

# PRIMARY WRITING

# 4/96

JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

PETER SEATON

## TSVETAeva

I think of uncertain faces  
And I've loved them. One  
Of the things happened and  
I loved them. I love a painter  
("Do you like her?") and her silly enemies  
Lying smashed and limp on the filthy cocktail table.  
"Why, these are things I have written!"  
Could that be what's neutral in this world of facts?

My pistol is political, but it's always aesthetic.  
My body turns the truck carrying something, everything.  
I could have you opening our caravan, our virtue,  
Surrounding Chicago with reservations, as  
I've loved them, reptile cunning  
With a great sense of sun  
With all my grants, wherever  
You're going, why, these are things I have written!

You may wait for a ringer, Peter Cottontail or  
Something, coordinating your earliest memory  
With a reason, like interrupting your father with what you  
want

Of these giddy kings of the desert, their limitless jealousy  
Seeping through the white spots  
To the crotch on the cross, a female crotch on the breeze  
Disrupted by odd angles of pages wallowing  
In his sweet and personal needs. I can't

Wait. Beethoven's come  
And gone. You'll find him  
Out there drinking rum or whiskey and water. We share  
A birthday. With Chopin  
I share a mother, a white woman, a Hungarian. Why,  
These are things I have written, I was in  
And around your body,  
Birds, faces, heads  
And faces, gravity free, propped up  
By gravity and lots of kilometers.  
So Beethoven never heard any other person  
Informing him of the pump boy's prophets.  
You must help me, miss me, clear me, obey  
Me. I confirm it. I love the rich.

## MONK'S FUNCTIONAL

Needs free, burdens I could  
And did compose, summary acts  
Of three or four letters, still  
Feel so alone, so  
Related. Hell, Beethoven  
Sitting at the table in his clinical body  
Reread that book, wondering  
What was to follow. "Is it possible,  
The comfort of the reader is the curvature of the Earth?"

I have to rehearse waiting for mountains to fall.  
A great scroll, but not ornament. Not the pure  
In heart. Our planet  
Is life on Earth. It begins  
With the time of day. It interacts  
With the Earth our sons grow, the solar winds  
Spinning with the ground. Our planet  
Goes to public school. That night, after  
"Castration and the end of analysis," after  
The Big Bang, using theories of small talk  
With my wife, for example, that Poland was Polish  
And Chopin would like to be thought of doing  
This distinctly and directly and exhaustively to me.

## A TIT FOR PAUL CELAN

So chance, of all angers, will be part of a little steam  
I simply snap on. I've a set of these apple schools,  
A second, a third. Two-by-fours  
Approach me and reach me  
Like old men emoting a long pause.  
I held the microphone and started to write. I took  
The microphone and silly species fall on my head  
And I like it. Why, I get to say Hi.

I don't care if you read me stripped  
Of affection. I've got fresh mounds of foils  
To the background to be near you. Exhausted manuscripts  
And photographs ask me to disappear, but on the threshold  
Where I can hardly stand I'd be glad  
For the prosperity of poetry, like poetry  
Rummaging around for freedom that pierces the glossary  
He forgave her. Well, here, I'm very proud

And powerful in the poetry, bathed in the poetry  
That lets us lose our tempers and not kill Jews.

You're forming a deep hollow on my right heart.  
I had words, an audience, confidence, and a wife.  
But I'm supposed to reference you when night falls,  
Laughing, fixing the length of a dialogue as rigid  
And gorgeous rays in my ears which your talk will fill  
On all fours, acting as if oblique distress  
Glow cheaper, like obelisks down  
By the church, deprived of the solitude of someone's name.

Look, I don't care if it is an adjustment, just  
Doting the gorge, hanging from a turn  
Towards some other sun. All that confused, wild, frank  
                  heaven

In your heart is better than just having been lit  
To be writing a favorite moment routed out of bed,  
Slanted through the sparkle of your interest in being put  
                  here

To be mammals to be concluding little moments full of many  
                  clues.

You'll succumb to a sublime cure, to defy  
The different layers the prayers add a word to. (Pretty  
Dresses remain to be seen.) Where  
Shall we meet? I don't wish you to influence the Western  
                  World

At this time of day. There's still a cool little theory  
Of proper names and the proofs your fevered return  
To be conscious of it.

Dennis used to dream of danger. Tall,  
Cultured danger smelling of pussy  
In the mist on the mountains. He escapes  
Every irritation milling around the effects of loving you  
Forever. He adjusts  
Words like lights out, drop  
Your chocolate, your coach, your dolorous loose-fitting  
Lessons pulse to my favorite fair with tender tights that fit.