

BORDERLINE ALPHABETIC

To fire the sun as it rises
And smoke the bird from its song
The blushing fusion that separates
The letters, armed
And memorized, would face the swan
That Aneas stood and
The unpleasure that seemed a dwarf word
Spills from the proverbial eye.

I am the smart captain, placed into
The depth of the sex planet
With its sheepish chemical presence
And subterranean envy. The altered
Munching sounds of the poets
And outbreaks of instinct and environment
Chop wood for life. Today,
Gyroscopically programmed
To scatter the idea of carving a repression
From a design to visit me
Distends outlines of literary countlessness
To make the world the space in the face
Of an English series. From an echo
That exhausts an epoch, from
A physically improbable phrase strange
Slow parallels fall.

IMAGINARY SHIP

"We'd rather have the iceberg than the ship,
although it meant the end of travel."

-- Elizabeth Bishop

Flows of genetic discharge
Lag behind
My accent, encouraging
Wonders of the world of arrangements of waves
Persuading me this ship is mine. It's bound
For miles of sight
Working the wild gorge
Wandering through flowers formerly used
To fill pockets of comprehension
Technically not dreams. This ship

Flees for seas
Of drugs-in-nature. Before,
Men pulled on the physics of dark atolls.
An idealized flourish would cross an abysmal.
Canvas proofs wore constants away
From quivering shark jars of an ordinary
Rolling motion. This

Is just the sort of ship I like, fitted
With molecules of navigation
Steaming through the liquid
Plowing logics that defy all logic over
A thousand lines, like currents,
Carving up a storm, examining
The carvings down which tributaries go to
Ideas cruising the darkening oceans.
Here, placid answers number ships in hues
Of exposure, like red collecting the longing
For a race. Christ was god,
I think, bringing us close
To efforts to being out of sight

While curling up to iron nights
Of consciousness. We get under way
With the tip-off, marking the stars
With an accusing finger at sheer writing.
This is where causes are circles
With traces of the chances to show off
This vessel, its bright purity, its imitation
And taste. Its figures behind a breast
To right sly right's wrong, away
From the sea fight's right and peaking
Wild points that go straight, and stop,
And float, like ice.

SUITE FOR PEN AND INK

The piano
That programs my spine
With some adored ordnance
Skims allegorical lapses in
Wild image guides
For a best place to land, in
The jungle

And all the principal fields
And mountains left with absolute values
Of gloom and glory and fierce reading looping
Carnivores in the curriculum.

Under an awning the ladies sat
Seething plain English.

Orange lids of sugatorial beauty
Ascend an oath, a jewel
Of a schism. I'd been on leave
And learning to be missed
Picking up bones of plenty
Luring logics through an acrobatics of fits
Of the theoreticians. But all afternoon
And all Mexico
My dreams have plenty of loins
But no coins.

Threads are drawn
From the mist of order, lines are drawn
To write me along
Detonating fluencies
Of the linguistic cavalry
In brittle sign and signature.
I've conjugated states of being

In private and distant word lore where
Sounds roll through your name
Stamped with space and black and blue
Directions clean the postwar look of it.

I know yes or know rolls smartly
Through the heart of statistics
And regrets, analytics of biota
Squirreling neglect
Past my brain. Satellite mixing
Trains the sun, which makes us uncanny
And shortly to be allotted a lump of sky
As if there were no other sleep or sky there.

I've used irate deliberation
On the worst enemies of heaven
Avoiding the durability that augments dreams
With processions of dreams, roughing up
The locomotion, procuring writing
To heave the hardware
Into surrendering the keys
To being pulled over and needing only
A word, but wanting more, more
Flying bone and belly rigging titles
Of virtue over slides of vice.

Among dares of dynastic phrases
Montezuma marvels at the ruins
Of Teotihuacan. Ecologies of Europe
Combine in a simple room in a sunny country.
The young son thinks of his birth control device
(It's his, he found it) and pockets
The phrasing and thorny keeper shrugs
Of dissonance repose nailed
To echo-hard writing. Hot setting drops
In spun paved print
Time kinetics

By a microscope's disillusionment.

What's left is the stress
Of the sharp drive home
Shot to pieces by the fortune jugglers
Staggering back
From looking undamaged.
I've seen arrays of elegant odds
Snub light spikes
Of explanation and piety.
I've sniffed the feral actor
Conditionally at sea, most buoyant,
Atrociously buoyant with some heart's content
Of the wish to be the mathematician
Longing for a show of abstract work
Expanding a crisis to its verification
Reloading the present with being read to
Or from, the first
Antigravity halt being far
From over.

CHICHEN ITZA

Oh Lord, the relative whiteness
Of the soldier's fist
Emancipates phrase strength
Outside augury. This
Is the Writing House, arousing
Omen furiously read
At risk. One
Could surround one's surroundings
And one does, motionlessly
Intentional. This is the Writing
House. Hidden tufts of Mayan grammar
Lead them to think I'm a spy.

You can translate this within
A syllogism, with even odes
Of singular growth across an image solid lure
Sharpened against speculative syntax
Wrapped in a moment's thought. Lord,
They think I'm a spy, a contradiction
Fragmenting into a man
Describing your mouth, your kiss
The size of a lifeboat
In the middle of the ocean. I
Assure you, adding the plural
To the singular, they
Think I'm a spy and leave me alone.

LEEWARD

Under the elm
Of the Ashbery tree the ville
Sighs. The skies
Take on the mulled luminescence
Of a blaze with the frozen tropics
In attendance. It's like loitering
On earth, rules turn up
To make a little outcome. Dense threads
Of developmental wildness spin knots
Of spherical attention to problems
Of bandwidth eddies to a prospect cast
From some lost profile. Like a hiccough
Boxing the compass I kept my foot
On the dome of the idea

That to be dazed
In a right kind of way
Orders the dreamwork in the node
Of what went before and about how far
One could go crooning and stick in a song
Upside down. And it's these affectations
I think of as knowing what I want, infusing
My impatience with a distraction to consult
For an ultimatum, like getting put over
A barrel to get to the other side
With more than just a terminology
To boomerang around in.

CONFESSIONS OF A SPERM DONOR

for Cookie Beecher

All the women hiss
Under my dry gaze
Of hot water,
Under my sore thumb
Engraved with the timing
Of a drop of a hat.

All artifacts
Of bold and handsome clarity,
All silks and songs
Of possible problems can't be
Abolished by a last wish
Or frightened
By a penis, a penis
In love.

All the goods and waves
In a world as bright as day
Mine their particulars
On all fours. All sperm
Keep orders of donor clause
And sequence haunts an inch
A day away
From easy living.
All predictions
Tuck their secrets in and
Propel a boy toward the phosphorescent prime
Of stray activity.

All lags
And relays, synaptically
Contagious, inspire
Blank injury and vagrant

Ingenuity and articulate
A little money and a lot
Of line. Every single loophole
Grounds pain in compendious definition
To charm the world with facts
Which like me and like me
Are going out and staying out and maybe
Won't come home at all.

BORIS BY STREETLIGHT

Sweet Lorraine, what makes Boris
Love you? Everything
Matters to the quanta
Zipping around
A terrible beating. On the street
Where infinities short
Out everyone counts, and sees
And hears and kicks around still
Strange verbatim, in this case it's
Dry ice, or better judgement
Or cruel reciprocity. Nothing
Becomes harsh absence so much
As the crime of the century. Does
It linger until
Blueberry Hill
Wipes its eyes with your tears?
What about treasure falling
To its measure, what makes those measures
So ... reciprocal. I'd climb
Those ancient poems
Over razor sharp interest
In the green trees growing greener
With the invention of civilization
Where the bets bounce back
Like hungry actors, their retinue
Of silence no one can believe, their touch
No one can admire more
Than a stranger
Who writes with a silver bullet that seals
The base through his fingers, steals
The tongue that slips through his wrist.

Sweet Lorraine, The Christ Child
Loves you for the hold between your legs

But I love you for your hums that fly
Off in the rain and over the city, over
The thick noise of diphthong alley
Where the years take such a beating
They'll say anything to make it stop.

HOW TO VOTE

One day I left home
For a word, the one
That leaves you out
Skirting taboos
Against feigning ruins.

Of an iron constitution.
You looked like fun
Cursed with what I would do
To pick you. I looked
For some rogue discipline
Stamped with choice
And running
From where you're from, a midnight
Fact that orders all this day.

I'd confuse something
That helps me decide to remember
With how to think tough
Like a disappointment
Anchored to hovering attention
Filled with a hunch that
Empties the square of its circle,
The guess of its certainty.

QUEST FOR THE INVARIANT

With your hip up nestling
A book not far from my idea
Of legendary purpose something intimate
Remembers you in the ideological age
Of loving me, where my best landscapes
Develop for a solo of acres and acres.
And something I must have read
Concentrates on taking up the thread
Of your affection for anchoring
My judgement in loving someone else.

Too bad about you. Everything
Is true about me. I'd be
Distant contrasts practicing
The thrill you can control and it's
Hopeless, you lift the leaf
With an iron hand and send me away
To a bicentennial of human beings attacking
And admiring the setting sun. If you look
You'll see the outside world
Pointing to you and bound by children
Praying for lives of consciousness and falling
Down so painfully. But I'm
In New York, carving its instincts
On the setting sun project,
Washing ashore on thoughts of staying alive
Into complete composition, all mortal, all man.

PETER SEATON