

IMAGINARY SHIP

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MOTEL IMAGE OF THE ORIGINAL FORM

I think I'm the difference that means
You're right. You can check this by appearing
To distinguish how you are where I can't find you
Supposing to belong to every word I write.
I'm here, in ambiguous care and attention,
In arm's reach, like a vicious prince
Stranded and hungry, full of plans for knowing
What I write is true. When you're thinking
Of what I haven't noticed not
Of productive familiarity or pathological
Corporeality I exist. Now someone might think
I seem to be able to spare many centuries
For anything female. Yet I still explore
Ripe stars recalling me, kissing me.

THE MUSE LEARNS TO READ

The wretch trembles with excess patience
To make a mess of me. Some of those drops
Of golden gray breath spread this heavenly water
Down with a drink. Prehistoric smiles
Scatter accents throbbing with her tongue
In the ink. They depend on lucky stars
Overgrown with mysterious me
To drive out tributes
To the invention of being noticed
In her delicate return to be right. I wrote it
Elastically, where the pulse proposes
Calculations that get eaten ornamentally and
Scrupulously resemble coarse tropical compounds
In a mass, in all sorts of weather, in a book.

OUR WILD SUCCOR

It torments me that no one came near
Before Noah went sailing. I'd been formed
In a portrait of acetylene delight
Stretching this warning against writing
Into our names in the news discovered devoted
To the word for oxygen. It's the inverse
Of the year 3000. Hundreds
Of little cooking customs change for the grain.
I'd want to believe something suddenly
In verse, washing in a brass band, prying
The wind from the windows with bones
And documents that vibrate their way into
My sleep and leave a letter sprawling
Sloping, barely drifting, down to a paper sky.

TRANSIENT ALERT

I guess I'd have to write by word of mouth
To manage your future attention to my apprehension
And how proud I was to be of it. This
Dedication leaves you close to a cough,
A little delayed by deserving to be free
With simple bodily wants of all kinds and longing
For any conscience to announce a list
Difficult to perform, to startle some woman
With doubts of buying herself something to eat
With me. You can interest her in me,
Enduring her treacherous silence
By liking what belongs unanimously in your presence
To a cause for coming home in the evening, lying down
On the sofa and hoping to see you soon.

NIGHT RESIDUE

I keep giving her what I'm missing,
A distance in a refuge from living memory.
She finds this lost symmetry standing
In a ditch, breathing cautiously and trying
To feel dizzy enough
To pick her way through
The credit and the consolation that technical
Thought in two stops short. We'd prepared
A formula for chilled excess, being slightly
Extant about it with a big shot added
To the last minute to firm up the faithful
To get back to work. I'd had
The sweetest time. Standing still
In a definition of audacity that declines
A memory for a poem
Before I read a book that clouds
The written human choke off that old leather.
All my translations of the sea in literature
Tap into emergencies of sex all the time.
You have this boy neglecting this beautiful girl
Suppose I want a woman's body. You visit
Your new neighbor and I'm here to stay.

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 f^hn
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.

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.

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.

HEAD FROM OAXACA

Today I carved a pulse from stone
In the shape of a face, sentience
From the absolute beat of the rock
Of the world, and some tough radiance
Of igneous breath
From where I first lay eyes
Upon myself flares
Morphologically to flush a start
From its finish, the tension
One hovering cut sees to
With a wait that flutters with a lick
Of calamity

And amity. Some stones so live
That life from the absolute heat of the world
Takes shape into the heart
Within the breast that loses
Its head to art which doesn't count
Because it doesn't have to. I killed
That start with a finish and finished
The teeth with a file and
Painted the eyes with a look
And a nostril shook
With the scent of stars and a fragment
Took its words abroad
And sunk, being stone below
The surface of the clouds.

MISSIONARY RIDGE

I have always sung the second verse
And charged, streamed down
The first royalist sea
In a pickup to talk
To the gifts, implore them
To access the declination of a wish
By laying arms upon the moon.

The head might be cavernous
And the colonial drop still
The swirling counterpoint.
But the quantity that might otherwise remain quiet
And think circles a direction
And rolls down the confiscated signal
And rolls down the confiscated silence
To trembling repetition, a memory
Of your angles
Your wailing proportions
That line the way through
Gadgets of insurmountable view.

I'd tease a vernacular
From a motto forming clouds
About my beard. And from dream
Bursts looking for a dream.
In the glare off a unit of crisis
Stockpiled for people who have never been seen
In the foolproof distance
Traces of sweat reading smoke
The sun that gets around the side
Of the road, materializing like print
Ceremoniously augmenting where I say yes
With what I would show you.

I'd swing down among the nutrients
In a sinuous economics of escape
To infiltrate the primordial corrugation
And soak up chronicles like goose bumps
On a consciousness shaking
With impatience, rigging a storm
To step on it, aching
For a badge to flash a wanton relapse
To a halt and radiate
Convergence and divergence absent
From a chaos of phrase activity.

I'd soar through the subjunctive
With a hex on anything I'd need, bargains
That try to make me forget
Every word and nail, all the jumps
In shapes of trauma squared and
The corkscrew hearts to compete with
Whispering configurations of
Miscalculation and delay. They
Exact that discrete immediacy
That saves lives, from the scapegoat algorithm
Serrated to enable ephemera to mount a ruin
And see the sun to the little scare
That sucks a match from stacks of lamentations
For the words I'm left with, the galvanized stretch
I suit up in to articulate pressure elements
Among the worried words.

I'd round up the difference
With an exiled caress, shaving the dirt
From some faraway earth
From uniform probability
In lonesome action, bridging the open ground
With democratic certainties of an operative past
And how it floats through siege and diligence
Through stitching rhapsodic and cold tooled
Apparatus to arrange
Contemplation of its niches among
Lambent penetrations of another mist
Openly missing.

I'd sign the brilliant remains
Of precise appearances
With sultry pieces of oxygen
Funding a tunnel or a cone with a hiss
Where sublime metabolism pops the fringes
Of vagrant opportunities
That don't just dwarf the microlife
In the resin. The world gets wind
Of these ripe concoctions
Oiling the lanes of eerie sporadics
You dust yourself off in and hide
From the guide to an idea propped
Against a dream, the sex
The sturdy molecule in craft conspiracy
Flourishes among the famous climbing graphics
That forecast picks that part the talk
To write to to have written to dripping
With blush throttle dancing drilling
The edge of ancient echoes, some of them aiming,
Into another crease remembered rhythmically and
Burgeoning into your biggest thinking turning
Around in a poem.

Other domains assemble
Along the mean among the numbers
Properly backwards behind me.
Still, my resolve might scatter
Throughout the manifesto of an adventure
Evolving in an ethic laced with the next page
Snagging on speech alert, or just one
Fragmenting issue of discarded attention
On the prongs of moments veering
In place, adrift
On an expertise hot to liberate
Particulates of perpetual motion
To free the thought of a slap at the map
To prowl a book of old amplitude
To plant a foot on one of the measured surges
That wrench us apart.

Something plausible recruits me
Fingering smoldering determination
In the throes of a tonal sacrifice,
Kicking it where the fresh tense I imagine
I wish for suspects
Confusion in the mist of a method
The debris tips off
Like the breezy hallmark of an obsession
Relentlessly practicing seeing
What is going on, what flies apart
To haunt the energy cashing it in
For the ethereal ground and writing
Without being jotted down like an echo
Scrubbing the beginning
That gets on my nerves.

But all I know is this dangling omniscience
Anonymously home. It buries its scent
In a squawk. It decides
Which subtlety applies
Like a condiment to a frenzy
To samplings of the probable inventive revealed
To be dense replicas, "crippled"
Animation stamping a surplus getaway
With aspect and aspect ratios to coordinate
The grooves I'd been warned of wondering
Where I remember contours
Of their names. Under
The linden trees, where loose seniorities
Shed giggling word choice for legendary eyes
Running for cover, to the rip
Where every mystery decides its clarity
For a little feasibility
About to be used up unless
Your favorite bill of rights is a poem.

The women I'd want to matter to
Adorn thoughts beached
On the opportunistic content.
Unlike the noise within the signal they collapse
In and out of documentation
Like profligate particles
Swearing off metaphors for cumbersome cause
Romancing jet streaks of teasing identity
Pitching provisional stars and bars
To the arbitrary organic trying on
An item of crisis, trying to flood
Regimes of alertness with all the drugs
In a parallel universe, the cells,
And valleys and isolated corners,
The winches and border tints and
Unanticipated queries detached
From vehicular hardships and remnants of prayer
Insulating the mud and chill lists
Of plans to wave remote areas away.

To have spoken to you spirals apart
In a privilege of entertaining constraints
On shouting myself away, to spot you
The pre-dawn guess
That fires the conveyor
Of corrected curves
With thoughts of distant templates
Of elegant constants pried
From shudders during a genuine interglacial amusement risk.
It shuts the doubt down
With one long-handled surface of darts
And drums and a resolve that tops split
Statistics and virtual novelties
With each excited center to be blown up.

I thought I'd been a belief and that now
I'd be believed. The formulas
Rub themselves in a punishing potential
Presenting a chronology parallel to the ground,
A logical thing, consuming raised sets
Of hands etched along the spine
Of a personal number project, abandoned
As in a vise to prosper in primeval theory and
Among motives igniting castoff spells
Clearing out of a compulsion to hunt
The fat little aerodynamic
That shifts the bird of my affections
From an ability to exist to a quantum ground
Unfolding "slowly", compelling
The midday tone to risk a mystery by taking a walk
Through twists of a ritual discovery of
A curiosity penned to be seen
In these tough times, the
Blindfold reflecting only the most obsolete intensity
Once thought to be frozen but simply glistening
Like something that costs less to accommodate
The barely present surviving the page
Peeking out from under my lips, going berserk
In a memory of a matter of fact
In a method of difference.

I would drain simulations
Over the gauze rules of introspection
For cracks in the notation
That harness all the cash (a hemisphere
Of cash) into
A plot that gets the urge to see me
Into the deepest woods
Splashing the monitor with evidence
Of the anthropologist's arrival.

I'd kid my way into church
To harvest a sound that springs a leak
On the archaic first morning with a thump reluctant
To avoid looking lost by hitting bottom
Where developmental noise still doesn't stop
In a screech or even capriciously provide
The putative back of the labyrinth
With circuits of alternate breathing standing
In a line to fall into, past
Room and board for the immigrant differential
Whose sweaty sobriety peers through your percents
Which scamper through pavilions of resemblance
And reminiscence into the belly of shivering annals
Of future understanding. No artifacts
Inform these visible points
With tiptoe minimums
For tilting lavish intervals
Right out of bed. Is it my legs
They brush by?

I'd sear confusion
With "desire too difficult to tell
From despair." I'd invade the edge
Of orders to burn by leaving
The vapor rush lurking
In the lunge behind the pyramids.
I'd bleed my agility
To pocket plans for rushing off
To show you a moment later with
Its electromagnetic sanctity and
Isolated and enervated accuracy plotting
Points on ideally inflated axes
Of memories of freedom from which
There is no escape. To move
The circling earth with travel
The mischief meshes sightings of the crevices
Between computers, evaluating finality
With a pristine search for the smoking gun,
The prime deceit, serenading
The broken location survey with hot knots
And epic bones and beams of ingredients
Of a gamble any actual future would
Back into even if I'm desperate
To get caught thinking, it's routine.

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 the 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.

BETWEEN AFFECT AND IDEA

"...the fact that an idea is capable of taking
over as its own the affect of another idea."

--Jean Laplanche

To scout delirious maxims
For a maniacal past and its linear treasure
A groggy balance calibrates near and far
Testing the stoked up story
Of a word evolving day
After day after day.

Here the barbarian forgets
To come after you. Idylls
Of understanding blaze with location
Of someone of whom there is nowhere else.
Embedded in a scheme to always having been breathless
Secretly living things sit up straight
Fielding links between facts and what it means
To be tangible. But God
So loved the hard white wave
Your hand departs with the first thing you know
A second human spots the anomalies and explodes
Into cells of the century sensing emergency
Exhaustion.

Other proportions of astonishment
Deprive a principled lapse
Of delays from mathematical escape
To etymological injury. The sky falls
Into the sea. The theory falls into the sea.
Confines of heat and light subsidize the sunset
With where the sunset is, in
Infinitesimal vicinities
Of the physics of coming to meet me.

It shoots you and steals you
And pays no attention. It
Sifts lumps
Of probability
Through the sullen dynamics looming
Over a squeeze and a blindfold.
Tones of plush insignia mobilize
Metaphors to soar off
Hot spots and slither off a focus
I'd look back to to catch up to.

Feeling a leaf in the gene and a petal
In the coin on loan
From dreamy morphologies of the centuries
Between molecules I want
This woman on beads of blades
In a sequence of arrival and alarm
With rules for capturing this murmuring
To keep it in view, a mannered genetics
To map the secrets that make up your mind
With secrets climbing into the sea
While a species specific attention emigrates
To the archives, while a thought swerves
To close ups of compass error. What's wrong?

What's more, it hurts. Evidence
That I'll be back to prove I wasn't there
Doses space with remnants
Of conditions under which you better like
What I did that shatter, leaving town,
Forgetting kilometers and craters in melancholy trajectories
Teeming with verification
Ingeniously applied to gyps of old.

Feeding only on a rate of change
At which what I see appears
Out of reach I escape
The acceleration that haunts my steps
With lessons of lewd access to time
To stimulate a surprise
Like bathing in clear velocity
As wings impaled on a breeze ornament
Buckets of water at a fire and
Deduction sweats you through
Memories for lasting as long as you live.

Just stepping ashore,
Waved onto a theorized core, a
Pause in the whistling logic tripping
Over contents needing rest where
The gravitational disruption itself almost misses
A step, glowing with trying to make this happen and
Suffering a premonition that borrows a devotion
From the pageantry sinking into the oblivion
Or opinion I felt my hand hit.

I felt the blue ease vibrate
The charts and smoke the knock, the movement
That's stuck on vanishing
Tentatively, confiding
In final forms like the most intact guess
Exhumed from marbles bucking timbers
Dodging a stroll
Through the hesitation states of looking into
The kidding future.

Such covenants cut adverbial rights
from the highway to the horizon
Of last resort, like a balk
Rippling with opacity the transitive planets
Reflect back to Europe. A lifelike
First person in a logic of oblique moments
To be written uses the indicative to confess to and to
Condition the cues to the phrase to be
Hijacked to the ruse to finish it, to memorize
That ocean, ocean, ocean.

My dead sister steeps the sugar trees
In verb forms. The soft spoken positive.
The methodically obtainable.
In which the out of doors which fears
My exaggeration yet coordinates my apprehension
To sell inscriptions of the ineffable
Among derelict angles of despair.

The dent in the distance
Ripens into a place to congregate
In the middle of your word for word, slumping
Through a burst of languid efficiency
To the burn that triggers hook solemnity
With what you could be thinking, maybe
The dislodged muse drying herself off
On speculative resistance. The
Calculation contagion recovers scripting
As the sands that sinks to the ground
Tearing off sacred confine after sacred confine
In the epic twilight studded with statements
Perking up over a ban on degrees
Of lying or flying
Backwards. In a curve
Fashioning an inch off the autonomous self
Hazarding a compulsion
I almost drove through, the point
That fans out in monuments
To an obscure sure thing, emollients
Of a namesake's English to style the strokes
That creep to the side and crumble
You all around in what's left.

Sweet thuds against the lineage
Let me go. The rose grip
Of noise within the signal
Fascinates a direction with a sheen
To its coherence. Pale poles
Of particulars comprise the memory
That lets me go. Terms
Of stale dilemmas stash
The representational dream out of its escort
To be penitently next without the telescoping
That leaves sightseeing to the oracle
The splices prove true. Like plumb lines
To introductions to a walk to the window
Under the influence of the theory
Of new situations
Strange hips rub the deranged
Cargo all over. But the glow
Glowers, the instrumentation empowers
The corridor itself to freeze the bridge
To sound "which really has very little to do
With music." But
A lot of money shows up freeing
Some analysis from some anxiety from some paralysis
Transcontinentally betting a vanishing point
To drive through
Against the cage that inhabits beasts that pray
Not for predetermined movement that acts
Against itself but for the preternatural access
To actuality that just seems to be ours
For the taking, figuring
Out what goes where
When and how. My garage
Is empty. My neighbors call me Neighbor.
I shovel snow off the roof because
If I don't, who will?

TSEVETAeva

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!"

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 wrote, 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 confess it. I love the rich.

LOOT

Spills out the foot
Of the splits my sands
Were ajar. Long gone light
Fell from me. I'd seen the sight
We were circling stopped, darts
About his eyes spread. You could land
My line around the prints
Able to sense I might like a bribe
To suspect facts malevolently
Alone. My plan surrenders
Onto my map. My language,
That's my language.

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 ocean you don't want to cross.

ANNABELLE'S CURSE

You'll be sent kisses to commission
Your determination or else
I am that person I'd treat you to.

Once I conceived of you
As white pebbles stared at in a bag
Of the flowers surrounding you, whom
You thought of in your own free will
Spinning off the lyric world of its light
And hung by the prodigy
Confined to writing free from
Lovely lines. It's only
For your woes, the murmurs
Rocking you to essays and fresh agencies
Of imagery you thought of
Spilling from the prize.

You'll be sent the massive sun
Rising to see who's in your chorus,
Hearing yourself admit I can hit anything
That isn't there. And
You'd read it for safety's sake
As the wish arms itself
With a spasm, occupying itself
With my memory occupied day and night.

She'll write you as strangers
To ardor and devotion talk on the phone,
Poor private thoughts less and less previously
Repaired with rough adhesive aplomb.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Soft seconds rush the deed
Off our possible thick waters,
Oh how the cold wind blows.

The cold wind blows
Wrapped in star eyes and all
The shivering will in the world

Will lag behind some cool breeze
Blowing on a surprise for the sun
Had sex around the last bend

In my mind where bluebirds
Keep turquoise lines of perceptibility
Shamefully blue, Blue

Sky, Cold wind, Light
Dawn, Clear emerald sunshine, Saffron
Stretches directions along the rim

And in the clash and centering
And jostling for a phrase glowing
Where the wind blows hot, Where

Revealed reason divides
Into pacing up and down to steps
Home, Where the cold wind peaks

And light braking and aching
Invincibility shaves
Kisses off lips and hints off
Silhouettes against a startled sky.

AZ EMBER

I believe a man is always a man
Straightening under the knife with holds
Only the blue horizon separates
With clouds forming the gitgo going straight
To an indulgence wild rhymes
Post like theory for dimensional
Stability, it could be that testing
But it's only technique marking inclusions
For structure and paper courtesy
Of me, Bruce Green, Jr., shadowing the penetration
Of Mesopotamian New York, Wednesday, August 4
Or publishing food O Rio, O pier O
Central Referential See, I mounted
Against my fate, my bones swing also O pale
Jews with bones like plains of nesting fire
Cut off in the depths of the thought which reads
It's cinders up your air with the last of the hollow
Sleeping light looking for its looking flame.
How foreign were we gold of beauty
In its hands, translated by exploits
And more of your progress, in its joy
On its silver, on high, plush hairy sweet seeds
Lost in a dip of three grafts to its holes
Of change, livid, stale, past change post
Behind me, a friend to your hot skin.
All men are lying back to France but, probably
You don't want to be adored at liberty
Still it's overwhelming in a family in
The huge parts of earth refusing to work
As helplessly as yielding trusty sun
To worthy shoulders, you kin, I am from
My dark heart night my spare, O hood, and core.

AN ETHICS OF ANXIETY

Just imagine you've just been told
You can't be trusted, and that the world presents
Genetic intimacies no longer loved
For torments represented in republican neglect.
This plight of the face of the earth that you reach
Through my senses adapts the time of your life
To when wild words sigh. This
Forbidding evidence
Of reckless life
Dominates a consequence of projection
Like lust preceding a deliberation
Yielding to my next purpose
Which is something different in an embarrassment
Separating the estrous instance
From someone's sobering love.

If that's a meaning-making process that
Unbuckles English six to ten times a day
In the safety of our steel bodies ready
For excitement the people
You train to take place stop being taught.
A stand-in for the symbolic being probably
Here, complicated by saving my life,
Acquires episodic reason to leave the end
Of the past to an animation
With which people will their presence
On an atom of all places. Sometimes
When I'm writing wounded, dead,

Ambitiously deciding to be jealous
Of the way I dressed myself last night I
Become thought of in the revels and rituals
For improving links through the loveliest universals,
The kind that complete a delinquency that suits you,
The kind that rub a little unity in your dust
And radiate some essential to attention
Leniently imposing the beginning on the past.

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 no 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.

THE MYTH

Admits made to order continuities
To every past that orders just the most
You need lost
To stepping aside
And ooze waist high distances strolling up
To the ovals and orbs of finessing one's patience
With an awesome deal: to drive the luck
With some tossed cinch, some black and white
Familiarity with the next time with
Its long lost clarity trembling at crossing the street
Again.

Among these things the rolling thoughts in my hand
Wind around: fears
At the feet of old relations
Vocalized in a precis of a picture
Walking off the sketch of the road, passwords
For biological inconspicuousity
Like squeaking a good look at yourself lining
What you thought of as one of the first kidnapped dreams
With cause and effect just
To seem linear. Like a woman
Playing the cello
Isolating a constellation of curiosities
Dropped into the ancestral chatting
In a crouch maybe
Caused by the earthquake tucked into a warning

The old days iced down with words to know
Them better, to short
Circuit the moment hot numbers starve
For bouquets of a fog
In which you lose me to a delicate schedule
For a dance with anyone who might want to know me
Better and to shoot me with too much to think.

Behind the glass in front of which I faint
A geodesic comprising attraction or repulsion
At a distance would still reign, like scarcity,
Where it's better to consume your sweetheart
Miles away in minutes than to flourish
The present with a plan, not me
I swear. I'd grow into
A calculation for a look back
Through some quantum politeness
That demands an extra dimension to decide
To be stamped with the habits of blackest night
And the infrared odor about your ribs
That lives like a king there. I'd call
The final tattoo for some long occupied high
Which no longer needs to temporize
With temporary rescue, turning
To face it, to surface
Into one of the problems of the wind
At my back, changing notions of stripping
The rigidly ambiguous paved calls and hymns
From the familiar daybreak framed
As a concussion. Watch me watch
The cold stars too humorous to count,
The lightning moments of exclusivity
Speeding away from trailing behind spending
The night. You'd know the crime

That agrees to endure the idea of looking
Just like you was pleased
To be liberated from what's missing
From your painting, not me, I swear.
I never wanted to remain oblivious
To your elaborate rituals, nor mine
Which, replete with struggles for your attention
Finally and peremptorily got rid of me.
You're out of the woods now. Or is it me,
Loose among the cultivations of shrieks
That rivet the symbols into position nudging
A private present's proximity into looking serious,
Clearing my throat of a citation
Of the numbing speed in a suspension of angles
Delivering me from the choreography
Of hereditary life. It's true,
I might have left, and be where
It's night or day. And search my way into
The shock of some sharp memory rearranging
Its collisions and elisions into negotiating
Empathy for a fistful of plans.

TRACK STAR, MINEOLA PREP

My heart's the star
Of a seduction to steer by, an offer
To set up house in and
A suggestion
Of the fingering in a perfect grip
On the stern but friendly earth

In the grip of polar joys and
Jotting the shape of my brain down
On paper and carving
Obsolete sleight of hand
From the future dead, who died only
Until now, or they fainted instead

To remain verbal, to lift
The poet up by his odes and time
Observation sparks staggering
Off to flesh suffering
Conjectural composition steaming
With woodland violet, and starving,
Half-starving, just in case.

BORDER STATES

These were the lines that were had in your
head
Dusted with chalk
Bulging to contain
Whole tri-state areas the camera promotes
For trinkets that we hear have been around forever, seaboard
For example, punched out
In desultory freedom. What holds them up
In the glare of academic reflection is universally telling
The time as a component, you know, the one
That walks through figures covered with history
And walks within those clothes and borders
And is still and reassembled radiating
Hemorrhaging self-control rearing
Up between the fingers tightly wrapped around
A broom or a bottle or a button fastened
To the right side of the continent, sublime
In its attention to the tension these things
Move covered with space. They're free
Picking their promotion over the desk we've written
Into the picture but can't find
Like the structure that isn't precisely
There checking itself for self-awareness, escaping
Through the border states of academic angles
Indifferently used to make them right. But before
Going to bed because of no more cigarettes something
About the man covered with all those people

Seems a little different. He emerges
Between his teeth, swinging from a point
Lately objecting to itself: These were the lines
Finding you instead
Of making themselves into some treasure
Of being made into some measure reinventing itself
Behind the dark glasses out in the open as
If the many criminals between here and there talk
Themselves and me into the fix of
Mutual professional stimulation and
Abide by that in these old days of pen and ink.

They connect the preternatural line
To the knock on the door and the knots of people
On the floor delicately observing their resistance
To the incidental void so personal
It can't get out, so honest
It can, so incisive it must be real and
Open to the charge of the projecting universe
Flat on its back actively reading
The reviews of its own structure. How alone
Is it, where are its trinkets in it, what do they
Hang from and stand on and who said you couldn't
Miss them better and better even while knowing
Of a certain kind of running hammered
Into stone and cracking from the face
Down, how alone is it almost
Touching but really shimmering next to
The next ones of whom it is said
Watch for the whites of their eyes turning red
Maybe as they start to dance, then stop
To do as yet unimaginable things to other people's bones.

It makes you want to want far off places
No longer, at least not to live there
Walking along the beach of your home town
In the freedom of living there no longer,
Not catapulted into the Red Sea
With no money but singing to a child
As the hammering continues to softly pop up
To punctuate these tropics, these man made old worlds
Of colonies and colonized and
Cohesive borders of conversion and reaction
Formation strengthened to cast light
Upon the page, far enough from home
To be referred to cataclysmically
Behind the veil of flight and empty
Of animation as the myth beneath the feet except
By dragging feet conscientiously
To make sure they never leave the ground. But

They do and they don't, the bowls are there
The food is there, Neptune
With is hooks and books from here
The corrugated beauties of Marineland to here
The folds of nearby outer space is the proposition
"There". The aggravated personism of the real myth
Stretched out under the sombrero
Formerly sneaked up upon
With its tongue between its teeth, not dead
But dying to be touched by you perhaps
The smartest aficionado of the couch
On the beach is a lot more open-ended
Into better problems, or at least more recent ones,
Today's for example, especially yesterday
With its vital accent and substantial repose

Inexorably leaving you. But you're desperate
To leave first, maybe with the last word but a lot
Better off than that poor primitive with its head
On its hand in the sand, full of too many
Surprises for you in your old age
Knocking on the door to the source of its
Familiarity between the lines
Of freedom swollen with access
To every melody and back beat, largesse
Of guilt too, for every involvement designates its heir,
Knots that loosen to expose the free and breathing air
To aurora flat on their mid-Atlantic backs
Consciously regarding the pressure
From the back seat in a conjunction, the
Foundation of a planet swinging freely
To its art like this, like a Namath
Baltimore adores or Dover drying
In a net of hostage instruction like numbers
In a mystery homogeneously distinct.

Some of those numbers or others
A lot like them are so hot to the touch
I feel like smoking cigarette after cigarette
To use those numbers up. They make your skin crawl
By cooling them off. They are in no relation
To anything you'd want to have anything to do with such
As the best time and the unknown time before that
Before innovative and innovation
Scramble for assistance. But it's so dark in here,
There's so many buttons to stare at, too much paper
To sail on to China, not enough lovers
Impetuously filling the bill and too few handles
To get a grip on the profiles that float by

Tethered amazingly far away to the syllables building
Brick by brick the slower and more interesting
Wishes you really have to keep your eyes open for.

Hopefully translating into a denomination
Of the recruitment of silence publicly
Into its omen, into a conspiracy where
I can't wait for those shades to be drawn
Or the right fortune making itself known unless
It's the harbinger of what you mean to me
Under those clothes or occupying
My gratification pluralistically on
Its own it's that unyielding
To all those other now ancillary demands
Fighting for promotion into someone else's life
And scorched by the numbers truly leaving ashes
Where I sleep and eat and work, no longer.
If they had such little regard for everything
That made us famous how could they add up at all
At right angles to everything including
The succession of vulnerable elements
Unexpectedly great and irresistibly least like
Abstract acting insured for a thousand sightlines
Or the way some people can just leave themselves
Where they're left without being unable
To leave themselves alone as if cause and effect
Were problems like cookies to be stolen
To crush a sentiment and eaten to prove it
And hiding like nuclear war within the amazement
Of its own structure which may be emotional
In a universe different than the material it contains
Or simply hanging by a thread of delusion
Risky, succulent delusion

Pouring over all the no tomorrows
With cavalier obsession. But like the best
Writing there's always survival and the next
Not the next best best writing. And the borders
Continue to determine your prescience
With a smile. They climb into it
Page after page to release the evidence
Nestling there like octaves on their way to Bach
Adapting nature to their own rudimentary strength.

Now the paradigm is a misunderstanding
Generous enough to be calculated as incidents in which
The greater good trips over its own number demanding
The breathless mode, demanding
A more mature moment, the one at the front door
Or upstairs with all the other rooms that seem to fit
The argument plunging to abstract its treasure
From the care of its regard, conjugating
The discovery that I will not see you again
In this bargain, this no man's land between
The cruel sea and the crazy swimmer
And the rubbed out insertion of a word in a world
Painlessly ignorant of us, insulated
Against analytic hemispheres slipping and sliding
Without their borders on. How sick of it
Can you get just before you're about to give it up
And land on your feet next to the bed and feel
For yourself somewhere within your own weight that's
Not just another culinary sensation on the way out
Of town, halfway to "your finite eyes", which is where
The numbers cease and have ceased and make
Themselves clearly apposite to the roads
The rules are rid of, aesthetic routes

With bridges and abandoned vehicles picturesquely
Here and there. I will not see you
Examining the air between the people who mean
To be me, and the echoing protuberant verse that stills
Itself by faintly behaving as if it believes it
Did to allow me to see you which I won't
To allow me to place you where you might not otherwise
Only be guessing it's me nowhere to be seen.

That's when it's not remembering nothing but how
To paint the iron of the ego because without it
There's no female, you paint
Or say you did, I did. I'd be somewhere
And my heart would start beating. It's what
They call a strange new place but the painter's
Never strange enough and I thought of you living forever
Under brief twilight, which is why
It's no longer twilight time, the ice has melted
From the curves of the earth by not losing
The illusion of chance skyrocketing
With these lines into the signs of some
Developments. But I was being woken
By you out from under you. I was being met by you
Over and above you where you can't
Really put your finger on what machines
Are for. You work with notation, proportion
And equivalence. You know who you are
Leaning in through the window, making yourself
Attractive to the wrong someone
Through the ages, through the states
Of mind in which you're kept in mind.

BINGE THINKING

Your hand upon my thigh
Sharpshooter. Your due course,
Juggler. Your reward,
Your swimmer in the water,
Your camp in a breast, listener,
Tightrope walker. Your moral,
Is it a diet? I don't think
These are clothes from home,
Problem solver. Orator. Ice-
Breaker. I don't think
This is turbulence.

WHAT'S NEW

The day is not yet breaking
The sky is not yet falling
Things are not yet self evident
All the same I am amazed

And cannot pretend not to be not so
Most wanted. There's a congruity
Rising in repetitions
That slip and sail the words
Between us, like substances
Separating from their occurrences
Testing an imitation of error for flawed escape
To a foremost future in a matter

Of minutes. A tremendous difference
Has been made. Systemic strength
Sets in, and the rattle talks with me
Of tonal mystery, the scandal is not yet yet always
Has been agitating
The phrasing, the dramatic example
Renders slow dreamy moments writhing
And withdrawn, the wife
And children are not yet blots of skies
Leaning on an elbow and supporting the mood
In the machine engaged in a place apart
That some undesired change repairs.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

But why don't they make a glass of water
Amphibious, of sweet definition
And repetition, instances
In themselves and in themselves
Individual for instance. Each cross cause
Strong enough not to have to annul
The scrutiny of a difficulty, America
May have flowed out of what I would have said
Reduced to an explicit worth and cry
Or lie freed from the depth
Of a definition, an impatience
For a computational activity like
A carnival guy to instigate the urgency
Of a reader under crimson clouds
At sunset, a Zion, of which
They didn't think to tell me and
I didn't think to ask. Chasing
The tempo with diversified logic I'll
Take my time, omitting you, if this wearies you,
And direct the progress to agree
With your conclusion, like a patriot.

ISOTROPIC

under the right armpit
of the green t-shirt i'm
wearing lay a
long hair of yours stretched
for me to curl
my head down to see what
it was grazing
my arm like that

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.

A VALENCE AS BIG AS THE RITZ

I do not ask to do good such as one sees
In old idols. I save it
For some other lover's dare and begin
With I, the undersigned, in hot memory
Of a few words to disguise us
As something to look closely at, to
Abandon to a shadow with my name on it.

I'd walk through a corner
Of a phrase fattening up in the writing shed
Around the bend, where diligence
I've torn myself away from gets stolen
In a swarm of imagery. I was still,
Then roused from being made famous through
The privacy of your tears
Through which you dream of overlooking me
Through some floral turmoil
Ravishing cherished portents pulsing
With my sacrifice collapsing before my eyes
To write you in among the dark hills
And chords of moral matters, which sparkle
With a pen in my hand and in the hope
Of my ambitions.

HOW TO THINK

Whisper to a new sun
Approaching a drink behind
The clouds. Breathe
Your way through a false number
Close to my lips
Which need to have you
Discover me. How to think
And how it sounds and what
You will do. You'll need
That grasping letter arriving
In the flourish of my darling
Money from the state. You'll need
A brave phrase, to make people think
You must write what you wouldn't say
On the telephone. But now you can see
The actor's eye
And half the actor's face
Longing for a mixture of saliva and skin
And panic at the most dangerous thing
In the world at peace with itself.

WHAT DISCOURSE SHUNS

It's the man behind the Protestant
Imaging instinct threads of the right height
And aesthetic strength congregating
In remote designs of the outside world.
He had to believe in poets to be
In danger from, and feeling one
Could get away without looking different
Makes me want to play around with those sun shines,
The light reclining on the grass, happy here,
In England. Watch me take on the first
Bright peg with hard work. The glamor sisters
Suffer proof (that my thighs went numb).
My mistakes dig in, illuminating
The invention to endure, the subject
Identified with leaning towards me. She
Demands the spirit separate from the problem
And places major letters in my hands.
She says it's true, I like a moralist I like
To reject things I like but not here.

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.

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 space in the face
Of an English series. From an echo
That exhausts an epoch, from
A physically improbable phrase strange
Slow parallels fall.

REVISITING THE PRESENT

for Thom Seaton

These dots are killing me.
Instead of an affront
To stepping aside, they whip up
Ideas of slumber in
Which slings of cold gravity
Fool ancestral peril
Into insisting on known intentions
Like taking the shortest cut to the anxious eye
Out for a touch of panic, the payoff
For those dates of old where
Space, say, becomes increasingly obsolete.

In the beginning light traveled faster
Than the speed of light. Just long enough
To scatter you all around in what's next.
Like an allegiance to an original distance
On its way from a source to fooling around
A focus collapses its devotion
To the first time. So now
You can get lucky. Diameters
Of longing explode and your curiosity
Conforms to an abstract of desire
Fighting off an obligation to lay low.

Now you get to exclude
Doctrinaire fun
From frame and number. Still, it seems
To be the shadow of someone saying something about me
Infinitely expected, fastened
To a force that isolates saying to myself this,
This is my door, my jar, this is
All around me, women
Revolving conceptual masculinities
To illuminate this or that tight-fisted search
For deadly enjoyment. Meanwhile
You're enjoined from reasoning a wilderness
Into a statistics that tolerates affection
While ruling out keeping me
From turning up in the world. If this
Is a parochial variation on molding the present
Into assuming a mutating authority
Finding itself between the lines or at
The frontier here's
Where I fall again, or maybe after
The fragility supplement that rhymes
With steps taken to keep things moving kicking
Out at what I omit in you, warnings
Of concussions these sets of certainty affect
To effect some hibernating future.

I pretend this is the dream
In which my tongue surrenders to my name.
If I demand it I
Answer to it. If I return to it
I consider providing it a reality
Envious of the end of the line.
These trembling conclusions first
Stitched rhapsodically discharge scenes
My mind escapes to a deserving
Proto-nature. It situates
A class of provocations
Unwilling to be referred to translation,
Charged with recovering ideal time
From a duet that suffers the privilege
Of loving the wrath
Anatomizing the malice
Into a competence that breaks so close
To what you can do. You
Can hypothesize a nobility of intervals
The outdoors maybe, or
Knowing where you're from or where
You'd been. As I get squeezed
Into all this
Taking place I could regard such
Perturbations as shots in the arm
Fortifying knowledgeable surprise
Among all those solutions to all the
Comprehensions which may begin
To dilate these trains of thought previously
Thought violated
On this cryptic ground of perfect damage.

Several of the poems that
comprise this volume, "Imaginary
Ship," have appeared previously
in reports, independent magazines,
journals and anthologies.

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