

## 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

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.