

quick is the sand

bounced on a finger

retrieve. retreat. reprieve.

gone--old masters

died, dying, dead-in a flurried text

keys pound in an epic by Williams

Paterson is drawn by steel

not dragged by wood

lampposts of energy

not flames caught out at sea

stale bread will break teeth

the sounds of which—

churn butter in concrete

I've walked your SIDEWALKS, when they were slate.

A tired man once said, mend the cracks. Instead, I tore
them to pieces rearranged the landscape. I walk on dirt.

tip tap, the bottom of a shoe. gliding on a slab of mountain—cut yesterday.

White white white through the depths all around
Blankets of white, skyline of white
The white of fresh snow on a sunlit December day and a big black animal, bounding through the
whiteness
The muscular limbs powering through the drifts, puncturing the flawless glass surface and
Kicking up white dust in the crystal clear air.
He's breathing.
Breathing warmth into a world where there is none.
And you question
Where is he going?
What is he doing?
Why is he kicking up white dust in the crystal clear air?
You want to ask him these things
So you run after him.
And soon enough you're breathing and he's breathing—you're both flying in a whirl of white on
an unstoppable trajectory—you following him and he following the whiteness and the powder
exploding every which way.
But each step you take crunches through that glassy surface, and quickly the running becomes
stumbling and it all becomes so overwhelming.
He's getting away.
First he's a black animal.
Then a black form.
Then a black dot.
Then you pretend he's a black dot in the distance, but you know that's a lie.
Because he's gone.
You lie down in the whiteness, upset because you had so many questions for him.
Like where was he going?
What was he doing?
Why was he kicking up white dust in the crystal clear air?
And who would not stop to admire a sunlit December day?

Process Note: Writing this poem was somewhat difficult for me, because I didn't know which direction I wanted to take in the beginning. However, what struck me most was Pound's line in "Vortex," "The primary pigment of poetry is the IMAGE." When I wrote this poem, I made sure to include images that would carry my poem along—in this case, a dog (specifically, my own black dog) running across a snowy field. I also employed Olson and Pound's technique of asking rhetorical questions to move the story along, like when Pound says, "Been to hell in a boat yet?" Overall, this assignment stretched my conventional understanding of what a poem can be.

One more note: I thought it was interesting that Olson stated that "it is the advantage of the typewriter that... it can, for a poet, indicate exactly the pauses... he intends." In this poem I try to break lines where I intend the reader to pause.

I also try to use "metronomic processes" in order to set up a rhythm to the entire poem.

Cindy Yuan

ENGL-010, Professor Taransky

Projective Verse Exercise

Process Note

As an engineer, I tend to dwell first on the form of any object or work I am given. What stood out most for me in the poem "Vortex" is first, Pound includes great use of capital letters to prove points throughout the poem. He also includes quotes from other authors, and he manipulates the placement of these quotes so that the combination of different quotes stood alone as a paragraph in his work as a whole (see "Ancestry"). Again, in "Canto XXXIX," Pound incorporates different languages into his work. For me, since I cannot interpret the phrases, I notice that I begin to treat the foreign words as objects and symbols, thus focusing more on the form of the poem. Pound projects his feelings onto the reader through this. However, I did not use foreign phrases in my poem but the structure of my work is also erratic just like his was. In this poem, the meaning of what I am trying to convey is not very clear, even to myself. I literally woke up from a nap, saw the computer screen in front of me, and began to write what was on my mind and what I was feeling. For some reason, I felt the desire to relay a message to the reader based off of thoughts running through my head at that moment in time. I played around with the shape of the work and the sounds and images. Charles Olsen wants poets to stray from using excessive descriptions and similes; thus, I kept it simple. I wanted to scatter capitalization in my work without seeming too harsh. Also, I included a great quote one of my friends, after she read my work, spitted out suddenly.

Words on the page, ASSEMBLE YOURSELVES,

Tick tick, goes the chime.

Stuck in envy of passive aggression,

Why use approachable anger,

When others mold its enemy silence?

Similar effects, SIMILAR PASSION,

Transcription of notes

Without losing the pride we cling to desperately.

CONSIDER YOURSELVES WARNED,

By this humbled author,

Tame the growls and the simple slicings.

"Weave reasons for existence of this facade." –Taro.
Shed the cloak of FERVOR and TEMPTATION,
And dawn the camouflage,
So that you may be mistaken
As a man you once fought against.

Piece inspired by Pound and/or Olson.

Replace.

Composed, we inherit our breath, think syllables, feel lines. Push space.

Don't ask me to extend, but teach me to erase? So I can learn the meaning of open space

Energy. Kinetics. Drive. Both Pound and Olson seek to distill energy (within both thought and action by poet and reader) into words, or better: content. Or best, and inevitably: form. Now, in this instant and throughout the poem, energy is to continue pushing content to form, creating form. Pound sees something great in harnessing this primary pigment within the form of the work through Imagism. But it is the paradox between precision and experiential idiosyncrasy that both Pound and Olson seem to be torn between that either confuses or disenchant me. Maybe both.

I don't think that verse is capable of carrying more. It is chock-full of inescapable conventions and permutations of perspective. I think that the insistence on fast thought (in Olson's case) or recreated thought (in Pound's case) only leads to a build-up of pressure, of tension. Instead of keeping what we write together, I believe we are looking for ways in which it will collapse. In other words, I am under the impression that Pound and Olson are looking to understand how the experience of the poet can approach the experience of the reader and ultimately become one. While Pound seems to be exploring this possibility, Olson seems anxious to control this outcome.

I also get a sense that they (Olson more so than Pound) are bothered by the fact that the act of writing takes up time and space. And that in our efforts to break free from these two things we will always get caught in the tangles of our own conventions.

My piece, *Inspired by Pound and/or Olson.*, explores the idea that no matter what we think or what we write, we will always leave our expression in the past. We might be able to look back upon it, and try to recreate every aspect of it but the truth remains that thinking is like writing... each word will push us to the next. Adding to what has been done in the past (even in precise imitation) will only cause past realities to accumulate, and never replace them. We can't replace experience with experience, no matter how accurate the instructions are that have been left for us. We can't break from conventions, we have very little choice: the present pushes us into the future.

Extension is natural, it's *easy*: it's expression. Is erasure: impossible?

Davinder Sandhu
Writing from the Outside – What is Seen

Projective Verse

Is it logical, or fair
to judge a work of words
based on more than just the words?

Treading the line between
poetry,
and theatre.

Does the exasperated breath,
or a well timed pause/line indent,
give some words more value than
others?

These are the conclusions made,
by the man whose shoulders you are standing on,
when he crossed the line in the sand.

To give up this tradition to break past the limit,
would be heresy,
would be heresy,
would be heresy,
would be heresy.

Would it be heresy?
Or just conventional writing?

Metamorphose.

Man is a beast
Far superior to a cockroach
Or a rat
يمشي رويدا ويكون أولا

All of which can be found under the same roof
Living in harmony
Unaware.

Maybe they have different schedules,
No conflicts, a periodic scuttling
From one appointment to the next,
Like the two who walk the same path everyday
But never meet.
They are stars
Not crossed,

أسقط في يده

Lovers.
Of the same route,
But a different journey.

A species of transformation,
Intellect is a curious thing.
For despite the abundance of pest control
They just keep coming back,
Different varieties, shapes and sizes.

يقتل القتيل ويسير في جنازته

And I'm not talking about the rats
Or cockroaches.

Note:

Translation 1: He walks slowly and arrives first.

▪ Translation 2: literal meaning: It fell on his hand

Proverb Meaning: It's just words, but no acts

Translation 3: He kills the victim and walks in his funeral.

sea ocean gulf
'til the anchor dropped
stirring up a whirlwind of sand.
¡Bienvenidos a México! read
the salt in the air

Two/ three/ five he counted out loud
lining up the pan dulce
across the cracked wood of the table
his tiny fingers brought it up
to his tiny mouth that brought
itself up to a big smile

Ja hi som, Manel!
Ja hi som a casa, Mama!

Process note:

I had quite a difficult figuring out what I wanted to do, I guess it's because Pound and Olson are a difficult bunch to understand. got inspired by Pound's integration of foreign languages into his poetry, a collage of quotations and his own verse. I wanted to use my multilingual family history as a part of my poem. My aim was to tell the story of my grandfather's journey from Spain to France to Mexico as a young boy during the Spanish Civil War. I took it upon myself to use Olson's emphasis on concise language to express more complex ideas. I tried to play with punctuation and spacing as a reflection of breathing.

Alex Czik

Olsen-Style

Wet

I walked in the world and everyone was mad.

All of them. Every one.

The wind was subtle but obtrusive, blocking my path.

I wish I was designed to break the blow of the thing

But I am not. I may as well be a mast and no rudder.

Pushing in directions unseen, unheard.

I had no coat. There was a small hole in the bottom of my shoe.

The water rushed in with each step and was absorbed.

By my feet, into my body. By my the sole, into my shoe.

My shirt was thick to block the rain, which it did, til it was entirely absorbed.

Absorbed, absorbed, absorbed.

Everything thick with things by intention and not.

I passed a friend and shot a glance, a slight smile. A busy smile.

His jacket was thin and impermeable, designed to break the blow of it.

Make him into a bullet of efficiency. ABSORB NOTHING.

Eyes dart back and forth.

Rain makes them strive for efficiency but absorbed they will be.

They know it. That is why they dart.

They know it. That is why they move at such a breakneck pace.

I continue walking, my heel is now wet. Being absorbed by the shoe. Being absorbed by the rain.

Being absorbed by the ground. Being absorbed by the madness.

process note:

~~about the world~~
~~in the world~~

I don't know if I quite
got projective verse.
I feel like when I
let things rush from
one association to the
next & so on, I keep
on coming back to
the same words &
ideas

I feel way less
expansion than Olsen
or Pound

It all moves inward,
instead of outward
& on.

If I saw sick people the same way
I saw you
I would not be here
right now. I would be anywhere but
here. My fear of them right now
Their skin coated for the day
Their hands covered
I just can't move OK?
I should scoot away from the girl next to me
Even though, I know,
Ms. America is not
permitted to scoot. So says her contract.
So says the world! (or at least
TLC)
Does it ruffle her sequins? No, it protects
from unplanned pregnancy
(I actually just mean flashing)
Just stand honey!

but I don't scoot because they're there and
they'll see me and
I'll be exposed to worse than
the girl even though I've been told
that daily
on the street or on the seat of some
bike or stool
They are interchangeable. Seriously! Unnoticeable.
But I'm doubtful. The photogs
never found them.

Maybe it's the fact that
I feel like
they are missing a link to the living (links
really) I bet they know what really happened
to that one guy on Real Housewives.

Anyway the countdown is here
It ticks through the air
I can't hear it
I can't feel it
I can know it
How?
Has anyone ever questioned
Mr. Daly? (well they probably don't remember, poor guy)

I too have been tossed in the air and stuck on some sort of hook

Just looking at the ground
It may be farther than it seems but Mother
taught me not to trust my first
instinct, that is what distinguishes you
from that girl
Which one?
The one over there
Which one?
Exactly.

I am here right now
Despite right now
Under fluorescent lights they gave her
punch and brought
noodle soup and gave it to
me (initially not meant for me)

I'm not their daughter
I'm just nice
to her and I'm sitting here
And you're not
You never had to
sit here stuffed between rows of bottles
of bottles with pills (Ms. Hilton was caught
again) labeled by the ugly
you've never uncovered
in your thesaurus.

Am I wasting myself waiting?
Mr. Bieber and Ms. Gomez have the freshest
faces in America.

Robert Fabianski

Invention

It's "Ukraine" not "The Ukraine"
He said. Hair black like stitches and parted to the side
Eyes unmoving like a cat's
The thing is good if those that are not say it's good

Be specific; use the correct words
Cite the place the name of the auteur
Wearing tight pants and the right shirt
Speaking French and Spanish and some German

Greedy. He discovers it, and with hands out in front
Like walking up the stairs in an unlit house
He looks around to see if anyone has seen it yet
Or said that it's good.

And if they haven't, he devours it.
Secretly. Like a cat.
It's not his, but he found it and that's just as good.
It's not food, but it's better than food.

He shits it out and the other things he's devoured
And he puts a torch to it
It doesn't burn but it becomes beautiful
Like a swirling red marble

Because, you see
It's imperative you're smarter than everyone else
And you beat them to it
And you shit it out first

Picasso + potatoes

9/21/27

Pound Perloff PS2 potatoes

panini

"chi mangia bene, mangia italiano"

天上龍肉，地上驢肉

"mangia che ti passa"

I am confronted with a ripe mango

and the peels

Peels Pound Perloff PS2 potatoes pearls

Only if you dive for pearls will you find one

"There were more illusions than realities"

the pearl changed Kino in unexpected ways

"and the music of the pearl drifted to a whisper and disappeared"

a pearl disappeared at the bottom of the sea

A pirate's pearl

Pirates. Perloff. Pound PS2 potatoes mango peels pearls Pablo Picasso.

"El arte es una mentira que nos acerca a la verdad"

Where is the lie and what is the truth?

“Grade 7”

When you speak
do you choose your “the”s
your “and”s
your “if”s
de-li-brate-ly
slowly plucking them from the shelf
like plump apples from a ripe tree
or do you
grab them fast onetwothreefour (aftertheother)
not bothering to treasure their singularity (stopping to their labels)
for I hope you realize (please realize)
that this next word
that you choose
IS
grade 7 unrecyclable,
more precious than gold, natural gas, the sun, and Lichtenstein
because although these things
may kill you, make you rich, or obliterate your existence from the face of the earth
your next word
is overtaken into the vortex
slightly altering all life
and is yours
for the rest of eternity.

Liam Hodgson

The virgin
son of
 poets
Born to feel stuff
Defiled
 by verse

Twisted little shit

Delight
in the pumping
 and beating

The paper daughter of nature
Spoiled
 by language

Should you be so lucky

“Genitals” is just a word
So is “heart”
Fuck
 it

Watch your

language