

The Recluse

6

Jo Ann Wasserman.....Four Poems

Simone White.....*from* Unrest

Kostas Anagnopoulos.....Five Poems

Fred Moten.....*from* come on, get it

Jared Stanley.....Five Poems

Cathy Eisenhower.....*from* distance decay

Ish Klein.....Moving Day

Laura Jaramillo.....*from* Midtown East/Material Girl

Biswamit Dwibedy.....Five Poems

Ann Stephenson.....Five Poems

Grégoire Pam Dick.....*from* Metaphysical Licks

Will Edmiston.....Five Poems

June 2010

The Poetry Project

Along the Superhighways of July

I miss your yellow
T-shirt yeah
You missed my birthday

My wintry hip fracture
At least I
Think it was broken

It was cold and no
Ardent sun
Melded or mended

Me cut like that you
Threatened
And had breath

Of summers to come
Petrol, beach
Onion, heroin

I missed exactly
What your face
Beaming a parabola

Bouncing beams off the
Keen edge kind
Summer car window

Down you and your teeth
Sexy cut out
Against clean cut grass

I Am Instructed in Techniques of Voyage

At about three am
Local time
I pick up the phone

Some of the circle
Is suspension
Insects on the lens

Makes two insects or
The Double
Lens suspended by

My ear a ring I listen
To and the
Second I speak to

The second I speak
He knows that
I am an American

Verb tenses are tough
On so many
Tablets and I was

Advised to take the
Tablets to
Control vertigo

A consequence of
Our extreme high arc
High and might vomit

The voice belonged to
A kind French
Official who did

Not speak any English
Moon setting
Some of the circle

Behind the viewer
As when you
Stand inside a large

Mental circle gaze

Horizontally
Or hold a hula

Hoop around the body
Free hanging
Spring loops the body

If you could see light
Passing clear
Through and around your

Head then you could see
A second
Branch on the brain lens

Twin circles support
Each other
Elegant exposure

Of the hyperbolic
Structure so
Often encountered

Rarely recognized
In everyday
Life whether or not

You half expected
That phone call
Struggling from smoke

Whirlpool of thick sleep
Crushed flaxen
In a French farmhouse

March 2003, I Love You!

To say that it was
Disbelief
Would understate states

An incantation
Of cosmic
Hyperbolae it

Was subtle as
Bullets, boots
And old uniforms

Discarded by lot
Of turncoat
Terrified soldiers

Scared is its system
It aint broke
X-axis, sharpshooter

Cosmic bursting fix
Cosmetic
Wait I meant to say

Cosmetic because
Hyperbola
World is your white-world

Everything on the
Outside looks
Like frosted wampum

Ornament to buy
Cartesian
Space and real estate

I witness this and
Still fall prey
To your shimmering

Device recognition
Disappears
Within white-out froth

Of storms makes March the

Albatross
Of our calendar

Cold stone took all of
That wet snow
Under a week spent

In ways I now think
Led to war
Alone on the plane

It is a little
Sobering
Prolonged snows may have

Held March or produced
Broken hints
Casual shadow

On object plane I
Fly overseas
Wild strike in March of

That year both with and
Against love
March! A love slave

March! Holiest and
Most prolonged
Month! bundled forenoon

I ordered one more
Tiny pink
Bottle of champagne

Thinking pink blossoms
No more snow
Chestnut flowering

Pinked and thinking
Concentrate
Create poetry

That is your job for
Now for March
Leave America

Fifth Marine Regiment
Fit some men
For coats and regard

That tiny act as
Dreadfully

Significant and

Will I make poems
About you
Fucking me over

A man in Diyala
Cuts in rock
"Please bind up my wound"

Read this in *Le Monde*
Knowing that
My rendition from

The French is often
Pathetic
I'm American

But can dope-out the
Message means
Nothing like my heartache

Hangover yet connect
A memory
From early childhood

2 days of lock-up
Transgression
Unclear at the time

2 days no meals and
Difficult
Drinking, ham-fisted from

The bath room's tiny
Spigot and
Then mother at last

With a baked potato
Hidden in
Her apron whistling

Hot me grateful but
Angry at
God for prying open

My heart to beg or
Hope for food
Humiliating

Bastard and sobbing
Could not help
It choked on potato

Nothing so dry as baked
Potato
And could not eat for

Choking so I thought
Be careful
What you wish for what

You beg for today
I recalled
In a supermarket

A little girl say
"Mommy I
Hate Jesus!" and the

Mother, horrified
Asked "why child?"
"Because," the girl said

"He thinks he is our
Lord!" and I
Understand her point

April 4, 1967

The secret is that
The zero
Is a circle and

A spring – as in coil
Plucked twitching
To launch things forward

And arguably
Represent
Sentimental re-

Workings of yore, these
Works, of which
Some portion is often

Encountered but un
Stable and
Critiqued the precise

Period being
Critiqued is
All of it poised on

The zero launch pad
A spot where
The Actual have

Ravaged me more than
Once down in
Mixed time rattled to

Some connected core
Crazy con-
Nundrum for we bees

Approximations
Bees of wax
And wane be sacred

And profane at the
Same moment
Of launch of rattled

Ship, shot or rocket

Blasphemous
Self-talk as I am

Launched especially
Forcefully
Into my future

That is the world in
To which I
Was launched born into

Such a launch complex
They ate some
Potato salad

And cold cuts looking
Into equipment
White-hot rocket heart

Standing, chatting to
Take it in
Equilibrium

Or my mother took
A shiny
White Librium fear

Of flight unchanging
Even if it
Was second hand did

She feel the circle sway
That day? Or
Hear him say "It is

A sad fact that be-
cause of com-
fort, complacency, a

Morbid fear of com-
munism,
And our proneness to

Adjust to injust-
ice, the West-
ern nations that in-

itiated so
Much of the
Revolutionary

Spirit of the mod-
ern world have

Now become arch anti-

Revolutionaries”
That still sounds
Ground-breaking to me

More than forty years
Ago and
I am disheartened

Hope flashed for a split
Second but
Hope does not cut it

You know cut the lead
On the spring
Zero potato

Salad launch site
Moving us
But we're not moving

Resisting change in
Angular
Speed calculated

As the sum of, wait
Houston, we
Have a problem, click

Jo Ann Wasserman

from **UNREST**

a. *something lifted off the anhedonic floor*

Bacon and body hair—

substance, indeed, of news. My brother called on the phone. I could hear the music again. I needed to talk, but not now and not about poverty.

b. *who rode the bus discovered in its wet heat the rumpus room of
inflationary cities*

I wanted to write every day but didn't know why. It was all I could do to think about Sebald and this was painful to me, having been devoted to what was broken off, then modally restored.

My hair badly needed cutting.

The musculature that formed a band across my sternum twitched and was pinching me short of breach. Mother knows the names of small muscles. She took me, sometimes, to see the cadavers believed at the time of her training best to convey the true form of living persons.

c. *thrown into silent wonder and adoration*

Branch of affable. Upside down, or bowed, affability seconds the daring rescue. I could be a little germ of wheat. Oh goodness.

Grateful sharp, not low, for reading and being lettered under lamps and deeply affable at first light

by turns cruel one beat nearly to death discovered and powered by rich shocks of leathery affable ladies ordered too off the Amtrak in cold rain and of walking across invisible track all covered by these machines

Henry James, yo. Smooth ironed with the cheap spray starch from the dollar store.

A very imperfect power and alight and change one's whole thing into another word

attainder or rocket or something.

d. *I took off with the Alice Coltrane*

Not to pocket, for though I was rimless,

I was not a crook. The minor apparitors cleaved to me in sparkled wake duly and North. No good to no perfect body.

e. *two leaves out of leaves*

priceless shame trash no one could have known
priceless. not one more day about the business of pretending
hedgerow spunked is knowledge.

not one slip of Blondie too late, a boy's girl
roughly forgetful of unfolding
into love of a whole population.

never ever to wear a white dress in public
is no kind of unified theory. if one were needed, I'd trip over it,
as over the cobblestones dribbled from the road like teeth. mmmm,
territory and a punch in the mouth.

f.

David Walker's Appeal, in Four Articles; Together with a Preamble, to the Coloured Citizens of the World, but in Particular, and Very Expressly, to Those of the United States of America, Written in Boston, State of Massachusetts, September 28, 1829

COLON

"I will give here a very imperfect list of the cruelties inflicted on us by the enlightened Christians of America—First, no trifling portion of them will beat us nearly to death, if they find us on our knees praying to God, —They hinder us from going to hear the word of God—they keep us sunk in ignorance, and will not let us learn to read the word of God, nor write—If they find us with a book of any description in our hand, they will beat us nearly to death—they are so afraid we will learn to read, and enlighten our dark and benighted minds. "

g. *ice: or interference*

Conditions. Cold and marsupial. Excellence, in unexpected locales.

I heard myself hailed, but ice was interfering. Every further day God grants delta equals spatial metaphor plus object of actual desire.

At Greenland, combustibles plus vast quantities of very high and curious mountains of ice, entrapment and immobility of highly particulate waters

bounded by the horizon only in the latitude 81 degrees North, we was working to purify much farther than previously thought possible.

Black people make anything look so graceful, yet the execrable ice did hold me distressed, the fears of death hourly upon me, as I beheld the eternal dark

pressing down the two floors of frigid topography and did obtain dim, shuddering glances into those Polar eternities of unsourced existence.

- h. *“This tradition is concerned with the opening of a new Enlightenment, one made possible by the ongoing improvisation of a given Enlightenment.”*

I would not and I would acknowledge where trends in prostitution are headed. Bottle service dropped that girl on him. Whoo-hoo. Sound systems can be beautiful things I think of all the time and download trends procuring certain newer systems of accessing the high gender of half-hooker, which, check,

Las Vegas transformed even into *medina gargantua*. I acknowledge not knowing anything about what other people in privacy of they house think about and only, Lord, recently discovered pornography party as a grown woman not looking to blow my breasts out or fantasize either about being housewife vantage. Vintage. Vantage.

Anyway, fire that bitch. Under her dress, inaccessible to meme GFE-tiger.

- i. *now to retell the history of women’s time*

At least four women old enough to be my mother love Thom Yorke. Just rattled by these circumstances. Sex dropping off turns out to be a goddamned lie. Dependent on what *is* is. Other disciplines include total abandonment of hormone therapies thrust on me relentlessly since puberty.

Simone White

Easter

I hate Easter

The trees fill out before you know it

The tree doctors arrive

They cut down some limbs and eat their lunch

I'm glad spring is here to save the day

I'm not looking beyond the elms

A different country vanished

Motives are still unclear, perhaps nuclear

Unknown movie still

They needed books but not progress

I'll wait for the next Christian holiday for progress

Cold enters the lucky room

Chilling the birds

They have television

Today is an open casket kind of day

There's something to say about The Book of Elephants

Elephants should be followed

Not because they have long memories and mourn their dead

But because animals feel safe when they're around

It's Your Dime

Someone has reserved this fire for you
Here's a pan of water
It's a conversation not worth having
So let's have it
They're here with the carriage
Get in
It's all so inanimate
There's a character building seminar
At the Center for Vacancy
You move freely among working stiffs who have no time for foolishness
All hold hands in a "human circle"
Facing outward
Aware of the flashes
Women's work
Piled on the sidewalk waiting for distribution
They haven't lifted a finger yet
Those stick figures marveling at the mammoth begonias
In the balance of the afternoon light
But you're wasting precious momentum
While the sun goes down on you

Mimic

At any other time in history
My first impression of you would have been more detailed
I haven't recovered
I expect to
Cover my eyes, move me to where it's shiny
And cooler than ever
Then the refrigerator was carted away
And I tossed my veil into the fireplace
The sun went down and came right back up
Now it's on my face with all its might
Silence
I spent all that time hanging out at the trade show
Finally I was sold as one of those bibelots
Plaster egg, ceramic dog doo doo or some such
Minutes from resolution
Terrified of the meandering path
That peters out near the courthouse

Local Color

Turn here on this tree lined street
Passing through a Veteran's Day Parade
The floaters come on
Shift after shift
Then a blackboard with words
The writing punishment
That's why you came back
A little bird told you
Grain fills a coffin
Life support they call it
Some adages you live by others you die for
The street continues, waiting for a human touch
You sit on a pyramid of watermelons
Giving out with the best and worst of popular song
Far from the classics now
Spitting out the seeds

Feather Your Nest

Clouds craze the sky
Toppling people at the intersections
That'll learn 'em
Slow down their obsessive patternmaking
You rise and perform beautification
A burst from a hydrant
When voices stop listening to the air
Anything is possible without loss
The memoirs of Giorgio de Chirico were discovered
At Farmers Market
And sorrow has had its way with you

Kostas Anagnopoulos

from **come on, get it**

Performers feel each other differently,
as material things that never happened,
as persistent substance and their risen cities,

even if there's no escape. their training in certain clinical
tendencies,

or in the general structure of being a problem,

because of the pivot they never disavowed
in thrownness, begins the world where we are fallen,
falling down together in an accident we dream,

a little section between one, not one and two, the impurity
that found themselves, original derivative and fresh outside,

at home before the fact like a little section

eight, the upstairs row efficiency with a swimming pool, a little
section

sight

and look who coming, it's the world corrosion

the residual mirror and the drag
that lies behind it,
the hesitate buzz in the interval,
on the bias,
the zoning variance, the juked manic,
gone's punctuated, patched garment,

at the hearing, for you
to disappear.

right here, from running
from running this
from, from

asking body-made, these ready-made questions is a kind of running from,

like hoppers paid by fleeing, without paying, from looking through
the captain's eye, from another world,
capt. cant, who settled choirs
for one another.

I pay attention so I won't appear, bottle-necked, wachovia-tracked,

with a notice on my door
'bout putting notices on doors

but eastman and jamal in buffalo, on tour
but not for me

but evil nigger touched in meeting but

how far away with the sentence can you go, he said. I can go for life, he said,
to the incloser, in her collection, on riverside, where love's a stranger and her lost mother's
regulated membership.

monks refuse at rest at study in silence and then say come again

come on, get it!

let antony exhale you in a circle with a lovely t, another crust of bread
is melismatic poverty, which is prettier than all the world, and jerome's head
is another rose,

our security is sober in his black suit and military brevet, he had a chance to go to germany

but already in panama, his time out from that fruited, watchful
movement is cordial, he speaks about the infestation of the neighborhood, his creditors
drive by with delicat and speed.

around the block, from philly

fashions to th'iglesia
pentacostal shalom, where the image is held up by pikes,

these are the black jews of el salvador

in the front yard barbecueing.

it's like a block party for fast, irremedial social life, while the pedal
is released

at study in sam cooke's theory of yesterday till we get out of it with nothing in reserve. read on sending
till you on your way and I'll rub you till you get that little curve to speak in tongues. this contact
till the single line

go haywire slid
like that dance his boy kept trying to teach gale sayers in wichita

but he couldn't do it till that time in philadelphia when the stone got rolled away from under allen
temple and they found a pan with the grease still warm, a mandolin and brandon labelle and

the blue

belles and big maybelle and maybelle

carter whispers runnin' ever since as smooth off
course on franklin field, off the edge of the miracle cut back and the new burning move
's a school
of arrangement

from the territory:

where can we go with your inherent promiscuity?
indefiniton. it's an un-American wire,

there's a global undernet of social

braxton switches and railroad ties, subterranean tours, renaming the order by reversing the singsong
thirteen times in another obligation,

to clean the atmosphere and we prepare a table
with arrangement from the territory.

the magic word is there's machine in ghost computable
numbers in my head like an earpiece made of depth charge. A piece of brick
from the rocket in my head, the mcnair scholar's tallised song up in my head of
switches, did she wave in the air of switches, that song of rockets, which is a

hambone's new mechanical air? she pierces every pragmatic bone. her rock is a dark river. alabama is a
photo shop. where can we go with your inherent promiscuity?

eureka valley, where

equivalence

breaks down in song switches, whose obscenity is our drag, our intersection, like an orange after
church.

Themattthewprice persists in the medieval. to bring out the grainy motet in
us he put a grainy motet up in us, with an elgin movement,

till the citizen rose up

in funmi's remix—nobody can see inside her view—to get down for an instrumental *zong!*

where we can go.

in a long series of 6.2 or 6 or 7 that won't amount, beauty
comes back to life, for a grammar of being suffered, galician
groove thing,

the found interior of our skin of the ones who fly apart in Themattthewprice
for the boy who brings a band-aid when you sing

Fred Moten

Demand Paradise

Can't even say it with a straight face
Can say it with a striped face
Can look you in the shoe:

life flowers with simultaneous heresies.
A woman walks among the debris
a man with balloons stands next to the debris

below TV Radio Mountain
squabs spark off the spy antennae
lean in and hear you

talking mechanically about it
a woman walks among the debris
a man with balloons.

Even ordinary sex
is hard to talk about.
Ordinary, simultaneously

heretical; aren't we spies yet
decorating aerials with ribbons
at Easter? Ordinary April

beside the hex
that forms a pentagon
around them.

Unmanned Minerals

All geo-empathic indications to the contrary, your children's children's children's children will be hanging around someplace. It might resemble the landscape you see situated before you. Hot as shit, (taking into account local variation), semi-non-permanent, some earthenware, knuckles and dirt. Adjectives, if they still exist, will include skulking, nasty, portable, blasted, cunning. Flash floods return the sheet rock to itself. Everyone will be a gypsy. Toss yourself a coin, roll another number. Unmanned minerals make no attempt to address this future. They are the material reminders of the ancient superstition of the earth. Rocks, deposits, swirled extrusions, there for you to cry on; rocks, rough, womanish rocks. The objectives of unmanned minerals are A) to provide you with beautiful names to toss around at one another, as an alternative to dirt clods, names like Chalcedony and Mica; B) to warn you that gold and silver are generally to be considered curses, though it must be noted that the pursuit of these cousins does result in spectacular holes and gaps; and C) to refute as strongly as possible the notion that time is an arrow, or that it points from the head of a given person. Here's an example of our superstitions: millions of years ago, your children's children's children's children fell down from the mountains and were piled up in marshes that became the chinle formation. The sediment buried them, and the silica laden waters infiltrated the flesh, duplicating its structure cell by cell, becoming jasper, agate, and amethyst. Treat yourself and your children accordingly. If you extract parts of yourself, perhaps to deposit in one of your relatives, what chunk of you ought to come out? If, as the skilled minerals declare, we are only carved out of our invisibility to the implacable things which are really present, it follows that it is as important to know what has eroded away as it is to know what has remained. There are no field trips June through August due to the desert heat, so if you wish to consider such slow phenomena, you might consider other times of the year. This might be obvious.

Cryptozooscopy

And what don't you see, since we're north of any south you yourself can contain? What burning things aren't present? Free to take homes & land? A little something to collect in a ziplock bag? Aside from all the intimate junk laying around, there have been recent interpretive sightings, a zebra, huge rats, a particular human pig suckling its young in a particular microhabitat, as yet to be verified, inconclusive, sometimes eaten, foundling, parahuman. When the wildlife kills the fire, your eyes shift from the sun to fire's changing face, to flammable dense stands of animals. You rub your eyes. In the long backwards view of the place, the fossil assemblage and the scant brush quiver, and a previously unknown creature inhabits your sleep the way sand inhabits your mouth. Remnants of megafauna might be skulking, you never know, eating the pods of the mesquite over that rock formation, underneath that contrail. With the aid of science, perhaps they walk the earth again. There have been some exotic studies, which have shown that nonnative deserts have come to dominate this community of animals; researchers have found a buried gorilla costume, which focused their attention on the intangibles. Unlike most native grasses, animals in jumpsuits have learned to talk their way out of many different situations and can create one huge landscape, filling in the plant-free space that once separated animals, fire, heat, lungs and eyeballs with decoration and money. This process results in questions, which fly in the changing face of the desert: how close do you want to get? Can you drink dew? Can you drink the water between particles of sand? Are you subject to vandalism? Not yet maybe, but soon enough, when you become a creature with cactuslike adaptations, you will find yourself among the invisible animals, in the shade or something; let's have a look.

With a Guitar; To John

Now there's a good
delicate blink
and you'll miss it

you and what deliberate army
make letters scallop fretwork
fingers get to hang off
lips' sensitive flesh, hands

up and dream history
tutelary, parahuman underneath
sing 'good morning' every morning
in treble firm, in treble talismanic;
lungs' five yellow-brown
undersides of fingers—

believe it unworded
come to a wind-chime stop
with your finger;
scrub comes right up
spit on it becomes a traditional ballad

this desert unspeaking
spools out wind-intent
out music or literature
moves shadows
moves kept time
along with day it moves

though I can't sing or play ukulele
you dislodge old rocks upon gutstrings
knock off the earthquake music you make

from **distance decay**

for now, remote and dead you dip the walls
into walls the shades of cock solely rent, or meaning

if I didn't dream my rapist in my in
stopping to share small rooms with me
to dip "dreamt" into speechless acts

or, where once was mouth
(it is all mouth as photos found in lower quadrants),
the dead field of faceness

we feel like socially it wants the words to notice me,
said the words on the white wall.

it was my whom, that expanse, all numbers swallowed for better radiance.

be holding your cock when I come,
visible organ, killing your teeth as one by one
they startle the lip to violence, they discourse
over fresh remains.
near is dangerous to grasp said the wall to think
she founded instructions on her anti-retinal laze

then 2 escapes
sing softly-in-the-rape

& ran
when it saw
she's a man

rape is a great metaphor for rape when properly defined

the microscopic rape's travels called cold in wells, found & left

when you wants to be heard & be beheld

clamor to keep releasing eyes from mobile photos

cheek, cease, nation, blackface

& if keeps wanting me back there, unmet, mounted on the wall

he asked if lynching counts as violence

such feeling methods signal proof of the attachment to above, attempt to fuse body parts with parts
of houses

one cannot tear oneself from the real door

save the rape on time
in a secret buoy
ranging through ranges of minutes--

of them heaps Perhaps

scan defining
ran raining up
up to the vitals

by the term man they mean

hardly a gang rape goes by
there's not an itching brain

stupid jar day

those structures running through
speaking the naked which some
fact of
speech surrounds

one saying of it came through the carapace as mouth visually took over the square to infuse soft thought-birds with the opposite of stars (their many opposites pouring from them overflowed). some like first-person plural pronoun carefully erased awokenness, avoid conjunction, avoid experiencing subtle films of decay, that is to search mouth seam and eye seam which at this time must always move beside one—feel a verb emerge so physically through the cavities, feel it coat learned alternatives, sound bites, lesion cavity walls, create likeness about them, feel the wild verb quake make histrionic sense of all one's little powers.

scream

numb

lock

pause

insert

control to hibernate

control to break

to say the wanting of certain flocks of words to stop permanently existing, evening.
it shoved each letter into the vaginal party time, precision of stagger, desire to put precision again here down vast rectangles of relit dust. under an unblown blanket. where spell eradicated what counts as surface, axis, medicated lamp tucked away in the amorphous softness receiving it.

Cathy Eisenhower

Moving Day

for Greg Purcell and Joel Craig

I hear and wear the dead. The temple of my head.
Do you take your past very seriously? Are we separated really?
Inside me there are ranges and voices too.
The dead in my body or call it memory.
They say, actually it's one place with different rates.
One body range red revving it was so you could hit the high note.
Night and knives. One range: gas flame and flower blue.
We choose then we forget. I know of no perfect zone.
Nothing's ever done in one. We mess up, then what? Then again.

What is the soul is the thing removed. Devalued.
Who is you is how you fought to keep it. Or lost it.
I fight infection with a bandage. I needed to close the hole.
It's to keep pollution off the sore. A sore inside.
Wish, skittish, intent upon propel. Get me out. Oh hell.
Down we ski, let's be free- let's just see-
What malarcky. I trust the fall, a human degree.
They are above me- I cannot see only hearing;
it could be a trick so get in closer,
shoot the flowers, a rash blooms anyway

I've lost my anchor, I'm adopted by another side
I cannot hide. There are unhelpful abstractions to avoid,
the meaningless malignant. Weed thought. Weed feel.
Remember, everyone gets by, by a breath, slim margin.
Meaning barely.
Never mind the arguments piling up.
Never mind which side gets the killer lovers.
The high pitch cry of a new born alone. Red again.
It reminds of alive the pitch becomes an image the image becomes art
above a fireplace. Seen and heard rarely to keep the price high.

Pictures for the castle propagation and takeover.
Unhelpful abstract zap. Of course there is a war
So-called poor already know. Non-participants
who would not buy futures in cutting machines,
guns and were stunned and I am too afraid to breed.
Who could resist the club or the gun? I thought it would be
better to forget and now I have to think again.
They don't say, help me, I'm angry. They took him away.
Another villager saw the corpse.
Seven bullets. Have you reported?

Did they ask all the correct questions?

They only came to record the case.
They're just remembering what happened.
A large blood-stained piece of cloth.
It was a hot day but the crime scene
does not appear to have been handled correctly.
Gradual annihilation of tribes.
Conquest, disease leaves 2-3% remnant.
The anger of all indigenous people is concentrated:
"Our position is we don't want any part of your conflicts.

No political going, no old Spain, no cocoa for cocaine.
We reject them all. We are enemy of them all.
And we will not be your messengers." The castle moves
laterally. An iceberg slims and germs assert.
When you care, you get angry.
When I care and I am drunk I get angry
otherwise I am sad. Sorry to make this personal.
Showing is low, I confess, Confession is low
seditious, why else the words committed?
Why else the words with someone else?

There will be no real investigations. Just another dead
indigenous person. We are a tight knit community and we suffer
for it everyday. What remains is communication, our feet still
touch the earth. Our tombs still holds our bones.
And I'm told the binding will have to go. The bandage.
My best defense when I had no mind with body and now unraveling
I read the walls and reflect. Earth, Air, Fire, Water
aka bone, breath, bile, saliva. Element five. The light.
And movie music strumming me; tuning breath through the head.
Anyone of this wavelength can be briefly air head, light foot, etc.

On reentry there is a certain loss, vague depression.
It's an inner exodus, one flutters incapable of confrontation.
Frustrating to see it and not be able to say on one's own behalf:
Stop bothering her! Stop with you future eating your death spread.
Stop killing everything that wants nothing to do with you!
The Ghosts are laughing, another swig. And why don't you plant
something useful like a tree? Glug, glug, you crack the skull,
well, the shell, well... ghosts. Aghast, glowing and maybe my hold up.
Ghosts tightening the girdle, the ghost of a girl-
Probably you know or will soon: it's annoying being alone and brokened into.

My indigenous. Impinge? Should I just not move? Somehow I can't.
I smart, I dance for a dime. Any chance a lay-a-bout
could get a job? Any chance someone like me could make it?
Is it worth it? This fervor for work which is future conflict?
The fervor, phew, let me tell you. I'm tired just watching you.
Are we digging or filling I forget? So this is the how to and LIFE?
Yikes! One proves one can fix by fixing. Right?
So we fix ourselves, ourselves who resist
and anyway Poetry isn't supposed to make
money because that would be counterfeit.

And the fits go this way- clockwise.
Fixing, first I must work on the time.
And no it isn't digital because:
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
Eight, nine, ten and plus some and some again.
I'm nervous, have taken pills for sleeping.
The vibes are, I'm sorry I walked away from the accident.
Well, I didn't do it. Before, they took him,
I waited with the hit man. The other one ran.
The hit man's blood actually gelled. Hell. The sore.

It's embarrassing that I didn't go into the ambulance
that it didn't occur to me to stay with him,
or anyone at all. A demon screams.
Leave her alone. Oh shut up. It's vertical time.
VERTICAL TIME! GET UP!
Get your intention as if no judgement you could imagine.
As if your known good the only good and what you went by.
Endless forgiveness may be beyond this.
No I don't think,
my guess is we are each each other but better than jellyfish.

Or better yet, I remember the jets, the one overhead.
Bullets in the chest by the time I wanted to defy death.
It was like a taming game. What is with these jets?
If I get clobbered, do NOT feel you have to ride in the ambulance with me.
If you want me with you, if you, God forbid, get creamed, tell me obviously
now. Please be obvious and blunt about desire. And I will.
The last weapon I held was blunt. It wasn't mine.
Er, I mean, it was for agriculture.
Learning about aggro a small scale operation.
Something easy and organic.

I want to want and be wanted naturally.
Everyone too, right?
Am I a contestant? Representing?
Do I need to prove my earth work?
Extract not the metal, I say.
Clay's less an invasion to take. Then the bake, then brick.
Voilà this will work for a house.
Should I dance the argument? Take off stays?
What now? Here have a ball, practice with him.
Ooh him, hello. People make me nervous but let's go

Don't worry he can't hear you.
After practice we exchange tasty jokes about babies.
It's to test the new. It's accurate to the fear.
It's accurate to caring, in a way. Art is kids stuff.
Poets confess. The many voices are not them.
Hey partner, puff, puff, kick, I am not my programming.
Get a load of this: one, two, three, zero- uh-oh:
FOUR,

FOUR,
FOUR THE NUMBER OF SALT

THE NUMBER OF THE EARTH
FIVE IS JIVE. MARS IS RED AND DISCS WE THROW
SIX IS SOUL YOU WILL NEED HELP
SEVEN THREE SPIRIT PLUS THE FOUR OF EARTH
Perfect number, shuffle the deck.
I can understand proximity but it isn't easy.
8 splendor, blessed silence; can't yet
9 change. Transformer me.
Man in make-up. Me and nothing
the indigenous sees a ridiculous babble.

It's like smoke, the dark cloud coming down.
Message: a thunder drums the earth, says, TEN:
We want to ride the horse, we want to love the other one
we want to hunt and sometimes play our way.
The circle round the earth. So we live, we hunt, we pray.
We fight until the very last breath.
I fight for the breath.
The child inside me I try not to ruin
in spite of what has happened,
in the desert of cast off clothing

Inside the silicon a movie show
Indigenous ghost recording. I read a bandage.
The producers of this myo-pic can seem cruel
but that is their humor.
I reread a bandage
and hold it up so you can see.
Marquee me, the card
entitled, "MOVING DAY"
that is the movie of this day.

Ish Klein

from **Midtown East/Material Girl**

It's today I want
to memorialize but how can I? What is there to it?
—James Schuyler

Painters argue vehemently against this
that blue doesn't exist without
its word, where we
take it as an article of faith. I still believe

in current events, language,
morning, civic languor. The weather
as important as anything we talk about it
non-stop
—it's cerulean
or its non-
sky color

matter in the symbolic universe

of a day. Magazines pile
in the ante-
room of the shrink's office. An editorial
states it would take no less
than a revolution in the structure
of family
to bring about true feminism.

But the ladies
have so many choices now
they wear high
heels. They wear sneakers
trot to work on un-
compromised

feet, while the hours empty themselves
in the humid subway
cheap chocolate
blooms
from age in its wrapper
on the newsstand. Through a series of sound-
proof doors,

a Hasidic woman enters
the reception
her husband exclaims

“You look better,
much better.” For the shrink's receptionist
rudeness is a religion
but today, she's cheerful
agrees, wearing a sweater
with a rhinestone noose

bedazzled on the shoulder. She's nothing
if the not the guardian
of my sleep
in which she says, “start recycling your
home-made pornography

your fantasy life is dying.”

But I'm awake
in the thick
of our newly-affirmed liberal
democracy, which is sort of like
when you can't feel Spring
except for the Linden trees—their smell of Clorox and semen

A flowering that doubles as the new
year aging
Lots of books disappear
in the move
all the flip-flops get left
behind in a trash bag
I get here and have no house

shoes, don't know where
to buy milk I'm awake again
in the cold morning.
The years get written
on the backs of pharmacy receipts:

- buy cat food and trash bags
- separate movies and records
- clean the bathroom
- pack papers, letters

—burn sage, then sweet grass

a non-epic accretion of
episodes
facts lovers
friends
crowd out night
silence. Noise, not unlike
music
from another time
invades the room.

I'm here
without the convenient fiction
that 'I' is a character

The reception
is the imaginary 'before'
of a workplace
For today
I'm the receptionist
I keep time
I take calls 'today' is artificial
as soon as it's written
 today passes into infinity

The internet
doubles as sleep. The phone
keeps
talking and
talking
and talking as if
Manhattan still existed

was becoming the poem. My mal-
contentment
a factory
for tomorrow's entertainments. We watch a show
about work at our desks, but t.v. Ethics
are something
you can really get behind.
Judge Judy is as good
a judge

of character as anyone,
even George Eliot with her heroines
who have the spiritual
discipline of pine trees—
need no seasons, no drink, no sun,
no all-day
Sunday slumber

Laura Jaramillo

Heat

Back in the heat of the kitchen
Arousals casually explained
a rush: when people come in
how he crudely “forms a fin;
a whole school” in the flipped
mirror of your eyes

moss made to look like a river
(in the video) of Wanderlust

Can shimmer like
a sheen caught in the wind
craving a landscape

Splayed under the sun

says something to himself:
Something else to the stone

I imagine you touching

mirror in which
its depths, doubles

Body

(for Rosmarie Waldrop)

The voice opens to the body
but the body cannot keep the voice

I thought it were otherwise

my hopes were crushed by this knowledge

Outside, a crowd unbuttoned into exclamations
exposed himself

glittering
on a spider-web

"all this is in the present
& in the mirror, every night

possibilities predicting
a tongue caught in
grain of sentences

I had badly wanted a story of my own

Not a body but a one
No boundary or edge

Voice

a voice can cling to you
like the ancient are contained in
something trivial, with no intention

in the middle of a sentence
& pacing back and forth

my window, weather
acknowledged as an accomplice.

Their eyes had seen differently creating a path now
for the moon just beginning to come up in
these books I have called my home
& morning somewhere else

I hear his voice takes
where a wing would form

In another myth
he'd have swallowed the sun.

His horoscope said it would taste like
any other fruit, when I thought
it was more like an egg
he was about to crack.

Skin

what wills unfold gilded on a glacier

in utterances common and insincere
the news is a déjà vu

Glass that orchestrates a long division

I saw him get into a blue van

I think the eyes are a museum

of salt drying on his lashes as he slept
& I serve underneath
 into which he sails in &
wets his beak in my stream of
lover of

“single men and their single meals”

Cheering the team into an embrace
years abridged into a single week

A wick’s reversal of my desire for

“another skin going on”—he said

 “it’s a mistake”

that holds the body together

And if you remember it extends
through watery flowers of a unique self
cutting into

Borders

A scene in which our city is flooded

& I leave you with your many friends

eggs

today's hunger used me like
instrumental syrup
a dozen eggs

strapped to his waist
the moon was on difficulty

difficulty
cultivated around us

smoke breaks this
inconsistent sweat

flotsam from a myth
a movie- thinking

winter would melt
under

"heat of moment"

Biswamit Dwibedy

Dear _____.

In the morning the trilling
is part of the ceremony
you may skip the polishing line
and the smell of burning rubber
above it all the hanging magic
of a wrecking ball
hang onto me
as things lose their definition
injunction to tell the story
under dim covering of trees
the scene slackens
had I invisible thread
to tighten it
there'd be nothing left
a few rules to break
like instant affection
for something strange in a dream
or the easy command of thought into action
turning you out of your cave
that's the news from my street

Last Night

Last night I threw up and fell
deeply in love
first kiss in a featureless landscape
hundreds arrived every minute
tension before a storm
I floated over to touch them
crowd held back at the little door
they're looking for work
they'll take anything
we'll get to know them in time
I'm responsible for the meanings
I'll need enthusiastic subtitles
scrolling below
for this modest love story
looking down on the avenue
before returning to the thunder and clouds

The Hills

In the aftermath of unsolved problems
come new problems
rising in an adamant tower
to topple the rest, a leveling
of curls on shoulders
in a self-mocking skit
children make mud effigies of themselves
the man who appointed himself our mascot
left a sack of apples
for the painted horse in the hallway
lacquered fruit of dreams
but on your feet
head for the hills
where the light falls unevenly
in these lascivious times
death is somewhere
telling its story
people are attentive
gathered at the fragrant edge of things
we're not there
we're far away
among the sum of our parts
down by the old mill stream

Bianca

To the laser cut silhouette of a goose
on the periphery of goslings
take this ice cube as a sign
of things to come
put it on this rock to melt
with the simplest of wishes
it is the sky not life that must be emptied
look into it
using the common parlance
that gets you in anywhere
dopey with worry
present nevertheless

Sympathy Card

An unexpected thumping
and the power leaves the room, pecans fall from the sky
you may die again if it pleases
sitting on irregular shapes
with other breathing figures
but die as you might
each moment passing on its flashcard
you'll fail and I'll tell you why
it's only a waking dream you can't imagine any other kind
by day in the insinuating sun
you require a mask to follow rationally
each illogical thought
out to the burning tip of nothing

Ann Stephenson

from **Metaphysical Licks**

Uncertainty

Something new is needed here. But I, Greta, can't remember what. Something old hurts. Blanket remnant.

Challenge

Show us the distinctions. Greta's leery, I am empty. While they're remodeling the other one. They favored symmetry over eccentricity of expression. The voices huddled, nobody bought smoke. The cement rose up in hopeless protest. Childhood head bands, German bread stuffs, amputees on dollies. My intention no entailment. Great fatigue split the votive. Then it spluttered. Nor am I sinning. Remorse tugs on my hair.

Gestural Prayer

It rubs my scalp. Then it scratches it.

Knotted Hair

Now am I am being bad. So you should stop it. Once the mother combed Greta's tangled hair, inflicting torture. Something about an imperative. Philosophical hygiene. *The connections ball up* is a bad fate. That's what *they* say. But intension wavers. Time for mute shirt buttons. Though the hair could get caught on them, if it were longer. I think you should cut it off. Aka out. *Out* means quit it.

*

Melancholy

Or of branches.

She coughed, he sang: stentorian.

Pain in the head from banging it against the wall.

Awkward mortification or accident.

To put to death the other projects.

My brother stole something.

What did he steal?

His name was—

Do not do that.

Or too close.

Incest of homophones.

I don't know if I can go on with this, says she.

Grégoire?

The ugliness of their arms in the sun.
The light the form of judgment.
Lost faculties.
Dry hands, or dank.
Or loaded the white vehicle backward.
Mortification of accident.
The mother's voice.
This machine not mimetic but stony or fluid.
Pale green of spring of hospital.
But the girl can't cure anybody.
Alone on threshold, watching masks.
Their voices rise.
Like trash.
The trees lie.
Black shroud on building.
I don't care.
If this hopeless.
I favor it.
Vows Grégoire.

The Brother Blocked the Path

The sister stops.
There exist other paths.
But she is stubborn.

The Siblings

Greta, her brother Georg, her brother Victor, her brother Haakon, her brother Gregor, her brother Lukerl.
The girl had five brothers, as in a fairy tale.
The flower is not blue.
Yes it is.
The flower is a boy flower.
The girl is a boy flower, like her brothers. But different.
Therefore the flower is yellow.
Therefore the flower is not blue.
The father's name is Antoine, but he is like a brother, therefore Antonius. Or Gregorius.
The girl has six brothers, as in a fantasy.
He was erroneously associated with a flower.
Then she lost her petals.
Later it was spring.
Later my head hurts.
Bursts?

When meaning and truth are brother and sister.
I thought faith and truth were.
Then faith lost its petals.
The cliché of the flower in a poem.
I don't care.
Or she wants to die, be plucked and pressed flat in a book.
Vow his flatness.
Or his cold metallic look.
Like this machine.
Or her flatness, of affect.
The people rejoice with the coming of spring.
Up here, she clings to her ice cliff, it is red-faced.
Red.
Yellow.
Black.
Green.
Stay away from brown, blue, silver,
What if unable?
From crimson, yes.
Maybe.
You should not stroke Georg's words like this.
But a sister.
The siblings.

Commandment

Oblique the story.

Closet Qua Heaven

Seven minutes in.
Teach the brother or
let the brother teach you.
Brother means boy.

Mystery

Change the story.
The story changes itself.
Contradictions versus indirection.
The figure of the story appears at twilight.
You run away from it.

Confession

It is not true anyway.

*

Miracle Whips

Do it without looking? This is new. Some ideas sat three inches to the left. Fold your arms like cards. Or those sheets with the tiny pink flowers. A super nova into a vestibule. Elevator of eyesight. They have pledged to thief my view. I moved my legs so I could be a circulation desk. Some generator generates. Left eye abraded from trying to improve itself. Stale bars of music. Robert Schumann with some problems. They disappear if you don't look at them. You only look at them because you like to look at them. You are addicted. A less literal bona fide. Different eclipses. Ungrammatical interloper. Still there's some meaning. It could be hidden. Dizzy recalitrance. Lapsed path clicks. Lipped pathetics aka comics go mano-à-mano with Søren's *speculative buskins*. A shout of work! It goes on in the series of teeth. Each item is perfect. Bar code head paralysis. Floundering fits the mood lighting. A window exhales orange. Thin filaments of regrets meet altercations in a pawn shop. They used to fix Adam's apples there. Only one thing can save us. The true son of God walks on words. First, a scourging. The back gets lashed so you won't be yellow anymore. I could be a Chinese boy. Is the injection of yellow an insult? Inspecting the sample won't help. The topic of the appearances, i.e. phenomena, i.e. presentations. Philosophy flips a switch, the light bulb goes on or it blows. This is my room. I am in my room, so it is not in me. So it isn't the pure visual room. There exists no pure visual room. I am Victor, a Chinese.

*

Fraction Vs. Infraction

Mistake of idle rhyming. Evening aphorism of the buzz saw. Incomplete is something else and worth a pamphlet. Anton Webern's ear plugs. I have to try to extricate myself from the logic contraption of before-it's-too-late. Romantic totality conniption. Or be affectless and impassive of the face. *I have a rendezvous with the Deity*. But the expression could also be a fortification: skin of a double negation. Indirection is infinitely. Sonic curtains. Let them eat fakes. Let me eat flakes. A noble's title: the not-imperative. Meanwhile, childhoods clattered below my meditations. The next one is the world. Solve the system of equations for x. Or scratch the system. Loose connections crackle if they don't pop. Unless it is just that there exists no absolute certainty. Instead, vulnerability tablets. With metaphysical coatings. Then the question of depiction. What divides what? What subtracts what? What adds what? What's a multiplied table?

Comic-Pathetic Intermission

I think I understand now. But it is really dark in here. Also, I am hungry.

Webster's Catatonic Secret Mission

Schizophrenic stupor, negativism, rigidity, purposeless excitement and abnormal posturing. My brother Victor Trakl as a clerk.

I Blew It

I blew it.

Asymmetry

Where is the old fountain?

At Stake

If I leave, I shall not return.

*

Station

At the new pen. Or the shift lock fled hospital. No supplies. I was gone for so long. Unpolished crack-up. Supposed to learn how to say suffering. Instead, reflexive action verb. They stopped Georg who wasn't Grego/Gregor/Gregory. Who will be my comrades? Or psychiatric clinic. Further observation. Gregor means watchful. I was Grégoire unless Mina. Or Grégoire, a girl. Thrust in like a long tongue. It distorts the shape of the makeshift language. Then the words piled in, they needed me to attend to them, they were wounded. *Harrowing experience of the aftermath of the battle of Grodek.* After math, a different foreign language, e.g. German. Its music. One-on-one. The older man/teacher/private tutor. But his name was Markus, which connotes Tristan. I'll teach you with song lyrics as if from some opera. Three pens: brother, son, holy sister. A Trakl opera? Or Webern's young songs. It took three days for them to bury him. But he is no evidence of a universality. But she also did cocaine, like the father who was the brother. Versus sleeping pills. Opposed ways to complete yourself. *Till* means until as in fight till death or before. It comes from strive after, get, cultivate. Like *Bildung* or *Bildungsroman* or *Bildungslyrik*. Or *Unbildungsroman* or *Unbildungsnovelle*. The building across the street is acquiring a brick red zippy sweatshirt. There will be blood here. Before, I pretended it did not exist. Then his sister Grete coughed some up. Or my skull leaked. Will Greta and Victor still exist, so many months after falling silent? Then the words led everywhere, like in a field of magnetism. Field, feld, felled, felt. *The function of the artist is to express reality as felt.* The Ab Ex stamps saved us yesterday. Before that, we were dying. Maybe already dead. But till is also sprout, stalk. Especially from the lower or base part. Then the motif of plants, because it's spring. Like being 26, only you feel older. Or 16, a girl's party, all the songs about deflowering. Or 36, only you feel younger. High-pitched youth culture of the throat. Re *Bildung*: rebuilding discourses. Or guitar licks. That's why they call me a young man. Proof me when I try to enter the electronic music, buy coke. I mean vodka. Krakow. Why won't this stamp be polished off? Also how I got included in that task/homework. Those were the first poets I fell in love with. So why couldn't I be learning that? I promise to be learning that! Station, goal. Because in fact, they hate you. Fie fief field fiend fierce fiery. It all spilled out so easily like blood, I decided to bleed to death on this manuscript, I started with a paper cut. If you position it correctly on your

wrist, you can manage it. The myth of self-expression. The myth of no self-expression. Being a consciousness doesn't mean saying *I think* but it means an I is thinking. But the I is just awareness, not a fixed character like some letter or the letter you could write to your father, a brief. But *farm/Georg* comes from fix, make firm, firm. Yet also from rent, lease. Or raising corps I mean corpse I mean crops I mean cropped hair because he joined up as an orderly but was all alone tending to their suffering and could not, could not. Because it hurts too much because of suffering. Georg is a farmer or land-tiller or tiller of the soil but soiled and infirm and land is goth like *Twilight* but akin to church and to enclosure but you can't be/remain enclosed because of all the suffering but then how can you be a church? Spiritual adjectival questions as of wandering, homeless, unlanded. Or crash landing. Or I'm crashing. The Medical Corps. The corpus of work such as writing. Then meditating on the mind/body. And brother Lukerl. Further the question of the will. Also of being in the military, like the uniforms I had in high school. After math. After myth. After miss. Dead or dying. Or confined against his will. People think that I am 27 like Georg. *Fearful of being sentenced to death by Court Martial and increasingly suffering from depression*. Georg fled to death.

Grégoire Pam Dick

Spring Poem

It is raining
in the enormous
slaughter of the sea
that is knowing you
 rail bejing
 from his mouth
All the petite disses
, tazer-choir
 by celestial means
 leafage
a black plastic bag
with gold leaf trim
ornamental shoulder
decoration
 collated star
grapes
unwieldy barbiturate
phase out
 sick avenue,
The perfume
illuminated sidewalk
 by storefront.
Curvature of the
earth Heavy
Return to fan death
 lime
 canister

ix

a nice spring like
 rains in
 Knealing,
 semi-nude
kind of sandalwood
in parts the day
a groin pressed clean.
 green christs
bead through the dampened temples
its a stark one. Bespoken star
 "2 words: come back"

paprika, in Knealing... rain
past dope scorched verdigris
 dragons new jersey
unusual channels an even field
 coastal
 you're finding out now
when you come to
 the rocks say it
 a cloud
 evolves

stair k

on her lips "try."

The steep interior

lush the drown

in your dressing gown

to light under feeling

is kind

For which she long

her pants to billow, plow

us under the colonnade.

for Gracie.

Come what chevalier, musk

kiln. The sky

with his unearthly thighs

Torben, Ulysse

To my new years party

Thank you so much for coming.

For that part inside.

that allow us to be

with others

fragrant

with others

colt

the river

at bray

taceaux truck
for Kyle

Service provides
for all in recovery
Magnolia coming in
severance
to the clouds
worn
with promise
that this day
has only to begin
by taking the piss
out of tall glass/
i.e.
scripture
Hangs note last
of the
corridors
vacant
with fealty.
civically minded
bamboo ramble
pale at first, but determined
a regionalism no less sincere
in case
settlements
further breathe

d j,

The higher arts
 , said breathing.
At once with the gutter
He showed me the galley
Is the lanterns my child
Benevolently tenders his
wilderness to cannon
bloodlit morning
w/ bright yellow leaves.
My snowflake, my decibel
my
supple
helicopter forest
To drink, And to swallow.
Right now, is Ocean.
- white noise. my
Constance. tree static
w/ life Densely exploitive
A sea sound she beige
off the far beneath,
our coral moment, this room.
, thinking of you, nothing could
be more.

Will Edmiston

Cover Illustration by Jim Behrle.

The Recluse 6 was edited by Stacy Szymaszek, Corrine Fitzpatrick, and Arlo Quint. The editors are accepting submissions for issue 7, which will appear in the future.

Typesetting by Nina Freeman.

Printed at The Source, Unltd., 331 E. 9th St., NYC.

Please address all correspondence to:

The Editors

The Recluse
The Poetry Project
St. Mark's Church
131 East 10th Street
New York, NT 10003

Copyright reverts to authors upon publication.