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“33”

by

Caleb Brooks

Bachelor of Arts
Trinity College
1987

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the

**Master of Fine Arts Degree in Creative Writing
Department of English
College of Liberal Arts**

**Graduate College
University of Nevada, Las Vegas
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Thesis Approval

The Graduate College

University of Nevada, Las Vegas

10/18

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The Thesis prepared by

Caleb Brooks

Entitled

"33"

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

Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

Examination Committee Chair

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Examination Committee Member

Examination Committee Member

Graduate College Faculty Representative

ABSTRACT

“33”

by

Caleb Brooks

Pablo Medina, Examination Committee Chair
Professor of English
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

“33” is a collection of poetry divided into three sections. The poems in the first section, Cycle, represent twelve “snapshots” of a year in a relationship. The names are Native American names for full moons within each of the twelve months. The initial poem in the series is a traditional invocation, this one to the god of love. The second section is less thematically grouped, however I feel that for the most part they do fit the tone and thematic intent of the work. That section is entitled Pompeii of Love after one of the poems contained therein. The final part is one complete poem, divided into 32 parts. Titled 32 Ways of Looking at Your Breasts after Wallace Stevens blackbird poem, it is a simple, extended love poem.

Thematically, the poems in this collection are held together by the belief that love is, indeed, a living god and one of the few worth worshipping. But love is also a fickle god in the spirit of the ancient Greek gods. These poems are about the spaces between people and how we occasionally and fleetingly are able to close those gaps...physically, emotionally, or both. It's always worth trying, as painful as it can be at times.

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ARS POETICA

“Another bedroom poem,” you moan
and pencil me in your disappointment book
between Arbor Day and a bad date.

Well, where should my mind go instead?
Should I pause to ponder the imponderable?
Wrap my attention around a cool concept
and try to blow the palms at the end of your mind?

I’d rather remember a singular Baja dawn I made,
just north of San Felipe,
than wonder how it got there. Me,
I had my thumb out.

Where should my hand go instead?
Should I finger misery like a lyre?
Drag my pen through blood to write
the human wrong?

I’d rather touch you, right now, and feel

you smile. To tell you the truth, I'd rather have a drink
than spin a revolution, take a ruler to someone else's
pain, or spit in a desert. My pain is deep enough.
My thirst too.

Where should my tongue go instead?
Should I sing the broken song of signifiers?
Should I try to unravel the miss of *this*
that is inherent in the *that* of the *the* even
the *then* that *these* of those *thems* over *there*
that...

I'd rather order the escargot and risk
the stigma of a garlic come-on
than stick my tongue in a nautilus
to see how far it will go.

But that's just me.

As for you...write on poet.
Do your inky thang.
Like I'll do mine.

She kissed my mouth colorfully
like a Capistrano monarch,
then migrated south.

Of course I wanted to write a poem;
it's a true story (or I would like it to be)
and it was beautiful.

Will it change the world?
Every moment does.

SECTION 1

CYCLE

INVOCATION OF MEMORY

*"He who has lived one year with the Love God's favor
has lived for all time and counts all else as nothing."*

from The Smaradipika

For a while Ananga Kama smiled
And I, in night delight
picked the lock on the Love God's gate
Inside his garden spread
I opened secret calyxes
glided in the Love God's swing
and played arcane games of chance
For a while there I lived
and loved

beneath the Love God's white umbrella
and danced at the prospect of pleasure
For a while I lived

UNDER A FULL SNOW MOON

From the couch of night
you would not let me go
loathing even to break our touch
to leave this pocket of creation
to move to bed

With a fertile morning snow
falling forgotten in a TV screen
under a white blanket
we incubated love

As I swept the dusting from my car
and eyes
drowsy but alive
in a breath of frozen dawn
I could feel
its pale, nascent fire

like a crocus

too impatient to wait for spring

UNDER A FULL BEAVER MOON

Offered upon thighs of rooftop

and spread wide upon your floor

I read the hieroglyphics of your shades

and trace the ancient lines

yet do not speak

for the words I finger

they do not fit

my mouth

and wonder

where in a thousand tongues

is a sound to touch

this soft mystery

UNDER A FULL WORM MOON

In a happy drunken smear of flesh

we have lost our minds

The teacher has left the room

Children cavort and riot

Compass spinning

helm unmanned

we circumnavigate

each other

unguided by stars obscured

Tires kiss pavement

endless

propelled on by that same touch

Banners unfurl, entwine, tatter

under single-minded skies

Planned cities topple

as plates

rub

Tide and river converge

eternal shudder

Metaphors, like caresses,

jump

in increasing urgency

In this arterial spin of byways

underpass of intersections

down at the crossroads

I lose my way

Sideways naked

on the cabin floor

I come to

your ankle?

A momentary sobriety

finds us

like contortionists in a spotlight

balanced

The spontaneous applause of laughter

plunges lovemaking from the wire
but catches us
in the safety net of love

UNDER A FULL FLOWER MOON

Obscured by clouds
in cool fitted sheets
serious drops lick
the last of winter
free
intent
like a child
with summer ice
With gentle violence
the earth is stroked
and entered
in moist thaw
This rain
presses and rubs
against our glass
with envious sighs
The bee of my mouth

traces
lambent lazy
paths
along your stem
drawn ever in
The scent of nectar
A streetlight
refracted
in your personal thaw
is transformed
First rays in dew
Past these beacons
I sail
into the heart
of your wild bloom
Warm zephyr of my breath
Migrating song of my fingers
Gentle tides of my tongue
The freshet rushes seaward
and your cry
is eternal
Persephone

UNDER A FULL STRAWBERRY MOON

Into the garden of my attractions annular paths linger ever
inward where shades unexplained flicker in pinioned flashes
brilliant dark like stellar roots, black dwarf diamonds released
by the soft ministrations of a spade scratching the elusive
vibration of their movement has me on my knees to peer
beneath leaves close to worship I revel in the arrogant aroma
of the sweat of angels mixed divine with morning dew cupped
between stems where I plant my kiss, my seed, my kiss again
and taste of strawberries and nectarines, of mushrooms and
ancient shores where lapping nymphic ripples draw me dancing
drowning on past yearning neophytes and hoary dryadic desires
who have slipped their beds, tripped their beds, together back
where the fence has been cast down beneath nature's insistence
that I abjure the trowel, the hoe and overalls, go naked for
who am I to designate what is a weed as I enter into the
jungle of my attractions

UNDER A FULL BUCK MOON

Where once you smiled at me in June

casting me in grace and legs
there would I stay still
buried in your shadow pressed
between the night and you

But cast now out upon the ground
my shadow seeks the night

UNDER A FULL GREEN CORN MOON

With practiced hands
of summer
you husk me
Dry and yellowwhite
The evening exposed
Coming on languid
yet sure
We prepare for a feast
The shadows of grass
cools through your fingers
as you stroke
away
loose tendrils from the new ear

Willingly I await
the eloquent cauldron
of your suspensive mouth

UNDER A FULL STURGEON MOON

A fishbone moon
discarded from last night's fervid feast
swims through blue
and runs it through
its hollow morning dive
Survivors, we wake amongst the ruins
in vague memories of the fall
There is food here for archeology
in the lay of a bra lace black
but not for us
Ours is not the unrumpling
of buried constructions
but the creation of a new

UNDER A FULL WOLF MOON

With animalistic charms

I scent your toothsome heat
Dire in my need
I assume the Alpha male
Through ancient moods
on your arced back
I ride
clawing at your curved flank
I drive
scratching at your round hips
I push
closer
to the end
and around
to the beginning
of time
howling
Lobo

UNDER A FULL HUNTER'S MOON

What is this game
of words
I play?

Loaded lines and snares
Shells and such of meaning
The obvious double-barreled
pun
With such blunt tools
what is this
I seek
to capture?
As if I could
mount feelings on a wall
or hold beauty in a light
as right as this
in which your birthday moon
will clothe you

UNDER A FULL COLD MOON

To the tuneful humm
of appliances dreaming
dreams of perpetual freshness
we unwrapped the night
even to our tupperwares
Constellations of onions hung suspended

as your tears fell below
me out of laughter
as we slipped
all out on the tiles
into love's outland-dish
stirring
while the moon
wrapped in brown-paper clouds
slowly ripened
like a banana's puckish blush

UNDER A FULL HARVEST MOON

Nobody
will ever fill
my sky
as you

Nobody
will ever fill you
as I

Didn't you know?

these moons

will never

come back

SECTION 2

POMPEII OF LOVE

LYING IN A HAMMOCK AT TOY-BUTY COMMUNE:

A POEM FORBIDDING MORNING

Apple tree boughs,
coral reef fans,
vivisect the morning.
Sugar edged leaves
contain the sun.
Only vague ideas,
shadows of the day,
reach me here.
The erect toolmakers
cannot find me
but the flies

find me
attractive.

EVENSONG OF THE WHIPPOORWILL

He will walk no more
in the gardened evening
from where she flew
skirts flapping

Shadows charge along the path
battling memory
in her open room
candle wax and wane

Darkness conquers completely
for there is no bloody moon
but that victory too
is Pyrrhic

No one remains
unvanquished
in love

CLEANING MACKEREL

In the Evinrude stammer of an incoming tide
and the deeper throat of a lobsterman's diesel,
voices of fog fill the mouth of the cove.

A child crouches by the shore
cleaning mackerel.

Under the pectoral fin with a rust-spot knife
and the head stares off to sea. The beauty
of blood washes hands. The blade smiles open
bellies of cool fish, and small fingers flutter
at guts. The child carefully swims each, headless,
and cold blind hunger licks them clean.

She arranges elegant black and blue patterns of their skin,
lining six striped bodies in three rows of two.

She wipes dry the blade on her shirt and walks
barefoot toward the house.

Beneath the surface, crabs seethe in contention
and joy.

SHE DREAMS OF ME AMONG THE MEM-LOG

The scent of coffee filters into sleep

and our dreams spill over into day.

There, in a doomed patch of sun,

we would display them to each other,

these absurd morning treasures,

delighted with their momentary shine.

Now, you slide from the white embrace

of sun and sheets

to separate the soft smooth brown of you

from me.

I have committed crimes in the night

it seems

without moving from your side

and so must be tried, again.

Against indictments for future wrongs,

what possible defense can there be?

except a warning

that a man in chains

will live to regret

his innocence.

Ah, but there in the mirror

I could not make you see,
Cassandra, pouting in a black bra.

CARETAKER

Emptied of summer's sneezes
Devoid of mackerel stink
The garden blows a dried arabesque
A rising raga in the chimneys
The frost plays the empty pipes
The wind taps a spout
A crescendo of tide
Takes three quick steps
Of your path from the beach
You may ascribe to it a feeling
Like calling some jazz by a name
But it will be yours alone
The truth can be seen
From a pane that has carelessly lost its glazing
An unguent light sweeps the house with regularity

IN L.A.

The conversations repeated. The conversation
repeated. Our waiter, but that's cliché.
Her neighbor. The goddambagger
at the market. She was Casting.
He, like I said, was a bagger but
striving. O the pathos of his paper or
plastic. There is only one conversation
in L.A.

No star maps, I took her on *my* tour of her city –
an abandoned zoo overgrown and run by
coyotes and then the world's largest pet cemetery
(I was unable to talk our way in
to the world's largest pet crematorium)
Maybe not the best tour but certainly something
different. Back in her L.A., onion skin
and pepper seeds hit the cutting room floor.
When her roommate swept in with the
dish, news of her latest Project, we ran
for the covers, laughing.

Okay, maybe there are two conversations
in L.A.

RACHEL, JOHN DONNE AND THE ROAST BEEF SANDWICH

And then my Sunday feeling opens up
like some ravenous yawning beast
and your voice echoing goodbye
becomes but one in a great din
of voices past and to come
all crying
in anguish that they too must depart
The heavy heated non-weather
of this August death evening
holds each minute
pinned
to the motionless earth
Each of these horrific voids
threatens me with more to follow
until their tale is an entire life
stretching out ahead
of me empty

alone

There is a window through which I have watched
as hundreds drove away
taking that space that we had created
and tearing it from this house
jagged
leaving me to trim the edges
and sweep away their traces
to ready it to be filled again
eventually
But the promise of that eventually
is small
compared to the air displaced
by that one last wave from a back seat

There is that space
always
after great joy
and why must that be?

I have been marooned on the island of beginning
and wanted never to be found

for there is purity
having never been cut
with that necessity
of goodbye

She lured me there with tribal dances
and I explored the landscape of her shoulder
softly with my lips
And when she smiled
(she has a metaphysical smile)
and when she smiled
that island became the world

I whispered my screams of emotion
into the nape of her beauty
for to do so to her eyes
to her mouth
I feared
would frighten her away
or drown me
I burned bananas in her honor
My hands told stories too...

I wished to wrap the whole thing up
escape northward
to Montana for Christmas
and not answer the door
for it is only the wind

A man from another planet
tromped by in rubber pants
and reminded us
the river must flow on

On rafts of Egypt and Africa I traveled
with my Brooklyn-born Cleopatra
"Beware river guides in disguise"
I warned her
"Nothing is as it seems in the summer"
I turned sulky like the weather
and had to cry
when the Greyhound fumes blew all the world
my mortal solitude
back in my face

There is that space

always
after great love
and why must that be?

What more would you make of this
than a meal
my satirical brother?
I believe you
could understand my passion

I wonder
could you understand my pain?

Were they but words
your torments fixed
or did you truly feel
fire, darkness, mixed?

She sends me your words
that I have felt before
and again I am tied
to her
to you
and so
cut loose
in time

Your thoughts, as all, are repeated

I too have been unbodied

by her eyes

I too have traveled

and found the world

in her

I too have cursed that wretch

and burrowed deeper in my caves

I too have been marred

by that mandate

societal sustenance

and cried out for apostasy

from those oppressive robes

I have been clothed in her sweat

sweeter touch than silk

sweeter taste than spice

And now what they tell me

wears thin

The Gregorian monk rides a forklift

chanting slowly

Tirare la caretta

Tirare la caretta

There is that sorrowful dirge

always

pulling me back

from where I would be

There is that tear

as you filter from the coliseum

into the falling Pittsburgh sky

Going home, going home

There is that drop

painted in a handprint

on a wall

an emptied room

graduation day

There is that slip

irrevocable in a pudgy high-school kiss

off-centered and dismissive

that you know will be the last

There is that knot
drawn tight within you
by her band-aid
flesh-colored forgotten in the penny sand
beneath the front seat

There is that terror
tonight
in the longing this food cannot satisfy
spiraling out from the pause between bites
taking me again

Tear drop
Slip knot
Terror

There is that space
Always
in everything small
waiting
to open up around me

All that
was
is
contained
in this moment
in this sandwich
in this poem
always
and why must that be?

DAYS OF 630

On a sandal-sifted byway, a strip of feral desert allowed roaming between ancient walls, they are breaking gods in the dust. Merely the periodic annihilation of weaker options. In another quarter, in the shade of a faded awning at the Café El Abab, a young Bedouin, his business completed, sips from a horn cup and shoos a ragged mendicant away from the table. He smiles a caravan of secrets at a passing trio of young city girls, who giggle and flutter in kohl.

THEY HAVE A WORD

Three cold cups of coffee and an open
door. Here, in a linoleum dawn, there is toast

and damp white sheets hanging forgotten over
an uncut lawn. *I'll do it today.* The family lies

in the early shadow of their neighbors' walls.

Comfortable and informal, death wears a blue

housedress. A radio plays. Under the rusty grin
of the mill, a man kneels, not to pray

anymore, kneels and takes the other's testicles in his mouth
as the sight of a rifle watches, rapt. Dry, hollowed

eyes, he closes, with his teeth, he tears.

At a cinder siding idled in August, the girls were taken

from the train, from cattle cars (yes, cattle cars. You can't
help

but hear echoes clang und strum as images couple and roll).

After the sixteenth Irregular, one more than her age,
blissfully

she lost consciousness. Deep in the depths of the Drina

below an ancient bridge, a cutthroat trout hangs
in a sheltering lie, breathing blood.

They have a word for the lonely and lost
places like this: *vukojebina* – *where the wolves fuck*

a word for times when the wind slinks through trees
at the end of a rutted road, where the field falls

to wood, where the last civil rows of corn at the edge
are sacrificed, ravaged by deer and sun and sere.

Here there is a freshly turned patch of earth,
rectangular – a postcard from Europe, summer 1993.

THE CRIB

An Indian whore opens
her eyes upon the Virgin
Mary amongst wilted paper flowers
opens her arms too
above rumpled confessions

The child watches
with eyes as large and black as the arroyo night
But silent with no glint of judgment now
And later
outside her door
open upon the rusted bed
(the only advertising she can afford)
the beaten white of river rocks
in the wash of moonlight
glows in the shine of her short chemise

HAKATA BAY

On the forty ninth day of battle
all drums and horns
that had so frightened our mares
fell silent.
Sticky jaundiced fingers of air tensed
in promise of retribution.
Silent, we watched from the shore
as twenty eight hundred junks spun slowly
and jockeyed desperately for the open sea.
Great drops of fear peppered their decks

calling forth blood and salt from the planks.

Ten thousand oars tried to beat the time
in vain.

On shrieking chargers came our prayer,
straight from the mouth,
cutting jagged troughs across the bay.

All that night my father strode the wild beach
his armor whistling the song of the wind.
Those unlucky enough to crawl from the angry black
he greeted.

First rays tentatively stroked the new skin
of carnage
as I and my brother ventured out.
With bare feet and grins we scampered
from horse belly to rice cask to shattered prow.
On this miraculous raft of victory,
gently bumping on the peaceful incongruous tide,
with my knuckles I tapped
a beat of my own
to those above
and to the legions below.

THE FENG SHUI OF MY BED

Let go your delicate balance
and I will hold you
complete

Let me sink into your culture

Let me taste your terraced scent

Close your amygdaline eyes

with me

on the inside

SON OF A GUN

Inheritance of hate

Involution of mind

Is handed down

In a lack of will

The family heirloom

Like a loaded colt

Jumps generations

To finish

My brother

Coparcenary of loss

Admires its shine in a glass

And pours out

Another slow bullet

LITTLE DID SHE KNOW, HE WAS NOT COUNTING SHEEP

I am the insomniacal ringmaster of the night

I crack the whip

I will make you jump through hoops

I will dive you from on high

Hold you balanced tight

In the carnal carnival

I will join you up

Bare backed in sleep

You are riding through the night

POMPEII OF LOVE

High in a tower near the sea

we made love once

where a blind man died

listening to the clams whisper

"come."

Among Braille bones

our fingers traced words

on each other

our hands told stories.

It was there, in his darkness,

I first lost your smile

and felt you come too

into that void.

In the morning we gathered.

As the water crept up around me

I worked quickly, musselling against the tide.

Only your laugh could cut the wind

and draw me in.

Spent shells kissed my soles

as I moved towards the shore.

But even those

delicate, masochistic slices

there, were sweet.

I always kept that first loss close.

Like a worry stone

I learned its feel.

Yesterday I read in the paper

how I'd lost your smile again

for better or for worse

for good.

I mouthed the words like an understudy,

listening, as the closing night applause

rips meaning from time.

I cut a picture from a magazine

of someone who looks more like you

than you now.

With it I return

to your autumn woolen body,

your leafpile hair,

the sun, the moss, the mountain and I

and the slow love we made to you.

Moments in a history dying.

Something beauty was going to say

but forgot.

I too must begin to wonder,
as my words slowly lose the real green
of your eyes,
is it really you I miss?
Or you, myth?

In the twilight
water and wind
wear smooth the edges of the day.
Dead heroes and aerial lovers
sing.

WOOD

Pinocchio loved the ladies
and the ladies loved him,
even when he lied —
especially when he lied.

“Tell me,”
they’d plead in sweat-covered voices.
From between their legs,
Pinocchio would smile

a wooden smile.

“I love you.”

ADDICTIONS BEGIN

For Jessica

In the dark morning after
one lit night, I stand
apart again, pounding within
another apartment of chance

And there
this poem
could end
but won't
for all
its trying

Strung out on shadows
heart like a moth — tattered
ragged and cold
beats

up

against her

looking to score

Again I am drawn by the artist

as she bares herself in contradictions

as she covers herself in truths

And again I reach the stage

where I know

I will pay

for the drama

Is this the stroke of fate

or something darker, a want

that feeds on me?

Like the boxer bloodied one would think

I'd learn to lead with something

other than my heart

It's my right, perhaps, but

I could have

just

left

But again I stand for more
More than these fleeting traces
of beauty, the incense of her
scent wrapped tightly in the arms
of my shirt but fading like her
rapid smile

I could not hold
for long

Let's take it slow she said
a breath too late and will you
see me again she asked as if it were
a choice

At the end of a dead-end street
we kissed

There was nowhere else to go

SAVOY MOUNTAIN SITE #22

Throughout the night
the apples fell

with a cold, solid
thwock
and a leafy applause
like a reenactment
of the French Revolution
Nearby and naked
I touched your skin
as smooth
as moonlight
Around us
the apples fallen
awaited the burning caress
and the lambent kiss
of the autumnal bee
(There's a bee in your poem.
I'm sorry. I know
how they frighten you.
I'll drive it away now)

But you and I
we did not wait
for morning

I JUST WANT TO...

make love

write a poem

make love

write a poem

make love again

I just want to

make love all day

on a rainy day

I just want to

write a poem that puddles

in your sleep

I just want to

make love

write a poem

I just want to

make love like words

I just want to
write words that moan

I just want to
make love
write a poem
make love

I just wrote this poem
now
I just want to...

SECTION 3

THIRTY-TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT YOUR BREASTS

I.

Somewhere in the world

right now

a light snow falls

but here

your breast

is warm

II.

The acclivity of my mood

modulates softly

with your breathing

III.

In a language without sound
my lips know rounded words
I'm speaking with my tongue
mouthing lineless stories

IV.

This is a transitive power
that I should feel so
when you touch
yourself

V.

Which?
you ask
beneath a wry smile
your offering

As well to ask a child

which side
of a lollipop

VI.

green silk strokes
a cinnamon breast
senses real

VII.

Vain pharaohs, feuhrers and popes
set your architects ascurry
What use their scribbling stones?
What use?
Would you have them
compete with this
perfection?

And yet Kubla Khan...

Nature has decreed
pleasure domes of her own

VIII.

Press close
and I follow
the beat
and am
dancing

IX.

There at the window
the sky crowds in
Clouds push each other by
jockeying for a glimpse
Stars behind
wink in lewd salute
Catcalls of a rowdy wind
draw out the moon
Curious
it sniffs across the night
and settles in
purring on your breasts

X.

When you turn yourself away
your breast presses
against my mind

XI.

Most like an animal thus
lycanthropy of lust
In this heat be my mystic mythic bitch
and I will be the son of gods
Romulus lies smiling, awaiting your twin
offerings held in gravity's hands
Nourish me that I may
raise armies, build cities
live

XII.

The dusty flower of my hand,
as brown as the African sun will hold it,

blooms softly
upon your midnight breast

XIII.

These are ancient anchors
I hold
that hold
firmer than steel
for softness

XIV.

There are no laws that apply
no sine no cosine
for curves that so consistently
change

XV.

Would that I had
two mouths
to keep your attention

you, most fickle

nipple

XVI.

The sight of your breasts at morning

My poems refuse their names

XVII.

Like Mohammed I come

and mountains

tremble

XVIII.

Picture this

these

pages stacked

to desired

thickness

Spent paper

on a paper moon

Hold onto what's real

You worship golden calves

idols without love

false ideals

How far will they raise you?

Ask out at the edge of town

Ask out on the strip

where they are waiting still

waiting for Miriam

XIX.

There are a thousand words

they would have me use

but none can enclose

this

like my hand

XX.

A cashmere breeze is blowing
Your breast is clothed in autumn
as leaves were meant
to fall

XXI.

The moment the lights go down
before the film begins
The slow olfactory construction
of a feast
The pull of a final curve
going home
Sweet promises of a whole
yet alone
complete
This dress tonight
whispers too
stories that need no endings

XXII.

I study the bible of your breasts by candlelight

Chapter and verse

Timeless compendium of history

Revelation of a myth

I will ask questions of your flesh

Take mystery for a reply

In the night we are making

New religions

XXIII.

The Queen she wears her treasures

nightly to her bed

where eager comes the King,

figures in his head,

to tally his accountings

beneath his hands they roll

over and accrue

interest

Coins of the realm of love

The King is in his counting house

XXIV.

Lying on my side
we spoonfeed the night
drowsy doses of comfort;
to the sheep their grass,
the lowing creep of dreams...
Yet wait!
What movement now is this?

Alive in fields of our wishes
a butterfly is loose
at play,
flitting about
your nature

You stir as if to move
from this
my nature

For now yours are inside thoughts
waiting to be writ

upon the pages of your eyes

Ah, but my hand ignores

this change in metaphors

In the library of our wishes

a butterfly is loose

at play,

flitting about

your lines

But calm,

don't pull away

See,

he puts himself

to rest

pressed

between the pages

of your sleeping

breasts

XXV.

All day

your breasts

cast shadows

None

need tell me

what time

is

XXVI.

A short black dress

moves across you

like a passionate squall

and my gaze is lost

all hands wanting

in the Triangle

of your cleavage

Laugh but when they look

for me

I will be gone

in you

A feast still steaming

at an empty table

XXVII.

Barefoot

you walk across this page in jeans

and a plain white T

This is an American poem

XXVI

In seas of sightless night

what landfalls I have known

Vanilla scented isles

of lust and peace

XXIX.

I roll from dream

grasping for the tactile touch

hand on flesh

This alone assures me

of the reality
of the dream

XXX.

The discarded husk of your bra
still contains scents
of wild
harvest

XXXI.

Now I watch
you dress to leave
slowly covering
ground
yet hold you still

Now I caress
memories touched
moments I will feel
again

Now I try
to cradle this in words
to cover
so much more
than I can get my mouth around

please wait
I am not finished yet

XXXII.

When the stars fall down
and your breasts
they may
I will be counting still

VITA

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