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 expose 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
I 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 hardiest 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?