Who Writes?
(for Bruce Andrews)

Peter Seaton

The right word from you
Is in place. I embrace you
Because, oh forget it.

If this chance is missed I
Can get ill in ink. But I'm now
In other words where I'll stay separated
From the last of the letters to talk
To you of knowing nothing. I'm in a hurry
To love the news. Did they ruin it?
Rob it? I don't know
How to return from thesis
To antithesis to you, that riot
Of empire and adventure
Froze last winter. I'm writing
Your books to be prevented from writing
Your name, to find out what you think
When you read our robust reason from nature.

This or that person. You want me to say
Who's left? Where are these "independent
Strata?" [Where are they.] The beginning
Was easy. It was even nothing
But work and I took on live literature
To control come what may. Be mad
For such a book. That's all I knew
Of prose. It won't be
Knowing what not to say but that dream
On the art of writing I wish
I could repeat to you. Then a great abuse
Would be capable of me reading
Of being deprived of being shut in.

These men of the past are mine. I work
Spun pockets of the visible end, the arms
The air, half artist and
Half artist and
I read nothing but a thousand dramas
To aid digestion. I've lost
My former country in the hope
You isolate with better bees and ants
To withdraw from luxurious socialism.

Poor words whose torment
Has thrown them clear of you
Like me, like the people with beasts
And pebbles to bury myself in.
Now, about that animal, shut up.

Ah, who cares.
Somewhere there's a sweetheart
Who lives near artists. All
My letters fall on me like reasons.
Thanks into which they stuck me snatch me
To this orthodox necessity on
The way to what is to be done condensed
Into women in the arms of infinite
Male phrases. All readers
Are partisans. They begin
By needing your books
To rehabilitate an aching head.

I'm working away all your words
Into the picture. And the nerve to urge
All I can do to interest absent impulse
In some tough problem. As theories
And poetic once and for all
And the essence empty
Of disappearing presents literary threats
You correct yourself, like the envelope
Ready to burst with your talent.

One day I'll ask you to stretch mystic
Imbecilities to some idea of leaving
My raging limits to do what I do to miss you.
I've been working hard, the hardest,
And appreciate this non-stop knowing.
But colonial love products
Of instantaneous sorrow play
Historic, like a wounded troubador
Remembering your book in a minute.

What's become of you? The social tones
Forget me. You'll be praised
For appearing in the conquered man embracing
The socio-historic milieu with clarity,
Revealing conflicts of interlocking interests
That the present boxes with profits.
That submission exacts its own tradition
From the shadows that tickle the stacks
To town and country progress, its struggle
For the middle of the yoke. It begins
With little boys who murder each other
For the energy of their insights into what
Seems like a sprain. Someone
Announces it, everyone stands out
Against mosaics in the silhouettes around me.
Audacious, harmonious footlights excited
By the same infinity with which a man
Fills a whole room. In this
Vivid frenzy I'm doing nothing
I can think of. Bored
With doing the most he can do the reappearing
Cadre thinks the haze fortifies what
He deprives himself of. Your books
Disturb our knowledge. Your independence
Scatters our dreams of abject prosperity.
Ideological heat, "fresh as young skaters,"
Goes to and fro. As you know, the mass strike,
The armed uprising as well as the bridges
To utter oddity long for the time being.

Our next move is to see how what happens
Consoles me for my English self. Suppose
We accord appreciation of our imperious
Breath to meticulously catching a ball
For those for whom we just keep doing it.
Can we feel continuous, nearly ready to swallow
A certain linguistic pattern and practice
These methods of opposing what I understood
To the same true work of aesthetic something
Like that. Maybe it's a line of sight
That changes while we have access
To your books. Let's speak
Of your books. I
Receive two volumes perpendicular
To the last degree. All the usual
Habits finish up with readings
To the health of my poor distractions
From every envy and you don't care.
Oh enthusiasts for opposing forces, epic
Colors fade for you. You know
How you know their phrases
Were no instincts wrongly not the god
Of shameless love. Little signals
With new light to object to change
The past to exercise contingencies
Of long suffering experience. This
Is the missive either. The child
Has a long list of gods to find the charge
For blame and the jam
For praise. Elusive fingers on the lower jaw
Test for the house and grounds and living
Breathing girls reading your book.

Now the hole in the machine never squeezes
Civic periods into grudging me my spot,
My smoked core of grinding grass green skies
With weasel bones and socialism
And traces of historical poor an old man
Preserves in wandering counts now
And then galloping through the pulp. Eat up
Your technical garlic, beans, etc.
To prepare for plausible hair trigger
Achievements, what I mean and all.
No nature staggers along a literal meridian
Designing particles of foreign pools
Of content. Nobody betrays young King Peter
To read a little Shakespeare. But oh
This Renaissance rows, schemes
Of difficulty to shatter time exposures
Of the circumference of active
Human tectonics into exiled details adding
Animated sizes to the great sights
Of logic. I felt everything
Is here, every insult flourishing
In sprees of angular lassitude, patched
Inside matters of skin out of my hand. I felt
Frontiers to ethical rage later
In your book and screamers all sun
In a screw, go splash a hand on myself too.

For the last time I open my eyes
To the inner needs destined to time off.
You don’t have to wind your way round dreams
Through supposed gaps in contemporary language
IV Seaton

To let them self-expect with erratic arrangements
Of rhetorical society, from your mother
Hidden behind a veil of flesh. I know
You thought you’d bump your head
To rule the verb to be in
Bright patterns of life on the platform
Making a mistake without naming the forces
Of nature and the occupations
Of an artist. We’re the
Objectively necessary criteria for words
That blow us all up. The curse
Of the unread melts into romantic
Confusion of dialectics of everything
Around me. Real pain, torture,
Subject to the laws of the book on a binge
Roams my heart and is suffered for you for
Having been writing at all. No
Degradation to compile, no guarantee
To lose myself in it’ll be wonderful, alas,
To slip away, brave person, into
The last time I heard ifs
And buts slap between the classes.

You could charm the primal passes
Into avoiding all one’s form beyond
The life to travel and the time to procure
Some risk of attracting me. So I wouldn’t be lost
To a definition inside the plus
I was proud to search for you,
Inside the logic you end up writing against
The edges of society. Expand into a method
To maintain a strange man common to all
My rides and relations, a national man
Inspired by colors, forms, flowers, motions
Up to the forgotten present designed by poems
I saw John inhabiting today. Ninety nine
Heavenly bodies assemble ornaments of April sun
With rules that quit the shade of a good communist.
I could wish letters of the walls or silver
Feet storming about the pleasures manufactured
Next: Dear artist, this
Poet or that strange man may
Retain your old facts on cue, as if
I could be expected to move Mansfield Park
Deductively around me, after I just put up
With reading all the fellas on the head and
Pumping up with problems of terminology
Doomed to keep from turning over by finding
You'll tolerate a poem all the other kids
Take for a drive to get back fast.

I suppose just the whole machine
Intelligence may be happy to see you
And love you and swallow you
Whole. But I leave my mind
To my affair, to light
Something you've done into the Apollo
Once a year, taking shape right before that
Makes the ends justify rejuvenating
Answers to a stranger. It's not even a rough
Frightening thing, which ends to be visible.
Like flashes of an assemblage
Of an understanding of shock control
Of your own moment in the university
Right from the road and alive to watch
And to listen to you identify
These holiday techniques enduring determination
Almost free, on apple pie, and in the movies.