand)
given the ear (monies too) of influence

  new order
& from the old:
Abe’s guidance to
his colorful son:

Temper yer desire for profits, Bob. Appreciate this way, makes us happy, satisfied.

never to lose
it innate &
squamous, this
way of life—

so managed his projects, his workers
w/ same appreciation & ethic—

to start

When one tenant grumbled over land wasted on pasture & not made “productive,” Garst argued for diversity in pursuit, in cycle w/ seasons: during growing & dormant seasons, what to do? Professional grain farmers go into town—for first a little beer & poker, then much whiskey.


to start

But prosper is to profit is to power is to money’s ears is to private liberty is to profit (specious this) & the ability to experiment w/ development, to make.

to grow: the business

Lucky first ventures (Garst always admitted)
afforded him costly petrofertilizers & new machinery

Early emancipated, landowning scions (tax conduits): Jane then Stephen then David
still young &
of use—

ethic on which & from, stout trunk
these precise severed boughs

steps up
a spire

small hands.
—Been lucky Zeb. Ta have all this I mean. An it’s only right I shud share—so how bout it? Yull be doin good by Kathy an the boys both.

Phantom allure :: of things

material comfort
—this hand stretched past

a means to

Grow the business. Grow
the family w/ this help

—Whas my part agin?
—Jes contract sum acres ta Wallace. Grow Hi-Bred Seed. Post signs in the fields an we’ll help ya get the equipment an whatever fertilizer ya need.

contract out what only felt
in contact / infinitive

(now, far gone
commodified
what now
comes easiest & nags

mornings) Determined by the force of
a single sun burning in polyphony
w/ ever stars each autonomous reviving
obeying only
use, service, change

stifled by
this business of

climbing on —— building up —— enclosing what
those w/out
those ignored

struggle &

those who

suffer in
bleak pockets

(soft palate stick of
dust, thicktongued)

need to
to aid it

—Need ta talk ta Kathy bout this. Pray on it. Can I get back ta ya Bob?
—Take yer time. Tell the lady I sed hi—jes remember what all I told ya.
Wallace's a powerful man ta know...good time ta climb onboard

& coming together :: this history of
uprising
cow wars
labor wars
farmer strikes (anywhatyr)

& the ire to
force it—

make the fuckers listen
when enuff's enuff

autonomous:

(enacted ghost of
reviving—)

21
hungry whole country

(save the few what kept all)

w/ what keeping this
plateful, roof sound?

hungry whole country
of forks & of knives

New Deal agents run off acreages :: from a cornered badger hole, lash over fences

"Stuck a gun in his guts buhfor he culd finish sayin 'Mistah Roger Murphy? I'm Soanso Suchanfuck'...told im I dohn care who he sez he is, cuz I smelt his Warshington bullshit comin this way early as Sac an I ain gonna lissen so kindly leave now fore his shit gets splattered crost the porch railin"

& those smaller do what professionals do :: as now going :: so to town what professionals do :: (beer then much whiskey) :: in spite of self :: edge bluntly made softer :: only now to sleep :: it off

home by backrds, Roger
unsteadily on gravel
this unwieldy cattletruck

droughtstunted crop there, in moonshiver:
what nagging reminder & this closing runnel where

the headlights direct—old Ellermann’s place, what’s always there, that oddboxed mailpost, end of the lane

3 sets fenceposts & this familiar curve that kept a fox crouched once sallow eyes, along the shoulder, in thin grass, allwhite around sallow eyes

on unsteadily gravel
this curve where plummets

dark deep to the river basin,
where plummets unsteadily

unwieldy cattletruck
(w/ ire for cutting

3 cents/bushel corn
slick shellgame on a tall table

(w/ force uprising

when burning grain proves cheaper
than coal, & all these forks & knives

:: best destroy

to the ditches w/ cans whole cream,
eggs & produce too (sharin small animals

& destroying) per mandate: slaughter all
piggysows, 4 1/2 cents/pound

not worth feeding or breathing
so fertilizer w/ them: mothers & unborn

& the OUTCRY: Chicago Tribune:

SANCTITY OF LIFE!!

(dead commodity
worth more than living—

among what suffers &
dying, what to ameliorate?)

this together-action to force it :: loud complaint

& louder ::

rural Iowa trestle bridge burned
to keep the trains from delivering

disobey
as fire

act as

of a mind to: what guiding & nags
Green sheen of pheasant head up

—Gosadaya marks.

then both sprint swathes through alfalfa field:

feet stir sod in sprays
hushed bursts of ground
dead matter & microbes—

tender stalks & stems
	tindered in Maya’s churning...

Necks craning, & faster
peal of laughter—

young corn god’s fists work harder

*shift, billows open the sky*

stretch feathered breast
to row’s end, then

scissor out in loping arcs
—rooster warble.

Jim sputters his lips & shoves
a metal tractor through lane’s gravel

—Corn’s nearly in—how’s those cattle?
—With calves an happy—tho we’ll need more hay...
—Gonna hafta wait till summer, ladies. God’s got his plan.

Knees in jeans ignore
the insistence of rock for
make-believe

(thrum of wings & parting coo)

farmsteads scratched in pale dirt.
—Hear that girls? Keep them calves playin—we got growin ta do.

: river’s other bank
to where small hands stretch

((round rubber dreams))

'choose coldblooded'

pict of horsewagon, small
unimpressive—pict of big cab
& cartoony lines of motion

windmill black in the eye
boxed by Old Man Sam selling
his modern combustion engines

machines still to reach all plots
the young imagine commanding—

sugars stored up over summer’s
process, converting microbes
warm change of body’s use—

so sun, make glutinous
plant pabulum
  enough to stand.

& this by artifice, to return what was once stone’s own—in this way changed.
Winged intent who fans out its complex from an apex, a chevron, each in line.
ringing reminder
next night, late:

—Zeb...I sume you herd...bout Roger I mean.
—Yeah, we herd. Eleanor rang us.
—You thot anymore bout what we talkt about?
—Shoore. Ain't come ta nuthin yet. Kathy an I're still talkin. Whas eatin ya?
—I jes got ta thinkin, with Roger an all. Don't wanna see the same happen fer—
anyone else I know. An there's only so much a person can do.

this mind to: & nervous for love of country & family (love of us)

(can this remake what's already lost?
turn for turn, same dead gesture?

better a plurality of single suns,
so why this spire?) nervous, late dinner table night

—Whaddaya stan ta lose, Zeb? Bob's always been a good friend, why wudn't he
make the same fer a boss? An they're gonna help us...
—I know bout Bob, but wud about what I leave fer John an Jim? A contract?
—If what Bob sez is true, they'll have a place in the bizness. A family bizness.
—But what do I gain? Signs in the field ta show fer it??
Won't be my land anymore.
—It's steady wurk, Zeb. Security. Where else ya gonna find that?

FSA Photo Project: document all subsidized operations during routine evaluations

: thin denim coveralls, curld hat
holding two dozen eggs in basket

: four children in a dustbowl yard:
the youngest pats a ragged dog
that licks some worm hanging behind

: tractor, & windmill
in the background,
rider there too
: milk cans in a cellar, jarrd foods
wood beams & simple shelves

(many thousand others
w/ censure punchholes

thru negative & print

what shouldn’t be seen & wouldn’t:
damage the program, this bad PR)

when what reaching hands need, is given
hold fast the fingers. force a vote.

when what fingers try struggle free
squeeze tighter ::

what’s built
up, spiring
space to fit

forms to fill

(signed over
private made public:

surrender this single rite
this plural affinity

infinitive :: in triplicate

Fed surveyors to write it off
give pet chevron what clean shape

(in single voice
as if necessary)
& from the counting houses, Congress halls
an edict passes hands—a new dance, a national plan
from pundits & erudition (save experience)
the babelogue of distance harvesting
& this—

2-fold recovery:

   domestic
   & abroad

A strapdown stride (30s era rag, old
hat) & a push to preserve:

& sensing a need, arms rush in
finding a loss, they die or roam.

Hard to roll wheelless wagon
easier still to pick up & go—

   Install a thing to
   restore what was
   lost in trying—

   Insist a thing w/
polls, rhetorical
sways…

door-to-dooring PR man:

   ‘Indeed just the thing
to make our country grow!’

In the *Golden Bough*, that tomb, Frazer writes of a king or elder or priest (no matter,
dangerous mouthpiece all the same) who, explaining ritual sacrifice, sd: They kill
themselves for love of us—

   jibe just
   the same

   Speak a thing then
   flourish it w/paint perhaps
tansies or grapes, &
a pussywillow spear
‘Victory gardens’
& the vanity of bright flowers

for love of country
for love of us—

this hand bends pain
fully to help you:

—take it
so crippled children
might walk.

A new deal (domestic & abroad) w/crazy-paint gardens
& a single willow spear cut from a bough half-severed
by a fencepost caught in a twister’s gale—

Suture our wounds then
find another to attack
to bolster economy (Blood
always w/money! Make arms!)

wrenched back
insisting scratching

Come up from yr personal
suffering together then
together, show those we meet
our strong together hands

wide bridge of palms to cross
the ocean: a response to
hardship & a permitted tragedy
on water

(lives left
there to allow a united
calamity & a facile means)

dangerous mouthpiece
all the same
(Make arms!)

Insist a thing. Give bodies & bombs to show how easily our victory gardens can grow.

‘One up & two to go’ he sd the night before family room radio, kids attentive there too

tonight: D-Day Prayer, 1944—

‘My fellow Americans: Last night when I spoke to you about the fall of Rome’

Kathy in a doorway leaning listening, toweling hands

‘has come to pass with success thus far. ‘And so, in this poignant hour, I ask you to join with me in prayer.’

Ethic & enacted: together hands folding to follow a duty observe this penance strength of these together

hands, small hands of Jim, larger John to mutter what’s known & familiar to bring a comfort (this palpated vein)

‘Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment—let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.’

Phantom purpose :: this ghost of

‘Almighty God. Amen.’
:: emergent into

behind Mole burrowing this single runnel
w/ no escape from what assured chevron

& in emerging, abounding ::

brings structures
silos cribs Harvestores

this panacea of things
(what quiets

Cement arrived in time enough to gather a crew by week’s end—
burly exmilitary or dull razor ranchers & volunteer muscle

2 empty wheelbarrows, mixer’s spout

—Jeezus John—how manys this?
—Dunno. Not countin—you?
—Wanna race witthis load, little man?
—Wudn’t wanna ruin yer day, Les…

Lester roars his barrel chest laughter, punches John’s shoulder

—Yer boy’s coy, Zebedee. Watch he dohn start teachin Jim talk like at…

him adding his young shovel unsteadys to wood forms
(what mutual hands)

—So longs he earns his keep I dohn care if he’s coy er not
you show im, Johnny!

young one & his wobbling
immense weight of

on a thin plank, weight
of what’s still to set

what’s molded
& built up

what’s subtracted
Creeks feed through small mouths, the river—
it swells & sun impatiently fingers

(in the briar a Maya cipher plexus of chemical fire)
sundogs

on either side: a white city w/ streets the names of flowers.

Jim drags his bat back from midfield:
—Where'd the ball go?
—Dunno. The wagon?
—You get it.

Foxtail switches in slow grass memory, follows slope from prairie to peak (Kansas nodding bitter fruit)
broken snatches of ordinary in swallow tongues.
John on wagonside
scaling to see in:
fingers recall
orchard limbs
now on iron &
higher—

Red-tail slow cyclones
into nothing where winds

lip cloud bottoms & white
only a foliage unseen

leaf for leaf. By thorns
open petals: sundogs :

last arms on leaving shore.

him leaning, & over
final sideboard

into sucking shift of
accepting corn
toward bottom
where angles
encourage
a narrow

& airless
apex
Jim on the ground
shouting  \textit{johnjohnjohn}

Up from stubble a shiver
of starlings winging
running now  \textit{john}
shriller now  \textit{John}
balled in fists on metal now  \textit{JOHN}

(in the briar
alchemical fire
first white
then gold)

blue lips stretch,
new bright teeth
petals red &
petals pink.

& the wind carries
its heavy foliage
& this immense

hill for small legs
climbing.
Find the river's natural minor

(in Maya)

under matte sky.
Sing eleison.
Wheelruts & washouts
slowed the siren
at lane's end—

only Zeb at the chute

smooth pink stuck
there, seed-jigsawed

him on the ground crouched
head still against wagonbox.

Harvest scraps scattered
in remnants of rows

abscessed, scarred
over, already—

dry roots
gripping still,
ripped from
broken
stalks

(smooth,
only paler)

Nothing here for
medics or alternate

modes over votives
rising through

glowing St Marys:
this lit for suffering
this lit for want

first a foot
in shoe, then
shin.

this lit for mary
this one for christ

...johnjohnjohn...

heavy small thing
over the shoulder

spitting seeds spilt
from its mouth

& this one for Maya
who opens the briar.

‘They kill themselves for love of us, yes, a tragic loss but don’t you see us growing?’

(him beaming from the block
happy to chop young boy’s thigh meat free
chuck it popping into the fire—)

play the swan each act
teeth on teeth & kill
own use too soon. Maya
bound by Maya consummate
—White city
bring down those walls

cliff depends a space
for voices to fill. sing
songs of revolt

revulsion

at seeing a smothered
one so young—

behind a barber’s glassdoor:

—It wuz all...bloated—dohn take long. So I radioed first, then helpt ol Zeb up
him shakin he’s sobbin so.

(near bald duet of pates
in turn giving nod or grimace

watch their faces changing
in the wide mirror wall)

Together-hands felt in crises extending

(this
thrumming sense of
community in what’s
autonomous & plural—)

in form of casserole meatdishes
full up on others’ fruits for wks

in form of shared duty, together-hands
extended to aid w/ quotidian chores

white city, no walls

in form of
bright spectrum
& bouquets

St. Mary’s grotto prayers
lights thick-frosted, turned low
in the viewing parlor, set to
unoffend & fend off chill of
mid-October. 2 coughs
by the door in a relative quiet.

Something a glow puts on.
Cultivated respects.

—Viewing through here. Good evening. Please. Stayin for prayers I hope?
This way through here...

whole farm neighborhoods
(4 miles each side) & farther
to Farber’s, paying respects
in view & due restraint

—Awful, jes goddammed awful, Zeb
—Yes, thank you.
—Now if you folks need anythin
—Thanks, Vera, we’ll be fine.
—A person’d libel go mad, after sumthin like at
—An Jim bein so brave...

They kill themselves for love of us, he jibed. Fire. Water. Wind.

Return to earth. Let the coffer
come downriver. Plant it
in the garden, whisper prayers
over it, make the gladiolas grow.

Return to faith in the fair ground
(where it’s all sussed out): living dies
to keep living, & so a change in course

(out, of course,
of respectful
earshot)

—Ronnie’s ever get their beans in?
—Naw, movin slow.
—An then another coon appeared, so I gripped mah shovel
—Y’ever go by the ol Nelson place anymore?
—Shoore’s gotten cold.
In a garden they say
the start to names &
perception incised by
something there to help

color divides
off into

pendulous
fruit & hair

beast markings
in single system

(the spectrum of)
here for you
to relate

Dim face, come
closer to the fire:
do you know me?
& how well—?

He leans back at last
in a seat separate from
respectful shows. Just
a preacher, he, his Kathy
(thankful for her strength to steel him
in this public-personal affair)
ever there, gloved hand tighter
around his workhard own

& this breathless body—

johnjohnjohn
Give it a tag
to mark a stake:

stock
corn
son

hold it till harvest,
what falls from
the glean.

Seed, make new pod.
Pod of leaf stalk &
of seed—

Planted in the garden.
Gladiolas grow.

Dim lit face can you see
what dances over there?
Look closer come closer
its heat reaches here...

—Even the centurion’s daughter rose again in Christ & so goes
John—faithful youth of many virtues, a welcome guest
in the kingdom of God.

Yr dancing dim lit
face moves too slowly
between the flames.
What meaning for me,

john...

?
'Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, & receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy Kingdom.'
& these essentials given willingly
for love of country for love of us
to build & shine our victory spire

big vain bouquets
of condolences
sprung from a wet sponge,
plaster halfshell & bows,
leveled around a body
hardly its tag:

IN MEMORIAM
JOHN

Glove
squeeze tighter...
Hair for leaves to cling to,
he comes covered in seedpods
leaning heavy on his left foot

an effigy
mound mon
ument. a goat

in bison hide / dirt's heat

To prevent. Some
times too soon scion

mold it mud
arms a head
—young ear

bury or
burn it
before

a browning never
found (brings famine)

comes round
too young.
$(\text{entr}'')$
Locate pod in seed
(a moment before
flower, after turning)

space to fill
to fibre in every-first time’s late
sun—a fruitsag of leaves.

Tiny mouths do Maya’s work
in small order, plexus of fire-
narrow gullies, galleys, & ravines

(‘fol-de-rol’
the tiller told

me ‘does it
hisself’

own jaws rolling.) Small &
smaller, particled into some
maybe future shell or robin.

\textit{Death the seed}
\textit{from which I}

grow. Fill. Between stalks
back to source before
springing forth again.

Impose new order to help what struggles
against any old thing—even value
must know its own to be given due form:

\begin{itemize}
  \item this hand—
  \item from a friend, hand who
  \item moves the many strings of
  \item commerce, a due body
  \item of power
  \item stretched past gesture
  \item to help new bodies move
  \item out of depression.
\end{itemize}
Kathy with her sister
now, smalltown nothing
-to-do, diner coffee afternoons
with other wives & widows.

—Guess the house’ll be takin care of same as the farm, by Jim.
—When my Clarence died, we made certain nobody’d get ahold of our home.
Gave it to our Kevin t’ make sure nobody’d get ahold of it. Imagine—house that
Clarence built! With some dithrent family under his roof? No thanks. Clarence wuld die
all over again t’ see it happen like at. Must feel good knowin you did good by Zeb. Real
good.

setting her fork aside

—Yes, well, good seems not quite...
—Good by him as in the eyes of the Lord. Take comfort in that.
—Y’know she’s right, Kathy. Both our sons are helpin more, in hopes they’ll
take over when our time comes. Seems sumthin Jesus would approve of—honor yer
father an mother an all.
—I just couldn’t be there without Zeb. House’s too big. An with his own fields
an pastures plus helpin Garsts, Jim’ll be fine. Be startin his own family soon too I
suppose. Never much thought about the Lord’s thoughts...not much my concern, times
like these.

Swallows to the same wire
out of instinct or distraction:

(whorled around
the coffer of
some dead
mayking)

Fading in repeated sun-summer along the river, horsewagon becomes a pastured haytruck, three horses nose mouthfuls. Truckroad wriggling out; two wide bands bare.

Old converted toolchest gathers chickens round with cornmeal.

The first camp on open meadow, under red sky. Bob Garst amasses toward Asia.

Many assembled behind Mole burrowing.

Building a spire.
green pod
burr seeds

sticking to
wool sleeve

coattails // cattails

passing into
out of use

for now, to be. Alone.

Jim walks the family pasture
fencerow, mending holes &

ragged wire in weak light, season’s
cattle back to lot, for calf or meat.

moon there
barely

peltshiver
in rivermist

(it comes fullthroated

squeezing through
a common pass tightly

to fit

space

to fill )
In the gray arms that fold the sky
    when the grass fires have started,
    the fields all in flame,

and the buildings, exuding
    their puffs of gas-soft heat,
    turn brassy in the trembling clarity

of cold, crows fill the trees.
    Line for line these black
    bodies lash their holes

in the sky. Wheeling clouds
    all chiaroscuro swirled
    and bleating, call out the sod

from the hills that roll below.
    It's the coming of frost
    in the fat of the year

a moment of passing before
    the smoke-dull sting of sleep.
    This broken silence enabled

and reeling, their throaty screams:
    rising ash against a frosted sky.
Through the silence of first snow, from their bend where runnels & goes, Gosadaya on foot, foraging wood, answers patter of flake into whole, crescent soles to syncopate—

Mother’s Air

& brother same

Through silence & snapping white lighting on black boughs the smell of woodsmoke, something other, beyond.

there, in sallow firelight
dim lit face of a crippled elder
dim lit contorted & gurgling
(death rattle of broken) back
twisted 3 directions, arms angled
quiver softly: eyes frenetic no-look.

Approaching)

HE: I saw your light, the smoke. What’s happened here?

bluing limp lips pumping
wringing nothing but

Articulating)

HE: Tell me how. To help you. Help?

w/ great effort, his head but briefly
from the ground, & a braying sputter

(in that
or
through
to the crown ?
this new center

to fill ::
his words )
AM HAPND AND WLL
TO YOU HIS STAFF AND STAMEN
—from behind his eyes this
new center, between temples
some sinus receptor, resonator
behind his—or through—

HE: —how?—I hear you but—

EAT WHAT WARMs HERE

earthen bowl over
coals rimming the fire
sweetmeal smell

Gosadaya ladles some into smaller bowl
brings it to the thrice-broken elder

HE: Please. Try to swallow this. It perhaps might—

quiver lips no-hold of
gurgling, spitting seeds
spilt from gapemouth
meal puddles ground

AM WAITNG NO TIME
NOW YOU

As he slowly spoons the warm mush to his mouth
behind his & through: the elder's godsong: wash of
resonance // oscillation // in crown & // through // modal
AM HAPPNED TO YOU AND WILL

SPLIT TH STICK AND THERE IS

TH POLLEN EYES OPEN

(backspasm wrenches right

ADZE TO YOU WILL HAPPEN

OBEY HR DIRECTION

TH POLLEN EYES OPEN

wrench left

ADZE BECOMING STICK AND IS

LEAVNG NO FOOTPRNTS

TH POLLEN EYES OPEN

& again—wailing)

SO GO

adze heavy
walking

Dormant old fat of the land, thing
small jaws grind down to earthfuel
twist tight around each ever new face
to show them a force there:

ever old seed from
which I grow
of use, this

stick to split, this
space to fit to fill

53
Expanding: international borders opening for need of food, more, pleading

‘never a weapon’
mouths of fools

Garst of enough brass & sense to approach the Reds & sincering up

(savvy
no?

‘Machines to feed them. Not this race, these arms, this fear.’

but opening borders
& US stationed to strike

no hubris would allow

yet knew
Garst was right

1st ethic: any local. This new: this global. Disconnected from resource under unified process. Round rubber dreams & oil applications. Proliferation of chemical tools to grow the business. What metastasized around measures & yield numbers. What eats w/in & stains. Batik on which small impressions briefly made—now, abscess, now, scarring. Reported: ‘growing.’ So go—

but of a mind & influence
ghost of an ethic come forward:

to help
as not
destroy

—first essential

later big & vain

Bob Garst grows clusters in other wheres but always of stock from where those hands first helpt:
Coon Rapids: too base a name
as first debated, town charter mtgs

what pioneering spirit to come from a colloquial flow? too simple too simple

instead, __________

pallid memory of otherwhere
home trying to back there

so go w/ the river
in native tongue:

simple

what brought Dos Passos to visit, Khrushchev later, 1959

what brought Bob back, deserting the military for quoting poetry to Lizzie
growing the business
where simple spirit tends to
calcite, earthfuel & food

From a town of early spirited growth
on the Raccoon River’s middle fork & a plexus of
travel, commerce, & promise, town where
a general store becomes a library becomes
spirit of growth: what Garst always relied on
what home & people

& Jim there, new family
in neighboring Calhoun to help

complex interest past tenancy but
advocacy
representation
democrapitalism

grow the business, good way, what ever
grow the family, life force, ever same

comes 8 to service
& a desire to excel

so instilled same:
8 to service, his scions

none interested in succession of family operation (per this now-mind)
w/ minds of otherwheres, same ethic: Jim's children into their own

excel w/ mind to use
service & change

Through letters Bob warmed him, won him, Eastern Europe—brazen, honest & strong.

Romania, then Russia. Invited, in time, to see. To talk shop.

Silage:

‘like sauerkraut for cattle’
Lizzie sd to Mrs. Khrushchev
during the tour, trenches cut
in hillsides storing fodder

like this
w/ media

Blitz of cameras & reporters—HISTORIC!—VISIT FROM RED POWERS—
conditioned terror & instinctual curiosity, to see. Hop stalks scale up grainbins
to get a good shot

(historic occasion:

virgin birth of paparazzi—)
Trying to run a goddamned business

& these spiteful phantoms

needing a bullhorn to broadcast over leering bodies

what might have been: private sharing. Mutual interest: international relations—

instead, obstruction
these worrisome vermin

What drove him to boot NY Times reporter-friend Salisbury in the ass
he & Khrushchev to hurl corncobs & silage at the bastards

Labeled: brutish, colorful, possessed of some…

Agreeing: monumental

others come too, local supporters, admirers, lookyloos
in seedcaps in family sedans in whatever means possible

stopping traffic snaking miles up the highway out of town
gridlockt gravel roads, tractors w/ their wagonloads for the corn plant

where together-hands reach from under
watch of arms, under this new wrought
iron G, monogram made special, where
ever spirit turns global, chuckle world
over: Coon Rapids: conduit & chevron:

climbing on
building up
this spire
Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens...the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country, and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds.

I consider the class of artificers as the panders of vice, and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned.

—Thomas Jefferson
‘Grow only as you need’ sd the Great Spirit—so they did. Bins full up enough for long winter. The herd’s seasoned return.

Until one harvest—of a sudden—they had too much. Personal stores, communal silos turning loads away—‘she’s had enough’—with rows still stalked & standing.

Animals graze in open fields, in full light, wary of movement. No threat here, only sounds of funny war: boys break ears off & lob them over dead rows, battlecries, the slain smiling, kernels sharded around them.

& in firelight lazing, lavish venison, woodsmokt maize, half-consumed:

‘Take a load off, GS. We’re only sharing with the little animals.’
In east-west engine housings, hands become dirtcaked pistons, nothing beyond

special function: from earth to shelf
'the man who feeds them all.'

A push at the back
saying go through or around.

Gifts of agency and order dock
the first whorl, direct stalks into

rows & wagons, grown
for the good of all

stocks &
bonds.

(Endrows
around a
hopeless
enclosure)
Where wind directs
trees only follow:

redwing flaps against
a gale, face-first

wings fagged from beating
now still, body buoyant

in singular space:

a white city built
w/ walls, fences.

From the center
2 poles (the same)
extending & pulling
& endless degrees
between. From the
center: a struggle
begins . . .

Agency prefers its single voice:

only muted harmonics
from an unseen choir

if necessary—
Beneath a tent, at the Polk County Fair,  
a ricehat&bowtie Ag Bureau mouthpiece  
mops sweat w/ a sleeve, over the microphone.

Already, one specialized farmer—through use of modern implement, pesticide, herbicides, & fertilizers—feeds himself & 56 others. Self-sufficiency has been outmoded—by starving mouths & malaria babies (within our own borders!) & who are we—as good & godfearing folk—not to act? Agripower must not be disabled by governmental controls. The world demands food—& eat they will! Grow more to make more: fencerow to fencerow!!

Victory gardens.
‘a first essential  
to winning the war’

Loyal to country & soil  
a growing fervor—

abundance brings  
structure & promise  
of material comfort.

This, of course, requires capital commitment. Truly, the soundest investment agribusinessmen can make is land: to produce more & through which he might acquire more, attaining the peace of mind brought by ownership, prosperity & participation in our noble tradition as servants to the land & all its dependent children.
Seedcaps & shirtsleeves
shuffle from the tent, a threnody

of murmurs, yappings
& one's hightoned laughter.

Gauntlets of implements:

cornpickers,
combines &

gravity wagons
hunch in file

all roundtired
& hoseshined

in spokes &
spires harangue

family passers
from both sides

w/ cheap spectacle,
ladders & girders

for climbing, dream
fodder investing.
First home: as a hand, tending cattle & scratching
a little land of his own—

    as a hand, but home.

Ellen inside
on the telephone:

—It’s nice, Dad. Room enough for three...for the time being anyways.

    elbows on table
    hand on her cheek

Jim groused: other phone end

—Tell her it’s a fine start. Clay n I are happy, Tommy too.
    We don’t need much more.

Dust rides thermal rises
through shaft of afternoon light

    old schoolhouse window—

Translucent nothings goaded
to motion by Thomas’ entrance

    chaff ghosts spin
dive & dervish

    sausage fingers
break the shaft

    next: whole arm
    face

    aglow
Feedbags line the blackboard wall
red & white, & black cowheads
repeating in uneven levels

Thomas crawls up the compact stacks
reaches to dull slate & traces:

\[
\begin{array}{c}
C \\
\text{broken } R
\end{array}
\]

plump handsmudge—
sitting now instead
to face other stacks
them higher

sweetmeal smell
dustdrunk light

leaning back against the board
he watches all-air move

settle

up again.

—Well I just wish you’d say something to her to help…
we had to start somehow.

Silage wagon drones slow along
a trough where cattle wait, gray
tongues snake into stream of
feed-mulch as it falls.

—seated, this work
(for now) surround you

—surprise you?

Clay climbing down,
fumesoakt machine shed.
So then, this (for now)
together: fixed

    a family
& that old fat of the land thing

first under another’s hire
to start
could fit better // in own space
but this here then, this now:

fixed        a family

    what is

    this space

SHE: You see, there, around that flex of river. The does have matted some grasses
& berries. Good spot for three.

    he walking
    behind her

    load for
    makings

    behind her
    leading

    she one
    part of
three:     water/earth/fire
sod warm, her dark
grasses hold starshiver—

sister of fire
ishtar
ashteroth
astarte
astral antlers
& Cora

of pollen
behind her ears

& Ellen

a foundation of.
& the makings.

In irregular quiets often
she remembers the hospital, her work,
Bob come in under some new knife
larynx gone // handheld prosthetic

—So what’s this Clay do?
—Wants his own land.

(his face
focused)

—An you?
—I’m there for him. Ta help.

(softening
some glow)

—Take care a him, him a you. Together— What yer father learnt from me.

ever new each
face of love
she her bright eyes

(granted by
fire, forged
in briar)

& soft hand

Accept him.

The hoodsky
overarching
given over to
earth antlers
thrust up into
a milkfleckt
farrago—

seed come down
from the mountain.

Find the plain.

Bring forward the burnings

—this life
a backfire

built before
the spreading

(—old hat)

instead
surrender:

from the solar plexus
behind w/ & leading
Runnel through two here prest
beneath alchemical sky, grass

flow seed
to sun &
source

small hairs
shake small

kisses like
colliding

rocks under
water, in

bright light

matte white
& vibrant

counterpoint
of color

Bring forward the burnings
w/ vespers & matins & move
these ions spilling their
plexus of Mayafire

& while
comes to her
this vision:

Of a brother, mother (the same)
his lisping face of 3 horns
overseeing the farrago

sallow eyes
from the briar.
Brother of 7 breasts
& bisonhide (inert stars
& all-color from 6 centers:
crown/eyes/mouth/throat
solar plexus/pudendum )
of thick coarse
bison hair
the philter
of bramble
her brother
mother the same

am born of you
Good One
born to the same

& her husband,
given over
to 3 parts: water
earth & fire.

Adhering air.
In service of love
change & Maya.

Then, the glean: grain from chaff: & so passes: this good fruit:

new shoot whorld
from what was
seed cum pod cum
service to this
change, together.

first acreage

70
A winged intent that moves
a body through air in what
determined direction it will
dallying in butterfly spirals
down, or a gull lost
over a field: this idea of
progress.

Land grant college & equity loans.
Sustaining solvency by sleight
of hand—too near to tell what
color the feathers, how sharp
its beak. Instead, given over to
trust, we fall into an assured
rank in a chevron.

fast-flapping concept
where do you lead
us? shouldn’t we know?

Borrowing against land & material assets, a small operation can be given means to grow,
to compete in the global ag marketplace...

this hand & its silver-
tongued agencies

speed the greening
world—another

revolution im
poses its form

foreign to mind
ful use....

cashed crap
shoot w/

a way of
life.
At the ASCS office a line
of halfscrubbed men in
seedcaps wait for subsidies
& investment advice. A ritual
of seasons & community,
    to replace old orders
    make them new—

—Mornin Verna, them checks cut yet?
—Lemme see...seems we need a coupla signatures more.
    Whyncha have a seat, bring these up when yer done.

& so it goes: a new order
of attending & impatient wait

(tthis crippled hand

Buoyant of his own beating a redwing caught
in a westerly, in single space, straddles a fencerow.

Somewhere to rest &
call yr own: private

endeavor signed over
to bankers.

to help it grow...)

How many of these still
solvent but waning, waiting

for next movement,
will be shown.
In its first form, the Green Revolution proved a failure for imposing practice & produce unfit for the biomes it invaded: leached soil, disrupted tradition, a cashgrain surplus, human cost & useless machines (big money):  

—fagged wings still flapping

only to compete.

Force an order & aid it (profit)
to grow.

Stark-white & red-trimmed angled

: Clay’s new swine nursery

that one neighbor of an afternoon dropt by to see:

—How many head?  
—Uh bout five hunnert. Grow em big an grow em fast. What they say anyway.

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE a clarion:

go big or get out—

fields grow over their own.

Under exhaust-fan’s threnody fly clouds pause in specks on the siding & mushroom around the old mutt’s head

him snuffling clods along the sod-rimmed foundation.

& in the west, an amassing dark, to break this skinclinging heat

73
10:30 emergency bulletin-banner
worms across tv screen:

KCCI-TV8 AND THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE

rumble, then
electric light
flicker

(fiery veins of discharge
galloping thunderheads)

—Clay...

door swings open :: static surges around him

neckcraned
handspocketed

Young pigs scramble in open
nursery pens, banging feeder lids
squabbling—
call & response in concert

(discharge,
thunder)
In the post-storm morning
squealing bristled feeder pigs
ready for market heave the trailer
jostle & wait to go—

sharp hooves scritch
meshed metal

heavy young bodies
cramped for air & position

Clay, his brother & father
hunch over sodas, shortbread cookies

Long draws from cans
board of trade drones behind

the kitchen filled with early light

AUGUST FUTURES DROPPED 20 CENTS TO CONTINUE
THEIR DOWNWARD TREND MARKETS ARE GLUM
FOR FEEDERS AS WELL LOSING 10 CENTS

—You shoulda sold when Dad an I sold, Clay.
—Then I wasn’t ready, they wasn’t ready, Brett.
—Las week? that’s bullshit, an I told ya so, didn’t we, Dad?
—A person’d be a damn fool not to sell when they say ‘sell’

Clay crosses, clicks radio off
draining his last drops of cola.

—Ready?

Brett palms a fist of cookies & his can.

—Yep, should prob’y get them hogs outta this heat.
—wingcrackt
chrysalis we live w/, in
this selfspun change

the knowledge of a coming
turn & tight close around
our new wet colors

prismmed through the bramble
facets of the briar (we live w/

Maya: brother/mother/the same)

nautilus horn
ground down to
calcite or
earthfuel

Twist slow, tight
inside yr pendulous
present—this
moment meant
for end &
begin again

where petals curl
around a center
spot of hairy yellow

wagging pistils in her
milkbun glow, leaves

branch from stalk & extend
this present baldfaced to assume

soak up this every-sun:

world of
appearance
&
titles, frac
tured light
insolvent here
in a pendulous
wombcocoon:

appear them
this new face

something to
break from

you, cicadahusk
shod lone tree

Branches
plexus flex
out, soak in
new sun.

In Rick’s airconditioned office. Big bank window over grass strip & stones, redbrick filling station wall backdrop.

—We’d like you to meet with the reps, Clay. Jes t’talk over some options. Details. So let’s expect a letter direct from the FDIC t’tell ya the date an time, y’know, the place.
—Sure there isn’t sumthin more sumthin other we can do?
—Oh they’ll find a way of course to work with you, around—whatever I’m sure—a payment schedule. Convenient, end to the means.

Then up & around to
gladhand. An ethic
to lift them together—
Ellen & her Clay
—to meet him
(best strong face)
smile, & wish him
good day.

a wind moved by bramble
chrysalis wound tight
adhering the air in Maya
(world of appearance this
new here)

77
Organ-bellows buzz
these Sundays
becomes
the coiled hum:

    brass ring &
    rings of ions
    charged for here

or there // through
rafterbeam peaks of
molded steeple
stuccoed

    cloud / white

    (jagged Maya teeth of
crooked tombstones)

pray yerself a song: to act it
acting you—

    believe the world
    for you

    to abdicate
    these Sundays

    in old ways
    but new:

By gravel roads they come
in trucks & family sedans
to a town with three churches—
Community means miles here:
    little but sky
    sky & green
tall farm riggings
    steely tubed elevators
    spiderlegging from silos
    bins overfilled with com

    & taller steeples still.

In a town with three churches
the only bank dries up: loans against
paper figures only
    a saturated market
    of starving mouths

nothing now certain
    but faith and neighbors.

—Put your life in the hands of the Lord

Modern glass gives no
rosy cathedral light

    instead a pallid glow.

—This image we bear because
    he bore our burden

    Ecce Homo
    hands & holes

—In this way he suffered
    and in this way we pray

    an old German hymn
    a Catholic cross
In this town with three churches
the fresh-scrubbed faces of men
with work-hard hands, their wives
the same, bow for need & show
    a hope

that humility is not its own reward
hope enough to make it grow

    & prayers & prayers
    & hands & holes

12 million wings buzzing
a paper brogue, black out
the sun— Maya

    shivers the
river, his spittle

cud the tar
pitch world.

Widening chevron
feed this world

from out yr razor
beak or mincing
locust jaws.
She dusty & warm

gives of shoot

stalk & root

her squamous

leaves of undersod

dead pieces

breathing

& bearing

again.

w/ moon

cycles & full

fertile

flesh

*Stretch in the wash*

*Together to fire*

*we rise.*

Cora steps heavy

between the rows

them crying in small-girl

because the browning comes

* Lisping moonlight*

*whispers his names*

*O Mother who's Maya?*

& she cries too

for her fire

its ever-returning fade.

Seed bundle cum millet stone:

the weight of. & brier.
Ellen in driveway, car still on,  
staring at an unopened garage door

blood drizzled cotton for weeks  
body dumb worn—

knuckle rap on window

Clay inches door open:

—Ellen—wud Comstock say?

Eyes blurring she connects  
corn chaff on his coveralls  
into a pink patina, chain mail

—Come back Friday. It happens Friday. Then bedrest awhile.  
—An the school?  
—It’s fine, Clay—

engine drone dead  
keys in lap

—So?

slow step back

—How are ya?

bending at knees  
coarse hands brush  
pant legs—reach out

Her hand stops his

—I’m gonna lay down. Watch Tom please.

Legs now follow & torso slowly  
straightens

keys clink at feet as she stands  
a heap of glints & heavy rings
—Anything. I’m—sorry I couldn’t—

against chaff mail
her hand, brass strap buttons:

—Get to work. An keep an eye on Tommy.

slumps up steps
screen door banging

Feed the body
living flesh

a bloody tithe
to make it grow

Bivalved mouths harness every thing: to produce to consume—never replenish—just shit squeezed from an urban colon, hand to iron lips. Running water to wash it off. Thread bares thin from an empty spindle. Shuttlecock move faster.

She dusty
now tired

need to body
& heavy w/

old dead matter
water wash

it off.
From foraging he comes, adze heavy & bundled makings of their fire:

to find
her sobbing

seeds spread fanning
around her

legs skewed
right, hair over
left shoulder

distraught—

—He whispers to them—they fear him—I must must must—
—Cora, what’s happened here? Tell me how to help you.
—Teach them suffering an death—mine for theirs—
you don’t see?

adze heavy

pale body &
firelight

shivaree

nightbirds whorl where Thomas hung a sheet
early afternoon & stood between

both halves thrumming

all-sound of whipping around you
warm crisp of cloth light & wind

drone of
mandibles

between his temples

—Cora, please—this isn’t—you can’t—
—In this way—before he returns. The adze: you must must must. Eyes open—

between his temples
(this ghost of) firelight

84
—Okay Ellen, we jus need you to relax an this’ll be over sooneren you think—

Comstock there to advise & assist
specialist in for the outpatient procedure:

—Jenny, if you will.

Anesthetist leans in close (first invasion
   ethic of)

   living tithes
to offer what comes

   or could?

—Mine for theirs. The fire—I know—you know—motherbrothersame—
—Cora, please—we can’t—I—

   kindling to the ground
   this bend where

   two runnel thru

—Not you, then who?
To the solar plexus, and leave it. You must must must.
Split the stick. Like this.

   smoothing her hair over
   her shoulder, & napeshiver of

   shivaree (nightbirds
   sweetmeal tongue) she sings

   her godsong ::
   (phrygian)

   O Good One brother am born
   of you mother same O Good One

85
(am born: a resonance

happend & will

between temples
paper brogue

drone out: obey her direction

: O Good One

) shudder
shivaree

See these leaves for you rising
fire forged these eyes left to briar
O Good One am born of you

eyes turned
young boy
burrrpods

him screaming
reaches her

hand, in his, her
fire & eyes

adze up

heavy hover moonshiver

Follow the river no footprints
the pollen washes over my eyes
shudder down thru to
solar plexus—
release &
leave it

her over the sobbing
boy, spread iridescence
her phantom & gna

(kernels)

between his temples
(to the crown?
  adze head his
  transmitter? )

again: these oscillating ions

his voice

to fill

FEED HR FLESH TITHES
WATR WASH IT OFF
STICK SPLIT AND THERE IS
THREE SUNS THEN SIX MOONS
SCATTERD OVR LEAVING
TIGHT TURN AROUND THIS PLXUS
Sow on entering
farrowing stall
devours what spills from
the birthing left
in straw bedding:

in service, consume
sometimes too (dead matter)

Antiseptic bedsheet, what conceals
what lost, come unsecund &
stalks dry in passing strands
augermouths arch into humbling

sun wagons hold
their nothing against

& on the loom strung
across 2 oaks her hands

pass the shuttlecock faster
nosing its unspooling

in ribbons from a spindled
core: lead into fire into

lead w/ yr left
foot & shake yr
thrumtum thysrus

cloth come faster
come thinner, soon

naked in
a gloaming void—

Sorrow, pillbug: the earth opened
by another (large shining

array w/ jag-teeth rolling)
deathsquads rip clods, fruits from

dirt & who’ll shade you
earthworm from midday’s brazen?

who’ll tell yr tail to seek
out its mouth? halved between

the lift of light & holding
hell’s softskinned blossom

small-hair kisses that sound
of colliding rocks underwater.
BANKRUPTCY SALE
equipment:buildings:all

deus ex machina
an approximate
stock exchange
a fleet of flatbed wagons
line the drive; rusted buckets
of hammered nails & screwdrivers,
power tools & tack wait till sunrise,

(only bankers decide the time
when tide or grace come up)

A dark quiets the stairwell in carpets
sleeping child in there somewhere
& silent too

Clay &
Ellen & sallow bills in
bulblight; she sits across
her face in palms & watches
sullen as he finishes books

—So what now? a sale?
this this is it?
She nods
he knows as she: a sale
for sometime now—

bankrupt banking on land.

He stands & gathers piles
of books & bills & stuffs
the desk drawer-full

—Wonderful fuckin’ wonderful.
—Please keep it down. Remember…

& thumbs at the ceiling.
Their heated voices filter upstairs
up through floorboards, a stuttering
drone:

\[wmmmwmmwmmwmm\]

subito cricket
scherzo pizzicato
deeper voice louder now:

\[shh\]

a shuffle, then
‘Yer cheea
tin haaaaart’
sudden sad phonograph
a camouflage
phone up from
ringing—it’s late for bankers.
‘when tears
come dooowwn’

questions
\[errrrrck errrrrck erck\]
& angry

phone down
drone no more

Here: coda:
cowboy-moan cum moonpatch
scherzo now largando

‘yuull waaalk
the flooooorr’
dry cricket \textit{creeck}

last light
winks or is wunked
out till auction block morning.
& many so muscled: banks overextended
corporal credit eroded

so instead this:
lazysusan rhetoric
paper intimidation
fear of litigation

hands & hands & holes & holes

DEPARTMENT OF
a clarion
get out

grey drizzle morning
start with thermos cup
& a face of steam

branches finger dark bone
skyward holding birds

bodies puffed & folded
in to themselves
—small still blots

—Where’s Ellen want this lemonade?
Throttle open wider, Brett & tractor
bray across the yard, setting the last
of Clay’s farm implements

radio audible over exhaust
Brett there too

_Aawwwwl mah ex-es live in_

—By the bars she want it?

Rose lugs jug to a table
thud & sag of thin wood

Lifting the cover, she repositions
several marshmallow squares
eats the last instead.

a call or caw—

husky foghorn on
moist soundwaves

ash trail/comet tail

Balefork drops on asthmatic hydraulics
Brett swings down, pulls up hitchpin & remounts:

wide open

Front door bangs shut quick

—Anyone seen Clay?

by just then buckets of handtools
& final sellables

shrill whistle, 4 fingers

Clay stops, round shouldered

& already she’s running
out across gravel between
flatbeds to meet him
—I jus talked to Rick, an he said
—Already?! Christ it’s only 7:30
—He said our account can’t cover
  even with all this.
  They need Tommy’s money too.

Pails fall, & shoulders

—Anything else he said?

  hand electric  
  at her side
  
  still, a small grin

—Nex time try Vegas?

Burden up, him headshaking, w/smile
lumbers off

  Ellen turns, chuckling.

Tractor’s grousing blasts through
chisel dragging behind: wings up

  teeth splayed & mud-caked
  with season’s detritus

Brett leaps the same regimen
  wide open
& by 9, trucks parked nose-to-ass for a mile down the rd, both sides.

Meander of families mostly come to watch or eat cheap, kids run off steam.

Given few nods, Scharfy
gabbles prices ever lower:

—nowfivendollarsfivendollarsfive’Ihearfive…
c’mon guys—y’know Clay’s honest as they come
she’s a good rotary hoe, whyndcha biddin?

ATTABOY Everett! nowsixgimmesix

& lower

wheelless wagon, this:

bullets for the squad
that binds you, blinds you, aims

so many pick up & go

this failing faith
in good ground

others forced, still praying over
what’s buried there, meant to preserve

small icon in the garden
to move the house &
give her comfort

(ghost of an ethic)
to act in accordance
what nagging question
Shift of a body over
what’s dried in passage
to rend
er
in
effable

(dead
matter? her directions:
to follow
‘in this way’

mustmustmust
to bring them back
dust to use

what filled
his head; between temples, the interference
of mysterious means:

SCATTR HR TITTHES TO FOADDR
SHELL OF WHT ONCE WS—OFFERD

Sorrow, Hero Duck who
dredged forth this gna:
to use
—what comes around

(small jaws

rip skin as her bivalved body moved over
bald patch of dirtgrass, leaves moraine—
body passing from
solid (freeze)
to fuel (thaw)
to freeze again
body passing from
what runnels—earthbellows becoming
fire, the fat of soft leaves scattered over
severed solar
plexus
by adzehead
(transmitter?)
release its force
to tithes & moraine
body moved over
what passes, in dry veins
Community in this
crisis of good faith, crisis of voice & common consideration—
(what small, collateral damage in this action of go big or go)
what separates meat from
bone: abrasive fruit—jagteeth enameled—
what rips what back to use
to moraine &
fallow, when
what grows given air & 3 suns on 6 moons:
patch corn &
patch squash
where he buries her bones
in leather bundle—what squamous
this fodder of.

97
Ellen now unfecund

no promised return
this go round

1 enough

for 3

(mind to
use—

what nags

unspoken—)

—So Tommy's gonna need ta know. Y'know he'll ask.
—Of course. We jus—hafta deal with it together I guess—he'll unnerstand.

small hands
together hands

what serve

((these rubber dreams)
)

none to accept

this faith in good ground

Thomas who
finds unfecund

this which

goes fallow.
To generate

what follows.

Who goes.
& in his burying, 3 suns on 6 moons:

movement there

glade’s perimeter

stretch the meatfork fingers of
trees where a young man grabs hold a younger girl’s hand
her covered over in burr-pods, & burdened—

smile of his lisping there
perceivable before

them running off

into forest’s open: as he smooths her freshturned plot.

time capsule full up on
another spacetime’s trinkets

& headlines only sepiatoned alums
smile to see—corner of this here,
say, Center & Jefferson, a school becomes
a spire, mound monument, history

becoming & undoing
out of use

& even weeks & later—
this nagging

something sheltered
by making light of—

—So Rick sez Vegas an Ellen buries an idol.
—Yep, covered in wine an flowers.
—Prob’ly prayin fer another baby—Virgin Mother or sumthin—
—Fill me up with the Holy Spirit!

(parlay polite
laughter)
It's nothing
worth acknowledging

overstep
for step

& a moment for passage.

Then their friend's up
for cards & silverware

—So do we practice for Vegas?
—If they play spoons in Vegas, we won't need the help of idols.
—Yer gonna need all the help you can get
    if ya think yer gettin close to this pagan body again.

Rigid
acquired
ethic:

better unspoken

the protestant materless mum.

Always the ritual
drew her in: Saturday
late afternoon
domesticating...

radio drone a room away:

froot of thy wooom
Jee-zuuuss

Holy Mary
mother of God

& her muttering along
in her head & aloud
replacing beads for
genos midpatching

single modest light
in a room duly darkened

keep quiet this purest
betrayal, this admission

of something
missing—

Given 3 days on a promise of 6 moons
Gosaday spends his last at her earthplot

Even from yr deep I can smell the musty
skin you’re in, but free now, of body
—so go.

& on my return I’ll honor
this spot of passage, dear sister & wife—

& so goes

away from banks that held
him, to follow the river swelling

from northern rains, rises
up to meet him:

flow the reminder
in all things, a river

(around it
small mouths)
& briar

To split the stick.
Rich infinitive.

(seed from which I)
ANTIPHON

Raccoon’s anguished banks
fray their root fibers &
small clods, hanging on
torchlight depth of
a drop, earth to water:

Maya’s consort, wingbone flute—
Gosadaya, into the briar, to find her:

Open sky. Sing
beneath yr oaktree cover.
Maya open the briar.

Her chest now
a window to

the wall behind, Burr
slips his shotgun muzzle

in his boot,
collar to the chin.

Yr controls do not—no
one the briar answers

water muddied over stones
moving in ribbons, strings

I leave my eyes to reeds
flesh to thorns, a cinder
to my lips:

toward solid freeze then
thaw again—

Whose song endures?
in no mouth
but time

103
breath becoming wind
garlands & flowers
—Open up!

Truckroad
of gravel
to the banker
to settle:

OF WHAT ACCOUNT
THE BREATH IN YR NOSTRILS?

YR OLD SLOUCH HAT.

a pound of pate
for every paper.

—DALE—DON'T DO THAT!

Following the river
I leave no footprints

Scattering lenders
to alleys & toolsheds

the banker's missing half-
face stipple his office windows.

phone calls
to follow:
'Tell Terry
he's next—'

Flood the banks in all-color!

(sundogs)

Grind meal of me
bones back to dust.
WHO KNOWS NO FEAR OF LOCUST WINGS?

To forgive debts & debtors, insists another shell to chamber. 2 hands stroke it loaded.

Following the river I leave no footprints.

Stark branches fork into a meat matte sky.

(Maya’s sharp staff incised inside corn god’s spine)

SPLIT STICK AND THERE IS——

TO SEED: A SINGLE PATH IN ENDLESS OUT

Gosadaya thrashes in the clearing’s thin green——
screams a long blackbird squalor & bleats & sings:

MAYA O MAYA
O
MAYA O MAYA

105
adzehead ram’s horn
caught in fencepanel
—rattle awhile

Back in the cab & driving
it’s George Jones over futures
in July. It’s December—
window wide.

(stamen
SINGLE IN
pierced again)
ENDLESS

& gasping, twice-
broken back

The pollen washes over my eyes
The pollen washes over my eyes

Ravens in the lone tree:
a gladhand past neighbors

w/ a stolid mouth. Burr’s
face roses, midday chill.

Peltshiver light on
riverwater—a moment

reflected
& dying.

YOU CRY OPEN THE BRIAR?

spasm
leftightly—)

all-color &
poco a poco

(briar suite)
Fled to water’s bottom to escape the insult, 3 maidens, their grains, under Mallard’s wing.

Those above to pay according. Slide back down this gripless spire.

: wheelless wagon

Rock returned its oils in new forms: reductions refinements applications products.

Beneath: a fire // farrago // far-flung

For love of us. & country. Over this earth.

This backfire: fencerow to fencerow.

Vanity of bright flowers & round rubber dreams.

Insteads, & so—

Open the earth with recent bisonhooves

6 moons her bones
sprout squash

flesh a patch of new corn

farrago of fossil carbon & fire.

curl windchurl
whorl an all-garland

around her temples heavy eyes—

old ivied oaktree.
Along the riversbluff
hawkscre in hollows

Mississippi no clearer
but instead...

Lords in large
houses growl grow

shift systems fence
row to fencerow

slopyard to slaughter
to rob Peter
to stab Paul.

Adding more to a many

Sing Maya
back to seed
& cotyledon

until you are all
alone in the land

— & woe.

Comely crone of a thousand youths mouthing her passing into a meal of milk,
give us again & again yr rebirth (that old violence) this time:
aliver! —
to thwart these roughshod means of meager control.
Open yr gullet. Swallow them whole. Oceanous Maya:
inert yr tides & fill this vacuous w/meat offerings.

Claim yr rightful tithes
spring
current sea

no enclosure
instead, community

(insteads being all-space
before Wool or Wire

tired same
fossils

feudal

ever on to this
new now—).

Bring forward the burnings

wheatgrass
amber & carbon

when effigies close
their soiled centuries-

wide jaws, ions & Maya erupt
from the moundtop

(then &
of course

the bison):

blue fire
green fire

matte. white.
Investors gather in the Legion
Hall, all gladhands & frothy jowls

to snuffle a swill together,
lick sauces from each other’s
chins & hum the corporate rag

—whole hog

Cutterworms leave big holes
& through the leaves big sky.

a blight on all
yr houses!

An invisible sheet shucked
from the soft typewriter:

dis/ease
pestilence
cutterworms

virus stains every thing purple:
—a batik of

sky wraps the river & trees
in its blue-dark vast, its
absent puffs & cowclouds.

big holes & mushrooming stink: flies
light rise & blot out the light—

a foreign body enters::

big worms/cutterholes

—Good evening, folks, thanks for comin’ (&c)
O frabjous day! a banker, doctor & lawyer
find new ways to milk life over plastic cups
& BBQ pork sandwiches, pickles dashed aside

—Callooh! Callay!

a code or
culture un
written by
the blot of
cutterworms

an absent batik from
the soft typewriter
is shucked & strafed

—a sound investment certain to please every...

& then they’re banging hamhands
fists & shoes on tables

(little sumthin we learned from
Nikita, just with white & blue too)

slinging jowls & shrieking:

moremoremore! meatmeatmEATMOREMORE!

Kowtow, white cow
& go!

—big or get—

Cutterworms
nod out of sight,
a nevermind,
a virus haven

invited in

—Drive out yer competitors & breathe in the sweet stink!
Stacks rise over stalks,
like stalks & spew
their thick-white—

meat feeds meat
sleeps in shit

a slurry

stinkstinkstink

surface & dive.

To spiral—

silo silo dented wind
blue broken phallus
lunge the bend smooth
again, god & his mysterious

—interference—

Radios in basements static,
funnel cloud dropping miles
enough away for alarm—

foghorny scream twists
slowly warning:

teratwisteratwis

running farm things,
folk twisting cellar stairwells
BOONE CALHOUN CARROLL
CRAWFORD DALLAS GREENE
& HAMILTON COUNTIES
—TO REPEAT

State-whole borders
charged & surging;

here
the apex:

winds from
3 waters battle over

time a plenty past
the mts to gain un
godly momentum
twisting surging
the flat space to
force a meeting

from the sallow light

a plexus in a point

around itself swirling
wind through earthbellows
organheart of molten spinning

fire against
a feather &
the weight of

: counterpoint

& this sung as the dirt sings.
Particualchemical. Ineffable.
Dead star matter. To wash it off.

depend a balance
on a pan of granite

gulley full up w/
twiggy-red pigiron

measured against
infinitive’s habit

from flower to seed
sing Maya, natural
minor

chromatic
white goes

blue to green
to red—void

&

pinprickt
presence

nautilus
horn

3 steps.

D.C. al capo
(again.)
In a flattened grass circle, they sit uncloth ed on brown paper & cardboard unforaged for dry fodder. Hills open & spittle the sky white in flecks, magma prisms & tendrilled milk, now churning:
the white arms of Pallas Athena or antenna trans mission ghosts— regardless, in meteors.
Campfire competes w/ crickets, maybe one will come to smoke or silence interrupted by distant hoglot feedings, clanging metal & metal, moistly transmitted a ghost through moonless fog.

Of course there’s that & the stars add something, maybe that brook—

Fire snaps a rimshot, wet wood—
two boys unhid,  
but then she’s

already turned. Dew-smereed
legs, no light but fire & stars.

Unhid, & then there’s
fog. Snap! Wet wood,

ghosting sparks.
These hills, bare feet

around this fire, move:
maybe Bacchus fits better.

smoke & watch.

(swim to the moon)

but then  
there isn’t,

only stars  
& water

go yellow go green  
death is the seed

come spring the pasture  
cow-clovered red petals  
faded white middle to end

for end for end  
corn beans then  
corn again

a rebirth—
Brown red Mother
in Maya, blue white male

absence opposite
a wealth of color
compact & enameled

jaggy teeth
of Maya’s
sharp staff

‘from which I grow’

This skin thrums for you.

Southerly bring rain
over glacier’s basin

metastasized fields grow over fencerows
leech the lone & dying tree

shucked & strafed

the seed from
which I see

(gut big
or gut out)

a market of
suppurated mouths
sob songs under moon
dome white too

—distended

end for end for
Maya in Legion
Hall the mongers doggerel:

—Tommy called—

eateateat
run prices supply & demand

funneled away from
decorticated land

—says all's fine.

Hail the legion mangy dog!
hims snuffling up dirt clods

indelible impression
iron & roundrubber
this forced spire

so w/
prehensile pads, skinripples they push
themselves forward (rolling small jaws)
to bring all things back
to use:

alchemical metals
ground down to sluice & fuel

poured through molds or
algorithms chiseled by

12 million mandibles openclosing
the rollranks of balance
due order

so why not turn
stone on itself?

—Remember him!

(me)
on display & plain
to see, a permanent

sea, this monument
w/ its excrement & cargrime

stands taller than cutterworms & pillbugs stretch

so they wait

other small things to clean it
lovinglike
another body

barnacles lichen & suckerfish

to keep the host alive

(this garbled force)
& these together hands
keep the shine on
our proud spire

something accomplished
a biscuit, then the band

—gladhands

& pads & skins to meet them
at close of all, a welcome-
home & rolling over, jaws move
them back to their only best face:

fuel
replenish
usage
due order

of small jaws &
mag(net)ical metals

energy

120
(sallow on entering
then, all-color—)

this host akin to
phantom, to stretch:

find ways to make it
tangible, analyze &
legislate it, proud spire—

‘our modern highly mechanized
sparsely peopled & abundantly productive
farming system’  (spiteful phantom)

ghost of an ethic: advance early (luck he sd) &

  go big

  shed
  what’s old

(1st ethic
/what nags
mornings/
lost)

  profit.

What’s heard from heroes received
w/ due welcome—FOLLOW. GO!

make them

so plot to plot till all one (woe)

the stink of
panfried

room-to-rooming
What drives them: out, off, to cities
(talents training blah w/ them)—GO

what dross left
among displaced many

in a town too small
to support, displace again.

Field to field to gutted plot
to this open to this barren

& arms rush in to
siphon off anhydrous

scurry back to barn
or abandoned farmhouse

good place
grow meth

hogshed shit cover, no body
bothers unless

it's made a token (or
someone forgot the cut for
khaki Chief Kaylor—)

spiteful user bivaled lips who shit make use of democrapitalism to milk what comes & drink the fat from buckettop plot to plot to manufacturd mindset & system
this break in power pass to power ever new system of a thing what comes

Spiteful oppressive specter
survey yr domain

(small things to keep you
shining) & still spire

& mtn know Maya what nags cutterworms & suckerfish find use in firing this
good use tight turn around briar's wombcocoon in sallow light in all color
cleanse what batik is stain is corrupted form 1st ethic of is of Maya & vesper
whiskers of grassfires funnelcloudcolumn da capo & this what this fat of

old hat

& the makings
in May a funneling
into & away
comes a harvest
comes a fallow

here ::::
the seed

& fire
This manuscript owes a great deal to the theories, practices, ruminations presented in the following works & mouthspeaks, disparate in their approaches & intents. What verbatim, what distorted, what inevitable present, here, in this squamous sod: to these & this—honor & antagonistic respect.


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