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ADAM'S LITTLE DIZZY

A Thesis Presented

by

JACLYN M. WASNESKI

Submitted to the Graduate School of the
University of Massachusetts Amherst in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

September 2008

M.F.A. Program for Poets and Writers

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Dedication

For my Mom and Dad.

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I'd like to thank the following for filling my frame of reference with oddities and goodies:

My mother for her silver dollar tree, my father for puns and phraseology, my mysterious brother, J-9 for doin' the mess around, and my godmother, Melanie. Also, Jess-clown, Matt Factoid, S. Curt Foxworth, Anthony and The Few, Angela DuRoss, John Misselwitz and his posse: Demarest, Rich French $12 Guy, Gimlitdriel & The CoCoa Gnomes. At UMass, Momma Tasharama, Penelope my love, jolly Anjali, and mais oui my Nermie-cakes.

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Introduction

One of my earliest "literary" influences was the musical *Cats*. Yes.

Everyone has to own that initial moment of linguistic things snapping into place. I could tell you the snap happened as I sat in my 11th grade AP English class, awed by Tennyson's "Ulysses" into suddenly hearing and seeing what poetry was up to. After all, "Ulysses" did do that for me. And that would probably be a much more appropriate anecdote with which to introduce a master's thesis. But I'd be showboating, as it was show tunes that did the dirty work of getting me into this mess.

My father, a real working-class renaissance man, was a dilettante of musical theater. He had *Cats* on records (it was the early 80's!), and he'd play it loudly while I would race and cartwheel and cavort, gracelessly choreographing and sounding my own tongue at what I would learn later to be Eliot's poetry. My parents got a real bang out of their kid's theatricality. Little did they know that internally I was committing sins of sense making! In trying to wrap my mind around the sounds those lyrics made, I was making my own, "new" sense of words whose connotative and denotative meanings I did not know–nor had I any business knowing, really, at the age of four:

> Practical cats, dramatical cats
> Pragmatical cats, fanatical cats
> Oratorical cats, delphioracle cats
> Skeptical cats, dispeptical cats
> Romantical cats, pedantical cats
> Critical cats, parasitical cats
> Allegorical cats, metaphorical cats
> Statistical cats and mystical cats
> Political cats, hypocritical cats
> Clerical cats, hysterical cats
> Cynical cats, rabbinical cats!

These days I could tell you in fancy-speak what's in there that can and ought to grab the ear and imagination of a small child: anaphora, assonance, consonance, internal-slant-buried rhyme ...too true. However, it's an incomplete equation; I can't completely remove the Andrew Lloyd Webber (something I struggled to do as I got beat up in high school by the hard core poetry thugs). I can't say what would have happened if my parents had simply read me *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, instead of subjecting me to A.L.W.'s tweaked up bastardization of it. I'm sure something would have registered– after all, I notice quite a few borrowings in my syntax and diction from my earliest books. Still, I maintain it was the emotional height achieved by the dramatic, jazzy, dynamic score and the imagination inherent in it, that turned me on: the music torqued the lyrics, made me make my own (non)sense of it. And I feel like I've been hearing a secret soundtrack behind language ever since then.

So what does a soundtrack do? For a movie, it sets the tone, ambiance– in more artistically intentional films it can even be said to do the work of an actor, via the composer's creativity and expert craft. So I bristle when, many a time a reader of my poetry responds: "Well, you're certainly having fun with the sound, but... (insert awkward and infinite void here)."

I bristle, but I understand. It's not as if we walk around singing at one another in order to communicate. We have music for things we *can't* say, right? Or so I flatter

myself. And although I don't think that "fun" is the exclusive effect of my use of sound, I wouldn't dream of denying its importance to my writing. My poems laugh a lot. Sometimes funny haha, quite often funny huh. and now and then simply wheeeeee! It's said that laughter is a sign of fear, a misunderstanding, a defense mechanism; I couldn't agree more. My almost incessant default state of finding a mirthful element in everything around me must, to some extent, come from an irreparable rift in communication between my mind and the world's mind. I often feel as though someone just kicked me off the merry-go-round, and I'm ever willy-nilly waiting for some Victorian gentleman to step out of the scenery and offer me his arm. Maybe he's my betrothed, or my maternal grandpa who I never met, my gay uncle, my best girlfriend, or my uncharacteristically faithful cat– it depends on the day. I think I dwell "a little to the left of the 20th century" (Miller), and my wordings are the breadcrumbs that let me navigate back and forth.

Then, again. The humor also comes into play when the exact opposite occurs: comfort, joy, locative bliss. There are times when I couldn't feel more a part of the world, more pivotal to the minutia of what's "happening" in a growing spiral beginning at the oxygen around my head and spinning out toward the most distant celestial landmark.

(One way or another, there's always swirling while I'm writing.)

Space. Spatial space. Not just the where, but the when and the why and the how of the shape we are in. I seek spaces everywhere, a peeping tom. I love that hour of the day when it's dark enough to see into people's domestic cubits of definition. But it's not

the people I want to see. I want to voyeuristically learn how they finagle their chambers, how what houses them treats them back. I fashion ludicrous dioramas, prowl the aisles of dollhouse furniture stores, fantasize about and sometimes implement ridiculously impractical interior design schemes for self, friends, and family. I think that a page is certainly a space, but whether or not you write it down, a poem uses language to draft, erect, embellish, and designate an emotionally palpable space.

Last summer, I worked at Edith Wharton's summer home in the Berkshires as a tour guide of her house and gardens. I had to do a lot of reading and research on Wharton's once-provocative design philosophy, the influences that conducted the symphony of her aesthetic sensibilities indoors, outdoors, and in her prose. This was captivating work for me; ever since an undergraduate production of Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, I have kept one eye on landscape architecture and the way it echoes literature and fabricates imagination. After all, isn't sculpting the outdoors into a series of cultivated human living spaces the ultimate willing suspension of disbelief? I love the way you can dress up the outdoors to look like in, and the indoors to look like out. Like a stage set. Even after I "outgrew" A.L.W.'s *Cats*, I was always drawn to things of a theatrical nature. I performed and produced a lot of theater as an undergrad. Acting is one of those everyday miracles, like imagination. To attempt to inhabit a role with your voice, face, body, and all the metaphysic within is extremely scary and dangerous. Although I've never been a user, I suspect that to fully and utterly embody a role is a rush greater than heroine, and even more painful. An orgasm– there's another thing you can fake, like acting, or patio furniture serving as a "dining room."

But when an orgasm is right and true it is the essence of us. Just as some of the most interesting "faking" is done off stage, and is often anything but untrue. The way a throw pillow and an Austrian panel of the right hue can change a room from funereal to "jewel toned!", the way we act a little differently with all the different people in our lives, the way you let the weather make or break your day. So, which do we prefer? Pretend relegated to the make-believe realm, or make-believe all around us? The money-shot is of the blurred boundary.

My writing tries to inhabit many spaces, often those spaces I remember/believe in without ever having seen. The only way to get there for me is to crash words and their nautilus shells of centuries' worth of connotation up against one another as flint and steel, or even satin and sand, or cerulean and sad. In poetry, they all make a spark; the aural spark they make is part of the transportive sense memory the passage requires. One obsession of mine is the space of childhood, or, more specifically, the space it occupies on the hard-drive of our memory– the way that space is always with us, interfering lovingly in our adult ways. My friend's nine year-old niece said the other day she couldn't wait to be 13. I remember being nine and regretting that I could never be eight again. No joke.

I've always had an un/natural penchant for regression. Nowadays, maturity (*#sigh#*) dictates that I give up my quest to stop the looping of the years further and further away from the days when a roomy shrub was my house, when behind my mother's dresser there was an entrance to a secret, better attic, when there was still the possibility that jumping from the third stair to the ground could absolutely result, with proper concentration and faith, in mid-air suspension. I am constantly told by what I see

around me that those days and thoughts must never be again, that we only get one chance to inhabit them. I don't like the children of the moment because I'm jealous of them. At times, I don't even want kids of my own because my job will be to facilitate their imagination, while I'm still stubbornly mourning my own. But there is hope and therapy and even absolution in clashing and crashing together what I remember from being five with what I remember from a minute ago. In coordinating the sounds and supposed meaning of words the way I have, I transport myself and, I fervently hope, my reader to explore space that has been lost to us. Not just of childhood, but of That June Day, you know the one? Neither do I. Let's go.

Preface

Diary, mine will not be clever
crisp at times
one-legged, but
braggadocio for a season.
Ultimately, untimely trodden
down, gathering tome-pity
from stiff neighbors
and stray psalters.

Pages, prime
and labyrinthine
flutter in an offer,
bite the place you put
your ribband,
donate their applause
to your choice
incantation, fated
perfectly for such a shimmer
of a winter morning.

Bound lies
a penchant for reliquaries,
arid, cut blood the trail
in the dry
leaves, below.

Sitting In a Basket With Pulleys Elaborate

Grimey elevated the babe
hallelujah the newborn patch
green, creatures, friends,
Saracen walnut steerer–
dryadical improvisation.

Gutter below for droppings,
mousse the canopy and chomp
the rope: shells fall, and
twigs, tin trinkets.
These heights, delight
such proportions,
bore my swaddled form hither.

Further, to fulfill this two-sided
sun void, candy grows and long-necked
mammals of the field's coast munch and pull
at the taffy raffia fruit, herein and
hemp-like, stiff with sugar,
sugar cages, entice!

Tyranny of Three. Casket, cup and
elevation, the bedtime down
the block got away.
Meadow, steeple, schoolhouse
and safely stowed my, in a sturdy
convertible walnut.

Patron Saint Ropes delay the snapping
jaws, depths, clack of teeth and bark
claws sharpened on the
smell of baby candy.

Necromatailor

God is us, sonny!
Sew, sew soft pet
forever an acclamatory
sentence is rough!!!!!!!

Sew, sew to stay around, to
sing a la luna indefinite,
say halloo night, night, night
ears in a box, ready to know
singing, eyes googly, what
with some glue you no-sew
royal, violent consent
through the chink in the wall
sip the scuppernong vormally
verboten to apprentices,

a long straw enough of ears boxed,
strata plumbed and sounds like
closing time. Know that
a single disgrunt could
unman this mise en scene.

Five High and Flaming Insincere

*
What's it with
the cumulative, you
lookit and go tell it

**
with a locket so cinched?
And wretched
you could've lit your own
briquette, hail.

***
If this is the middle layer, and
truly few are tertiary sweet we
ought to have formed
a mindful agent of my sparky
ancient slats.

****
Slow-mo for me, honeymoon.
Was the other of your phases the new last?
Under my covers when he was when?
Page baby break–
shuck that headache, rope prepped
on my sanctum's settee.

*****
Penny for your bloody but ruffled
vendetta, the bad land's echo
each fried, cut, out loud woe.
The best special for today when
you drop the cry
I can hand it over
with a fat red streak
we'd forgot.

The Age of Lights

Like tonight an era
make me see into my
own limber chamber,
younger, I view my reason
my then countenances with
cool, Jane Austentine
collection.

As spans, whirling still
compartments:
rest, an oestrus
baroque beat a
glowing sepia deerpath.

Remember, light.

The library hums fluorescent, with air
conditioned, in the summer vacation.
Fire died, still descry stairwards.
Is clouds' whirl making the yellow leaves
tweedle breezy or the sun bead through?

My vintage ocean, making light do older things.

Light of my gentle future wants, urge the source.
Abscond your own lambent tinge and deign
lowery onto eves I'd rather see with good lustre.

Illumine, queue and taste like you did then,
and I can then let this, one time, be enraptured.

Gentleman Caller Over Yonder

Blow by, he skulked the shore
trying on the speaking we
having done with the excuse of
translation, he sauntered like a suit,
in the name of the gesture,
the posture,
and the gesticulation he cruised
us, dandy, chuft, just warming up
or was this immemorial jeremiad
thunder stroke?

Either or the sand rubbed the suit off.
Defrocked and rolled and battered
fell he dumb, tongues all agog,
and bumped on the lowest niveux
de langue, under the paisley speech
of scuttle or bust, doomed to
signify a hex from the word's real helm.

Jet Set NJ Receptacle

My
Grandfather said,
of being a baker, post WWII:
Those rivulets were the warring,
knotting up my stakes and limbs.
It's an endeavor to you we one,
a terrible gas, a trigger trick to
chasten the migrant
interior
and yellowing lining
of this shtick.satchel, all
stratagem aside the shore, he
insists: It would be prime if you'd
allow Atlantus her sinking, way
down derry, they object
to her skin-so-nouveau,
her porous
fib.

Bedcheck

The Moorish wish
for a tooth trade can't
besquelched you, little one,
unleavened envelope,
behold,
a slip of fortune
feather-bound under your rest.

Memory is not your doughy toy–
Are you having a good time yet?
With the dough and
    the hiccuping drain?

Girls, have you the number of the dragoon
that did this to you?
Have you properly labeled Gentility's Avenger
in the face? The lower
circles couple it as a croquet mallet.

It can be a little double helper to you,
advance to the furthermore
status unbecoming to a filly.

One o's, two o's, three o's well
that ends with the open eyelid should
skip this catalogue of detained dreams,
cupless and crawling,

that a folded gaze from sundown to
star should hum at you, and miss you
in its secure hem

that the content's cradle might be capsized,
scandal ebb forward to the counter's
edge–the floor, open mouthed and wayside the
powdered sugar sheets,
menthol to the touch, mussed just so.

Todd and Margot Go Abroad

Nuptials incensed with blood
blue, this duo makes a go
in the chilly-willy, wettest clime.

Odd fishy wisdom is Todd's claim.
He scoots her side to side,
antagonizing her secret gills in
most windless nooks.
Margot, our girl for gathering,
rummaging the foliage with
a pallet solely wont of tapenade,
only olives' taste discard the
brine in this current wended sand.

All sealegs and homesick,
they cut figure-eights
on the leeward face,
shangriloops to keep warm,
the Todd and
Margot despite them.

A Lady Does Garden Too

Do abide by when emulating this renaissance:

1. Size up the various monochramy as given verdure– don't distract your viewing with just any array of bon-vivant, multi-colored hog bloom.

2. Every quad, like an empty letter could use of stone, local stone if possible, in all but cleavage untouched by sweeping and vegetative snags.

3. Someone ought to've died in this pool of circle, gurgle as it may, and tumble out the eye of the rock's face in this way.

4. Show them off balance by perspective, the hardscape whumped from a distance underneath, so that in a glass cat, lightly, espy one of several scenic paths.

This, is a grass green envelope, folded would be sent all of our way, a drink, parterre, a drink.

Familia, Familia

Why so, so many dark-haired
beauties from one pair jangled by,
but in their quibbling, braying
tots did get chided a chorale so low
it furthered an exit for the middle
one away, nothing stemming,
one unsung willow
of own tenebrous willing to
to work it , always
on raising upwards of her
sisters' many sagas' ages
one stunt, took a peek behind
a chair, saw no reason to
right at home, leave off
intervening two half-branches.

The withered bark makes good
medicine, if the season struggles
to wrap mind and tongue up in
the same tree heart,
pulse their way down to earthward
to where the herbs are born
too early in this time
of particular year.

Slayerino

Endow the three of your cubs
with such an excalibur you bumbled
across, boy. Wrend some ore either
into a pylon or coop clog, but
crows each know
it was a chance domestication.

Your circus, indiscreet
and fenced so small so mammals
had to hermit away the days,
hubris less, the pachyderms
each shed a flood of cells
and tears, even the wax
wolf has no maw full of
sackcloth and ash even
to pile one paw atop another.

Here, tent, and bobs and banneret
entrench the passing moppets,
sticky fingered and with soppen
every thing they empathy is
curify, counterpoised on either
glassy eyed, see a bit of haint
with each tenant, each staid
their drubbing a given.

The Hit Place

Drowning the slap of water on your ankle
in claim, one foot on shore, denying
the mute slam of a dead, concrete face
against your permeable own.

Felled, the axis slides a lullaby
and the wet wraps up the
grains, which tinkled in
your tiny ear.

Landscape Architecture

Twine undid, dyed a blue
cornflower knuckle-bob and
the tire swayed mid-aired.

Sea wee sick one ready:
pell mell off the rubber center
1, 2, 3 to the bowling green
beyond, bottoms out in a brook,
scaled to the suburbs and looking to
gurgle bantam secrets to the wee.

The way withal down to stream
riddles unwrap in the grass,
lie like gems and flawed her
downward arms peddling
into the flume.

When we were little,
the demesne, from gabion
to turret-bound, from
the hunt to the bank,
is a park's worth of
sinuated terra firma.
Fraught with flora,
fauna becomes her.

For Giambattista Basile's *The Goose*

I. Lilla and Lolla.

Sleep it in did you
that shat gilded
oh, my little beaky
on a sheet all to the winds
they swell, puffy fowl
aggrandize the two dizzies
go to, go to– rags, riches,
dame, duo numbered dumb
by pernicious tweaking
next door, too eyesies inside
the shuttered maw see the
bellies circumbendibus
gullet keep on the guggle
vint-a-vagaries, all knowing
no better than to stuff the
mattress with darling it.

II. Vasla, Perna, Pasca

See! Gaggle the proud
poofy squad of matrons
all amuck the coop of
Lilla, Lolla, beakishly fresh
in high minting season:
thou shalt not pride of
thy shite, mesdames
butt shew gander glittering
and have at you one
last sacred feather fight
whumping down the unction,
only to wed a Lolla to a viceroy
most notable in these parts for
his– unstuck– from his private
beaky most belligerent and telling.

Plate of Ivory

Her white tassels are ribs
fastened wiles her two braids
laid like track.
And he, he chugs along
tail coat dithering smartly,
the grasp of undergrowth
sallied out from underfoot
by the serpentine lay, his fob
knocks in rhythm metal rods
verging parallel, adorned
in earthen garniture,
the cumulus of clicks
and clackery having wrested
the babe away.

It pictures, such a doom
on a blue day,
peaks shouted to
them from on high.

They, in white pursuit
in the v of the gods,
tagging onwards
make a hinge of her hand
itself, snapped the little ankle
off steaming in her pale glove,
lagging in rose light, the
light hot common
lilac reeking of vanquish.
The whistle thither signals
their wounded lace to
lick itself.

Some Times Real Nordic

A blue box forced to hold
yellow gelatin, but one the light
can still scarify; still, the
temperature of this compartment
need be specific, chill
and candlelit.without in order
to pitch it all up there, prism.
Lapping up latitudes towards the junipers,
getting so that fish are it.

Snow fills the bedroom like salt, a
fish in one window, out the other
a naked mammel or two, warm, quiet
in the arctic shiver. It's an elevated
box, aboved and perched below
the tree line peak. Neither night, nor
day, could you really pin it to–
and no one has to job, so
nothing but that vaccuum snow
sound makes will wake you at
the right time
real, the way the ice, cloven all
over, and the dirty stars
in their trade gives a
worry-not nordic glow.

Deus Ex Machina Deplumed

Dun, behind the arrow struck
was a ground pallor designed to
digest a whole, suffering and
persecuted spiral.

For a set scene, a dandy and a damsel
quell the floral name, whose trajectory
paled and halted in the beams
over high headed gentry and
foiled an awed dove–it
interrupted its duet.

Bird, become a lick of paint
that we might pretend this candescent chord
not sluiced alive with a lavish nomenclate,
so for top billing to dwindle
to a heretic technical error.

Instead, the players' stones cast
the flora aural vow and the avian
accord was struck.
A resulting ringlet dance met the
plebeian gasp– here was poltergeist
holotype and its avenger now unwingful,
coiling to their rest. They sighed,
Sleep on your gift and come a
redolent spring and soaring silence will
under your tongue be granted.

Of the Many Codices

I have a favorite
then an empty egg
now we know no
lists other loving
girls, boys, in-betweens,
many laments brother
other than, the eggs
each shapely, love
darkly coated with
sap, amber the better
insulator, keep up the
going rates higher than
away from what you spent
reckless young life
the elements,
warned and
of warmest cardinal hue
to another
the spread word told me
for he did write
to fill with time
better than to cross
than undoing all
family ties taut
brother no good, for you
can take a new shape
contorted from the sinuous
protein of the tree's skin
to warm each of us as
isolated treasure, when
my little nest needs stay
away, spendthrift, from
not inoculated by
poison berries no one
wrathful, told us a tale
migrating from one page
to another and finally
it was fleeing time.

For the Limb Boy

With oatmeal splendiferous thrift
collar, knickerbockers both
you are cordoned by
a twig network, tiny and squared to frame
you, winter spits out a
deathrattle daring your ascension.
Loamy ankles
will quake for your cables,
spotted, flecked with the tamed wood.

Dark colic, unbound to the
evening air with two olive-like
wounds, projectile
bituminous twilight ‘twixt
embracing branches
and buds the thumbsize of a
six year old-fist,
your webbed wool paw in a
youthful alm, a
March evening
eats the eighteenth century
you’re feeding it.

Nutkin Doesn't Nix the Cola

Truth be told by an untamed furflop,
the hares burning in their bell carol
are just a cracked lot.

Hoppity squatters look
March a gifty egg in the eye
but nutsense is pure,
rummaging nepenthe.

He cants "it's carbonated credibility!"
not all flop and gnashers like those
fuzzy fuckloaves of American Easter.

Roger, I'm not at all sold on the
yoke of seasonal employment.

Nutkin, wilco, imbibe, poptop,
pontificate, crack, slurp.

Bristle in a bottle,
Nutkin's bubbles don't canard
so da re mi jitter in
like a lamb, and condescend
the loppy, my tail can
out-aluminum them all
from my slapdash hammock, my
scampy perch on can-dreg mountain.

Half Life Illuminata

Revel in the binding, thread
fingers, together, and with
kisses think we you had it, too, good.

Verily, he wasn't on the giving
end, both burning for her take,
her locks purloined and singe
her turn of phrase, an elegy
in the light of so spent, early girl,
what he's to intend by his
inheritance isn't your cake,
and day.

How you were burned,
have us austerely see it elsewise, live
warm love, a possible life, satins all
asunder, whelmed into a new dell
with chimes sounded too true.

We, true, pressing madam keep
the lie aloft for all the someday
wishing-well breds,
dingy snipes and stay-at-homes–
don't you worry about your true,
we'll have them up and down
the aisle, steeple-chasing,
knowing can never be
allowed, mired hearthside.

Dear (Private),

I didn't tinker with you; your pistou was all I had to live for.

What did my minnows have to do, what
say had they in your demise?

You say my refracting your warm arm arc
cooked your bowed book. Them that's not shall be,
Cowboy, and nota bene:

It weren't for my diving in
your sea green hollows, little
gill packets would
have maimed you itinerant by now.

It weren't for my anonymous exhibit, plucky
historifics would
have rocked you hard on your luck.

Ok, ok, but caught on holiday with your paining ankles, it didn't seem fair to tame the Sabbath to my cooing. What sum are we flying out on? Is this what you've always wanted, or what? Dealt too low a cocktail to re-calibrate his roan, the lad sipped and idly, he ripped the tails off my petticoat, just to feel the starch fret.

It weren't for my tile cracking beneath
your black and blue, an
alms plate, bellowing
your bequest to a
stale enamorata would
have been your only carpetbag.

Right?
Right always,
Luv.

Singing at the North Sea

-after Bethan Huws' video

Shirred water below cirrus serene sea cleft into seven women layer drest bright among all the natural undulation. Vocally, they canal into a squiggle, the treble level imbricating their formation of seven odd women calling home arisis, even women calling home thesis from the sea, facing, gray and white headdresses wrapt but mussed all the stops gleaming but not at all once all stopt the second's breath looks like death for a moment, a rest.

Keen in all cardinal
directions, lined up as
a structure molecular
they remind us they're
past their prime bodies
jib against the tidal tug,
home is ready made
within their capacious
aprons, between the bulkheads
of fabric quaintly starched,
vibrating along with the
stitches they voice.

Mock Yard Work

The hedge waves green sleeves, gauzed
with god juice so they silver all over.
I'm jazzed about these overtures. I
covet a cat named one day:
Bruno, Yaddo, Uterus Judas,
Hedgewump, Jerky Judo, Egon, B
reezy, Xesss.

Blossoms hurl in the weave,
the hurl of veridescent dots.
They brocade my trousseau
of new branches
for the sake of frog clasps
anchoring a beeswax
blank book to a loblolly.

Feline wroughts a spey rod,
and bone folders sweat it out,
bookwise, and earn their hoes.
In spring, the miscellany
of tired iron shed pets.

His Holy Week

Of a Monday, it was mini-mentioned
that in my garret strewn with dead thread
moons shedding their
hides come here to
cough, and die–it's all true.

Of a Tuesday and it's go-time
and you crossed to the other bank, to
pick a pocket, rob a limb,
seek to drill a hole double square,
scoff at the heart-peg, and call it a night.

Of a Wednesday, off the charts
figures soared , a windlass whispered
the ingredients, but in the unchurned
sunbeam of the moment
the tenants went to seed
and left layered intentions in the
lonely leaves beneath.

Of a Thursday I insisted I was
of a mind to call you my sole beau,
a novena cut
down in its prime prophesied
a gleaming scribble too late–
songs spelled out in
pebbles never lie, they say.

Of a Friday I take in the cool
spot of unstrained sun.
Through a string
window I behold it alone–
it's an indoors kind of day, watching
you tussle the hair of the masses,
I sever those strands inside out
and rust the sill with salivation
for the weekend-like fun of others.

Cycle Detrimental With an Ever Bad Wheel

Awkward Autumn Time

the other boy abandoning
his seesaw end
too early on.

Cull a Bounty

from an old-ashes field, and ransacked.
The leaves are at half-bright, though you
blot, do not meddle with these downwards.

Array of Dried Kitsch

(a silly ear, an awkwardly
retired stalk) the still-born harvest
festooned between the body
parts of porch. Pilloried mischief in a
pum'kin-like smile. To make one,
mix one quarter lunar solemnity with a
bit of the dark end of a funnel.

The Narrow End

'Vember lurks in the
barren fridge and space of
heatless hallway, unused friends
crawl under the mud to hide
from the haunt.

Invite In a Rotty Truth

besides, to commune with those
would invite a truth soon to
be frozen, maybe skated over,
or shunned as bad snow, and ever
other sided veil, in the next
month's life.

Nature Has Stopped

up in her ears and her sounds, the
remainder, which is windchimes, premier
their charms against a black
colored quiet; they rankle with
their desultory plink.

Daylight Reduces to a Pallid Blue

square of light, afternoon's highest
muster, the least you allow things to
lumber in the encroaching corners.

A Caw Caw's Smile

is my unseason's paralyze,
a trick unpredictable and such a sham treat.
Here, on the crown of its curve,
the year skidded akimbo to a
stop.

Q.E.D.

See here violence, parlance bemused
and overdosed with her
cracked eggshells wanting
only beaks to discern
footnotes for you,
bidden in an ungainly
fashion at the gala
say can they
be hoofed
with your poison flag
furled into her merry valve?

Should I have had
said shun that
quiet-seeming, snowy centerpiece
for the decorative sham she will be
in lieu, forever, naming the
same pained, ordered chablis?

A new degenarative, every
one, sees my stick turned social
lashing, turned fencepost–
a tweaked landmark
you lay too
hands upon.

Adam's Little Dizzy

Could an orchard invite a more
reticent moniker, he'd have a rusting
gala on his hands and our party in
recline had been a bust but for
a weaving stratagem seaming
our sullied apples cuddling, two.

In that small minute others' shouts like
accessories became moot appendages,
our daily picture snapped, all cerulean and
branched, sun broken crimson skin.

The soil bent the lens in calling
the photo op into the earth, it did
twist, with pleasure the rows of
fruit into an end, pointed sunward.

Merger of a Different Nature

Someday we and me could come
to different types glowing tips,
might be overwhelming
co-uniting, lit and

bleating, to let go of the secondary
expletive, maybe we'd render two moot.
Maybe there'd be nil reconciliation, wine-water;
we'd go ahead admit impediments!

Sure what those are.
And don't they just glorify
what we're doing here.

Advocates Close

skull duggery a bit
I'll give you what
for that's for
sour stomach
  and gumtongue
and that's for happy
  christmas wishes
I already
told, it's done and
drained of savory,

what for an if
took to bashing?
we wouldn't swing
Heyday the Blade
doorwards at the
unforgivingly early
setting

glory lady be
we cheer chop chop
in a finger slap
twiddling for butter,
lacy butter and
Greyfriar's sacred,
insomnolent and
sotto voce chilly lo!

Voyager Jehoshaphat

On its edge there was a wild
only kind
of aquawall, wavering with the
thrust, lunge, and perry of
the middle stoker.

There, I fought my fin rot
all on my enzyme, and be damned
the waiting for all womankind.

If that flailing mass had had a head
to tug me morass via
its own cut in the crystal blue
clover, that is to say

we could've stayed lane babies
we may have had a lashed spurt.

Sign of the Hand

Panes abound, square low
up your grains and may
sky's electric singe
bring us all to an
acute hinging bow.

Along the canal, go under
tartan canopies for you,
drip the heavy
down the flat empty sheet, again
morph the grain melting into
something, old friend,
you've through and through.

Board sold, pelting rain
ache and chasm took to
the banks, belted round
town, and ended in the alms
and ales of St. Jacobstraat.

Nuptial Hour

I. Procreate

Head over a hot stove in heels
it takes a gallant shove to
show her what it was she
wanted more. In the bleating
mixer's vibe, of a betty and a
store brand bairn, we heard
her wails.

II. Fix

For a sickle-leveled palsy, dash
the pestle against a dab of buff nay:
float till set and it can see straight.
Only employ the small salt for
mending and until upended,
spare the tines.

III. Take

Immediately served, both spoiled
store hermetically separate
upon the lid-light crust,
a golden edge dare be
alone, underdone.

Godmother, Godmother

How does your homemade dough,
perennial garden in a river-side,
make an annual present to keep me safe?

And all this letting of blood
his stories sieved,
scents, and hollyhocks
petal fret-naught showed to
charm a couple, girls
all little and fire cozy style, cold
springtime night nigh.

A nimble minute's
stitch had our ever-tasting
minutes even in the hot
womb of creatures,
many comforts, a hot cuppa,
will whipple a quilt around
your middle trunk for awhile.
Let the gate creak to an acute
moment, in which we praise
your deeming and knarled
wishes gained.

Catechesis

Augustine drained the
space between the boughs
and muttered to make a bundle,
of turqoise,
ablaze and
empty loaves.

Those grains wanting their
own say in vibrations decided
on a sullen fawn but an aqua
baldachin anyway,
in sea weaving above us
they lined up to spell.

Fleance

We sashayed down the plank,
we made some knobby headway
in our getting to know you nots–

All the hims were wearing too thick makeup
you couldn't tell he from the spackled willy,
his dangly jeweled mast made me shiver, this
I knew from backstage sopping.

When asking etiquette calls,
include a lace cuff on the cheek, always
be plain with your wig you're wearing–
it is the soiree's predictor.
Direct the digging that a pearly capsule
you find under the tunnel
of manacled can't.

This ball. The men are all covert,
trying one another's swirly mark
to stir a wider gig, and
when the sugar surfaced
in the playing cards
such a visage curly rused,
one couldn't part rouge pots
and the table patter flourished
lisp-like, alive oh.

Chancy Plans Indeterminate: An Early Study

The 24th year reflected, appeared a dry stone,
dirty and not to be wrung, not too tasty,
and you try, squeeze– go ahead such suck.

To hurdle the snag is to dissolve it with
a higher, harder nature, call ahead, if
able pay, do, pay, if not pray that

The damage won't tarnish
seven pieces, for seven years.
For three more tries:
amend, saddle- up, and patch, are
the stains struck forward, into the prize?

Resolve is a verdant cache, a stick of sweet
green, a sunny interaction with a seed.
Witchies make it effloresce,
Hilltops hide it, insects stay away and you
you pretty, think you deserve a sprig.

Eat you, drink you hope
to find it in your cake. Promise
with the vow unbound,
broken circuit, broken tooth,
a bride unspent, chased
by a bee, and escorted
to an unsafe place.

Lucky is shelter, tunnel and trope.
The lot is neither here, there.
There is no trophy in a mirror
that you claw, clasp.
Peel of apple over shoulder,
scratch at the ineffable
dandy gazing you down,
blush.

Ichthyosity for Two

We appeared sidewinded
once, just for your pigment
to perforate, skipping stone style,
my quaint lane, weeping lined.

Enough of the olive
    oh, green of life say—
has had its shady
way with me, under
tresses of tree such as
conjugated me and you.

Your unintentional tendrils
myrrh soaked, stretched
a phenolic rope of
scented scars across
the acid muscle
I daily crook in your honor.

Nock not your sculpted fishes,
    alive, oh, into that anhydrous
other globe. Let me aide your
school-less contralto stroke,
brush by, and we'll inhabit this
whole little pool.

Drive, and Design

dark and listening
tunnel, don't
tell us what to allign
into this moist bitter night
 dunces all travel
chattel ish by day only
after-hours can asphalt
say its piece, by the
urban nocturnal jewelry
sanctuary sounds, like

us, a throny lorry to
man about the town
style ish lying all in
the while, lanthorns
by swift and seismic
teeter, one and road
one animate,
momentus pilot.

Team Ada

Ada zooms a direct dot,
her own ink puddle edged with red
along its laces with a brittle sauce.
It's the berries, she tells herself, to
mend the aching slice she caused.

She would case her treads,
in order to unmuddy your distracting oriental.
Her dainty smock-bottom
triggers the cradle's starboard bow
to a degree of needy outcry.

This couture can wend a hostage the
desperate cherry prize–her
meow is premium bounty
hunter rummy money.

If the braggarts opened
up the door, she'd puddle through,
doing everything she likes
the way in which she likes it saying
bitter gray need.

Meditation In Fresh Air

Scuttle must you, new trick.
Your chatter has ground
the foundation underfoot.

Our secret keeper sends
his last reminder,
smoking a tender trill, you and I
some time, sleepy-eyed,
were re-gifted under this guise–
an arched spray
of fountain.

Amidst this volta, it's hard.
Discern the degrees of topography
from the swirling sub rosa.
On the verge toddle to a
peer, edge, age, and settle
gently down to the phenomenon
of chilly living soil.

I'll change the season and switch
off your alarm; seed your
tactics, slow your breath, and
we'll see what is your
kind of ornament.

Jet Plane Puck

This was his omega striation.
She, a tubby, can middling
   appendage a pretty face make?
Alpha, desperado blighter don't label
   me tonight's fakir–
enough of you're ready?
Aim, if your Friday night cake can plug
up a know-it-all, well,
question not
the dribble,
all-star gauzy calling of your
mother country.

Permanent

Those who are brought peeled things by
bronzey gods have curls, dammit.

There is a flip, a slipped tendril, a growl:
an empty eye in me. A prickle straight
hatred of you all Helens all.

This is this line:

My lower lip
brushes the steel of it,
looking in your window
and eyeing up your high
feast, haunches
spring loaded for my surprise
curl gnawing rapture.

Sunderland Sally

She sells her skirts as
a tight space for mice.

Under there, seared
paw prints spell a
perambulated ascension
to her lethal,
passive-seeming
lynchpin.

Sally shrouds her hair like gauze around
her lower malkin visage.
To start she opens her lunes upon a
desperate Johnsonette;
her seeing darts vivisect.
She flays the peel away and sinks her
cuspate smile into whosever's layers.
The girls know no bed, no better than
to be waked and pinned in this
adumbrated wayside;
their bleating floats up the dank country air.

Requisite

If I asked you to,
singe your helix into my neck crook;
you could have your posy become
my new and teasy relic–

When did I last sing that
a trifecta of your little kisses
could have drifted your lazy ticket my way?
From a boy odalisque in a crib of reeds, you
could have sidled in the trickling
secret, you might tiptoe, my dove
still betimes,

be known to knock anon around
the tiny heart rock where we meet.

Anise Hyssop Rides of Her Life

She took her cheeky
elsewhere, out of doors, the
cold pot begging for a
warm, oh,
they'll take you taskwise
with your framed layers
your calibrated friendship deflectors.
Someone fed you to a fan, Sister–
the unapologetic oscillations did you no
    favors.

Please call uncle, that's if if
your Doric columns don't
sock em you can nurse em on
your snarky dugs.

Oubliettho

I am a ho-ho's ouvre
kneels in the passenger
well of a sedan mirage.

Paving, the peds gingerly
drop scurrilous, flay my
lacy piece into midweek pops.

Give the day a skinny ass!
Barter your blues for a bonbon,
take you to a damp sofa who burps
shreds of your shoddy fabric.

Then you degenerate to desdemonian,
leaving to me to keen your hedges,
gnash the banks of your booby trap
ensemble, and salute
the cleverly placed salt moat.

Ding to the finish line,
beeping for laurels,
this was a sun-
shiny day, alright?
Not I'd know.

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