

**INFINITE
UNEXPLORED
DOMAIN OF
POETIC
VALUES**

BY EASTER HALLOWEEN

**PRINCIPAL HAND EDITIONS
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Easter Halloween

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“Seriousness is the only refuge of the shallow.”

— Oscar Wilde

“The center of every man’s existence is a dream. Death, disease, insanity, are merely material accidents, like a toothache or a twisted ankle. That these brutal forces always besiege and often capture the citadel does not prove that they are the citadel.”

— G. K. Chesterton

I'm not a girl, I'm a rose
with a name

is ambiguity expression
is intention use
Why

split the seam on the
dotted line and divide the
fruit into ambergri nothingness.

“Into paint will I grind you,
my bride!”

I am
A rose with a name
And that name is Arthur Miller

Torrents: sometimes
openings of reins to go out:
protection is a half cherry of china.

fine, fine, leathers are circular
leathers are writ upon
wet cantering wet.

in pennsylvania they sleep
while no one no one no one
address, fucked up address.

speak, oh easy phonemes
in a half oh half cherry bowl
eagle-lipped boys, fucking oddness.

leathers tomorrow, then
i am lipped as no one
no one who is an eagle.

I saw frost on the
grass-blade, and it

made me feel spooky —
shelved, ornate. An

unnecessary fault line.
A necessary fault line.

An inevitable fault.

In one's blood —
and baths are spooky,

Trial separation. Trial
life. Tail end of a

mode of comprehension.
Obverse intimacies.

as verb, in which an elaborate
act of architecture,

song, picture, form, space,
thought and character
deceive us, seemingly to be many things

littering the dusty ground

Miss Memory
dame of my dreams

write me a new leg
a new arm

you are the dead dark center
of my Mandelbrot heart

Why do people believe weird things?

I don't belong to anyone.

On the station of
the salad bar

I see —
red radishes. Nothing like

red radishes. Seriously
though, there's nothing

like red radishes. Salt?
Yes, please. Red

radishes. Red ones.
Red radishes.

I like em —
you? Red

red radishes. So darn —
Just red radishes.

Realistically, Hunter
Drive-Thru tomato
Marks & Models
lottery • ATM
4800 San Francisco
Free HBO
Best Price in town
We buy Gold
Half Price SPQR

What this page needs
is a kind
superintendent

Silver dust,
lifted from the earth
beyond the little pinky's reach
You have bound yourself to my fortune.

and if I die the
stars' shelves go dark.
Stars' vases, stars'
divans.

Welcome back, Kotter. Welcome
back — Kotter. Kotter,
Welcome. Welcome! We're so
glad you could make it.

bringing summer and ripe fruits
in your purple heart.

A white apple falls from the loveliest tree

Out of nowhere into nowhere

I am no better than thee

American ensemble Grumble and haw
O the sick fragility, the incompetence of dogs

What oafish What ruffle —
What damned juxtaposition

Samothrace! Coat rack! Centaur! Panda!

I would shake your devils Every last one

My life is like a
little language, the only
thing listening,
I have thought my audience.

Come on my little life-giver,
give your life. If this

should not suffice, I ask,
what is the criteria?

He is standing on my glistening teeth.
My audacious one! Little rib.
Bloody dust of the gods —
damned hard to hold.
This is a sort of horror,
a sort of protest.
Ten thousand years in a moment,
one quivering droplet.

Lay me please among the
flowered fields of Gascony.
All my mind is bent to holiness!
Taste with me these —
odd, wintry flowers.
Gaze at the scarlet apple.
Hide with me in the white
moon's veiled loveliness.

Much of a muchness.

No meal suffices but the meal of death.
Praise to the architects;

After convulsing with rage, one continues the aftermath
restless in the way that stirs the crowd to its feet, to claim —

Gentle fur on the most careful paws.
What eastern horizon on the ledge,
of simple astounding greatness --

the poem is laughable.

Today is the day of the hunt.

Sloughing my cheeks with moss
and fastening my bracelets,

pale acorn of my belly,
twigs of my limbs, as far
as I can reach of my back.

Pink as a bruise;
pink as weal, blush, welt.
I was a stain.

I was pink, and they pinked me.

boullion

swaying and wheezing

Your eyes are green

You thief.

The planet-ducted pelican of circles
then fall upon a broken calm
Over the water come
To shield the blistering brain.

versity is the bloodline
And offer as the last delight
“cold fish”
Whales in wake like cups and Alps

Pleading in the waded bay
I am sure that a stained cap,
Through the muggy summer’s
haze, is not what
you have in mind.

chance
is the tip
by which universe gave
the honeysuckle's sweet

gave the waterfall's
noise, the pine's
pomp
the desert's sweep

it was her stubborn necessity:
all things from one pattern,
bird, dog, bloom, song,
space, idea, shape, empty,
all fauna,
all seen,

we are beguiled.
it seems many.
all is many.
many is a trick.

seen at a distance, they part as
bitter divinities; think of them.
with monotony they dull the edge.

to get this, look at that
and the image of the first
rises like a fish.

the year's idle swath
is day multiplied.
a candle and a mirror.

nature is a ferris wheel and
a parakeet and a 90th-
generation photocopy.
and it's your birthday

so let's eat cake.

Oh, Death
Won't you spare me over,
over

One, two,
two years
Of course, two.
It seems perfectly natural —
Eyes are lidded and balled
William Blake.

The birthmark, my trademark —
The scalding scar,
The nude
Chartreuse

Sideways: I am, but not mine.
I photograph poorly.
Tell me I'm sweet.
Babies in an icebox.

I am red meat,
frill at the neck. Mine.
Then the flutings of their
Ionian legs, white
ones, long as measure.
Death-gowns.

I do not stir.
The frost makes a flower,
The dew makes a star,
The dead bell,
The dead bell.

I want to make you a repulsive meal.

they talk through the
scrim of centuries to us
(like drinking coffee through
a veil),
and we need this more and more,
the monuments and statues,
paintings and friezes,
mosaics most grody:
we go along
holding dead hands.

like they say,
rather than stuff the knowing:
with a good look —
eyes are dabbled in egyptian faces —
i return again
that in these centuries
they have passed the test,
those who
have passed the test.
Considering their disposition
it's more than more
that some of them,
(closer really to the vole than
falcon)
have been bold.

A mason measures his mallet
to a lark's twitter,

and the pasture to heather;

Decay thrusts the adze,
wheat stands in foul
trembling. Fodder trembles.

Tongue stumbles, ears err
for fear of dawn.

Put the horse before the cart,
wet sandstone sundering
roughness away. Fingers
ache on the rough dew.

The mason says: Claws
happen by chance.

Every birth is a crime,
every sentence is life.
Wiped of foxing and mites
would the line run true?

No hope of return.

Edges falter and stray,
memory deflects the pen.

The murdered neither bleed nor stifle
but exercise the draftsman's elbow.

What can he, changed, tell
her, changed, perhaps dead?

Raw sap. Obloquy
stays the same.

He hath read his prologue like a rough colt,

Nothing
which is green
Vestal starveling
“I don’t want to play anymore”

A coarse beard
coarser glance
Athenian maid!
stirring an eyelid

keen mockery
offended, born
engrossed in notes
One mutual cry.

Hearts are dust
watching stars pass across —
quick bright things.
I lie alone in the dawn.

I'm a parasite
I creep around at night
dramming reasoned musics
in the cool shallows.

This trickle of saliva
flickers, a gilt arabesque

Yellow and blue
and primrose tawny.

I suggest you only ever tell lies.
I learned, I learned, I learned —
from muses askew.

If it would make you comfortable, I'd jump out of this tree.

a brook choked with so much citrus algae,
the waxen face when she smiles

it glugs like lava, which is sipped
by a long-crossed creature

who uses its glass-tingling antlers to break
away a raft of branches,

to reveal a colony, even as big as the Oar this page,
muscular and ranting, then sleeping, then swallowed.

I'm floating, wrinkling, uncomfortable.
clutching the tail end of an isomorphism.
Foreign opal, bronze, naked girls with purple eyes.
A greasy radiance.

My tears come falling down like rain
My tears come falling down like rain
My tears come falling down like rain
HA! I bet you thought I was being earnest —

Wind, wind, wind
Drive the leaves like a wraith
Pinned to the mist

Black, yellow, plasticine vermilion
Drive these feeble diseased to their
graves. To their graves!

Nothing
hearts are dust
leotard

While I was lying in bed
last night, a perfect line
came to mind. It was unusual
for me — there was

a casual corporate reference:
the name of a strip
mall housewares place maybe or
this season's special Gap button-up.

At the time I thought it was
so simple and easy that I'd
remember in the morning and
make the poem. But I

didn't. It's gone. And
as I lay there last night I
knew that I would lose
the line, and still didn't roll over

to write it down. I took
a perverse pleasure in this,
this certainty of loss.
And I savored that line for itself,
no more than two or three

minutes before conking out.
I am a badass lady.

there are no joints in the fifties but dark lipstick and a stare oh we dare we do
we assume she is british or else she is in love her
legs are screwed on
backwards or her face he is warding her
off it is very late by now and two
decades later there are ruffles
they are falling she is dancing and boy is this a party he is all
dressed up he is in a suit she is
dancing we
hadn't thought of that we
divine baby save you

Power was contiguous in birth
Bisected shadows on the faded bone
asail on the dust-dark sea,
in a sequel to moral idolatry.

Ask and you will receive,
it is said. I remember everything
down to the encrusted white
piping on your Jordans.

Here is the spare
aside the locker room
where I am marooned.

I aspire
to prick up asinine ears at the lyre's sound.

Indeed, one sharp-shooting buyer had a laser-guided spear gun installed on the exterior of a sub in order to hunt sea creatures.

When I was five
the doc slipped the knife in
behind my left ear
and kept going until

my insides were laid
bare. I sat pleasantly
though confusedly awake
and named the colors on

small cards, recited
my phone number. Smelled things.

And thought, I'm sure *this* is poetry.

tenure
justice
machine
less ideological
litmus

I found a crab claw
at the beach

and put it in my
Special Things Box

but after a week it started to smell.

She was driving an old Acura
hemp necklace
cluster of zits or rosacea

playing aggressive hip-hop
at low volume

mouthng silently.

Lark on a TV antenna
stretching her wings.
Where did you sleep last night?

a small
community comes to
grips with
what it has
Lost

Yr veiny belly
inspired me

•

“All I wanna do
is play Wii with
my brothers and sisters.”

“Christ’s friend
Dan said that.”

I accidentally
read a smudged note
on my palm. I thought it said “I
hate myself” but
actually it was
“info@woodenshoe”

Let me tell you the story
of the rat attack.

It ate
the oatmeal
the ramen
the milk duds
the hot glue
the wheat thins
the coffee grounds
the churro sugar
the flash cards
the grapes and raisins
my dignity.

In your face's angles —
the play of light from
passing traffic.

I saw a question mark
briefly.

This is a terrible thing
to say! I mean —
what was I thinking?
So bland. But it's true,

I promise that.
I just did.

As the sad cliché goes,
broke writers
sell books to get by.

And me? So broken, and not
even a writer —
When I sell my books

I hope it is an act of pure
unrewarding
mortification

I saw a linen curtain
and it reminded me of a movie.

I will arise and go now,
and go to Duluth.

and a small hair salon
build

of beaverboard and clay.

I will call it
“Shearly Prodigal” or
“Mane Attraction”

I will show no mercy.

It is my only ambition
to be two stylists

The difference between a
good collection and a
great collection is a
sad absence. For me.
How does one put one's finger on it?

infinite power,
infinite silence and space,
infinite sweetness!
infinite ideality!
infinite personality!
infinite depths of the midnight sky,
infinite creation,
infinite love in a star,
infinite talks,
infinite plain,
infinite store,
infinite tradition,
infinite desire,
infinite gladness,
infinite realms,
infinite disdain,
infinite tones,
infinite tenderness,
infinite pity,
infinite fulness of eternity!
infinite devotion,
infinite spaces
infinite empty space,
infinite unseen enemies,
infinite moment of accomplishment!
infinite time,
infinite hands,
infinite fierce chorus,
infinite greatness of the past!
infinite benevolence,
infinite gleam,
infinite antidote of sadness,
infinite content,
infinite throng,
infinite rays,
infinite spaces,
infinite happiness,
infinite sceptred hands,
infinite desires,

infinite affection,
infinite ascension,
infinite repose,
infinite stars,
infinite peace of night,
infinite prophecy,
infinite care,
infinite work,
infinite nature,
infinite majesty,
infinite light,
infinite, teeming womb!
infinite, holy night,
infinite brood of golden eagles,
infinite issues,
infinite joy,
infinite hand,
infinite knowledge,
infinite marvels,
infinite dark,
infinite resource,
infinite prize,
infinite height,
infinite pathos,
infinite silent cataracts,
infinite seed,
infinite hungers,
infinite succession,
infinite truth,
infinite cold,
infinite company,
infinite oceans,
infinite calm,
infinite will,
infinite majesty!
infinite atoms,
infinite desire,
infinite jewels,
infinite remorse,

infinite host,
infinite distance,
infinite remorse,
infinite excess,
infinite refrain,
infinite west,
infinite wrath,
infinite applause,
infinite crime,
infinite address,
infinite mystery,
infinite sweetness,
infinite pain,
infinite sky,
infinite air,
infinite energies,
infinite mourning,
infinite lands,
infinite color,
infinite ideal,
infinite magnificence,
infinite depths,
infinite delay,
infinite mine,
infinite combination,
infinite goodness,
infinite longing,
infinite abyss,
infinite descents,
infinite ascents,
infinite meadows,
infinite profit,
infinite labour,
infinite throng,
infinite moan,
infinite desire,
infinite unexplored domain of poetic values,
infinite little familiar details of life,
infinite malice of destiny forces me to depart.

let me keep this shell and
line it with mucus
hung over the abalone walls
let me call abalone a
house and let it only count
bird wing, cat-gut sutures,
let them *be* tools let tools
allow me company, let me
call a bucket a house and let
me smother myself.

I have never
driven aggressively

and I have never
broken a heart.

I wish I could
get out of this house.

I would smash
it up.

Ferry's Jeep
clip veteran
Bubble Yum

When the spates of Fall whirl the gravel-beds away,
I am left with a mathematically solid muddle.

(pardon the word, mathematically)
the solitude of the sea

here's the muddle, the
solitude of the sea

is an opulent — just,
i mean there's something

opulent about the solitude
of the sea. it's really something

so mortal gilded
and dumb right?

the sea.

Citizens of the polished capital A
have the best sledding spot

but U is better for drinking out of

Picking up change, hands like a walrus —
To thine cellphone be true.
A butterfly on a branch
waits for autumn to end,

Last night
I slept all day

3:15 a.m.,
after closing time

I woke and felt weird
went downstairs for cold water,
sat on the deck

the sky was a little orange
and 3 big guys

were sitting next door
carrying on

like on a tv show
one had just become a cop

and he was seriously imagining
a good cop bad cop thing,

discovering
that his partner is corrupt

he said, so crisp slurred and earnest:
“i would have to turn him in, man

“something about honor
and ‘my guys’ on the force”

his friends didn’t totally agree. because
who would want to get caught? It was weird.

I have decided to become a police officer.

King Kong reaching for
heaven. A Japanese porn
cartoon, and this tercet is
history. Hi Brett Favre!!

It's Easter, bitch
and I wrote this world. No
shit, I fucking wrote you.
All your compulsions,

mock phobias, sad
hatings, planned parenthood.
you are a real piece of work,
you know that ????????

your mechanically insistent pulse,
your weird electric brain —
endocrine, thumbs.

That overcast sky is merely the
secondary drama
on the screen at the
back of the mind.

Oh, God, make small
all harps of tropes.

Be for me a new tooth,
novel skittle.

Blast them. **BLAST**
them.

Swell up, steep Cossacks.
Baffle us with equitation
Leave us sweating in wonder,
Brows sodden in the sap of twinklestuff.

We foment full and bare in your equipage,
Down down baby
Yanked up new bald and ready
Nape chapped, knees bulbous, awkward in space.

Fly forward and pull us on,
sweet heedless Nymph, ambrosial tartlet.
Baked Alaska of the lea, whip, melba.
Dulcet beast.

I like the way you're walking if you're walking my way
Needle and thread, one hand washes the other.
As birds sing out of sight, dull tines at the ready
to pierce the cervical arteries of our hillbilly foes.

This impressive anthology
is beautiful and faded.
A mid-life penny.
Sun-flecked harpsichord.

Rain down your pungent vigor,
spice jar.

? please her
refute his love

looking at her gives a
new sparkle to his love
will she laugh?

Of misted silver?

A polly

Pocket

candy cane.

On Ebay.

Hey Mr. Conductor!
Cool pocket!
I like those collar stays!

You are a consummate
mensch, you butterball
of transit.

You butterball! Great
shining thing. I bet your
wiener is shaped like
an evil claw.

Out, sword, and wound
the frosted morn. Slash
the ocean's foam.

Rat attack. I never want
this summer to end.
You goof,

make me walk on water
again — or else, slide
its tip

gently. I stitches
hemoglobin. Did I mention I
have merkel cell carcinoma?

Naw naw, nothing in
roundnesses

What Daphne said to
Ariadne was “raw, raw
world like ilk, numchuck —

“How’d she get so tan,
being so pregnant anyway?

“I’ll race you to the
end of sign,” she said

“and when I paw not
at the top I’ll
clock rot clip clop /
a knot’s embolism.

A little mourning dove
standing in a group
appeared to coo
less loudly than the others.
But she seemed OK with herself anyway.

Under a sun sprung from the landscape,
An apparition of a pear.

A simple thing.
(Do fruits have ghosts?)

Such pained angles,
such false blush.

Your largesse has exhausted me.
Leave me, let me

go, let me —
be my own stem.

Catalan Mama

An Ex-Fed working for
FedEx

“My roots are branches”

said softly

“Saffron”

“Elm”

“Elm”

“Elm”

“Elm”

let it change

“Elm”

“Elm”

“Elm”

Oh WOW! What a community you have here.
I am overwhelmed and grateful more than I can
possibly say. By the time I made it today
I was armed with so many questions and felt that I
was no longer completely lost at sea, but
had been thrown a lovely raft to cling to....you!

Zeph has enriched our lives. His
pale, cold, and the moony smile
shedding soft mists from his ethereal wings;
flowers on the mountains, fruits abreast the plain,
music on the waves and woods,

and love on all that lives. calm on lifeless things.
And frosts, and gales, which gray winter lends
with softening rapture, as pepper to clearest consommé.
The storm of sound is driven along

behind, its savage billows meeting
to scuttle the fatal mountain bear.
can you imagine where those spirits live
which make such delicate music?

“We haunt the least frequented caves
and closet corners, and we know these wilds.”
Though we never meet them, we often hear:
Where may they hide themselves?

We are very rich indeed.

Please all, stand up.
Direct your fancy this way.

I loathe this meal.
horned moon

With ruddy crown
cocked, the little crow crew:

Birches and poplar
Locust and oak
Sweetgum and willow
Maple and elm

Pine become pine
Pine become pine
Pine become pine
Peach, plum, pear.

100 Headless Women
99 Headless Women
98 Headless Women
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4 Headless Women
3 Headless Women
Fuck.

