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## WOLF!!! VOL. 1

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WOLF!!! VOL. 1

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A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment  
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**Dissertation Approval**

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## Abstract

The following manuscript, titled "WOLF!!! vol. 1," investigates the cultural fetishization of power. By placing value on power and on progress, each lauded for their own sake, distances these values from how they serve people. In a situation like this, a system of power is virtuous as far as it can't be overcome by another power. This concern is postmodern one; recognized by theorists such as Foucault, Lyotard, and Jameson. Lyotard posits that efficiency becomes the rubric for goodness in a late-capitalist society. Something is considered good if it produces the maximum amount of output with a minimal amount of effort. But this ignores the effects of efficiency on people. He also highlights the process of legitimation, in which progress (especially scientific progress) becomes a tool through which institutions may legitimate themselves allowing a continued sense of progress to be seen as good regardless of how negatively it impacts the lives of people.

The poems contained within this manuscript put scientific knowledge and narrative knowledge in conversation with each other. Through imagery, references, and allusions to nuclear power/culture (one of the most immediately recognizable ways to visualize a large amount of power), they center themselves around the question: *is power good?* In order to explore this question, aspects related to scientific knowledge (specifically to nuclear power) appear alongside aspects of traditional forms of narrative knowledge (anchored by the symbol of the wolf). As a symbol, the wolf simultaneously represents power, but also symbolizes power as inherently negative or inherently positive. The contradictory nature of this symbol, in which the animal is praised for its strength while reviled for its savagery, perfectly suits it for this sort of discussion—the interpretation of the wolf as a symbol is heavily dependent upon the context in which it appears.

This manuscript functions in opposition to binary and dichotomous modes of thought; as in society, the roles of each of the manuscript's characters constantly shift as they react to each

other. In order to better disrupt these binary modes of thought, the manuscript includes poems that employ a variety of structures, typically eschewing or transmuting received forms.

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WOLF!!! vol. 1

and appetite, an universal wolf  
force should be right, or rather right and wrong  
psychedelic violence crime of visual shock  
if we defend ourselves, what will become of us  
when you see something that is technically sweet, you go ahead and do it  
can you count, suckers? the future is ours if you can count  
miracles is the way things ought to be  
our turf, our little piece of turf  
can you dig it?  
three  
two  
one

\*\*\*\*\* the warriors \* shakespeare \* x japan \* oppenheimer \* godzilla \*\*\*\*\*

*OGNI PENSIERO VOLA*

0.

*MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN US AND WELCOME US ALL*

My name is Jeremiah Robinsons and I worry.

Sometimes I kill my friends  
in little words

to see how it will feel

to pin their loss in language.

Not that, no, not  
exactly: no, not that at all: *my* loss

in *my* language. Sometimes I eat lambs and nights

I grind my blanket between my maxillian teeth  
and my mandiblian teeth. To tell the truth

I've been told that I don't breathe and that I cry

in my sleep. My name is Jeremiah Robinsons  
and I often get confused. Get and get  
it and get to it and get it away from me

are all a difficult sentence to parse.

But I'm certain  
that I'm writing to you

from the opening of the world.

From the everbefore  
where the idea still proves more  
tangible than the thing.

From the most dangerous of places.

Each new thought, here,

is a womb for a new type of death. I worry

about my friends in order to ignore myself.

My name is Jeremiah Robinsons  
and I want you to make meaning,

but not from what's here,  
from what's in you. Because  
if there was ever a time to worry  
it was, and *is*  
now, and was then, and may be  
tomorrow. It's time to imagine that there's a reason  
for other people to hurt you,  
that isn't, simply, *because*  
(we all think we do good)  
*they are evil.*

1.

UNCLEARLY, THE OCTOPUS IN THE NUCLEAR SEA

We hurt. O the big bad  
is, and was, and might-out, still be, friend, a littlé  
good. This is for us to say,

but don't; we're not here

for some dark crying of the old wolf down.  
Like Frankenstein's monster, we are alivé!!! And,

like a naked rain  
raking across the oaks,

it's weird to see all this life happéning  
in front of us.

Why can't bulldogs and tea in small cups be

enough? Good graciousness, lah!!! A terror

to use a life for a moral, explains the famewolf

Fen to all the little boys and  
the lambs and the sheep

and to whatever else it happens to be

that he wants

to eat. But let's let him

saunter, wool-warm, belly-heavy with hoggetts,  
to carry the news that whether  
by wave or by rain or by bomb, the world

is getting flatter minute by minute.

Wolfiewolf; he states: *Nothing to do nor to be*

*done*. Friend, trust me, he doesn't want you  
to trust him,

not on this, no sir, *not one bit*.

2.

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY GLOWING

Things were happening.

*Certainly*, most reverent sirree, *things*, also, *weren't*.  
Oceans didn't boil. Most, but not all, fish rose  
to touch the sky and those,

they scratched their flanks across the horizon,  
glinted then rotted

with a restless rocking. Súnk!

Rivers only occasionally  
caught fire and only occasionally did those fires  
snake out for the seas.

The land was no better, winters froze deer standing;  
summer shoved them over. In Chicago,

my own car wouldn't start because of the weather.  
Imagine *thát!* Your turn: speak. (A con-

ver-say-ti-on!) Loopy de loop: *J'ai une idée; un conte!*  
*Il était une fois when there were*  
*some folks:*

*Br'er Lawyer, he laidt about in the sun, scratching his tummy bald.*

*And Oh!!!, Br'er Robot, he félt about the warehouse for his eyes;*  
*watched and beeped*  
*and calculated his own fumblings.*

*Br'er Brother Friar Fra? Well Br'er Brother*  
*did and undid and was told*

*that this is what makes for salvation & and & this kept him,*  
*and this kept him safe.*

But, Bigelow Wolf, of the housecats: what?

*Indeed. Br'er Feline unpackt his sparseness off the uptown bridge.*

*milk jug collars, plastic ties, tailless mice:*

*all his treasures float*  
*and they all floated away. Toys.*

*Catfallen, he climbed to the top of a fence and jumpt  
but landed. To the top of a house and jumpt*

*ánd landed. Trees then parking garages then skyscrapers.*

*The moon was Br'er Feline's last hope,  
and even that lookt too low to die from,*

*and that was, and that was*

*all-- that was that. That*

*answérs my question, monsieur. Here, your tréat.*

3.

LITTLE BOY STARTLES THE WAVES

The boy continued to sob *wolf* long after  
he'd sogged the sheep  
with his snot and with his tears.

You, friend, by now, must know

that it's rough to tolerate another's sadness  
for any longer

than a few brief seconds. The flock flocked off.  
And where was he, our boy-little?

Built a shelter out of mourning and painted letters to the faraway  
on the walls that not even the collected histories of tornados could deliver. Né-  
*er*. Where boy-little was, *wás* firmly a-

part. No one answered anything, no one  
showed up with a gun, or returned from the store

with some cigarettes and a bottle of Nikka Yoichi 15.

A recording of Chester Burnett gnawing at a guitar rattled the afternoon.

Boy-little-and-littler texted *wolf* to strange numbers.

Updated all of his statuses to say the same. Wrote it  
on the walls of stalls in public restrooms,  
and painted the sidewalks magenta

with *wolf wolf*

*wolf*.

Why don't you stop  
all this sadness business? It's sim-  
plé, *easy*: just assert a little will, keep yourself

from crying out for what's no longer there. But boy (the),  
he *knows*: he knows  
there is always a trouble coming.



5.

*THE BOY IN A STATE OF EXCITEMENT, LIKE NEW YORK AND NOT WYOMING*

Wild snow  
proclaims another blackberry winter;  
come later this year

than ever. Little boy-little found himself  
filled with horrors and hungers

not so différent from those of the big bad.

Speaking of.

Out of the culvert, a body stalks a pair of eyes. Desire

measured in sieverts; *our love is positively radiating*  
*and, friend, it is negatively charged* says the big bad

to himself as he undoes  
his lab coat with his incisors (*white stained with white!*) and

pours himself a double double. A mirrorbaldfaced *sháme*.

The boy has his certainties as he dreams up:

the skeletons of bears wearing well-cut suits;  
dahruma dolls with spiders' debts of unfilled eyes;  
puppies so happy that they wag their tails bloody;  
a white river that even the moon won't touch;  
the light that can only be seen from the bottom of the sea;  
cornhusk-men planted in barren land and, later, a tide of scarecrows;

where he carries the scars of the things that didn't leave scars;

the warning that's more terrible because it makes you think  
you have time

to do something  
about it.

And all the while, the flayed horsemen  
ride their flayed horses. It's here, after the threat,

where, like shadows painted on brick,

all the world suddenly  
makes its little sense.

6.

*ARE YOU WASHED ARE YOU WASHED*

The wolf was *washt*  
in the blood of the lamb;

the lamb was too.

Boy-little stank to high heaven. Had, himself,  
a way of getting outside of things

by dropping into them:

he callt this *watching*.

Such devotion, in forms: *all*. Theaters prayed to spectacle.  
Opera and surgeries and military opérations (oh,  
*my*). *Norma*, fat men sang. Boys opened

themselves up under strange hands  
that, when finished, then, sewed them

shut. Tanks pinocchioed, respective, their ways west. It was friday,  
fridáy. So much *péform-ancé!* It's impossible,

even, to speak without enacting one lie or another

(or more). The clouds pretend at rain and Sis'ér Sun  
beams knowing that *Tod ist ein Wolf*

*als Wolke verkleidet*. Translated: relax

because today is like, a really nice day, dude.

7.

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR / SALT CITY, BUDDY

For the giggles and the shits,  
let's elute the imáginings from the boy.

Some stairs snaked (or snook) up into the sea.  
Panda bears, childless, took to the risen ocean;  
busied themselves with piracy,

bamboo flashed beyond every horizon.

The sun reprimanded the night  
every few hours  
and hid offstage, to drive the audience

to demand another *encore*. Automatonobots got jaded  
with the late shift;

*this job is for the vampires!* Sheesh.

Tamaraws and javelinas slept in the same pens.  
Tides of leaves shuddert with the coming season.  
The papaya of discord. Fantastic, satellites and seeds

tript the light with their constant falling.  
Cyborgs drank their circuits short.

Pigeons fattened and burst in flight. Feathers,  
otherwise inexplicable, haunted the afternoons.

The boy wanted to eat the wolf, and the wolf, the boy.

That's all. Washéd and cleanséd: *done*. What's not there  
is boy-little. The leftover gloop: only (and last) words;

and I don't, uh, I don't think I, uh, speak this language.

I, not the boy, built an ocean and a pier on the moon  
and I never had no intention of making any goddamned ship  
to dock there. I wanted to see if the earth,

reflecting in the magmatic waters, could also pull a tide.

Nothing ever sounded too good to be true. *Encore!*

8.

*I AM THE ALPHA AND THE BETA, AND THE GAMMA TOO*

And whát *bad* company you are, Br'er  
Trinitywolf, of the long tooth and tinied tongue.

Tell me a story, says the boy, quietly, of joy.

Warily and wearily, the wolf:  
Those ears of yours, they are exceptionally big.

*The better for you to whisper into* (boy-little).

But those arms of yours, they're as thick as a woodcutter's,  
not a boy's.

*How else would would I be able to hone this axe so sharply?*

Roger then, I wilco-  
opérate; he began:

Salvos announced the coming of Spring!  
Eyes bruised, blue as delphiniums.

Everyone slept with everyone and this made no one,  
ever, anywhere, feel *dévástátéd*. Too much goodness  
to fit into a proper tale.

*Why are you a wolf?*  
I hadn't noticed.

*What did you wanst to beést, if ne'er a wolf?*  
A mother. Devoured families  
just to feel something  
inside of me  
kicking with life.

*Why do you want to be a wolf?*  
...  
How could I have helpt it?

9.

*THIS GREAT FANTASTIC FAIRYLAND PROJECT*

Brushed lips like paint, then  
like dust. Landscape;

a flatness, in riot, mote down  
and etched itself both over  
and beneath families.

Trace your love on the desolateness  
of my back in the streetlit room-- like that:

a message unmarked

but there. Nothing more

remarkable than an endlessness of nothings.

Our imagination has brought us here: the sky

filled with clouds; marshmallows, burnt and skewered, all,  
on the tooth of daybreak.

In a room somewhere nice,  
a kindness kicked itself,

not free, but *nearly* free

of the chair and its own stubborn neck (both!).

10.

*PUT THIS ROSE BEHIND YOUR EAR; THORNY*

Dance the St. Vitus. Put, she, her hair up  
and then dropt

her skirt

down. Explosion, then stardust. Light bulbs lit

by sunset. Kisst, then

after, met. Glorious, to upset the small order of things.

Mistake the heart as inherently whole,  
and you'll waste your life trying to restore it. Instead,

assume that the heart

starts out in pieces; add one to another;  
watch it all get bigger.

11.

*THE THREE LITTLE WOLVES*

Haunted by odd angles, the house unsettled itself at night.  
Boy-little could barely bring himself

to sleep there. Préfered to use tombstones for pillows. Skipped stones  
in the flooded basements of the old warehouses by the river

and dreamt of puddlelight on asbestos. Walked into the space  
farthest from the flat ending of the woods,

where there was a minigolf course,  
and there he practiced long silences  
with statues of tikis, and windmills, and gorillas.

*Wolf* was a burr seed; a word that clung then scattered.

This little wolfie-wolf. This little wolfie-wolf. This little wolfie-wolf.

One, sick, got shot with rock salt. She, like lomo, was curéd.

One climbed into the cold, and thence was savéd.

One showed up with his seven eyes  
and his overdue copy of Genji and bleated *savagely*.

Whénwhy'd you get so narrative, Sis'ér Sir? Shít,

*boy*, the house blew over forever more.

You can't recant wreckage, especially  
in the honeysuckled mornings of Spring,

when it's most needed.

And if-should, from here, follow tears,

then fellow, hide them in shrieks--

wolf-last-and-first:

stay clean and drunk; I'm feéling dirty-sober. Ain't no revelator,  
nor no revelator né'er a-coming.

*Creidim dom*. Down the hatch.

12.

*A FALLING OUT*

Granmamman dropped the potato masher! Radioed the waves

and calmed the séa; beep-bop-boop. An uneasiness  
causes boy-little to invoke those old timey gods of yore:

calls forth, he, the hulking shape, the devil  
of dare, the mensch of spiders but nonesuch

appéars. The downer of them, something negative,

man. He figurés a plan; paints blueprints on cave walls  
(and we called them deer!!!). Listed, hére, out the elements

for something to make him *big*:

Prometheus hummed. Pluto *nom-nom*  
*-nomed*. All was right with the underworld.

There: superheroéd. *Boy-littleman*.

Does this make Wolf bigger too?

Afraíd        it does. But then, there was

ne'er a reason to celebrate

that didn't involve someone killing something.

Let's cook. Our happiness  
comes from the practice of being mean, together,

and at it: we are *good*.

The boy called out wolf;  
      cried out to the wolf;  
              sobbed wolf

and did so, uncomforted.

And why should they have come?

Your feelings aren't (*and don't*) matter. Gévaudan's beast  
appears; *you were crying for me*.

What are you Mr. Wolf?

*I am a death in boy's clothing.*

13.

*WHAT DID YOUR FATHER TEACH YOU?*

Jeremiah Robinsons:

Of course, first, doing *it*, and after,  
to be above the concerns of hunger.

Wolf:

To kill, but never the how  
or why of it.

Boy-little:

To cry, and out, and for, and loud.

Sis'er Owl:

There is money to be made, but not to be made  
like counterfeiting-made or to be made  
in the actual, but still, to be made.

Br'er Brother Friar Fra:

I was born to replace their other, dead,  
son. He taught me that no *one*

can replace anyone & noone isn't  
a replacement for any *one*.

Me, yes, me:

To simply be  
a wolf in a wolf's clothing.

Wolf Sr.:

Not to play my part.

*And what doth y'all teacheth to yourself?*

All:

Ne'er better.

14.

*INWARD, RAVENOUSLY, THE WOLF*

The boy takes the skin off  
the wolf and makes it his own. Above him:

the night lurks, and at this, he bleats.

Heartbeats fell into line. Hair rose to the heavens.

Br'er Fat Man became a stoutly sort of gentewolf.  
Took to order and the like.

Got a job. A little husband. Blogged  
about food. Bought some kids and had a dog. Gambled

and kept his secrets on the side: a saféning.

Brought a system to it all: *expiation*. And so the citiesmen

followed. Dingy, they hung fleshwolves  
from nooses made of copper wire;

dropt them from windows.

The wind was a flipblade, carried  
by unconquered space; and it carved

its name across the earth.

Mechanical wolves were built and, followed,  
mechanical prey; they spun after

and away from one another through the cut-out forest.

I want to make you *súperflat*.

All it took to make art  
was to hurt yourself.  
Or to pretend

to have already been hurt.

All it took to be happy  
was to find someone

who would assure you

that you already were.

The wolf cried out to boy-little  
and from his gut: a rumbling.

The wolf bit his own tongue, which tasted  
of tongue and the barest (but blackest)  
hint of licorice.

15.

*RADICAL TO THE ROOTS, AN ETYMOLOGY*

From out of a bucket of water in an unlit room,  
a war's worth of frightening images. Some,

inexplicable: a priest drinking a glass of milk

or a boy, naked, standing amongst undressed mannequins. Some,

*not*: for example, the woman tiptoeing through the wreckage  
of a town, repeatedly asking "is anyone here

alive?" and waiting for an answer. It's too expected. In me,

the sweet birds songed. An answer escaped.

Outside of me, branches bounced out the last minute  
of 4'33" to one, single, unperturbed, squirrél.

*Frightful!* It was the middle of times,

and would remain so for, seemingly, ever. Above,  
boy-little skywrote imperfect hearts.

The wolf flashed shyly.

Not even the clouds can devastate the sky for too long.

Forgive me. Forgive me. Though I can't  
give you a reason to,

forgive me. Each day foretokens a new history

where people have willed their wishes into pennies  
and tossed them into the ocean and there, they fall forever.

Your wishes are falling like bombs. Your wishes  
are destroying the countryside, the city, your enemy. Mé?

Making believe, I dropped  
an eye into a well and told folks I saw a reason at the bottom.

Someone gasps "I am alive" but it comes out as the sound  
of a plane flying, safely, away.

Gossip knows a body better than it knows itself.

The sky is on top of this shit. Not even the planes rise higher.

And despite áll of this, the ghosts  
gave up, hauntingly, on us. Aunt Nancy

spidered about her chores  
while the graces fissioned cordwood

with a single, offhanded, axe. Monsters

crawled. Babies crawled. All of my own children

had died or I had eaten them. Something, not  
someone, had drank all of the coors I'd hidden  
in the trunk of my car. This was, most definitely, a monstro-

us yéar. I wanted something familiar.

Whó speakst?  
goes the space above the sky.

I wanted something familiar,

so I spoke.

--Are we done with the palomitas, the little johnny waynes, the thin men and the  
like?

--Before we startét. The doves

love the doves. --Are we going  
to die? --(Laughter, then,

continued:) Who ain't't?

*Hár. Hab. Ha. Laughter, lah.*

ALL IS LOSS.

17.

*THE WAGES OF LIFE WITH A TAD OF SMOKE ON THE HORIZON*

You came here for the truth  
but I can't tell you that  
things will get better: they may not.  
All I can tell you is  
that you brought yourself here, and  
that you'll take yourself away. The wolf  
shouted wolf. The boy shouted  
boy. We call out knowing  
that we've already revealed ourselves  
for what we never were.

18.

*NOW WE ARE ALL SONS OF BITCHES*

Facts lie. To be social  
is to enter a conversation started by the dead;  
how much is left to discuss?  
Even at your loneliest, refuse  
to speak to yourself-- language violates  
experience; turns it  
into something *uséeeefullllllllll*.  
This is not talking, this  
*writing*. The night celebrates  
day; day is too serious  
to celebrate. Bombs celebrate  
the ends of *things*; other bombs  
celebrate the ends of things. This goes on.  
I want to be a wolf or a boy or something  
mean enough to accept happiness as an end.  
But I'm out of sorts, out  
of (the language required to) shape  
(things up). I want to be there  
with cake and soup  
on your birthday when you're sick.  
But instead, I leave a note on your wall  
and I'm using

the deaths of the people closest to me  
for the ideas they represent. I won't be there;  
I'll eat your soup alone. I'm using myself  
to make something that you can use.  
It's ok. Let me down.

19.

YES, TRULY, MAN: IT'S NOT TERRIBLE IF IT'S USEFUL

Ghost-of-the-ghost of little girl-big  
dressed in her coal black jumper,  
startled her still-living grandmother:

What's wrong, *boo?*

Wootie, wootie, *woo* wound the wind.  
This was when people died

and became different sorts of ghosts.

A lossy transcoding of the spirit,  
resulting from an indistinct, but continual,

passing on & through one's death & then,

into the next. Wolf

removes his head from under the hood  
of his red ford s ú - p - é r d é *luxe*

to watch the marchpasters  
in the ghosts-of-ghosts parade ripple by

with their banners and with their floats. Don't ask

where they're going. After such an unending  
accumulation of losses, ask

*what is it*

*that is left to celebrate?* Yourself

at eight, at twelve, at midnight last night: you, too,  
búd: your body is all-full of ghosts.

## IN WHICH BIG BAD BEAUTIES HIS BRUISES

Together with touch, doctor-good acknowledged grief

as a new type of contagion. Ill-  
*nés*. It was apparent, and *áll* sci-en-tif-í-

cal: those left with the responsibility of unnamming the *city*  
 were plagued with troubles.

Rationally, the correlation

between the grief and the physical symptoms

was obvious. It was grief

that purpled the skin and skinned the body.  
 Doctor-good helped with his knife;  
 stitched new faces into new places (*Smile!*).

A tragedy of muscles and eyes and lips  
 and the lesser tragedy of masks. The softest breeze

thieved hair from off the crowns of heads. Little streams

of vomit fractaled through the debris and implicated  
 the existence of little secret fishies. Yay. Yay,

yay. To be alive in such a world,  
 there's *oh so much* to *Ré-joicé!*

My own face, stricken as it is, was  
 precisély like some sort of cracked, yellow bowl.

21.

*THOSE COLORS CAME AND ATTACKED US*

Dear nameless, dear son, I'm writing from the hell beyond  
imagination. From the world. Murkmired, the rain

ran the back of its hand across my cheek; &  
slapped. Suddenly, I was invisible

in a way that mattered. Wind

whittled my body out of itself, into a  
*thing*. Colors, like eight injured cubs,

howled into the cold fur  
of one and each and the other.

A biography in ash; eraser-dust clouds. Daffodils  
wilted under the polished crescent of the moon. I no longer

carry a blade and this letter will never reach you. Please,  
write soon.

22.

*IT BLASTED, IT POUNCED; IT BORED ITS WAY INTO YOU*

It's kinder to smash in  
someone's face with a closed fist

all decorated up  
in the héaviest

of rings than it is to speak  
the words that will

make someone want  
to have their face smashed in.

IT'S EASIER TO SPEAK WHEN YOUR FACE ISN'T SMASHED IN.

23.

ROBERT LEWIS, *THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!!*

I had no nightmares

in which I erected a pillar of fire; no nightmares

in which the pillar was mistaken for a corinthian column of smoke  
holding up the first black storm.

No nightmares in which the forests rusted over  
nor, none in which, wolves glowed, impossibly, between the trees. No, no

nightmares of phones shivering like bones  
even after I lifted the receiver & placed it to my ear.

No chains of voices

on the other end of the line ever asked *why*

*was it necessary*  
*to do this to me?*

nor were there other, younger, voices-- of course  
no children-little spoke at all (how

could they?). Never

a nightmare in which I explained  
to the bodies melted into buildings and the buildings splintered into bodies

that what I had brought them  
was a type of peace. I sleep

well. The words *a tear carved out of cherrywood, an eye*  
*carved out of bone* are nonsense to me. My name

is Robert Lewis.

I am a candiesweets man

and you owe me. I have a nothing  
to regret.

24.

*ALL SHE'S GOT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH. WHAT ELSE YA GOT?*

Think of Captain Kirk in the skeleton  
of the U.S.S. Enterprise, in his oversized chair, liling, unmanned  
through the gravitational pull of celestial

bodies, of celestial corpses: sinking

in space. When I say that I painted my love for you  
on the deck of a ship

and sank with it into  
a shallower piece of the sea, it's important

that you connect these things. Think of Captain Kirk  
piloting the Enola Gay. So that when I say

*look for me there*, with that message  
wavering in the oceanlight I mean: look for me

like you would a star. Shine as a product, méasured,  
of distance and time. Because loving others  
has taught me to hate myself: console

the slave owner, the rapist, the child-beater, and the likes,  
then lecture me

on the merits of kindness. Even skulls smile wide;

but only because you want

to see them smiling. It's a mistake  
to trust yourself; to think a reason

is inherently an excuse. *Hit me for my own good.*

I know what we're fighting for  
and it no longer interests me. If you want me

to treat you cruelly, then it's cruel to be kind  
(in the right measure /  
it's a very good sign /  
it means I love you).

The wind-of-the-dead-men's-feet

drag ships forward, towards more  
forward. Look for me, I'm there,  
just a little further, ahead. Trust me.

25.

*POLYBIUS, CALCULATED THE BARBARIANS!!!*

Separately, bomblight

bursts against a tapetum: detonation,  
then, in a cat's eye, an uncanny shine  
reflected off a blastening. Cows can't look away

without moving, entire, their *beads*. Timber

splinters from barns in the bodies. Smart, a wolf

can hide underneath a cow  
and gnaw at its stomach

for, almost, ever after,

without detection. Myself? I hid in a refrigerator  
and was saved. I covered  
and cowered, like in the movies, my head:

& it wasn't blown off at all! Turtles hid

in their shells if they were fast enough. *Oh* boo-hoo!!!, sad,

the fishes drowned, the penguins froze,  
and (uplifted by the winds) the lizards silvered  
into fire. The grass was a dim sea of embers.

Zerogrounded, the marble eyes

of statues melted down to the hollows;

nose were stolen: *áll* (imagine no thumb  
between no fingers, wiggling) After:

fields grew stones and year  
after year, we harvested them.

They rose with names and dates  
stabbed into their faces. Polished an'  
all classy and shit. Some old lady telling

*us when I remember it  
all that  
happens is that I get hurt*

*and nothing*

*good comes from it.*

And me:

lady, listén,  
*shit*, all this *áll* ain't't going  
to harvest itself.

26.

*GLOW AND GLOWER AND CHURN!!! OH, NOBLE WOLF*

Boy-little did this for the wolf; trappt him  
under a washtub and waited for love

to gloom. I had, like everyone, a life

to lose. & it was áll on-track. Black sweat;  
white rice-- Geváudan tinned in his sauna

and came to care, wickered inside, like in  
a pícíníc basket. Shouted *boy! boy!*  
into the echo

of boy: *B(-oy)-oy.*

*--New eyes, needst you.* Took he, wolf, by the face  
and popped out those baby grapes; forced his own  
into the sockets, then, said *seé* and he

sawéd (just

like a playground!). A dreadful pat-pittering

of all the wrong colors in a hum  
that lasted till dawn.

My mother tied her heart to a post

out behind her trailer and it whimpered  
until the sun switched, as if a knife or

a road, back ón. If your heart is a wolf,  
don't let it in.

27.

CONJURE CAUSE; CLOSE AS AIR

Not cruél enough to *boy*

but far too weak

to *wolf*, I rose! We slid out of our suits and waited  
for a colder altitude. Mountains bumbled beneath  
our nakedness & firelight constanted  
in my belly. I glimmed and gleamed. My bálls melted

to the seat. A routine: wait, redress the wound, return

to waiting. This is the story in which I didn't  
invent murder. The story

in which I invented something worse,

but I did it to *help you*, to give you what you  
want, because isn't the *wanting* the bést párt?

And it's as awful to ask as it is

to receive, so my father taught me  
how to *take* (my arms embraced you

emptily, like a snake). The chest of the plane butterflyed,  
my body jumpt. My heart, shoutingly, plummet-

éd-- the boy on his bike, crossing the bridge: a supposéd surface  
zéro. Widows grinned and pointed as we passed.  
In their coffins, elsewhere, bodies, from time

to time, would come alive

then fall back to death. A bomb blossomed.

I put my clothes back on.

Therefore: trace due itchy. Then,  
a reversal, an un-

doing. We, too,

emptied our pockets of light. The planes  
didn't shoot at, nor did crash into, anything.

It was all *plain*, an ordinariness floating  
above our heads. The houses unsplintered themselves,  
the bodies unburnt and uncharred and everyone

was a survivor of something tiny. Shadows unhinged themselves  
from buildings; they followed people to and from the flower market  
and the park and the ammunition factories. Saw beauties.

A wolf's shadow humbled him with its own small *flatness*. Lawns quieted  
from fire back into grass.

Overhead, a package rose into the belly of a bomber and

the bomber stitched its own gutwound shut

unspooling thread from the wind.

The girl holding a doll of a girl continued  
to hold the doll of a girl. Old men

pedaled bicycles and

sang Sakura Sakura or "see  
the ole smoke risin' roun' the bend?"  
in hopes of a short winter. Middle aged men in pretty suits and women

in handsome hats kept their faces in their proper  
places and the question

"is anyone here

alive?" was taken back. Taken  
aback by the question, a woman, loudly, responded  
by staying silent.

Girl-big posts that she wants  
to féel a féeling but words

overtake the emotion. *I like you,*  
*this, now.* I like things

by pressing a button below them.

But she's right, imagination is mundane  
(after all, it's where responsibilities begin): *Mosquitos feed*

*off the skeleton of a boar & a dead man*

*receives a valentine's arrangement of flowers &*  
*as the tide rises, stilted houses appear to walk, hesitantly,*

*into the oceans & vampires*  
*drink tea with small boys at noon in the park*

*& a bed with four living baobobs as posts*  
*and butterflies as its canopy &*

you are reading this somewhere where  
no one is standing behind you

and I don't know if your posture is terrible. Girl-big texts  
the people she remembers caring about:

If you know who you are, if  
you really know, you are  
a goddamned liar. Know  
who you were,

she writes,

be someone else.

30.

*WHY DOES HE DO IT? HE DOESN'T EAT WHAT HE KILLS*

Maybe you are evil;  
in your evil garden  
where you keep your evil tiger  
lilies watered, evilly. There,  
you think your evil thoughts  
and slide your nose along the perfume  
of it all. The last time I spoke  
with the ghost of Jeremiah Robinsons,  
he put my hands  
to the talking board and messaged  
what could  
only have been a love story or a suicide  
note or simply gibberish:

goodbye goodboy boyboy are there you are we take the  
evil we practice for granted dnt justify it hurting  
someone cant solve having been hurt no matter the  
reasons though the earth is rough i dont know if i like  
being away been thoughting the last thing done with a  
life is to die even the idea of it hurts we leave in pain  
and we come into the world crying maybe in pain i dont  
remember how i got there its not better to not be able  
to change anything and even this letter youre moving  
your own hands and speaking to yourself in your own  
damned voice hello hello hello hello

It all feels the same. The wolf eats what he kills.

The boy ties down a turtle,  
holds a magnifying glass over its head.

Goes hungry for dinner. Boredom  
as a reason. Curiosity as a reason.  
Love as a reason. No one says 'I hurt  
others' without attaching a 'because'  
to the end of it. Why did you do  
the worst thing you've done? Don't justify it;  
I'm only asking because I'm curious,  
because I am terrible, too.

The quiet: now  
that is terrifying.

Nah-no I ain't mumbling I  
am whispering. Come closer, closer, closer,  
there. *For (what)? Three, to (no) one.*

31.

WHISK-TWO-THREE, TURN-TWO-THREE

A natural disaster  
doesn't hold water  
to a disaster crafted by hand.  
Such an impressive  
*us!!!* The idea behind a reactor  
is simple. It boils  
or it pressures; that's all.  
Like making tea. One long groan,  
electric & continual until  
a tiny wrongness (a slightly tilted rod  
or a bubble of steam-- when, anything,  
really that you didn't mean  
to happen, *happens*).  
Then spinspinspin, and *whee-*  
*um*. Tragedy  
becomes less tragic with routine.  
Something about power, something  
about control. Violence  
as an assertion; violence resulting  
from fear or anger or hurt.  
*Blabum blabum*, as the latin goest.  
Headline: unbearable pain

leads to more unbearable pains.

Who's strong enough to shake them off?

Desperation and conviction

could make a monster of any of us.

Look at yourself. *No*, get up,

find a mirror. *Look*.

You asshole. Look: it already has.

32.

*ANY EMERGENCY CAN BE MET IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IN ADVANCE*

We hād prepared the hóg; given the children  
leave to take their hugs. Broughten, the rope, down

from the knot of the oak. Unfed. Well  
petted. Piggly-little readied  
for a real swingin' time. Laundry,

on the lines, swang freshly.

The steel washtub gasped at the crossbeam above it.  
The knife flinted, rested parallel  
to the edge of the table. *Let's not hurt*

*anyone else too badly tonight*, he

might say, had he hād

a voice. *Plink-plonk-drip* says the washtub,

now, in its new présent, redness.  
Tomorrow is a different story; tomorrow  
like a *dream*: equally open

to the worst  
and to the worster. And tonight

I'll dream of you eating breakfast with me & eating  
me for breakfast. *It's so pleasant.*

The pig might've said, had the whole  
situation not been so gruésome. The fúture, like a stomach,

is empty. In every melody,  
listen for its grówl.

33.

*IT WAS SEEN TO LAST FOREVER. YOU WOULD WISH IT WOULD STOP*

The rug stirs, hops to all fours, and skulks away. Finally,

now finally, we can *really*  
talk; my name was  
Jeremiah Robinsons and, now, the wind is

my breath. *Who-*

*oooo-shh!* Strangerling, that's my tongue

in your ear; my cough rattles your shutters.  
The silence you think you hear

beneath the falling snow is only me, spitting coldly.

So what? This isn't happening. and you already know all of this,

all these lies told in the shape of something true. I stole that line  
from an older, gentler, breeze. Now

that this highly brisant heart deflagrates for you,  
do you feel anything  
yet? ("*quod est and quo est,*" I quotest.)

I do, I quotést. *How about now?* Consider this, yes,

a threat, because as things get worse, we, tragically, handle them  
better. This life is a permanence, no matter

how you try to reduce it. Who will save us from it?

Call out, call out, call out.

No one's coming. Woooooofsh!

A dropt cloth; the night

blankt out, a blanketing out in  
which trees pose like a row of lovers all waiting to leave

their current lovers so they can finally meet  
one and another. Ró-

*mance* ábounds! Follow it. Here,

a map of the afterhours to guide:

a smut of sugar threatens each windowsill. The alleys,  
sticky with spilt beer and grilt meat and human grease lead,

eerily, to other alleys  
and even streets!!! The ugliness  
of waiting for the un-

dark to undarken. It's enough to make a boy puff and huff

and to forget the lilacs that burpt sweetly

into the dusk. Obscenely and serenely

and at the corner of Lee and 8th we kissed,  
surrounded by sirens fleeing towards

every lit window left in the city.

We only live here out of habit; that's where the word  
*habitat* comes from I tried to explain.

Both of us aware of how wrong I was.  
The hairs on the neck of the wind bristled

and a building collapsed, embarrassedly,  
into itself, like a lover thinking about the un-  
iqueness of love. Girl-big whispered,

"but I need to go home,

recharge my phone and check my email  
and post the pictures of our dinners." Somehow, she continued

holding my hand  
as the brake lights of her car died out, like two red stars,  
and I stood there with my feet too big in my little boots,  
  
as the sky languished, turned to morning. Turned  
  
back to night.



36.

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS, WE CAN TAKE IT APART & LOOK AT  
WHAT IT WAS

Love befell, the sky befalls--

the sky candies cotton in the day, a blueness,  
with sugared clouds, spun. Then (or thun) an evening  
out of *things*. The evening settling

the score with the day. The moon's brazen

enough to show its face where the sun can't go. A powerlessness,  
cycling. *Friend-o*, yes, it's distressing,

you don't want to play your part  
but all that means

is that someone else will play it for you.

One soldier or another, someone's mother  
is going to cry (*you can stand up and leave  
whenever you want / / you are all free agents*).

Supéred, in feels, by the war, boy-little drew up books

about himself, his lovelies and their horrors. There was no  
wolf to kill, so he wrote the teeth & the eyes,

the heart

& the hide, inked, softly, each hair. Hidden, himself,  
within the belly, he sang songs about cozyness.

Are you strong enough to stay vulnerable?

Girl-big, of the boy, thought,  
*it tastes like candy*

*but not the kind of candy I like.*

A pigeon's skeleton is filled with air.

*You know what a lie is.*

To conflict, a form was given;  
*story. Fate*, which was (and is)

a matter (and mattering) out  
of hand. Deflated, a bird's bones  
produce pinched sounds.

Eight police officers choke a man

to subdue him, to help  
hold him against the ground

because they are suspicious  
that he's selling untaxed cigarettes.

We made a language

to make things more palatable. The man on the ground,  
often, dies. A murderer kills, a soldier  
protects, the state administers.

The plot doesn't go anywhere new.  
A waiter and a policewoman, both, *serve*

but in very different ways. If any of this were new

we wouldn't take it  
for granted. The man on the ground, here, now,

dies. You know what a lie is;  
but you know that calling someone a liar  
only makes them angry. Do you feel

safer yet? We've gotten better at watching

tragedy unfold, documenting it, sharing it  
with each other. It's easier

to find, now that it's seemingly everywhere.

There's too much to keep up with.

When was the last time you stood up for someone else?

---Why did you bother?

38.

BY YOUR OWN RADIANCE YOU ARE HEATING THIS ENTIRE UNIVERSE

Béauty kicked the wind out of me. Palms rubbed  
against the trunks they hung, limpedly, from.

You are never very far away  
from a cemetery, even if you feel impossibly

far away from the dead. Yellow light

sunk through the mesquite branches,  
doilies of shadows delicatéd the streets. A tea party,

undarkening before the rainy lighting brillianced.

Girl-big wore a boa of blue smoke and sat on the roof  
of a stranger's house; told, she,

the leashless dogs wandering,

*--I was a wolf with children and women all a-swimming in my belly.*

*I was a boy in a wolf'd skein. Was, is.*

*I am just another ghost pretending at a body. A thumbprint  
of sand smudged the dark and she held her pinky up*

*as she finished her third forty.*

*--Whenever the moon starts to sing, clouds, in jealousy, smother its face.  
That's not the wind you hear,*

*it's moaning and dust. Slivers*

*of silver and orange crept  
along the chainlink fence. By the storm, the air was citrused.*

*When people die you might still see them again,  
you don't know, not really,*

*how could you? --Doggies, wait, please  
don't leave me here with me.*

39.

*I AM BECOME TIME, DESTROYER OF WORLDS*

In russian, *boy*

is understood as a call  
to *fight*. To be loved

doesn't mean very much  
to anyone but you,  
and whomsoeverever it is  
that believes they love

you. ---Willt Jeremiah Robinsons be subject  
to a tragic singularing, M. Owendin?

---Canst'nt not, I, téll, but  
can ask:

when-were something

*nothinged?* Wolf-little-and-growing;

memory fills an absence.

---Does your eye miss your body?  
---Are you confused? What do you think you're talking to?

Along the highways, the trees continued  
their slow, tireless war against one another.

A pic-a-nic basket, stained with limbshade,  
and no one anywhere in sight.

The coroner asks the corpse about its tattoos;  
 tells it about the wounds. Are you listening? So slow  
 (the winds) that the clouds  
 antiqued. Where does a person end? The body of or the talk of or  
 the memory of: *where?* I want there to be ghosts--  
 without them, the world could be  
 mistaken for a record of beauty.

Little pains, given form,  
 pacing the stairs like a worried mother  
 or a bored cat growling at the ever-increasing length of the night.

--Your wounds won't  
 heal; it's too late for that. But you, eventually, will  
 vanish. And your wounds with you.

A reverence for revenants; better to go nowhere than to follow  
*history*. For all its good, it's brought us here.

The math of suffering approaches its larger infinities.

But the world isn't filled  
 with ghosts. It's filled with people. And we,  
 this peopling, weren't built to attend to the harm we've caused;  
 we were made to remember  
 the harm done unto us. Constellations form  
 different shapes when seen  
 from elsewhere in the galaxy (Earth is the unimaginable snout  
 of an unimaginable animal).

We use our memories  
 to justify what we do. And what we talk about doing,  
 for the most part, is terrible.

41.

*SMALLER THINGS CONTAIN BIGGER TRUSTS*

Control boils down to imagination.

Why do you want what you want?

A wolf ate the chicken.

*But which wolf?!?* cry the children.

Imagine one

or another; an appetite

of the world for bodies, únsated.

*But, oh, which chicken!?!* cry the children.

Not the one you're thinking of.

It doesn't matter;

there are always more chickens.

*But, which children are we???* cried the wolf.

THROUGH OUR CRUELTY WE WILL KNOW WHO WE ARE.

42.

EVERY MOVIE ON HERE IS ABOUT A WOLF EATING THE FACE OFF OF A CHILD IN THE  
FOREST

Cruelty, amongst the happinesses, skinned a fluffy one  
and hid, warmly, inside.

A wolfshine in the wolfeye of (unsurprisingly)

a wolf. *Oh, our dear and dwarf*

*wolf: don't flirt with your work.* But, scáred,  
he did. Skeined another and hid inside.

A wolf wearing another wolf's skin. Scared (still

and ever and for) skinned, he, a boy,

crying, and hid himself-- hooves and snout and tail  
(all) within it.

Frightened, he repeated his name: *little wolfie wolf little  
wolfie wolf.* Men held their tall guns like wives. Came & saw

no threat. Boys imagined sticks into weapons

and dreamed of killing one another.

Wolf kept saying "*wolf*" until everyone left

him alone. But one night, while the moon hunted fatly

a wild grief tore a sublimity of répentances  
from the lungs of the wolf.

A howl; but the wolves  
didn't find a wolf,

they found (what they thought to be) a boy  
and shredded him to stars. No one

knows who anyone is; no one  
even knows themselves for very long.

43.

TANGO DANGLE FOXTROT

The lonelinesses of the unfilled belly; tonight I am loved

and clean and emptied. And 'is'  
is a miserable feeling. My home was mud, and it is

abandoning me. A cannonade of rain, and *then*.

My flanks are sparsed with little hairs and coldnesses.  
A man even, with *arms*, rang my nose!

Rebleated, the question: *why cry at his touch?*

But touching others,

he always steals a bit of their whiteness:  
a *cloth* or a glass of *milk*. Grit-close,

my eyes have left me. From me, his want  
wants red. I smell my lovers  
underground, all trunked and dewed.

Blind. When everything is already owned, it is a crime  
to live off the land. Wait for what  
is given. I am sure I will sizzle; I can smell

me on his breath. Truffled and trifled  
and troubled; love was not

what I cried for: it was, instead, kindness.

The hand, from gravestones and from heather,  
 cobbled the wolf  
 together. The air commanded: 'little wolf, wolf-all,  
 yóu may *wólf*, may éat,  
 but only oné  
 of every thóusand shéep,  
 yes, yes-- thát is what and what you may do.' Wolf mis-  
 took then took to following his tooth  
 more than his hunger.

The fields fluffed like a slaughter  
 of clouds at dusk & baby

wolf-little hadn't even eaten a snack.  
 In this way, wolves, all,  
 first learned how to smile. It's why they grin at you.

—

The hand slung mud and the mud was the shape *man*. The wolf had been, already,  
*máde*;

each and after, a viciousness balanced on two sticks that learnt to take a voice.

The air had stopped speaking to the creatures; saw man, the wolf and hid  
 inside whatever walked the earth. All breath is the wind; hurricane is the only word it  
 knows.

—

The hand  
 wanted to stop  
*shaping*. But when  
 it tried  
 to hold itself

still, it found

it couldn't.

45.

*HOW DO YOU HIDE BEHIND A SINGLE REED?*

Famewolf Fen:

Devastate yourself thin; then  
turn away

from what you want  
to disappear from.

Girl-big:

A flatness of landscape  
overwhelms only when it surrounds.

If any person wants the reed,  
you won't be safe near it.

Stone-boy-little:

From the body, much is learned

but more from what breaks

into it.

Where would you flee to, friend?

No distance beyond thought.

46.

*HOW DO YOU REACH THE HEIGHTS OF SUFFERING? BY CLIMBING, STUPID*

O sad jungle, drenched in noise and filled  
with your endless constellations of eyes,

know, please, that you could still be  
sadder. The winter comes out like a panther

from behind the moon and swallows the world  
yearly. Squirrels worry. Bears sleep.

Stray dogs eat each other  
far less often than you'd think. A lucidity of hungers

threatens like rain. One boy tells a fairy tale to another,

to stutter his own grief:  
the wolf blew down the house,  
the pigs rebuilt-- mahogany instead of straw,

but they, already, had been in the wolf's stomach  
for years,

so the house was clogged with a small, warm darkness.

The pigs had hands and their hands were all stained by pig-iron.  
The wolf's nose was stained with a tiny blood.

47.

*WOLF-SEGEN, WOLF-BANN, WOLF-MAN ON THE PROWL*

I left my wolvf-skin beneath a stone.

Peace, in the city of wolves, réigned.

Thatch houses had forgotten their pigs;

the fireplaces were familiar  
with the sweet-dust smell of fur--

earth and tin and moonlight intermixed with ash.

Famewolf often would, while considering the pendant of the moon, pressed

against the black-freckled skin of the night, imagine  
lunging the houses, the city, flat. *Huff-*

*puff-buff*: a thinness of straw unshaped. Transformation,  
is, explains he, fúll to the moon,

this simple. And one night he showed the moon

what he meant. To the city of wolves,  
boy-little, prodigally, returned

but a field of thatched straw replaced his home.

At three, the townwolves wander, listening outside of doors,  
for someone speaking kindly to their dreams.

My aim is silver. Be sad. My aim is true. At two,  
guns aim into the darkness above beds and fireplaces

everywhere. At one, an antithesis of patience.

Boy-little bit into the stars.

Transformation turnt into an unfastening of scars.

Babies cry big; old men cry small. Bíg-Bád-Bóy makes all the little wolves *swoon*. A *grand* mal; so juke the lock. You can put the world in your stomach one bite at a time but you can't keep it all inside. How do you nourish yourself? Powér brings trou-béll. And your feelings, still, don't/aren't matter. But song is buried, like a friend, somewhere, there. What's the matter? Disaster follows disaster; and they grow: get bigger, or, to say, *better*. I don't know about you; and all, of me, I know is, stunningly, this: my dreams are getting tighter.

49.

CHOMPY CHOMP-CHOMP-CHOMP; AKA MANTO AM I

*fire flies  
from all directions.*

*i don't know how to be alone. alive. alone.*

*the orchards feed off blood throughout may, and  
oaks gnaw at the arms left at the battlefields.*

*metal in the fruit, finger the holes  
in the bark. someone says you can either fight  
or die. i am Aka Manto asking: "red*

*paper or blue paper." what would you like  
to write on?*

*there are more than two choices;  
if anyone tells you otherwise  
its because they want you to do something for them.*

*war is a jaw without a body.*

*(the answer should be no paper)*

50.

*EVERY TIME YOU KISS SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE ELSE, A FUNERAL IS PROCEEDING & IT DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL*

A field of sheep  
made out of bones and cottonballs. Of clouds

as black as a black sheep; none, there were. My heart  
rode its bike around Kokura;

unharméd. Imagine the image of it:

a heart on a bicycle;  
how would it move? Farms were spookéd

with people. Cities: lousy with owls and foxes.  
Hunters haunted. Ghosts gaunted.

*To hurt* confuses the subject  
with the object. I don't want to know

how to be alive nor alive. So let's stalk something.  
Mouths flapping like the wings of moths around a light.

We can bond over the experience.

There's blood in my beard; let  
me kiss your lips. An iron sort of august  
has pennied the river. No matter how it feels,

love is something we do  
alone. But pain; now

thát we can feel together.

51.

*WE DRESSED THE DEER; WHICH WAS MORE OF AN UNDRESSING*

*---Hope is a thing with feathers;  
and the wolf, too,*

*is a thing with feathers flying  
out of her mouth. The boy*

shoots a bird with a rifled tube; death

is a thing with feathers too.

A featheréd world. *Oooooóó.*

The enemy of your enemy isn't your friend.

The enemy of your enemy is you. *---Death,*

says, shouldering his gun, boy-little,

*talks to me*

*and some, wellno, most*

*times I can't help but listen.*

Boy wanted to be loved and crafted a plan. Caught Wolf beneath a washtub and waited for Wolf to cry, Boy let him out and said "I have saved you little Wolf!" and Wolf said "Thank you! I love you." Ecstatic, Boy opened his mouth and swallowed Wolf whole. "Why have you done this?" Wolf cried from inside. Boy didn't hear nor if he had, would he have cared.

THERE IS NO MORAL TO ANY OF THIS.

53.

*SO KIND, MUCH WORLD*

The heart is buried  
in the chest for a reason.

In the dark  
she looked like the dark.

*Feeling things*

*looks stupid*, she said, out loud,  
to the dark. She might have been  
feeling *feelings*.

No one talks  
about it, but everyone knows:  
most ways to be happy  
don't require you to think of anyone  
but yourself. Most ways to be happy  
only require you to hurt  
someone else.

Girl-big is *dóne*. Done with it-small

and with it-all. Jeremiah Robinsons just wrote  
and spoke and hid beneath the reeds. Lived out a death;  
died out a life and kept prattling on. And with him,

also, she is *done*. The bombs and the boys, the little gods,  
and the *furtherers* that are *bettters*.

Girl-big can control herself, which, is to say  
she doesn't care

about being

anything. The unwritten world

with its wolf-planes  
buoying in their constant flyt,

with its ridiculous parade of symbols. With everyone

and their worth: (she is) done. And for this,

girl-big is told, she

*is* sick. ---Participate! Isn't it grand?

Trust us one and all;  
for we have legioned!!!

and I have broken.

An idea in a million bodies, spreading. But,

as before, this doesn't matter,

for girl-big, is, as I said, *doné*.

The man didn't cry

anything; instead, silenced he, boy-little,  
and took aim.

A stifled whimpering, from the boy, camé

an injured song strummed out from within  
a bush. Definitely,

the difference between the pair:

a boy *calls out* for a man,  
the man *threatens* or brings another man  
to do it for him.

*Men* harm. And so the man shoots.

Gender isn't that different

from fate. Play whatever role you want to.  
We need each other. Here, I am playing the hunter.

I don't want you near me. I want to be the one  
who keeps you safe. I'm fine. My plane is rising.

I'm following the contrail.  
The day is all light and happiness.

Of those I have hurt, I ask: help me.

language is filled  
with emptiness

it all boils  
down to us

vs us

what will take the air  
out of you

stardust and black rain  
are the same things  
in different words

you and another

you're not just getting hurt

you're hurting everyone around you

not because you're awful

but because

it's exhausting

to be careful for very long

at all

and pleasure

seems like a good enough place

to stop worrying

can you be happy

without harming anyone

it's worth trying

even if

it may not be possible

evil smiles handsomely  
flashing its beautiful white teeth

an explosion

why would you think evil  
is unattractive

what did it ever have  
to be sad about

## Curriculum Vitae

Jamison Crabtree

1693 E Rochelle Ave #5  
Las Vegas, NV 89119  
crabtree@unlv.nevada.edu

### Education

University of Nevada Las Vegas  
Ph.D. English 2016

University of Arizona  
M.F.A. Creative Writing (Poetry) 2009

Virginia Commonwealth University  
B.A. English, Computer Science Minor 2006

### Teaching Experience

### Sections

University of Arizona  
ENG 209: Introduction to Poetry

Fall 2008

University of Nevada Las Vegas  
ENG 101: Composition I

Fall 2011

ENG 232: World Literature II

Spring 2012

ENG 101E: Composition I Extended

Summer 2012

Sage Academy, Creative Writing

Summer 2012

ENG 232: World Literature II

Fall 2012

ENG 232: World Literature II

Spring 2013

ENG 232: World Literature II

Fall 2013

ENG 205: Creative Writing Fiction/Poetry

Fall 2013

ENG 407A: Business Writing

Spring 2014

ENG 232: World Literature II

Spring 2014

ENG 407A: Business Writing (Hybrid) Fall 2014

The Writer's Block  
Director of Education May-Nov.  
2016

Instructor  
Visual Poetry  
Poetry Workshop  
Collage Fiction  
Ghost Storytelling

Co-instructor  
Performance Poetry  
Origami Storytelling  
College Application Essay Writing  
Daytime Writer's Group  
Creepy Collagraphs  
Pinhole Photography

#### Guest Lectures

Literary Activism: Poetry (for the LV  
Rape Crisis Center's youth volunteers) June 2015

Dislocating the Prose Poem (12 hours  
across 2 days) June 2015

Poetry: An Introductory Workshop  
for High School Students April-May  
2015

University of Arizona ENG-209,  
"Mr. Bones and Minstrelsy:  
John Berryman's Dream Songs" Fall 2009

University of Nevada Las Vegas ENG-232,  
"Charles Brockden Brown: Edgar Huntly, Sky-  
walk, and Weiland" Spring 2013

University of Nevada Las Vegas ENG-205  
"Methods of Scansion & Techniques for  
Rhythm" Spring 2014

#### Publishing Experience

Witness 8/11 – 5/12

Assistant Editor

Spork Press  
Editor 7/10 – 10/12

Sonora Review 6/08 - 5/09  
Co-Editor-in-Chief, Issue 55/56 7/07 - 6/08  
Reader

Blackbird Literary Journal 1/04 - 12/05  
Internship: Reader / Technical Consultant

Awards

"please please get over here please" selected as  
a finalist in Cartridge Lit's Chapbook contest 2/16

"WOLF!!! vol. 1" selected as a semi-finalist for  
the Ahsakta Sawtooth Book Award 6/15

"there are ghosts inside of me & i want to see  
them dead" selected as a finalist in Five  
Quarterly's chapbook contest 5/15

"Lament for Dracula" selected for Best of the  
Net 2014 3/15

"<3 white <3 red <3 deer <3" selected as the  
winner of White Stag's "#thebestiary" contest 2/15

"rel[am]ent" awarded the Word Work's  
Washington Prize 7/14

"rel[am]ent" selected as a finalist for the 2011  
Gold Line Chapbook Prize 1/12

"rough music outside of the vacant body"  
selected as a finalist for the 2011 Gold Line  
Chapbook Prize 1/12

"gar; gar; gar;" selected as the winner of  
Radioactive Moat's "Ugly Fish" contest 10/11

Black Mountain Institute Ph.D. Fellowship,  
U.N.L.V. 5/09

Margaret Sterling Memorial Award, U.A. 2/09

Foundation Award, U.A. 7/07  
Beverly Rogers Fellowship, U.A. 5/05  
Undergraduate Poetry Award, V.C.U.

## Publications

### Books

"rel[am]ent." The Word Works. 2015. Print.

### Chapbooks

"rough music outside the vacant body." SundogLit. 2015. Issue 8. Print.

### Journals / Periodicals

"Wolf! 23" and "Wolf! 30." Fence. 2016. Print.

"my ghost (...doesn't understand)," "my ghost (...has a favorite game)," "my ghost (...hurts)," "my ghost (...likes the light)," and "my ghost (...thinks she's the rain)." Wyvern Lit. 2015. Digital.

"Let's break everything," "Aesthetic gender," and "Die by touch." The Boiler. 2015. Online.

"Wolf! 36." Helen. 2015. Print.

"Wolf! 15," "Wolf! 21," "Wolf! 24," and "Wolf! 28." Red Rock Review. 2015. Print.

"i want to be like what i eat." witch craft mag. 2015. Print.

"Lament for Marcellus Jamarcus Burley." Lament for the Dead. 2015. Online.

"Nothing you do can ever be undone." Akashic Books. 2015. Online. Fiction.

"fever + love." The James Franco Review. 2015. Online.

"Lockjaw CYOA section 7.29." Lockjaw. 2015. Online.

"a manual for all of your collisions," "we replaced the universe with many tiny things," "MY EARTH REALLY IS FULL OF THINGS," "my father got drunk and wrecked the sky," and "THIS MINIMALIST CRAZE." Cartridge Lit. 2015. Online.

"I miss you sometimes at dusk, but not very often" and "how to tell a true story." Straight Forward Poetry. 2015. Online.

"You know that noise" and "The night is a war that ends every day." UnLost. 2015. Online.

"My ghost (--- was all bones and opaqueness)." inter|rupture. 2015. Online.

"Wolf! 9" and "Wolf! 38." NightBlock 6. 2015. Online.

"Wolf! 9" and "Wolf! 38." NightBlock 5.5. 2015. Print.

"Wolf! 34" and "Wolf! 43." Heavy Feather Review. 2015. Print and Online.

"Lament for Dracula." Best of the Net 2014. 2015. Online. Reprint.

"lyric in which violence begets kindness." decomP. 2015. Online.

"Wolf! 14," "Wolf! 41," "Wolf! 42," "Wolf! 44," and "<3 white <3 red <3 deer <3." White Stag. 2015. Print.

"Wolf! 12" and "Wolf! 26." Redactions. 2015. Print.

"Wolf! 37." Glittermob. 2014. Online.

"Silent Hill: Downpour." Cartridge Lit. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 29," "Wolf! 35," and "Wolf! 40." Similar::Peaks. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 6," "Wolf! 7," and "Wolf! 8!" DELUGE. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 17." LEVELER. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 5" and "Wolf! 11." Whiskey Island Review. 2014. Print.

"Wolf! 10." The Destroyer. 2014. Online.

"how not to be lonely (Like thirty-seven boar spears...)." Juked. 2014. Online.

"this is where we bite the bullet where the bullet takes our teeth and we ask for the cartridge as a memento" and "to prevent pain." The Offending Adam. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 1," "Wolf! 3," and "Wolf! 27." Smoking Glue Gun. 2014. Online.

"lament for Count Orlok." Ampersand. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 18," "Wolf! 19," and "Wolf! 20" Printer's Devil Review. 2014. Print.

"Lament for Dracula" and "Lament for Pamela Sue Voorhees." Apt. 2014. Online.

"Wolf! 0," "My father plays songs to the moon, my son plays songs to the moon," and "The snow is starting to fall & the trees are all felled." HOBART. 2014. Online.

"via negativa; thyk tyme." The Dictionary Project. 2014. Online.

"Deliver us not into evil (Matthew)." Verse Wisconsin. 2014. Print. Reprint.

"upturn the stones to draw out the night; flush the moon from out of the bushes;" Thrush. 2013. Online.

"Deliver us not into evil (Matthew)," "Lead us not into temptation (Luke)," "My father (Thy will)," "Our father," "Couvade," collaboration with Matthew John Conley. Gritty Silk. 2013. Online.

"Golem." Blackbird. 2012. Online.

"Lament for Freddy Krueger." Colorado Review. 2012. Print.

"in eden; there was a man a woman; a tgi friday's" and "he wears gloves to undress himself; the moon blows us kisses." Toad. March, 2012. Online.

"I spilled the tall bottle of red wine; you want me to die." Fiction Daily. 2011. Online. Reprint.

"I spilled the tall bottle of red wine; you want me to die."  
DIAGRAM 11:5. 2011. Online.

"lyric in which there are villagers, anger" and "lyric in which we pretend we don't let go of grief as easily as we do." La Petite Zine Issue 28. 2011. Online.

"topology; either side of the tracks," "see reference; I am sometimes in hospitals," and "to move sounds like bells; bells; you look." Hayden's Ferry Review Issue 48. 2011: p. 138-141. Print.

"lyric in which you begin to confuse who you are for who strangers appear to be." elima. 2011. Online.

"Gar." Radioactive Moat Issue 5. 2011. Online.

"Excerpt from the practical guide to planting scarecrows."  
Drupe Fruits Issue 2. 2011. Print.

"Lament for Gort," "Lament for the Body Snatchers," six excerpts from "this crown weaved of shrapnel that we call the moon." Hawai'i Review. 2011. Print.

"Lament for the Incredible Melting Man" and "Lament for the Mother of Darkness." Makeout Creek Issue 4. 2011: p. 9, 28. Print.

"Lament for the Shape," "Lament for the Fly," "Lament for the Mother of Tears." PANK 5.12. 2011. Online.

"Lament for the Mother of Sighs," "Lament for the Xenomorph," "Lament for an American Werewolf in Paris," and "Lament for the Man Who Changed his Mind." > kill author Issue 10. Dec. 2010. Online.

"lyric in which we know not to start fights," "lyric in which the sky flees like wild animals from a burning forest," "lyric in which we dispute the differences between figurines and dolls," "lyric in which the borna virus runs rampant through the stable," "lyric in which we discover a body but aren't sure what to do with it," and "lyric in which a museum has flooded and the paintings have not been saved." Handsome 3:1. 2010: p. 76-83. Print.

"we have unlimited lives" and "Lament for the Incredible Shrinking Man." Anti- Issue 7. Dec. 2010. Online.

“after my mother cuts open a chicken because her joints are bothering her.” StorySouth. 2010. Online.

“Lament for the Thing,” “Lament for Dr. Frankenstein,” “Lament for Dr. Jekyll,” “Lament for Mr. Hyde,” and “Lament for the Creature from the Black Lagoon.” No Tell Motel. Aug. 2010. Online.

"lyric in which the only direct object is the body." Haggard and Halloo. 2010. Online. Reprint.

“lyric in which the only direct object is the body,” “lyric in which someone who is not us addresses god after being released from lockup,” and “lyric in which we ferment brandy in a hole you dug in the back acre.” Spork Online. 2010. Online.

“Historical Documents,” “Villanelle for the Drunken Forests,” and “Digger Wasp.” Terrain.org. 2010. Online.

“yeah but they set that on fire,” “below this song, this dance,” and “I love you more than salt.” Poor Claudia Issue 2. 2009. Print.

“The heart.” LIT Issue 15. 2009: p.9. Print.

“There are words she couldn’t avoid...” 55 Words. 2008. Online.

“Lost dog.” Poemeleon Vol. 2-1. 2007. Online.

“love poem to a map.” Verse Daily. 2007. Online. Reprint.

“love poem to a map,” “stage one,” and “shaving.” 42opus. 2007. Online.

## Anthologies

"after the incident." Knocking at the Door: Approaching the Other. 2011: p78-79. Print.

“Lyric.” Best New Poets 2009. 2009: p26-27. Print.

### Selected Readings

INFK @ 4148 NE Hancock  
innwith Ben Chasney and Trinnie Dalton  
Portland - 12/12-2015

Margin Shift @ AREA  
with Raul Alvarez and the Dollers  
Seattle - 11/19/2015 -

Lake Nokomis Room @ AWP 2015  
with John Bradley, Barbara Ungar, and others  
Minneapolis - 4/11/2015

POG Reading @ Drawing Studio  
with Myung Mi Kim  
Tucson, AZ - 2/18/2012

POG & Friends Reading @ Drawing Studio  
with Sam Ace, Kristi Maxwell, and others  
Tucson, AZ - 9/17/2011

Sonora Review Community Reading @ Plush  
with Joshua Marie Wilkinson and Daisy Pitkin  
Tucson, AZ - 7/13/2011

Aural Pleasure @ Hotel Congress  
with Matthew Conley, Jefferson Carter, and Charles Alexander  
Tucson, AZ - 10/1/2009

### Introductions

UA Poetry Center Emerging Writers series:  
Ben Lerner  
Tucson, AZ - 11/20/2008

### Conference Presentations

Far West Popular Culture and American  
Culture Association  
"Laments for Monsters" Las Vegas, 2/27/2012

New Directions in Critical Theory  
"Applications of the Hypothetical in Teaching Composition"

Tucson, 4/13/2012

Literary Outreach

Word-It Project @ The Caring Place  
Ongoing workshops with clients of The Caring Place (...for  
those touched by cancer)  
3/2014-1/2015

University of Arizona Newsletter  
Interviewed Joshua Marie Wilkinson  
11/2010

UA Poetry Center's Book Talk series  
Led a book talk on Jack Kerouac's novel, "On the Road"  
10/2010                      10/10

LOFT Cinema  
Organized a four-person reading of Allen Ginsberg's poem  
"Howl" for the Tucson premiere of the film by the same name  
10/2010                      10/10

POG Board of Directors  
Organized and planned events which brought readers such as  
Ron Silliman, Eileen Myles, and Rae Armantrout to Tucson, AZ  
10/2010 – 10/2012

Senior Information Technology Support  
Analyst, UA Poetry Center  
7/2010-10/2010

7/10-present  
Project Based Internship with Kore Press  
9/2009-10/2009

Tucson Festival of Book UA Graduate  
Reading Organizer  
3/2009

Project-based internship with the POG  
Reading Series                      1/09-2/09  
1/2009-2/2009

Border Writing Workshop Co-Instructor  
with Alison Deming and Manuel Munoz  
10/2008

Senior Media Technician, UA Poetry Center  
7/2007-9/2009

Acknowledgments

Books

Simmons Buntin's "Bloom," Salmon Books

Lisa Ciccarello's "At night," Black Ocean Books

Lightsey Darst's "DANCE," Coffee House Press

Katherine Larson's "Radial Symmetry," Yale University Press

Chapbooks

Lisa Cole's "tinder // heart," Dancing Girl Press

Jake Levine's "Vilna Dybbuk," Country Music

Carleen Tibbetts' "a starving music will come to eat the body," 5  
Quarterly