

PETER SEATON

Antonville

I provide my past with you, the most
Urgent musical interests offering my writing
The letter in which poetry produces the uses
And enlightenments of the world. I have
In mind a music in which ideas which meet
My progress with an exposé of the principle
Of rendition alter my edge to an understanding
Blow to my proud part. It discusses me
And why and how the most intense
Intention fuses coherence to a string
Unimaginable and purely written. Tonic
Lines teem with bright proportions of how
To say wanting to say my wild stone
Intervals, my naive lookalikes dressed
In the heat of the pen, tuned up
And swallowed up by awe for a throng
Of mortal absolutes, the effects of mass
And its taste, dizzy praise in print
Tearing up the precious pages of my heart's
Histories until the slightest particle subject
To the fatal presentiment begging to be
Imposed on conscious sense unequivocally listens.

Two Words

It's clear, you run wild with my message. All the answers
 We got are invoked by human looks
 And still shape our mind. By making anticipation
 Adorn a local geophysical mind something in these words
 That's marked by a pair likes you.
 But the new words wouldn't bring you into some colony
 Discovering a wider world, spaces of what
 The words tell me to discover the hunger of all nations
 And resist you by a move in which I would be
 Based only on the same continent
 Before my appeals are absent from my lies.
 In unions quickly concerning you
 Bled and present in father's profound books
 Or sections you think you're sold
 For the possible sign, a nerve
 Fabricating the confrontation with a reader I left you
 Solving with cultural ease and attributing
 Books in which you can have enough of a language to
 Small orange and white tones and hesitant slices
 Of what that had to be, the house to house world.
 Better take charge of the poor poets with feet bare,
 Knowledge bare until the spirit in the blood appears
 As though I were about to mind the things you dread.

Most specialties soften us for what you call
 In America a theme
 That at once had occurred to you
 Making things change, new things
 That begin in the development of peering
 At the pillars of idleness. You bet you won't
 Dance in my head or in a den of lions
 To desert me
 Where I structure my certainty
 Unsummoned with my lies, in the silence
 Of the nights. But it isn't true.

But I don't recall animate beings fitting this rule
 To the ideas that you can find. I told Goethe how
 After only a few readings there were diagrams
 Differentiating groups to talk to. And that
 We consist of lifetime or daytime or nighttime
 Writing to be the one
 To endure because the emphasis
 Creates a feeling you're in, of some way to fit
 Whatever you want to continuous attention
 Which would not be character
 Enthusiastically flown from your pen.
 Between the ancient quantity of each framed verse
 I bought a word, both words, that start with size
 Function, kind and color, that would look lively to express
 Illusion subject to breathing ratios
 And emptied of an instant both written and verbal
 In which a coyote, a raven or a bear wants
 Entire other animals for analogies. It says
 A need is everywhere, in lakes, in one
 Of nature's longing works and in the craters
 On shields and shorelines and in the crater
 And mounds of stone cones
 And vents kick up again behind roots and cracks and in
 Fumes across the deep wild vertebrae
 Tan old proverbs. Maybe it's Pinocchio
 Recalling implants of intensity
 Threatening to boil over with daily
 Activity and reluctantly starting to turn out fine
 Lines with impurities and flesh over it all.

So it was nice to hear somebody escape
 The dreams come true. But since you trust others
 To accuse you of how much has been written
 To change night into day and into the best example
 Of the only thing you know, the center of life today
 I'll ask you questions of the most variety
 Cover to cover while wondering if

The hitch in the wish turns the pages and
 If life sounds simple pulsing with lies based
 On writing that supports the body
 And clings to it with a pen. I must devote
 More and more of you to that
 Capacity suffering the statement
 Of the greatest wishes amended to writing
 This insistence. It's not any other skill.
 It's a lie.

The trail to the talking outside things
 Colors drum and so forth sticks to petty channels
 In the body. You sent me to exhaust objections
 To a word fitted for description, to cause this world
 That could be you restricted to the field of my example
 Because the written thing protects me, defends me
 Here and there lacking cross sections
 Often found in your room. It's true, two long words
 Struck the mind to anticipate the ivory silk bodies
 Which thou dearest writes and used to write
 Print free peculiarities. You won't get me to say
 Parts of my pictures didn't drop out of the blue.
 It wasn't that intentional. One can still walk
 During a syllable impressing thought
 On constituting matter, in advance
 Of what a poem really is? Exposing what I love most
 To a figure in my life stirs references
 To memories, its all real vision ancient
 Footprint music made you publish
 When we were kids, when the contents originate
 The wicked heart which beat in love
 With those about to leave.

Who often had to see all lies, all bodies
 Reaching for this shock to counter reason
 To decide to follow your example keener, more

Demanding, more intense
And expansive and at liberty to see them soon.
I didn't hear talk but there seems to be space
To stop it and all the definite vast horizontality
Keeps going. Only you, the hardest person
Are unable to reason losing the cataclysm
Affecting your work, rewarding the
Occasional greatest rhythm there
With changes while bare nightmare skies with miles
Of light gives you what you've never heard
Of knowledge of sore red and white discourse
Lasting years and numbering one and you
Don't have to worry about floods or speech or prayer
And do things, do you think that hurt?