

FIRST EDITION

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The Stile

These fields picked-clear hoof & rut sown for grazing make a peace by collapse with the clenched woodlots

driving alone to ruminate on highlands & settlements

I venerate bog geometry each slumped compromise I pull over & wade out into corn stubble mud rows

blue thistle bull thistle here a box-stove door still readable

where scrub-cedars burst to retake hard-won fallow I pet fuzzled royal mould on split-rails gone spongy

in the shaking amanita caves of the high pasture butternuts

on land owned but almost not owned a border forgotten vouches for me & I climb over

my baby toes have only claws to be ignored is my legitimacy

I am a stagnant churning high & brief all is tough-titty mulch & shade

7

I · Gap & Hum

Early *ideot amonug* fog litfs spelling improves

foraging along the sh

between words old eurekas cadential dromenon

~

Vacant lug-nutted the striped lots

full *stadiums waving bellowing* equal incipit this page founded

on shush foundered by a few tiny

arcs letters *curls of let* wait wit wait a song grows a nail

from a moo/ a mo/

11

Early can still catch out writing at its oldest posture to set down care alone & quiet matters personal defiant fleet

to dare from self-loathing the eternal & then erase it

I want little more have always wanted the littles more now than another morning to say what's been said already

another morning to waste figuring out uselessly how to

stick in somewhere here screws for dragonfly lights (a note I found)
I want this in my poem is all & ruin at bay for my loved ones

~

12

Awake before daylight out back again blind listening

past the wet grass that black clump is trees

in the swamp the peepers have turned their little slime Singers up again

treadle peg & awl treadle peg & awl

praise & desperation aim & itch a 1-on-1 row-yr-boat that wins & wins & wins

at nothing possible any syllable repeated now

can seem like what them new frogs are trying to translate another undo-able brevet from Lao Tzu

sew dew, eye so do I sew dew-eye so, do I?

This morning I couldn't sleep & was up too early binning the ashes

when I grated against the black horse again

a muzzle-hair / quill a tar-dipped brush-tip its sway unwelted by any saddle

13

night nigh steam-close quivering

not a horse a horse-wolverine a panther-moose *a lamprey*

inside me I would ride yet hide

most mornings I am almost on it or off it as grey light comes over the trees

no first greyness suggests tree-ness

then grey light *suggestifies* pines then daylight *specifies* white pine

~

Bay-by-bay gung-ho

mufflers trace the lake & now our freight-local

shunts its fool sepia through town

insects in the *in the* in the where wet nests a dank under-rush

this pencil scritching along

a voice dressing up as a cricket an equivocation in nor out

a finding of go-stays

~

Wake up *creased sharp* take a pill a remember when old drinking-wound my ribs

in our bay the lake frozen 12" thick

& gauzed at dawn by more fresh night-snow a deer has stepped from the island to our dock

& back almost in the same split hoof-holes

out past where ice-fishing wells might augur a perforated line pricks light grey-green black

roust new cross a page again untorn unfolded

~

14

Orange chair blue porch white Stetson am re-reading *Cold Mountain* translated by Red Pine

woke to fog a cremation dream it is garbage day

Olson: *words made to taste like accuracy pincers* the king birds are back an osprey shrieks

in the wooded swamp ice reigns yet first the school bus

no motor no driver passes only one child so far up front then the Trueloves would it hurt them to signal bastards

despair is elitist do not count pages forget the work

w & k both built from 2 Vs or 3 end up with only *or* deface the cartoon until the joke is fearful

Sh that horse head nailed above the archway recites its old riddles to me only now early

under my cheap lamp's shade a hum dust

these *madrugar* I've written of late feel raw briary leprechaun-ish a few yammer loony-zoned like Mr Ed

the talking horse or remember Francis the army mule

who only talked wwii vaudeville to Donald O'Connor who? the Wheel-Trans drivers will soon be up the school buses

idling their manifolds & cabs warmed just enough

baby bottles knocking in pans on stoves 5:17 *blur* a m *Je mets tout de ma vie, j'adore ça.*

Baiser la nuit, son bord, c'est ma cuisine. (Marie Étienne)

me I'm tired of listening to everything that once spoke nonsense other-true *help!* again white establishes light

as the list-all & straighten-all protect us! Saint Syntax pulls

the usual stale treats from his robe *predicate / modifier* bribes in each line b-right logic a silencing *sh*

~

At the extremity of this design privilege is misspelled no it's not noit's not

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