Poem in Which Nobody Says "I Tell You So"

One Man at a Time

To Burn with a Low Blue Flame

After Persuasion

Western Fragment

Diego. 37

Ignorant of Compound

I Don't Miss It

II

Letter to a Photographist Coming in

19 September

The Saunders

Paris Woman

History

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The Dundie does not come at all unless he sees
This is epic. This is a story in the poet's own voice.

Our nights, many nights.
Our phone shape has slept a long time.

Syntax of nonsense.

Wills invent entire stories to project sleep.
Where religion is clear, the mind

No to secular—
This is a poem about all we do.

That sits a nation at night,
This is a poem about the Irish

Postlude

History
And meaning here is: line.
Whirled and streched into meaning Words
Prominent clouds—into thread.
Winding cotton and wool—
There were always these fingers
Part I: The New World

Death, why drive it are not gods themselves.
Driven mad because the ones
Driven forward, stilled, dragged back.
Driven blind, driven with Fadigge, feet.
Past globe driven by the children of gods.
There is the element of Earth to consider:
(How many others Countness others) And set down stop other stories.
Oph that god Witten in smoke
We all know the story

Shining foughh signs around the trees.
Hissing and whirring still more at
Of being alike, rises on.
Some scattered scrap of first name.
Elsewhere and at the same line.
The vermin of this body? You and me.
Marrow becomes fire, sperm, pearl.
Become every moon, path, etc.
Blood, eye, tendons, eath.
His body becomes Word:
And when the deer, history happens.
His only rival to grow.
There is Pan or Dog-god.
Flesh is the first instance.
All gods do this.
A Fridge world between sharp teeth.
And the fox is clothing
Appears in naked dreams and the amber shape.
This poem is not going to make it
And a hundred bodies are huddled
All dark and whispering to each other
This poem is the story of Ireland
This poem is Coole.

Breeze of dreams, then certain death
Pure conflict, its own undoing
Every poem is the story of Ireland

Pen to paper: O’Connor

We were told
Forever, but not for the reasons
There were houses not meant to stand
And when I go, I go cold
A remedy for cold:
Why are they in their graves?
A youth in a thousand hours and hours.

Beguiling. What the woman wove:
Indigo velvet, dirt red. This means
Was always the language of pleasure:
And what in going is lost
Then split between Peter and Arthur
What the hell else at; what is crossed,

It is voice that ous and off
A new house comes to rest
Resigning itself. And the house,
They eat in the T.V. swallow
The police and their wives.

Expensive gifts. They are bored.
What love to offer
Who expects to be taken out,
They go home to wives
It is important enough to silence.
But they’re not sure
Who don’t want the poem to continue.

They have already died once before.
Because many of them believe
You know how to do this
With the death. The shades

How to make a person
The shades know how to do this.
Made to wish for death.
Those who survive will be
The people in cages.
When the body is turned back
Of soldiers, shades.
Sala’s. This poem is full
Lost behind when the body
And this poem is the story,
And: We were objects of much curiosity—

In order to form a more perfect union—

As in: We the People—

To which everyone belongs.

There is a We in this poem.

Part Four: Grammar

Of course there are victims in this poem:

The holds everything in place.

Makes a kind of American music.

Matters with the neighbors.

And: We find we are living suffering loving.

And: The next we press on before you.
And doesn't give a shit.
Sometimes this poem walks the street
While the TV's on mute.
Sometimes in this poem, the streets blaring
Sometimes this poem wants to pop pills.
Transformed in a frenzy of mirrors,
Into a department store and wash inside.
Sometimes, this poem wants to wander.

Sure, I was the Century
You will be the next to go.
We've swallowed Lisa and Them.

Under the weight of a gun
You all these years, marching.
Running hands in the air.
Was there this whole time.
Does a new part of you arise?
Why when the lights come on?

Chile, Cambodia, Kent State.
Disappear like forbidden thoughts.

Place names and years appear.
No longer today, no longer now.
No longer then, where Outside
And the darkness swells, the screen
You settle into the push seat.

Very quickly
Is the certainty that it will go over
And what will happen is the last one
You knock over the first one.
You have a row of dominoes set up.

Knows he was right.
From decades ago, but the silence around you
His voice happening away on a street of nowhere,
You don't think of Elsewhere, cover your head.
Like a Lettered Light from the bones in your chest.

Sitting between names, your heart swells.
Like an idea in reverse,升温降温.
Above your head, a bunch things upside down.
These in rummaging and a sweeping where the good is hot.

Minutes and seconds on smooth keys.
Sometimes inside you want our, you calmer.
It sits like a mountain of light next to the sink.
You unwrap you from around last nights' rack of hand.
This island becomes us.

Music: feet and fear
Hunt: a dance against hunger
Back to where they huddle, herd.
Tracks follow the heavy beasts
Every day I wake to this

And my loving love
Once I step where my dreaming
Into trunks and seed, still husk
Sound: birds and bees, bees
Color: blazed on day behind blink eyes
I light them, I reach my brief book

Nature, October 2004

Humans who were colonizing the area
Dwarfs and me and bugs at the same time as modern
Ants swarming little people... made tools, hunted...
Trees_remain from individual who were just one
18,000 years ago... Researchers have so far unraveled
Truth on the remote inhabited island of Flores. Just
A species of tiny human has been discovered, which

Fires Woman

To spill

The way a painter enters a studio:
There are ways of entering the dream

& Plague: The Seventh Day

Plunder and damage, insalubrious, here:
There were other invasions
Made ourselves human out of need.
We named the animals out of need.
By believing we made it the world.
Of primal matter, atoms and atoms.
Once there was a great cloud

Pan's Cosmology

(A poem can be)

Taken care of
All's a joke, it says, everything
Sometimes this poem tells itself nothing matters,
Like a dark star I want to last
Legs and arms wrecked with danger

One day I want to dive in and drift
Procrass the horizon, which we would devour

Like by the dark, a rage of waves
Drag higher from their tails

In a voice green as lust, Repells
Trees cap our sky, li russhes with delightr