

***V***

***E***

***I***

H

***I***

O

***N***

***N***

A

***O***

***E***

N

***G***

G

***L***

***R***

U

***O***

Y

***E***

***G***

E

***T***

N

***T***

***V***

***S***

*For Aphrodite, deathless and of the spangled mind*

*When shall I start to sing  
A loud and idiotic song that makes  
The heart rise frightened into poetry  
Like birds disturbed?*

—Jack Spicer

*Violet Energy Ingots*

## AUTUMN 2012 POEM

Call capable  
a lemony  
light & fragile

Time like a ball and elastic

so I can stop burning the pots

wondering yes      electric stove

She is her but I don't re-  
member                      remember  
the ashes I obsess      She said

I was obsessed with  
(not wanting to work with  
ashes)

Mandible dream  
says the street  
& ash work

because the scorn  
and ions long

there I wor— I woke up  
in the overlooked dark

I work  
do that warp twistingly  
wrap the dead

Black and white like the  
long-dead starved pet rodent  
eating the basement  
curtains and peanut shells

I walk I wal—  
I walks down sometimes  
why the advi—

abide the advice was

not "Fair better"  
but "Fail better"

Auto dish soap

$\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$

Coffee beans

Bake the golden things

Rust colors

Rust colors

## DEAR LOVE NOT AS ONE,

The tomatoes look like one-pound  
ox hearts and impossible  
you with soft strong arms (gift)

I lifted the skin and drank  
the camping white wine  
swirled into circles

Am I the protected sheet  
in between? The pines  
strung with blue protectively?

I think of you as pine crust  
oak stairs boys' feet free  
crystal center

We find red for vivid  
fucking red for birth  
blood and my  
tongue color

Captured me at first

I know I'm not to be the center  
sharply yellow(ish)

Why ask that we sing  
"Build me up

Buttercup, baby"  
(just to let me down)

## MEKONG I

River as sift  
and sorter

Raw fruits and sell the wares  
"Floating market"

Stone pebble sand  
The silt and new islands

There were 9 mouths  
9 dragons but they change

as the letter is a triangle  
She could be seen as

swan or generalized white  
bird Goddess that ate the earth

How to strand become  
mangroves stranded

and braid your oiled hair

Vivid swoops that coil  
a mouth and canal steered

Row from here to there

## HAUNTED SONNET

Haunt lonely and find when you lose your shadow  
secretive house centipede on the old window

You pronounce *Erinyes* as "Air-n-ease"  
*Alecto*: the angry    *Megaera*: the grudging

*Tisiphone*: the avenger (voice of revenge)  
"Women guardians of the natural order"

Think of the morning dream with ghosts  
Why draw the widow's card and wear the gorgeous

Queen of Swords crown                      Your job is  
to rescue the not-dead woman before she enters

the incinerating garbage chute    wrangle silver  
raccoon power                      Forever a fought doll

She said, "What do you know about Vietnam?"  
Violet energy ingots    Tenuous knowing moment

# **A BRIEF HISTORY**

## **OF WAR**

And what if Jupiter  
is your faith

a balloon  
but I call you

by the improper  
names I'm stained

by the world here  
To be brave and endure

the losing To be brave  
and be the losing

Luck Brutal

## HEADLESS OR HEAD

Headless or head lowered bowed down  
I have legs could club you where  
The zygote lives A love zygote  
A zigzag stream in orange

What are these metallic squiggles  
and yellow that giant urge  
to hover The place of death  
and lentil-burger dinner

Head down golden golden  
A blue explosion  
crowned my head and wrung me out  
Removed a tooth so I cleaned it

## **WHO WAS ANDREW JACKSON?**

He was the seventh president of the United States

He was responsible for the Indian Removal Act

He was poor but ended up rich

He was an enslaver of men, women, and children

He was given the nickname "Indian killer"

He was put on the twenty-dollar bill

## ***A SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH POEM***

Can cry and alarm  
the children

try to explainedness

despite Virgo birthdays  
and pop music

of lineage past and future  
to become crux of

"You seem mad at me"  
(that's my boy to me)

Cry with an expat  
expression and strange tears after

Cry for distant girlhood widowed friend

also many dead alive relatives

and what history    A colonial victory

fucked what-if  
fucked as if

## SCREAMING

Screaming mostly  
I like to dance dark woods  
stony hills lonely & moody  
god I can scream  
floating piped tunes  
mantle for protected ones

are] possibly "all"

etc.

You always "take me to yr hearts"  
moonlit sweet after unearthly  
whiskered tree-love trusted  
with my small horns  
mother-scorn

Such a mood flower sequined  
feet padding about

No I do not want to see  
pictures of your white progeny

## **BIRTHDAY POEM**

Illuminated behind a skin  
a grey the sky with fat  
fast slants of snow

Fire Horse poet This is a birthday  
poem squeaky underfoot  
the snow and Jeannine's cookies

I drive husbands and fathers  
to early deaths Push the knife  
into the cake to cut it

Me the supposed bringer of ruin  
(money) Covered in fondant and  
violet flowers

It's my birthday My eyes are older

## **PHARAOH NOTES**

Hatshepsut:

—sported a kilt and  
bare chest

—wore a bull's tail  
of gold & gems

—carried royal  
crook and flail

—as a mummy she  
is noted as “fat”

## WEEK OF WORDS

Eyes for hearts  
I mean hearts for eyes

Words and words choked on  
Woody Allen anger grief

salt & vinegar popcorn

We watched *Winnie the Pooh*  
but only sort of

“Will I grow up to be cruel?”

No squares in your feelings

I washed the solo dirty shirt

Wiped the various surfaces  
Peeled the nail

Snow all day  
Snow all day

Killed for a meal  
the Danish zoo giraffe  
with redundant breeding genes

Wept in a bed  
Explained the nature of 8s

Also grated cucumbers

Meet me in a dream bed  
where I see your face

I dream I am yours to dread

## **HOW THE SUN SHIVERS**

In the poems  
and that part of

off-key my head  
to store the limbo

The song  
unless we hurt

it where it shouldn't be  
I form green

onions Montage of  
fire bathe under

Here: each way  
sweet frizzled

as in fruit in candy  
or "bear" called panda

(Just take it)

I run like an alehouse

run by a spider

Buffer cap

I mean buttercup Fool

Sweet and butter sweet

Open up the sun

skipping over spring again

## AFTER SONNET 117

I won't lawyer love fish for blue  
crabs with chicken necks tied to string  
o Love how you plumb  
and play down the spine of me It's the bay  
of my youth I'm drawn to doing leg  
lifts à la Jane Fonda on the wooden dock  
Pink bathing suit in frays from a second season  
fraying and I said from there What you taught me  
in dark eyes the dream of you like a half-  
born self of sun and rain (cloud) To braid myself  
to braid to sunrise myself a still-faced  
one But shoot me not sting with the buried  
arrow To put among the stars a constellation  
(web of love?) music medicine shooting

## *POEM OF FIRST LINES*

### *FROM JACK SPICER POEMS*

Baudelaire country Heat Hills without gold

Be bop de beep

Because the figtree was sapless

Because they accused me of poems

Bewildered

Child

Coming at an end the lovers

Damn them

# STRUMMER

*with apologies to Lindsey Buckingham*

“Let the wolves run free” (moon)

Washed my hair      Spanish crocus  
Serpent-bender stepping  
                         on a heart fire

She said something about danger faces

Dear Kimberly—  
I have asked for days  
    my empty blue  
        and leaves      trees in the rain

There's the tall tall grass  
I've lain down in it  
    doing my stuff

## MEANT TO

Meant to cover the mouth  
Silver strands now and a cloak  
Hair as long as yours undone

Knocks from the Frigidaire her  
flee to seek

San Francisco

Eat red candy hearts

Up from sleeping wet hair  
Sister could see her sticking

You leapt Her beauty fell  
fall of her Helle was her name

Fall into seas irretrievable

Cape to ash to mourn? Her  
or was the torch

Did you torch?

Your running

Did you turn when  
your sister fell?

## ***SOME, VISITING***

Helpers here and bend down  
landscaped in my waking

A sky ceiling    A natural tambourine  
that rings and rattles

Also: snow

Also: a whoooing

“Unkinged by affection”  
One little owl statuette

Count all the  
ways to be undone?

We recall the lesser-known cryptids:  
Owlman      Loveland Frog

Accidentally hit you hard  
with my elbow