

PETER SEATON

SONG of HEART'S GREAT EASE

*for Lee Sherry*

Smiling rebel gangs get wet  
In the archeology of this instance.  
If I can't be surprised by a ton of love  
I'll pick up the phone to admire the moon  
Waking me to disturb you and tell you of this  
"Blank page," "This guy," "This world," This story of  
Rivers and mountains, The sea,  
Trees and sunset, Stars  
And the moon, The woods  
And the moon. This  
Is not a moon. It's a problem  
Of matter apart from doing something  
When we get back. It's a dispersed instance  
And lines of it, Powering artists  
To deal with this rapacious world.

It's hedged in nature's glittering humors  
Which help to have me love you and mold numbers  
To lucky men dying and far from dead and  
Told to mean to agree on money  
And hunger and luck and collisions  
Of pen and ink. They believe  
The lunatic within the laws of logic  
But never mind that. They preview America  
To all your childhood sweethearts,  
All your soldiers killing us with styles of shock,  
Shooting continents away from questions

Of consolidation, Of the orange  
And the eagle and the turbulent bird  
Beast or tree isn't talking  
About going to be like this, Explaining  
An offer to expel a hazard, Floods,  
For sensitive mortals with sensitized hearts.

I stood in a room, During a war,  
Encouraged by the skyline beneath your skirt.  
I could choose to stampede the cows  
While Jesus swims. Hercules swam,  
Cheated by the isthmus he'll be covering most  
Of Europe with. They shave him  
With sharp reasons, They're  
Incognito, Like Darwin concealing his suspicions  
From the ubiquitous thrill of searching for me.

I'd been stolen to survive a bequest to a poet,  
Gouging out your theory, And it is a theory,  
From the consent that seeds these demands in the good  
Or bad earth. Colonized by the sun  
For pleasure and the Black Sea for speed  
One language protects me, But the last woman you won't ignore  
Needs proof to move around a geography of the lips apart.

Later I'll grow up miles from problem dogma,  
Electrons, Elements and antecedents  
Captured by a child. I own them now.  
I live half a horn away, In a fertile pause  
You can't discuss and gendered lairs  
You can't stand. All this justice triangulated  
Preparations for departure (Grave conduct  
Had me do it). I want it to fucking mean

I like to travel, While travel breath with  
Its smell could destroy life. Ever since  
Zeus extends the celestial globe to safety  
Someone's wife's been laying out a network  
She thinks she alone can read. Now departure includes  
A model of marginal knowledge, But  
It made no sense; You were completely read  
By disappearing additions to the news.  
You were read of metaphors needing crow  
Bars, Metonymies of strangers splitting  
Perfumed knowledge with sharp cornered favorites.

I'll do the traveling, Prying  
Patriarchies from computers that boil  
Down routes to the beach. Let's call  
My daughter to marry a man. Let's call this  
The Plan, "How I suffer."  
Let's peel the heat from hearing the authorities  
Writing spare rescue to trash around in, With  
The sociology of having heard enough.

That blankets enemy thinkers with herds  
Of light flaring with typewriters, I'll  
Imagine warming up with a mask of stone  
And a psalm, "To fight, Fight." Because  
The dead horse, Partially drunk, was beaten  
With many memoirs of bandits crossing here  
Where this phrase I've never heard or seen  
Includes loads of earrings but no fireworks,  
No boys ravaged by the truth to leave New York,  
No tears for site or no site, No  
Ingenuity invoking the present stanza  
Wounded and bleeding, Cognitive elements  
Intact in notions of English in antiquity.

Let me add thought of my thought, Like a great sum  
Settles about the horses, Cattle sheep pigs and fowl.  
This English includes one scrupulous existence  
In a word undulating from the surface to the simile,  
The chiffon and jewels and a philology moon.  
Little a priori sparkles slide the twilight  
Around words for the big shark waiting,  
We have been told, To expect nothing, Sleeping,  
Eating my steak while the leg, The seat  
Of revolutionary sympathy, Itches.

Metaphors exiled to chords of, Chords of love  
Algebraically arrange the Southern Hemisphere  
Around a ship. Mama, Who was very fond of nature,  
Tries to explain that everyone must quarrel.  
Every surefire inch pioneers holes  
That close over the things we've done  
Like cleaning the spit spotless  
And ironing out the toxic guess  
Not the suitable instinctive  
Or the cataclysmic hunch self comprehensibly  
Maybe the merciless sun raising questions.  
Maybe I pester the rest of the world with being left alone.  
But even the calculation of invention  
Waves daring shapes of the breast  
That was never seen again, By not just any man.

## *SEMIOTIC IMPERATIVE*

Carve me a quote from some hard writing  
Without the woods and chains from skins, Shoes  
And bolshevik shorts in an essay  
On the economy of omniscience. You'll  
Recommend memories invaded by lines  
Of the metaphysical lurch and shrug in charge  
Of medicine writing. I put  
My pad-wearing fur in each man  
One at a time, Brokering  
The speed of forcing formulas into my brain and  
Crashing free from enticing the design apart  
Into assortments of trust and will. No noise  
Cherishes my point political. I'm not  
Mysteriously sore from putting my back to the books  
In me and without me. I live  
In a house. I have  
The legal right to herd photographs  
Over definite lines for close fitting  
Parts of the coast. Sometimes  
While flying I admit the rest of the world  
To airports, As if the convention omits a caution  
From the absolute Atlantic you don't want to cross.