

RETURNING DIMINISHMENTS

AN IMAGE OF AN ANTIQUATED POETIC DEVICE

Clumps of pollen drift like cloud refuse through the interior of the obvious simile.

A LADDER BUILT BY MARTIN BUBER

I suppose anything hung on a wall is heightened. A real architect wants only to collapse the world. It is the lowest rung of perfect goodness.

A MAN HOLDING A BOUQUET OF LILIES

The image is disturbed from the outset. All it does is wait around for us to consume it. The auditorium is now empty. Notes rise. Days rise. I rise, expecting more authenticity from the arbitrary deployment of echoes.

ALL LEARNING IS A SORT OF LYING

to one's self repeatedly though without the luxury of repetition. It's night. Evening has filled with the sound of passing fire trucks. Evening continues in all cars. Thusly, birds begin to leave our island. Why hide in the thin bridge of a rhetorical question when one might walk suspended across such a sentence?

A POEM ACQUAINTED WITH ALL THE USUAL ARGUMENTS

A continuous blank wall, broken here and there by a colorful door, twists free from one's sense that enclosure is everywhere the default form the loose urban fabric of the modern would hang itself upon, as though it were a word uttered and then entered into, a game of riddles whose origin

one might refute with the most difficult of questions: does anyone know one?

THE GLUE HOLDS THE GUTTERS IN. THE RHETORIC'S A LOOSE-LEAF APPRENTICE.

Cracks in the oracular self I'm splitting open, splicing states of consciousness onto what? Locomotive sound wings? A burnt rabbit in the trap & a rabid set of number laws the numb part of me knuckles up to. Tell it to the sludge, the oil slick, the slippage ousting us from Ollie-Ollie-

oxen-free central. I've got a drawer full of keys that bend by themselves. Magic Realism, mute narration or just plain jack-in-the-box psychosis?

SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOUR POETRY, NO?

The pleasant day resists parsing, but tragedy too discloses, deleting provocation dressed in a paradox of renaissance drag. Through silence the utopia cries aloud: remove all vegetation to achieve historical authenticity. This is the great contradiction of joy. It moves by exception, for which

there are no models, save pottery fragments in plexiglass suspended by pins. What image merits an afternoon in which the colonel's idleness expands the idea of an audience only to be deflated by ill-timed applause?

SOME INSTRUCTION ON CELESTIAL EXCURSIONS

Before taking a position, a brief pause is in order to analyze the manner in which one might encapsulate it. A vehicle of expression would otherwise run idle. One is fueled by the seeming presence of vastness, folding an ideological outfit to insure that no wrinkles appear in tomorrow's

performance of morally instructive, mummified beliefs. Persephone pulls a lily from the ground and Mallarmé is again in love. They toil not neither do they spin, innocuously speaking, filtered down to such clichés of everyday conversation as another decorative motif pouring forth like doctrine.

ALL A SYMBOL'S EVER DONE FOR US IS REDUCTIVE

You can tutor impotently observing the decline of your empire in students crushed by obscure ambiguity, or validate on your own the wild structure of a leafing oak. There are no other options. Understanding is not a table. I leave the house of my own freewill

& pass into history proper. Disavowing an apostle's terrible awareness of emerging universals, disowning inevitable recurrence, done with what sinks in the sea, rotten by scholarship, scornful as an arrow, I am a friend of Aristotle, but am a greater friend of undeserved grace

turning an icicle's frantic inertness into an example of ontology.

TEN WAYS TO PUT TOGETHER AN AIRPLANE

Turn toward the undifferentiated vastness in the first of all flowers.
Turn partly in delight and partly inspired by the sick awe of rebirth.
Turn a weakness of the libido into the asset of a well-stocked garage.
Shatter utopian tendencies against the earthly ballast that anchors them.

Turn a spiritual aspiration into the ill-omened echo of a dog's far-off cry.
Turn all animals into theologians, psychotherapists, classicists, and art critics.
This theory would liken flight to a kind of castration of the intellect.
Engage in nothing on the fringe of everyday activities save that of forgetfulness.

Turn the sonnet like a saw blade upon the woodsy fixity of received form.
Launch into the air an asexual organ of reproduction. Say it: fuel equals fear.

IMPROBABLE FOR A TEAR TO DISSOLVE ON THE LAMINATED PAGE, BUT IT DOES SO

Add to the picture an angular stroke and artificiality trumps again
the definition of the word *design*, while in silk a spider barricades herself,
extending two mandibles, which suggest the single couplet to survive
the Sapphic present: *Beauty endures as long as there's a looker/ but goodness*

always looks beautiful. I look at you as an aerial trip over paradise. Yes,
at the cellular level we're equals, spinning and weaving in extreme fragility
a dialectic of emergence: you can spring fully armed from the head of your father
or as a larva eat through the leaf on which your egg was lain. Either way, what

turns a removal of drama from the earth into a latent sexual content allowing
the tear to soak through is not stone ripped from a statue, but an animal
singing in hurried inversions without its horn: Shalom, goodnight, adieu.

IDEAS BASED ON THE MAPPING OF ORDINARY SPACE

Turning elevation into an allegory again? Sure, clouds look like clouds
and take the shape of the limits of one's imagination, but what I can't
understand is if you think the world organizes itself around you, or if
you're content to let your raft drift toward the best looking beachfront

one might build a megalopolis upon, taking the limits of your imagination
into account, then twisting them, as though architectural forms, facades,
and embellishments might contain a clue to the conceptual sense of home,
which, if one looks at it from a mountain, becomes somehow heightened,

turning elevation into an allegory. Sure, the clouds look like clouds,
and any one might in its singularity resemble a row of welcoming bungalows.
Understand, the world will always organize itself around your thinking,
which doesn't have to be monumental. A megalopolis begins with sand.

A POEM TO BE FOLDED INTO THE SHAPE OF A SLIPPER

A grackle has no interest in the far corner of the field to which it is briefly pinned. Admittedly, I put it there. Another piece of architecture giving the elements something to act upon. Dent in the windshield. Creak in the door. Day lavishly without language. A better subject

for paint, bitter subject of presupposition. A man, rubbing together two dimes, removes a shovelful of dirt beneath his freshly constructed thought. Distraction: the best way of looking at anything. I have no interest in a perfectly clear glass of water on the kitchen counter, in perfection

turning the bird into an embodiment of disturbance. Grass drying on pavement, dieing on pavement. Underneath opacity, it is difficult to see. The Dictionary of Symbols is suspiciously free of an entry for the aforementioned grackle. Absolved of concern, it should be observed

that a fact can't be corroborated by its bearing of the earth on its back.

PRIVILEGING AN INSTRUMENT OF APPROACH

What matters at submicroscopic levels? What makes a garden at night an ill-applied example of luxury? The lizard on its rock, measuring all things by movement. Stationary sun, sun in the shape of a tulip, effectuate wind grinding flowers, trees tangled like curtains, the lizard

and its rock—disordered sounds pulverized into music: another fragment like a flag claiming its constituents. I regard with great awe an annotation to the simplest aphorism. Its order allows it to grow without ambiguity. The rocky surface of the lizard's mind alight in the stability of an atom

turns a system of thinking disguised by allegory into the ruined house of observation. All variables are excess. Reduce the lizard to a thought, the flag to a thread, and sun to a smear of yellow inside the flower. The rock is already a reduction. Reduce to a footnote all description

to an afterthought all reaction. The house can only expand with music. Possibility allows you to leave it. Routine will return you there.