

PRIMARY WRITING

4/96

JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
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PETER SEATON

TSVETAIEVA

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!"
Could that be what's neutral in this world of facts?

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 have written, 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 confirm it. I love the rich.

MONK'S FUNCTIONAL

Needs free, burdens I could
And did compose, summary acts
Of three or four letters, still
Feel so alone, so
Related. Hell, Beethoven
Sitting at the table in his clinical body
Reread that book, wondering
What was to follow. "Is it possible,
The comfort of the reader is the curvature of the Earth?"

I have to rehearse waiting for mountains to fall.
A great scroll, but not ornament. Not the pure
In heart. Our planet
Is life on Earth. It begins
With the time of day. It interacts
With the Earth our sons grow, the solar winds
Spinning with the ground. Our planet
Goes to public school. That night, after
"Castration and the end of analysis," after
The Big Bang, using theories of small talk
With my wife, for example, that Poland was Polish
And Chopin would like to be thought of doing
This distinctly and directly and exhaustively to me.

A TIT FOR PAUL CELAN

So chance, of all angers, will be part of a little steam
I simply snap on. I've a set of these apple schools,
A second, a third. Two-by-fours
Approach me and reach me
Like old men emoting a long pause.
I held the microphone and started to write. I took
The microphone and silly species fall on my head
And I like it. Why, I get to say Hi.

I don't care if you read me stripped
Of affection. I've got fresh mounds of foils
To the background to be near you. Exhausted manuscripts
And photographs ask me to disappear, but on the threshold
Where I can hardly stand I'd be glad
For the prosperity of poetry, like poetry
Rummaging around for freedom that pierces the glossary
He forgave her. Well, here, I'm very proud

And powerful in the poetry, bathed in the poetry
That lets us lose our tempers and not kill Jews.

You're forming a deep hollow on my right heart.
I had words, an audience, confidence, and a wife.
But I'm supposed to reference you when night falls,
Laughing, fixing the length of a dialogue as rigid
And gorgeous rays in my ears which your talk will fill
On all fours, acting as if oblique distress
Glow cheaper, like obelisks down
By the church, deprived of the solitude of someone's name.

Look, I don't care if it is an adjustment, just
Doting the gorge, hanging from a turn
Towards some other sun. All that confused, wild, frank
heaven
In your heart is better than just having been lit
To be writing a favorite moment routed out of bed,
Slanted through the sparkle of your interest in being put
here
To be mammals to be concluding little moments full of many
clues.
You'll succumb to a sublime cure, to defy
The different layers the prayers add a word to. (Pretty
Dresses remain to be seen.) Where
Shall we meet? I don't wish you to influence the Western
World
At this time of day. There's still a cool little theory
Of proper names and the proofs your fevered return
To be conscious of it.

Dennis used to dream of danger. Tall,
Cultured danger smelling of pussy
In the mist on the mountains. He escapes
Every irritation milling around the effects of loving you
Forever. He adjusts
Words like lights out, drop
Your chocolate, your coach, your dolorous loose-fitting
Lessons pulse to my favorite fair with tender tights that fit.