

Methods of Taphonomy
to Chris Tysh

iii.

You need phronesis
to lead the dance
& not miss the measure

while you're beneath
the everything-edge
you spent one night without

But I'm making this up
as you go along, aren't I?

ii.

Those novels always refer
to readers at some point
cheek to cheek

all the way no matter
what you call spaces.
You fell for dolls as a girl.

But you're making me up
as I go along, aren't you?

i.

"All I see is the flags"
but too dark to see what
colors fly before masts

& the mezuzah become symbols
in your 'scape that always ends
& hence gets meaning.

Aren't we upping this go
as we un-make along?

Ended seriously loco

& way off the register
it did having

involved corpses
in their own portrayal

rendered hypothetical
blues quantified history's

long-ships, maundered the brassy oaths
kinked the secret code having kicked

K to reach unity, humped
the edges of citizenship

sunk republics with a lavish hush
swung once our kind

of mankind having shaken down
gold teeth, eaten scraps of blackbird

cottoned fossils in state halls
gotten riggish with the gases

having blazoned culture
in its brag having fattened

on twenty-eight anthems
sung way off &

written hammered
codicils to the people's will

Mostly Simple Present
for my father, circa 1973

Ass-Kick Corral
flaks out protests

Ticky-tacky with Federal claque
in Upland Nod

Coverts fuzz parties
when high-brass cries for dimes

&, classed out
of the market

Get blue-chip birds
to loophole ways thru the rich—

You do your best Yojimbo
for the year's lean dilemma

Der Totentanz on the tor
scythes into mind on line

Like Russians for the gases
& the goods junk-bond Methuselahs

Chip in as vetted so-&-sos count
votes with nostrums you're out of

& the sun zoom sparks
too late to light the way—

Even screams will be fleeced
some summers to come

Block-busted consumption
grown into its teeth

When all you wanted
was what you had had

"Ever during doors" —William Blake

All of a wing's sudden
windowed oaks quicken
out of cut-fruit meadows

spirits organize men with
pouring concave faces
on our vegetated earth—

the perceivest of flowers
tends to you at heaven's well
contorted in places

too outlandish to map;
ten steps wet from sleep

you speak of no other age

but of when trees
must have seemed
without impostors.

Then Come Crashing

And the fish, my love? They get to their conjurings too late, blistering the geomantry, thinking only in straight lines just as demons do, just as anything might that is a mussel from between whose shells a monstrous abdomen has grown.

And the curves, my love? You can see Copernican planets and stars move in them if you tilt your head to meet the right stars' slanting line, but only humans light the ropes of their lives into them, as if every loving were an arc—no—that is, precisely because every movement is an arc.

And the ginger? the front limbs of horses? the thing that might just be pleasure enough? All those thermopolises, yes; see with what simplicity, with what implicitness I gather, in the interval between another orbit, sliding lands that have taken all the water out of you and have covered the city in such a series of false colors.

And the hoaxes, my love? You make them dear to the enlarged world. You think about who will character them. You dream up another pair of sewn-together beasts, another kind of ancient human, another missing link found in the knuckle of a whale's fin.

And another, my love? Let me be in the next and next and next, the cynosure of all fooling, the answer to every fake cryptography. Let them find me behind the falls painted with the colors of a king snake—a false warning to all who might enter there.

You've had it with Balinese beliefs, nothing fully finished, optical facts. Let me be a reminder, a remainder—my arms out and up, my face open, letting the waves forcibly fold around me full about the chest while the fish keep their distance—of the chalice that you took chances on that, unjewelled, takes its own chance like fresh water; and the fresh water? How you sunned the salt out of the sea?

Let me hold up
just one more salty cup
and drink to tidal pools
before you imagine that I've nothing to do
with your cosmogony
and consider me
yet another
overdue creation.

Up In One Tree

I want the quest
for this justice

of the middle
to call the true

peach topical –
to pass a sipped

conscription by hope
disguised as boxed

hysterical gems.
A black cow's

proxy genetics –
flattered extract

of her fatty tissues –
pictured this:

a woman, pregnant,
frightened by a lobster

who by the above cause
gave birth to deadpan.