2010

Poem in Seven Parts

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Recommended Citation
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1

The fall of springtime in the winter sets in
narrowly avoiding the breath of new steamboats
walloping along in dirty rivers, reminding me
that we once never said anything about amber
ants ambling along argyle or how we loved each other
leaning against haystacks pulling on rich wine like
old women crack ice out of molds for dinner for four
children home for a holiday at the parent’s home in
Denver.

Don’t you see we don’t not say anything anymore?
It destroys the sunsets & the firefly kisses don’t you
think? I’m trying not to be reasonable. Or, I’m not trying
to be reasonable. Or, I’m trying to not be reasonable.

Further, that is, then, & we see that, nevertheless,
arriving at this juncture, however, little has given us
actual compassion, resulting in, having the effect of, sidestepping
inscription &, of course, marvelous old tunes sung by Freudian
hairstyles, simultaneously curly & tight, somehow.

2

My existence evokes extremes.
Your existence eludes explanation.
E is the most commonly used letter of the alphabet, that is,
it is the most vulgar of characters, in other words,
it is the strongest socio-linguistic strap
across the chest of language creative writing programs worldwide.
How often did we, do we, will
we, pull at one another, eyes closed while the sun
moves logarithmically, towards the horizon.

3

A final word
from me, i.e., you
will hear no
more about this after this. But first let me say, before I, inevitably, end: this is a modernist poem, & I do not love you.

4

This is also a test. Also, it might fall under the definition of an event, but not in the philosophical sense, unless you are French, in which case it might, or might not. An additional understanding should first be assumed before arriving at the matter at hand which this, I suppose is not yet quite, & that is, or will be, a small matter & it is this: I left the gas on in your kitchen before I left in the Saab for Vermont. But let me be clear, if I may, I have no intention of apologizing, & what was just said should not be construed as an apology, simply an information, that is, I intended to inform you of the fact of my action, but in no way my regret, were there any, which, I assure you, there is not.

5

The reason I said I love you was because there was a quilt-like quality to the character of our being together, like so many dependent clauses stitched together by commas, which shatter my belief in semantics.

6

This is the first line of an unrhyming poem. This the is second line of that same poem which does not rhyme. This is the third line of the poem you are reading whose recent personification in text is lines which eschew sonic consonance of which this is the sixth line. I am this self-same poem, declarative, unquestionable & true.

7

Forget the author, it’s just you & me, reader. Interrogate me & I will, smirking, repeat myself. Interrogate yourself & receive a thousand shaky answers.