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STAR LAKE

A Dissertation

Presented to

the Faculty of Arts and Humanities

University of Denver

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

Doctor of Philosophy

by

Arda Collins

June 2012

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Title: STAR LAKE
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ABSTRACT

Star Lake is a collection of poems.

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A Public Space: “158”

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“154,”

“155”

Iowa Review: “162”

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FOREWORD

The process of inquiry—the desire to know, feel, or imagine, to conjure a scenario—is one place that poetry comes from. It is part of the larger privacy and clarity, the desire for lucid or unnamable experience in language that takes place in the invisible shared space of our psyches.

The set of inquiries in the poems in *Star Lake* approach the world as phenomena, and consider what the world is made out of. The origins of landscape, and etymology are part of those inquiries—the ways in which image and emotion form through the senses, and are expressed through the many parts of a word. In this imaginative process, the poem’s atmosphere becomes a central formal concern and a primary transmission of experience. Some of the writers that have been part of my thinking about atmosphere and image are the Objectivists—Oppen, Niedecker, and Bunting in particular, and Sylvia Plath’s sensory intelligence. A sense of scenario came from eighteenth century picaresque novels, especially Voltaire’s *Candide* and Sterne’s *A Sentimental Journey*.

To refresh the language and form a new sense of image, I have been working with the OED. Attention to the progression of a word, as meaning changes or breaks away into other words, has been part of my thinking about how atmosphere in a poem forms. I am especially interested in this process in language that describes the natural world. What are the origins of the names for the elemental components of our surroundings? For star, lake, hill, mollusk, wave, flesh, blossom? How might a sense of origin effect our perception, and what emotions transpire?

An example of the process of this thinking occurs in the poem “155” with the word “shale,” which has several meanings. Its etymology is related to “shell,” as in seashells, shellfish,

and also the shells of pods and nuts. “Shale” is also related to “scale,” as in the scales of fish, of metal, and a scaly disease. By these definitions, “shale” forms associations with textures from the sea, with drier, earthier ones, and with the layering of skin. Associating them together produces an image of an ocean that has disappeared through geologic change, or ebbs off as it transforms into a landscape of flora and fauna that emerged from it over time and dissipate. “Shale,” as we know, is also a kind of rock that is layered and pressed. The qualities of the rock overlap with the textures of the other shales and shells. "Shale" is also a verb—the movement of water that makes the sound of the sea: “A gentle shaling noise of waters broken by the passage of the vessel” (OED). These meanings together evoke the sound of water moving against rocks, shale against shale, and the breaking sound of shells. The formation of fossils through layers of rock and the audible sensation of the ocean is experienced through the evolution of the word, and forms the language in the poem.

The numbered titles are part of an expansion of language, and are not a representation of sequence or quantity. They use the number as a kind of noun: a numeric description of an entity. Their value is similar to the language in the poems: the names and symbols assigned to elements of the natural world perceived through a sentient being.

Together, these poems are an exploration of origin: of landscape, biology, language, knowledge, and emotion; whether or not these components comprise a notion of morality is one of the questions that comes from having them occupy overlapping atmospheres of thought. The atmospheres and scenarios in these poems play out the version of creation that we experience as the present, as memory, and the interpretation of reality that occurs in the imagination. They are an interpretation of creation, if we can think of a creation myth as one interpretation of our unknown world: the way in which an individual perceiver relates the knowledge they have acquired from sentience by attempting to see deeply into the invisible events concealed in the visible world.

Poetry can attempt to extend the experience of English, and language more broadly. While writing these poems, I have been working with translations of Rilke's late French poems, which he wrote living in Switzerland at the end of his life. Some of these are concerned with an animated sensation of landscape, especially "The Verlaisian Quatrains." Others, such as "Roses" and "The Windows" use a central noun as an image that cycles through atmospheric and emotional scenarios described with formal regularity. "Roses" and "The Windows" are comprised of 27 and 25 short sections, most of them two stanzas of four lines each. Rather than creating parameters around what is said, the regular shape of the poems is freeing: once the parameters have been set, anything can happen inside them; the noun opens and expands into scenarios.

Thinking in French, and about its departures from and similarities to English produces new experiences of both languages. To enter the formation of the line through two languages, and follow the movement of images through the stanzas in two modes simultaneously has created an intensified sense of what a poem can do.

The visual language of film has also affected the poems in this book, and imagining atmospheres that reveal new states of mind through image. Films that are present in the world of these poems are Joel and Ethan Coen's *No Country For Old Men*; John Boorman's indelible adaptation of James Dickey's novel *Deliverance*; and many of Ingmar Bergman's films, in particular *Hour of the Wolf*, *Scenes from a Marriage*, *Saraband*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*, and *Secrets of Women*.

The visual style in these films—palette, attention to the face, the experience of violence, pacing, landscape, and of course light—are part of how atmosphere in these films is created. In *Light Keeps Me Company*, which documents the life of Bergman's cinematographer Sven Nykvist, directed by his son Carl-Gustaf Nykvist, Roman Polanski says of Nykvist "You can see the air in his movies." This quality of dimension is a primary feature of atmosphere, and in Nykvist's work, its intensity is literal. The actor Stellan Skarsgard describes it: "What stopped

me in my tracks was the light. It was as though you could grab hold of the lighting, which he had created. It was so enormously sensual, living it's own life. It almost felt as though the lighting was closer to you than the set was—without its getting in the way of the actors in any way at all.” In poetry, atmosphere as a presence can supersede rhetoric and familiar syntactic constructions to create a form for speech.

As in Bergman's films, Chris Marker, especially in *Sans Soleil*, explores the landscape of memory and questions of emotional reality that create an interpretation of our perceptions of sensation and events. Other artists and filmmakers who share similar concerns are Tim Eitel, Kara Walker, Mark Rothko, Raymond Pettibon, David Lynch, Maya Deren, and Eric Rohmer.

Here is a set of events recounted from my experience as an example:

Once for a job, I worked on a film where we were shooting small robots who could fly very small aircrafts, and when I say aircrafts I mean something like a motorized kite. This was taking place in a desert in eastern Washington. One night in my hotel, I smelled burning. What had happened was, there had been an accident with a woman driving a car, and a trailer. The desert was on fire, and all day it came closer and closer to the robots until everyone had to leave. We were tired and the cameraman became very drunk on pink wine in the airport restaurant. Then he became angry in the plane full of sleeping people and broke a piece of the airplane. We were still on the ground. He was asked to leave the airplane and I had to go with him because it was part of my job. It was past two in the morning and we had to sleep in the terminal. This was regrettable, and also exciting. There were robots, a fire, someone breaking things in an airplane, and angry scenes resulting in embarrassing grief of all kinds.

When I think of this now, I am unsure about whether this happened, even though I know that it did. I don't know where it is but it is somewhere, and realistically it is many places. Everyone who was there is somewhere, even the fire, and the white pants my glamorous seatmate

on the flight I never completed is somewhere. I'm somewhere right now.

Language about these and all things, the components of reality, comes from the space inside of us, the actual physical space that joins us with the world, and it is one expression of the shape of our perception. Our biology is a cellular act of thought and emotion, and poems are a sound it makes. Here is an excerpt from *Sans Soleil* that describes the process of how we perceive events that become images, and language:

Shonagon had a passion for lists: the list of “elegant things,” “distressing things,” or even of “things not worth doing.” One day she got the idea of drawing up a list of “things that quicken the heart” . . . coming back through the Chiba coast I thought of Shonagon's list, of all those signs one has only to name to quicken the heart, just name. To us, a sun is not quite a sun unless it's radiant, and a spring not quite a spring unless it is limpid. Here to place adjectives would be so rude as leaving price tags on purchases. Japanese poetry never modifies. There is a way of saying boat, rock, mist, frog, crow, hail, heron, chrysanthemum, that includes them all. Newspapers have been filled recently with the story of a man from Nagoya. The woman he loved died last year and he drowned himself in work—Japanese style—like a madman. It seems he even made an important discovery in electronics. And then in the month of May he killed himself. They say he could not stand hearing the word “Spring.”

Our inquiries in language are produced from the viscera inside of everything. As Octavio Paz says, “We are a pause of blood.” Poems are the sound of what comes before and after, and what occurs in the duration.

The viscera in Plath is also matched by her concern with myth, the origins of creation, the formation of the natural world, and our physical apprehension of these things. Her attention to questions of being appears across her work, but many extended explorations appear in her diaries. This early passage describes the experience of consciousness interfacing with creation, and the nouns and names we have made to mark the awareness that take place between them:

A serene sense of the slow inevitability of the gradual changes in the earth's crust comes over me; a consuming love, not of a god, but of the clean unbroken sense that the rocks, which are nameless, the waves which are nameless, the ragged grass, which is nameless, are all defined momentarily through the consciousness of the being who observes them. With the sun burning into rock and flesh, and the wind ruffling grass and hair, there is an awareness that the blind immense unconscious impersonal and neutral forces will endure,

and that the fragile, miraculously knit organism which interprets them, endows them with meaning, will move about for a little, then falter, fail, and decompose at last into the anomalous [sic] soil, voiceless, faceless, without identity (Plath 75).

An awareness of consciousness takes place in Oppen at the level of language awareness.

“The Forms of Love” and “Psalm” describe how image and atmosphere bend into language and come through us when we speak. The elegant shape of perception into speech, and speech into the creation of a lake that is simultaneously moonlight, grass, and water in “The Forms of Love” could be transposed as the form of atmosphere into syntax. Here is the poem:

Parked in the fields
All night
So many years ago,
We saw
A lake beside us
When the moon rose.
I remember
Leaving that ancient car
Together. I remember
Standing in the white grass
Beside it. We groped
Our way together
Downhill in the bright
Incredible light

Beginning to wonder
Whether it could be lake
Or fog
We saw, our heads
Ringing under the stars we walked
To where it would have wet our feet
Had it been water (Oppen 106)

In “Psalm” the phrase “this in which”—those parts of speech, the sound, shape, and evocation of them, become indistinguishable from deer chewing grass “in the small beauty of the forest” (Oppen 99), the forest of sound as language, of the emotions that cause us to make these sounds,

Crying faith
In this in which the wild deer
Startle, and stare out.

the small nouns

The quest for origin also resembles the picaresque journey, through countries of sensation, fantasy, and delusion, and configurations of every geologic and biological formation, found in the novels of the eighteenth century—Voltaire’s *Candide* and Laurence Sterne’s *A Sentimental Journey*, and earlier in *Don Quixote*. These works also share a sense of the absurd with the BBC series *Fawlty Towers*, and with Samuel Beckett’s work. In *Molloy* in particular, the sense of absurdity often comes from scenarios in which the characters are, or become trapped, and must attempt to escape outside of rational means. For *Candide* on his journey, every country is a strange country; for him, as for *Don Quixote*, things are rarely what they seem, and it is in these misconceptions that something of our relationship to the world might be revealed.

A Sentimental Journey makes the fantasy element of time within an episodic structure more oblique and more opaque, and Sterne’s effect here most resembles Beckett’s. Like *Molloy*, Sterne’s Yorick is existentially captive to himself, as in the episode called “The Captive,” set off by his encounter with a bird. His responses to the world—overwrought, subjective, impulsive, sometimes snobby, and often directed indiscriminately and without warning—are comic, though Beckett’s characters in comparable situations are not satirized. There is a pervasive grief in *Molloy*: scenes that might be comic, as in the sequence when he rotates a series of seven stones from one pocket to another, with one always in his mouth to suck on, are dark; and still, a comic sensibility that includes an understanding of obsession, irrational desire, and a genuine sense of captivity, are necessary to fully understand *Molloy*. Likewise, gravity in Sterne takes place in the way in which Yorick is trapped and blocks the world outside: we never see France or Italy because the view is obstructed by the flights of his obsessions, and because he spends so much time indoors hiding in his room. Although it is comic, *A Sentimental Journey* is a disorienting and dense novel that cumulatively produces real anxiety.

Still, Yorick has the desire to run himself in the path of sensation and to experience the

heights of the world's mysteries, something he has in common with Candide, though a fundamental difference is that Candide is sent on his journey through an uncontrollable chain of events in which he also participates, where Yorick seeks out a journey and is unable to fulfill himself, though the desires are present:

No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—one man may be generous as another man is puissant . . . for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for ought I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, 'I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame,' than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both (Sterne 5).

Yorick's desire to have union with the moon is part of Candide's questions about the world; it also recalls Plath and Oppen. "By the way," Candide says to Martin, "do you believe the earth was originally all ocean, as they assure us in that big book belonging to the ship's captain"(Voltaire 45)? Voltaire draws a world in which we, and time, are made out of the same materials, and that everything has ever been made out of; everything is made out everything else. "Candide caressed his sheep"(45) from El Dorado when they are re-united, just as he previously had with Cunegonde, and which also recalls the scene in which the naked women grieve the loss of their monkeys: "...he saw the girls embracing the monkeys tenderly, weeping over their bodies, and filling the air with lamentations. "I wasn't looking for quite so much generosity of spirit" (30-31) Candide says, and Cacambo tells him, "My dear master...you're always astonished by everything. Why do you think it is so strange that in some countries monkeys succeed in obtaining the good graces of women? They are one quarter human, just as I am one quarter Spanish." In another version of this, in answer to Candide's questions about god, the old man in El Dorado says, "We don't pray to him at all . . . we have nothing to ask him for, since everything we need has already been granted; we thank god continually" (36). This is not an

illogical philosophy: everything we need in this world to survive is here, in some form.

Our humanity matters mainly because it doesn't. It doesn't matter singularly because there are other options besides consciousness, and all of us possibly have and possibly will again experience them, and also the span between consciousness and other forms of existence. The explicitness in Voltaire's fantasies is like a bloom from a long accumulation of images, sensations, and particles, trees coming into leaf, wolves eating deer, oceans dissipating into prairies, coal forming in the earth. Voltaire's imagination, like any of ours, is a receiver of the experience of time. He is material, and when the world vibrates through his senses, *Candide* is what is projected. The awareness of experiencing time as an extreme sensory activity is a form of reason, or it is the kind of reason that is required to perceive time.

Each act of violence and lust in Voltaire is refracted into all of them, as in the simultaneity the Old Woman describes when she says, "to hold existence in horror, and yet to cling to it? to fondle the serpent which devours us till it has eaten out our heart?" (23). While this is terrifying, it also satisfying, the idea of it, and the act of reading this sentence that has come from somewhere. Voltaire's notion of time is similar, as we must live in it, but in order to do this we must fantasize outside of it or forego the gratifying pleasures of consciousness. In that scenario, we would have to accept Martin's answer when Candide asks, "But why then was this world formed at all?" (45), and that is "To drive us mad" (46). Or as I experienced it in writing the poems in *Star Lake*, to follow this question one way towards clarity, and another on the path that leads away from it.

152

A butterfly is murdered
because of the corner of your eye.

You do,

it comes in.

The mammoth particulate reality

blood stationed everywhere

oil on the lignite

sundown frigate peat

ocean blue, like you

do, chime doors

parietal, galactic

skull, plus 2.

153

My longing for you is like clouds

the coming motion

the day's events together.

It's heaven

brick that pale

mandible blue

winter it is

we are in. There is no reflecting

the gold singular upward

mirror building windows

ursine sunset

king metal rose-hue

sunset coming

and coming away.

Walking more than one dusk

to walk into the one still

that arrives

in it a postal ring not yet

reached my ears.

Wail, pale, and sail.

You do shoot yourself in the face,

don't you,

predilected

kiss

I heard your thought through,

catch up.

154

The shells are on

We are billowing

it is a gray

and a whitened

soft wall of air

It reminds me of easing

not like anything

more than you hear

abalone ear

I feel blind

everything

Life is made out of billowing

invisible, swirling heart

chamber at night

what you look like

blue iridescent

mother of pearl

morning sun between the pines

black ventricle molecules each

one a lake,

ring opens my ear

atomic gasoline.

155

Of its place,

the lower course

blind estuarial fail

at 3

through the winter on my field.

Open water

it isn't, is it?

though no

limpets shale

the flats

a nothing

blooms the white

sun gray

stones, but yes

never seen those.

Its oversimplification could make meat out of you.

The late afternoon is white and sheer. It is an elbow.

We are melted.

It is as if I'm looking at an encircled forward field

at the back of my head.

But I'm not because it's right there.

His eyes roll back in his head.

Incandescent, black body
 your soul is on the floor. Your earring
 by the pillow under sunrise
 I want you to come in the window.
 An orange in the dark
 was like lake air at night
 one way to a planet.
 The oceans at the gate
 rest, sea pebbles
 in a pile while it's gray. A meteor
 went above the roof
 and the tree shadows threw like a lake in the grass.

Wake in bed, and you're out here.

What is it
 you think you could
 feel this through?

Milk, a wolf, coal, flowers, and landscape paintings
 at night in the hallway
 and the yard. You're gone forever
 but this isn't it.

They smoked ham in hay.
 If they didn't sleep through the night
 they got up
 and worked, fed the animals, talked, lay there,
 all of it.

The grass is like licorice
 nothing is a replica

did tonight
 I meant it
 the most
 on the palm horse

you rose me in it.
Mt. Jupiter
sent back every minute that fails

to the sunset pole vault over a palm frond,
inaudible being, I don't know
the pines in a rainstorm.

125

Jump in a skirt

in a fright

jump in the ocean, tormented by pleasure

if a fountain would tumble around you, and when it would happen,
imagine a star about tethers

all there is is life

sliced peaches on an archeological site; the edge of your soul at your face.
The war is happening,

it's your face. The sky is the blue of life, all the corollary has only ever
been that;

when it breaks you see
mental refugees running free in a state;

dark blue slate living room at night with candy, a great uncle and a wife, and Syrian
jewelry watch at a restaurant, I wasn't at this

we didn't have that someday: circus peanuts and coffee for breakfast
swelter at 10 in the bar. It's like there's a dog

home at four, somebody keeps pissing in the shower.

Low thunder over marble, to the tree line distance for horses in chert cloud pressure
on the mountain rocks covered in dirt. A purple storm on the mountains
for the gunmen

in a meadow; soul at the heights.

A nest in a field full of rifles elongates the shrubs, spirit turned
above the ground.

The sun on the mountains at the train,

you could wake up, the headless in the river

that won't be excavated, striated February November.
Sweater and shoe, no pants, and nothing, you, you, you
pineapple,

won't have another day

to be a mystery to you
large over the snow

midstreet sunlight; we're the dark, it's so weird,
just even the air here; palace, oyster, ocean franchise

go up in walking, hands and neck
and down, little kiss.

162

1

The lakes
are behind
the salt shadows
a frozen sea
deer, midnight.

2

Brittle there is electricity
in the snow. It would break the sun
at 1. In an hour
astral afternoon rises before dark
over the road and rocks.

3

It's dark
and so hard to find it

any other way.

Not on Earth.

In another part of the solar system there's a blue sky;
wheat or snow

blown down on one side.

Lake as dark

as a mirror

in the dark. An unmoving tide

lies still in far order.

The unlit origin

glided out.

4

The arc across

a glass building to a white

civic courtyard, mild soot,

and brick partitions at twilight.

The afternoon is distilled to heights

the next day

on the golf course

through the television.

Are you startled? Saturn,

or it was something
besides, what had been
crossed or vivid
to get through the sedge and verdure, virid and diamond.

Madness

blows through its eye,
Saturn's rings, a king comes slovenly down a hill

to a flowering meadow
that towers over disappearance
cast into vertices, and voids.

5

Who doesn't sing from this lake?
the song that plays
under this galaxy of lakes
races a thrush
through the grass in the stars
across space
clutch through to their forms
and break stones and flesh
desiccated in the peel

torn into red light around a storm;

star comes through the pond
gleams in the black shallow water

a mirror bounding in eternity,

though there isn't eternity

outside the cave face that sees it.

6

death star comes to a pond

night in a circle

back over the hill

where the moonlight is shining;

drowning under it

wouldn't be.

I come up somewhere else

with my heart and lungs

silvered

giant skate,

seaweed valves,

in black wings

flies through

up to the light

shredded animal cells

fail the wide

cadence
repository.

Plant water

algae clean the dark for new

cold water stars;

dying

I'm not sure what it's for:

where would it be?

Gleaming and slaving on

teeth and moonlight tear apart

vast, flat,

elevation.

Reaching into kelp under the black waves,

only the sun bright brown and blue returns to it in the morning,

hazel thistle makes the ocean return to the day.

It's the time of day

the light changes over. The waters

at the bottom of the slopes

ringing and burning empty

turn a hand over a carpet to make it darker

in places down to the inlet.

Clear unrest

sunset blazing and watching

a beach movie blazes the eye

only.

7

ilia light your arm.

Your sleep passes me

when you wake. At 6

forces wait

in the circular drive.

8

Afternoon has a white shadow

downstairs. The forest across the road

envisages the gray pond
by the highway. Lakes,

it's true that something something.

9

It's 6:22.

The dim

closes in the lamplight, across

the dark hall, that

--eons come in close

in one note

they're still, they're here; they move

it's us.

10

They bent down

the two hounds

they made they became.

On your knees

in the branches and lake

snow on the road that bends that would end.

11

Awash in the afterlife of swans,

walking up the road

it's boring

but I'm still afraid.

It's freezing out,

I feel like I'm walking above the road
suspended because my breath is cold.

When I get back

it's perfected.

12

Reach across

arc of day

on this chest that belts the hours of these depths

the creeks and shallows wake

in pails and lets

the rip that makes

the fabric of eyes

a terror of space.

By the ocean, soft, wooden

decomposition

in breaths

near apprehension

I could

this way
blackened forest
ash only.

13

It's impossible to say
why I recognize
something about why it's black.
It's lost.

The sun is out and winds up a dirt trail in the grass that gets narrow and goes higher
up from life.

14

The fence in the grass buckles
under rain in advance
of fields shallows.

112

Life is fucking hard

A pond that turns

darker the world over a forest turned

red. It might show

what this allows. You are so

strangely in my purpose bred.

I sucked on your tongue

while your blood

told me something.

It's a wild accident

I have something

to say, & why

you aren't?

Green without starlight, what's

sore you understand.

I wince and burn

and go

back to what's left

that's upwards towards an hour you can see above
I haven't tried it yet, but

I'm going to see if it works later

I want to hear your

and your voice is the same feeling

I have this idea that

even though that doesn't

I think it's because

I came in the first night and

hasn't since

been throwing

a silent tantrum. I've had no
personal space all summer, it's bats. Last
night I had a dream about moss and wild flowers
that sprang up because spores from the mountains
had gotten into my things. At first
I was wondering, but then they were great.
They were different
kinds of lavender and plinki. Then the fire alarm
went off at five in the morning and
we all had to go outside. It was really jackass.

Whatever remaining radial winter smoke

across a piece of ground. I know this one the best

No one else

what's inside me, my tongue, your tongue

the world

in that heat

All this talk is making me grieve.

It was mild

by your blistering

prose rose woes

See? not a green ray anywhere, not at all like a

sunset, neglect, not a pond, not stars burning, not a white moon burnt

and hidden in shimmers.

Through, I love you and ways, which

must mean

and listen

while it's said

though,

a doorstep; a forelock; pea shoots that glisten

but quickly, yes, and dead.

173

alien barbarism night

towns the ground

lake pales the end of blue

lust shadow

I know it's like a view

from a window or an interlude turns into a gently luminous property of cosmic
progress

talks a face

light forms on it

those kind

of hall stairs in coming

from white inside

what were the measures for the topical pleasures

leaf coins falls

vented orange

negative reversed on a pillar of wall

bedawned pistils chirp

why does this have to be done

repealed gray on the river

I'm just not like that

it stays out cold

I wish we could stay here
visitation is the word for plant,

repatriated waters.

202

It was, and it turned out

it was loved all along

Glacial lake love forever!

When it leaves and evaporates dried

aerial vented blue

other skin and tall grass combined come into

This is what happens the

enzymes undo meltwater

to flay a river furrow

Set

& betimes

concave for a topbed?

Are questions

protozoa?

prior

cellular inlaid color sequence

it were cilia, gills, vibrating sea horses on the wind

somnambulant prismatic

emanations from crustacean veins
and mica
hillside vibrancy
above a turn
starlight fallen to water
translucence and opacity alternate flesh, vines,
gray, feathers, blossoms, other versions of outcomes.

These pieces often evoke
some of them familiar: the cross section
the divisions of a shoreline, but many of them
from inside
patterns
phosphenes press
bright movements
a kind
of viscosity, and its
to the composition
of an exterior

the components
enter recharged: blood
the convergence and dissipation
of matter posits

retained as it passes through time. Their texture, as if rocks were pliable, and the intensified stone hues—gray-pink, gray-lavender, one-tone moss—suggest

and how it might yield
the moon shines over the river

and it's a time

so that to ask and see night set in part

eternity settled first

if a tree is 600 years old

and take your heartbeat in my arms
singings past and future

night for a river to wood
upward a pond to wind down and break

fallen trunks and branched retinue valence.

shine to shining shine

the dogs are wode,

and woed, star comes

the next light

dark to full sun

comes to light

to push the shoulders down

loo loo loo, loo loo loo

weighs a round edge

236,000

We know

ain't no mountain high enough

ain't no valley low enough

ain't no river wide enough

to keep me from gettin to you babe

if something must be

it's this. One

recounted death

tractable dispossession

past and future

with light instead of time

crying to try

understanding them. Waking full

of events

baffling, scales

a car key in the ocean

far

and hard won

Everything is made out of light

Didn't we talk about this already?
saying now and always
is scrawl, best as scrawl
When a bee
dances the figure eight
and a rainbow prisms out of light
exposing a piece
surrounding the orbs
yes
the world rubbed off
The day's work is done
towering anguish in the letter E
A tear in half frees all civilization. The ruins,
caves, & the ocean, mesmerizing
held
Bigger and bigger
I think this crap is finally over
leaves mist glow

383

How many centuries equals gold pennies?

what happened outside tonight?

I don't know, that thing's got me

buoyant and closed off

death stipulated for speech

everything

what told it

648

wept air

mustard

until tomorrow

landing on a sorrow

metal dollar engine

on a day hot enough to rain

36 hours of weird, ugly numbers

spread off until a convexiture

bent light

black hole tore

antelope ripped

into lions

to get out

of here

428

Sun points the top houses

And over the end of all towns

Sand roads and car trouble

a month thrown on an afternoon

in basins of road forest

every happy time suns out

it's a perplexor times 3

highly regarded misery

389

The world, formal as it would like

but the plant world is casual

restaurant to show

then not so casual

not enjoying the conversation

as much as you would like

across the table

no speak

please

what we do

together is here

cars

the better

hey, it's summer

yah what doesn't suck

winding up this place

I love you so much

we should go in a few minutes

it can't happen. Lavender skies

g clef horse

does a historical fake out

in one care what what

wild thought fields is a country

blap fuck space

it isn't

the blacktop shakes

do you have any ideas about this?

392

blood spread on your face

to the beat

it's cool

lions tear it apart

wind blows through the night

in the big seven wonder

identical knife point

“fuck this!”

ha

I know

kiss

368

The sun is death
land burns
into a shade of vision
a trachea is a bone
and a pancreas and a liver together flower up a piece of time
The International Monetary Fund isn't finished yet
forest patterns red, yellow, ocean, and through
blackened aqua round continent lows and prepare
deaths to go forward. As clearly as space
can, it leans towards what's been when
a cheetah squints in the sun
it's a surprise it shows
the largest person shouldn't be obliterated
by tincture viscous in bark, lined
hellion green, you
gloss the pointelle blue
a wet duct glister arrow

shines a stomach's beat

there's no

such word as vanish

398

Sure-footed wisdom blathers on
in the naked hollow of a tree
about everything that can be done
first and foremost
a battery of black versions
confirms infrared undergrowth
Give or take a few
star shines so bright in our arms
we call out to it
as knowledge
because naked water between our legs

400

You're so stupid all the time
because purple is the most color
there isn't a single thing better
than the white background behind numbers
between your naked legs
eternity is high
cheeks wept and yearned throughout the long valley day til the sun went down
Without much in the way of bells and shadows
when the apple orchard comes into spring
it can water away as long as a well.

487

Stars bleat the light shoals

on a secondary attempt to heel

and stave off the fatuous aspects

7 witless bank robbers find a sun

At the bottom of a ravine goat stomachs torn open

gate changed migration routes

when the light changes at sundown on the pond

goodbye

siren

calls break pale black

liable to say it all night

221

The drapes on the congress of light scales out the city

No magic broken or taken away

it isn't any longer

we're just longer

hop to the bed to fort the happiness

bested bleak lake snow departed for happiness

Of course I love you!

over the allee's pitch

to cement pillars for horizon rain

Versaille is everywhere

440

Beati, Rex tremendae

majestatis

Gigantic flowers come to morning gratis

in paradise

climb the lattis and slept

little yellow window interred

after the boosters went off on fire

in the basement and in syphilis

limestone pity

lest you get a handle on it

bone shatters in atomic silence over hundreds of years

you got here out in the garage

amble in the way

376,000

What? We are so coming out the!

whatever it is, it can't be more important than this

Our man in Havana stomps the lamplight at 3am

we're having world pith

and knuckling down to fraction out a regional path:

Saturn's rings are a shattered moon, ice that since then goes on

and spins a lake cast in light on debris

Saturn is a king going slow slow slowly

with boring ideas and republic seizures

I'm trying to do several things at once here!

one yells standing at the bureau, one yells from the bed

and rolls over

I'm going back to my own town!

and in the mean time,

they're up two feet away from their backs.

These two!

On a big cloud

gray falling morning

it's the time they all come adorning

their rocks

their trees

the big birds and the big steeds

all together they can be

a time for you and me!

990

In the meadow with a wren,

Head!

Like the head that you sit on!

and back in the town,

you are so much!

there once was a pauper,

who was heir to a crown

how? how?

to the river, the dingle, and the glen

he went down

& came upon what he had sown

beauty walks in the face

of Avalon

out of nowhere

& heart sets noon

346

Your words not mine

Two mummies meet in a forest

not completely in their own field of vision

One monster week

in the fight of their lives

disoriented

hundreds of years in love

oak tree opens

planet implodes

translated from Chinese

in a mind of unknown lineage

stones shine in time

compress in reverse

battered out moon

224

Flotilla of nights

parlor on one leg

white eyelet ruffle

naked & powder green see-through

soap and evening

amber nebula lamp and shadow

black blindfold

head. Her tongue is out.

Nothing is bad,

and nothing bad is ever going to happen.

It's an absolute certainty.

Trough of auroral ions

ports sound.

282

Lightning over the field

voltage atmosphere

spins the grass thunder wash. In life, our minds,

wolves, wheat,

acorns, tar,

rust in an encounter

rain, fear,

dust, pleasure,

slab of invisible charge

cut by metal

x-ray cloud

sodden lifted

variegated.

It isn't better.

You don't like thinking about this.

113

Casually

done mound

quakes from the sea

enchanted

to meet you

Soon to be

Let's see,

what else is there?

a wave comes

country comes down

dogs swirl

out the grass at 4, & think about tomorrow

it's huge up there

gray, gold torrent

up really high

cello a split

beautiful there

not much to recommend it

how could you have done this?

115

In the main being

terrors there are green hours

When you see down

and see that

among there

and everything that's said

opens again

when you

see out

Let's see

if we can have you

And it's all, and then

upon a waste of time

Soon will be coming back

upon a light

Let's see

if we can have you

Let's see

if we can hide it out

110

I miss you so much
waking whisper to you
dead
it won't ever be
enough
and can't know
just how dead
separated this morning
by the window and the bed
where is dead?
I see it when I see you

117

green wine and crocuses

dirt the shadow

from morning sun to morning sun

cold fades black into tree

and steers blue

features go

how I would say this

to me and to you

a light in the evening

forces a decision

dusk a mirror

on the river

smooth in great detail

the first thing ever been said

side of a neck

124

churn braying the dock lakeshore

fantastics repeat

evening set flint

ice age high

abundant fluke

what that would

to fore,

close night

calendars away

lewdness and sorrow

stays event

burgeons and drifts

hundreds and thousands

when you say tomorrow

a waning street goes by

tenderness, and death.

159

lavender a thousand

around and through

your head

white spread on the overlook

towel off

lamp night forty-eight

flights dark

148

Don't ever say anything

The clouds darken

we don't die once but many times

all along,

heat

the damp spring air

spiral to the ball peen sun

rivers lay upon the past and no hold was forgotten. No embrace lost the shout that bore its
limbs. It wasn't.

awake with a start, on a morning's gray

thought from far away

comes through the face like a star

for someone and the police are going to come to my house if I don't send it this afternoon.
I'm wearing jean shorts and a blue tank top, not too exciting. But I am also wearing
orange and pink jungle print underwear and light yellow lace bra that I think is by a brand
called "Happy." What are you wearing?

each file of air full from light weighing

leaf in a pasture by the banks

eves in their faces

destroy rain

590

Never to water
blind the light goes
flown for farther
thrown coins
come for felled
branches to august a storm
Don't go
love for blood
doesn't have to show
until later on
shadowed in
by space right here
a catalogue of advances
constant dark

151

1

woke up so hungry
a desert and a murderer
learned thinking and watching
about what to look out for
life or one more
in others it's possible
to be
not the wisdom, but still isn't definite
it's possible to always have been
the thing
just not to recall in a way
that's useful
does it mean
it isn't or was
about the murderer
or die violently
probably true

shot in the guts
frightened black bristle
people might agree for themselves
or not handle it
shot in the guts, or someone
chopped off the tips
fingers or anything or did
any of the things unwilling
come to wonder
how this world stays
made & why
we don't black out
alone of pain
& ease
wet evening bark
snow in a forest
look in eyes
in them that once
is black and in some places appears
a river changing over
why is it like it
universe unlike a river
not anything but love

a river really is like love

if love

2

sunset in an animal

can't said

anything would do overtaken

winter through

slight current

state cast in air horses.

how did you know I said those things?

hear of us

different silence happens because

3

This is the other

side of that song

this is the song

lie in the sun

by the empty water

filled with the walls away

soft irreducible

world your eyes are covered

he dies like a river

the snow in the evening was like an eclipse

snow the moon

the night

& the white

the hours of the afternoon

shot like a river

the river comes into the sun like drums and guns

slow from the night

before comes through the sun

wide open the world

everything everything everything everything

climbs high on a rock

the quartzite goes into the night

your world of ethics might be

by who didn't choose

4

like it that lamp, the woods, reminds me of wanting you
the world

lid, shadow

sound

not so

5

after the dark mist on the path

I'm going to shoot tomorrow in the face

all the way the light tonight

in its entirety

heat from an iris

6

they embrace in silence while the tree

out of the embrace he steps towards the cabin while she turns and smiles to smell the
tree

they come up in a row boat

walk up to the bank of the island

she turns to take a breath and embraces him

7

he shoots the gun and comes out someplace else

it had been on the inside of his mind and now it was on the outside

the sound of the shot had reconfigured the components of sun and prismatic elements
to form real and afresh

the sheet away from his lover's body awake or dead, sleeping or playing a joke
naked in the land of the dead

when she finds him he is lying down by the stream

he disappears from her arms in the woods

she calls out to him but it doesn't return him to the moment before or to a subsequent
moment in which he is there

does it in a way

the rest isn't

8

dream hard and don't come in

it was night, from the kitchen out the door that goes to the path,

then the door that goes to the hall and the living room, through that door it was dim

small, obvious 500

tomorrow, the snow crashes off of the future

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