

The Recluse 7



# The Recluse

7

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June 2011

The Poetry Project



***from celestial navigator***

a round world navigates celestial non-relating,  
via non-instrumental cloud color sequence.

waves map the geospatial into moon and stars—  
the wedded speak science, gain bearings

through this passaged cultural degradation.  
mapped shapes into colonies of color,

forecast sound against a backed-up immunity  
garden that built-in redundancies— intimate

with natural whorls. ceasing destruction  
with availability: me so learned.

my only true teacher, taken from the ocean,  
soaked in rain and winded the names of me:

element ocean—  
quiet taro leaves face east in prayer.

## **to protect us**

take us down together  
joined form torn letters  
armed around the absolute.  
admit it. note the theoretical  
damp: village equilibrium.  
language we just made up

not a pidgin anymore—  
together parts confusion waves  
our built in thanks to sway  
to enter cosmic crash  
ashore from watered chance  
to side to side a bird like grand,

fingered. glove lost, running free  
to gloat to under likened  
chop and protect us how magic turns  
our heads sharply into animal  
knives. lost skin takes my eyes.  
I will become rock.

## to get around neighbor complaints

neighborhood space debris: asteroids, satellites,  
dead transmitters offer no complaints, are the fire  
of heaven become self-aware around trees  
disguised as transmission towers, downed.  
that scent interpretation to cover the earth,  
the ionosphere. bouncing off sky waves—  
it's you, across the purest glass. a lightning strike  
of suspicion connects inner shield with passing bodies,  
a vampire tap. signals, echoing the old days—  
problems, noise. our work others each.  
immediately recognized in the visible light.  
we go, tremendously high. to turn terrain toward the sun.

## **non-hostile takeover**

appreciate the wall  
conspiring to arid  
asphalt, metal.

glass and steel nothing.  
wary surface world  
still capable—in need.

a vast well within  
the inner courtyard  
at the speed of handwriting.

if a bond of love exists—  
free engagement  
with the miraculous present.

intrinsic underestimation engine:  
tonight's the night!  
let's change the sheets.

obtain the love of the people,  
in a hard-won settlement: capacity  
for the depressingly ordinary.

## theory notes

sum of us  
buried debts

of ritualized  
connection

coming certain  
heart from being

undone with me.  
the foundry

where being  
done of certain

loves getting  
stone heavy

of massive.  
body stone

and wig stone;  
mesmerism

in the head  
and the incessant

pounding.  
they don't warn you

of how loud,  
how lucky

when the job is done,  
turning us divisive—

all desire,  
all design.

## luck in a hurry

our square of orange change  
moved to encircle: I am right

and you are ultra-right.  
drawn from bare bark.

think stick thin branch  
unbroken through winter—

the cold budded. bring bloom  
from sun gray sky then blue

here to protect the people  
and song for the come together.

we car wrathful.  
in our own bodies square

this is the most potentially  
everyone. against all odds.

we are not easy  
to find and wonderful.

increasingly great, this  
is my favorite. dinner.

and dancing. we love.  
to dancing. to music.

we are bringing everything—  
cultivate your qualities, do.

## A.M. SHOWERS

Massive illusions

        encrypt the astronomy  
        in the privacy  
of daily inscription

        what some find as flaws  
        I claim as divine rites  
        do not try to follow me there  
it's up to you to stake out

        your own fortress  
        this vile confirms the chosen  
        this one determines the voltage

I always imagined

        a slow burn on entry  
        is not the afterlife  
        I was looking for  
if the sun would just set  
        on my fingertips again  
I could make it to the other side  
& harvest the poppy in silence

allow me to go instead  
        but first bring my ghost

a Calvados

## 50% ILLUSION

It was the late eighties  
I dreamt a Florentine vineyard  
matching verses in uniform cathedral  
she had a Tiffany blue book  
& wrote about boys  
not the young & vulnerable ones  
at the Whitney amateur screenings  
more like those in Dora Maar's photographs  
diverse in appearance & sheer on reserve  
I appreciate her gallantry. Arthur Dove  
& a ring of paint, blinding lights  
that move to vapors. She was  
doing thick diagrams of the states  
& insisted I take one of hers  
"I Loved him desperately & now all I have  
is a Lock of his hair"  
She supported me & was jealous  
I must be living again  
so thin & without money  
a carrier between competing households  
they wanted me there early for a drink  
everyone was always roaring  
mostly art world types  
& I was their young poet  
who arrived a little loaded  
smoking & talking & watching their faces  
change with the light.

*after Eileen Myles*

## **IRISH RADIO**

Lost beneath these curses  
A crazed burning zaps the will  
The shapes are simple, pale ivory & floral  
Not at all like the skyscrapers  
Found in his earlier work  
Or the riot at last year's Guggenheim  
Everywhere I looked there was  
Pepper spray & sailors. There were blades  
Bright ones with bodies moving through them  
& I thought about the vast longing I had  
For the cryptic or how much attention  
I'd get if I stopped doing portraits  
Maybe do something more abstract  
Spend less time with the people I know

## DUNCAN'S MAJOUN

I sweat a humid shower cap  
& spend afternoons drawing castles to house the strays  
sessions must be limited and reserved for the recent  
have they always only just arrived called to travel  
meaning selflessness? There is talk, that we know  
past scripting erased to refill  
it is important to locate a loop and crossbar  
surrounding views to reflect the features  
these days everywhere is bright  
like lashes blotched on falls  
I'm trying to respect the pauses, barbaric yawps  
to drown the silence. Watching them disappear  
I ghost coast through another and call upon all my others  
each one throughout the years  
our decades do not compete anymore but join together as one  
yours is black and gold, mine a flag of surrenders  
whenever I leave I'm called a mark, wherever I mark them off  
a savior. I'm always caught by their culture of revenge  
hot wires received over a bed of torn pages  
or a circling moat to serve the masses  
ideal lurking for an entrance of one's own

## **OTHER VECTORS**

What I need  
is another black sabbatical  
to blitz the ascension  
so that my nomenclature  
runs counter to the tribe  
not the cannon I was looking for  
but a charismatic version  
dubbed from the same soundtrack  
It's true only the copy machine knows  
when my graces are out of order  
what once seemed common parlance  
now requires higher levels of dichotomy  
isn't it enough to feed the viper king  
& keep the rest of the poison for yourself  
how I used to trick the voices there  
until cognitive interference zapped the will  
the static in them burned out  
but the noises still crack within  
it was all an invention to ignore  
the ordinary and mistake the commonplace  
above the normality of everyday living.

## **Jokes**

It is a means of taking inventory  
Goodnight Nurse, The Sun.....  
The book is comprised of several smaller books  
I am 33. It's more like I know what works  
You don't lose your way of hearing language  
Jokes to pair off like a gift and curse  
Lately I think of poking out the changes  
Unfamiliar with my tools. Ideas are priceless  
It seems less a matter of execution-  
Scored these complete sentences instantaneously  
Other advice- Be as hard on yourself (harder in fact)  
Occasional pieces, poems for birthdays, drawings  
Lowering the bar which is really me tricking myself  
Letting new color and weights flood the arrangement  
It's still a bit of a forbidden city, a matter of courtship  
A classic american carnival in the middle of New York chinatown  
It has all been through invitation  
Seattle, Portland, Philadelphia Boston and New York twice  
The content of this book come to life,  
So many hot groupies, I've just got to write another book  
For all the wrong reasons, by any means necessary  
Take me away from my life!

## Imaginary Apparitions

Here comes my chinese rug

Success!

Here comes my face its

plain desire

I swallowed the mirror

(had *nothing* to wear)

old flame

second wind

pilled out last

hangers on

The dead-stock lilies

opened overnight

cobwebs brighter

than the light

golden west. Shoot.

I was tripping down

breathing in the torn black

seabeds revenge

half a glass rising

in smoky mountain hymns

in lines

willow, coyote bush, coffee berry

## **Taken Care Of**

I come from Inuit oil money  
from instruments of chance  
and divination. The most loose  
shut in, wavering mind  
recording my day  
with recitations, antennae,  
narration and figure, my phone  
might die. I'm walking dirty.  
Shop and mob cops  
not to touch my mothers  
breast or the queens  
royal crown signature  
Izzy Juj- highjacked  
forsaking all others  
the untamed scotch is mine  
It cost the picture  
a fortune to say nothing  
of my turban, costume copies  
of topaz bracelets, the umpteenth  
translation. Did you ever know  
Micah, Gay Sunshine,  
Grace Cathedral, Coconut?  
I went from heels  
at Barneys to the depths  
of the bins. Who could be like  
dropping in? I'll fold both  
my hands in gloves  
and wait, Hope Diamond  
peeking out

**Cedar Sigo**

## **Graceful, Open Air Claustrophobia\***

Grateful compliments  
Are less easy than they seem.  
A restless Tai Chi cat  
Professes to costume jewelry,  
A conformed copy so as  
Not to alarm any cautious person.  
The road could be your home  
But you still have to keep moving.  
Cemeteries are full of indispensable people  
After they've been dispensed with,  
By whom or what is too big a question for this moment.  
Comment elsewhere. Allow  
For silence and childhood.  
They may never go away.  
Close your book  
Only to open it again.  
Moderation is our choice  
But the moderator has to be someone else.  
Wait for ages and they will arrive.  
The garden leaflessness is certifiable  
But bare, all the same.

\*Written while watching Certified Copy by Abbas Kiarostami

### **Be A Boon to Me: Bring Me My Past & Future Lives\***

Bring us back to the path.  
The forest is dark but we make it through  
Together or apart, although part  
Of the story isn't its main direction.  
Get some air while riding.  
It will thank you for it later.  
Pain appears in irregular doses  
But a balanced life can overcome it  
Without trying to shunt it away.  
Your cold prayers  
Comfort me on lonely nights.  
I don't know why.  
Leap from branch to branch.  
The tree will help you.  
Forget the old world.  
Few ghosts return.  
Share a hammer of care with a friend.  
It may keep the bugs and bad karma away  
While your walking dance continues  
As it should or would  
Regardless of who or what may be watching.  
Let the water make love to itself.  
Have sex with the air and the fishes.  
This divine fleshly intervention  
Is okay to take into your hands.  
If you walk between two stones about to kiss,  
You may become colder than they  
But they, being older,  
Know a different warmth  
They impart, in part,  
Back to you.  
Sometimes you have to  
Crawl through the sand  
Toward love. Ready or not,  
It's ready for you, too.

\*Written while watching Uncle Boonmee Who Can Remember His Past Lives by Apichatpong Weerasakhathul

### **What the Public Wants\***

What the lion's share of the public wants  
From poetry is mostly for it  
To disappear. Often, it obliges.  
It's good nature isn't always shared.  
It thanks itself and others  
Merely for being there  
Whether or not it is called for.  
In a single year, it conceits  
Earn it a modicum of truth and beauty  
Far from the maddening crowd  
Safe on its own cloud whose  
Sudden announcements divert attention  
And raise the tension of the moment.  
A sensible sentinel may be required  
But is rarely to be found.  
Salvation as it truly exists  
If it exists at all  
Is useless and mostly invisible  
Except to certain spiritual imaginations.  
The shareholders in poetry  
Don't like hesitations,  
Whomever they may be.  
Poetry merely asks you  
to take it into your hand.  
Supply and demand count for little  
In this matter.

\*Written while watching What The Public Wants by Arnold Bennett

## **All Gods Begin as Humans Then go Astray\***

Obsession involves possession  
Sometimes in its "lack of" form.  
The body counts down  
Until its down for the count.  
What happens then the mind  
Will know only when then becomes now.  
The tomb begins in the womb  
But is only a silent neighbor.  
All independent spirits  
Have something in common  
Which evades individual description.  
Everyone can be brought here  
But few choose to do so.  
Discover the line  
Before you cross it  
Or set it down.  
Seek refuge and find a place.  
Direct your respect elsewhere  
Than solely toward yourself.  
Ring a bell. A candle responds.  
Clean the floor of your psyche  
If you can find it. If not,  
Fall down, look up. Light rights  
Most wrongs. All the songs sing so.  
It may or may not be true.  
Is that enough for you?  
Transition in position  
Resists revision and emendation.  
The chalice of passage never runs dry.  
Play hide-and-seek with Haydn in the background with trust.  
When the trees tell you to leave,  
You should listen, then make your own decision.  
They could be speaking to their leaves, after all.  
Do still waters still run deep?  
They keep a sleep the birds assist and resist.  
They echo the call of a void we do not know  
But recognize when its time arises.  
Love endures everything and everyone  
Except, sometimes, itself.  
Occupations ration a life  
If they're for money only.  
We do our dance and stay  
To pray for truth, whose youth  
We once thought we knew.

Run through the rain from pain  
If your gain can truly be  
From your losses.  
Absolute liberation is  
Non-negotiable and free.

\*Written while watching Of Gods and Men by Xavier Beauvois

**Tom Savage**

## **Shift to Stay Put**

I guess I am a hick  
who prefers to grapple with shifting formal problems  
that come up in any situation that  
changes from word to word  
though problems isn't the right word  
but I like to shift back and forth  
so as to give the other side of my self  
a chance to feel half human again,  
though atoms are swirling in everything  
and jumping around, so tiny down there  
and at the basis of everything  
material. Add spirit  
and voilà it's Wednesday night  
and the stars pierce the sky  
in your heart and you say so,  
hick or no.

## **Whatever It Is**

Musicologists  
rush to write down  
folk music, for fear  
that no one will remember it  
anymore: proof that it is dying.

Much poetry is depressing  
because it is about things  
that have happened  
and then been brought  
into the poem to die,

whereas

the real poem lives in its own  
little house that moves along  
the landscape that moves  
along the mind of the reader,  
and no one has ever seen it.

## Today

I heard the click  
click click of a moth's wings  
and got scared  
by the possibility that it  
was a mechanical moth,  
for what lunatic would build  
a mechanical moth?

Then some clouds  
took Nathaniel Hawthorne's  
story with them to the edge  
of the page and left it there,

and I got up and tiptoed  
into my reflection  
in the pond.  
I had no metal parts  
and was as quiet as the moon  
that would come out later.

## **Dark Fragment**

Again tonight I'll take that giant step into the ground  
of the air and have it not be there, where  
neither rhyme nor reason makes sense  
to the humans with their little blue faces turned up  
to the big blue face of their own understanding  
that if there is one thing we know about God  
is that he's not named Mel.

Some part of me is deeply tired tonight and another  
deeply happy to be aware of it and both  
on vacation in a country where I am not,  
because ideas bouncing all over the place create  
a great racket of isms that lurk and clang  
in our various mental casbahs encircled by smoke  
in the shape of a bullseye into which the real world  
is being sucked like the missing parts of this poem,  
parts I do not miss at all.

**Ron Padgett**

## ***Modern Argh: A Critique***

for enmity

The special bulletin as texture with no surface beneath  
A sent message fails because it's always been there  
Interruption — you reliquary of every undisturbed stream —  
you keep almost telling me what's up and then  
another century of doubt & unreason goes by

Rising from where the back of my neck was  
we find the orphaned coterie of tingling hair  
that impelled us to run for the hills  
I think the hills might pass us heading the other way  
A parched century of nomads in search of a drink

I'll take the longing of a story to end for anything to happen  
take it over ever-after vampires' immortal orthodonture  
Utopias want to disintegrate because every house  
can only handle guests for so long before it's all  
San Francisco & cancelled flights double chinning it to forever

The neck I stick out for no one isn't getting any younger  
or older for that matter It's wrapped in the desire  
of a message to be received unknowingly  
as though its always been there like wheat or syntax  
Or a goodnight that takes us straight through to morning

Okay that's enough of the fixed system to overcome  
all the professional accidents of not knowing better  
but not so much that sturm und drang get Eugene Langed  
down to human resources or some other emblem of the flatline  
We did — I'm sorry — we did all we could says the cute doctor

& what do you do? I pretend the system's other than it is  
my overseas post from which we indulge the century  
of theft & obsolescence so there's room for invention  
The clever manners & techniques of this age  
that ensure arrival at the gates of paradise we're already inside

***Glass Half Buckminster Fuller***

*For Brett Evans*

Memory foam travel bed destined to forget  
the journey please    Zero redemption  
for the sharpened bonus points at the moment  
of steel belted kick in the country proof  
earth's no less flat than tires nor round enough  
to pass back some vicked opportunity

Command line entry level presidents  
elevated past reset prefs to the floating HQ  
by the ironed out kinks of an inside voice  
The unrealized foundation of every algorithm  
out for blood    Adieu ragged migraine evac raft  
nothing belabored to escape    Bye bye

imbibed blinders & other wine boxers  
of the well-fracked Upper Delaware  
Glib as the belated present's rendered  
better point than hoist when air's  
on the side of heavy    Behind the air?  
More air up to turtle heaven

Undo key reflex    Retreat from the shoes  
we wore aboard the redacted boat  
I'd help if I wasn't in the water too  
We sent our pie back to the sky  
Stale or something    Too far to see  
what we'd racked up those spirituals to order

***Please lower your expectations***

The day's the dark they keep us in  
Great granddaughter of the czar

The point of a lullaby: to deceive our dreams  
with chimney smoke of history's knockouts  
*Welcome says the air Please try again later*

Everything that can go must  
but my sky has a limit

Your appearance the only thing  
I'll forgive Vexed & hemmed in  
by codices of the sky's smooth moves

My breath holds me  
captive in the vapo rub dazzle of  
demolished possibility & broken  
clouds convinced they're whole

My sky doesn't want to be the sky  
The sun the clouds need us to boil  
down to a racing & broken proof  
we've got a shot and the shot's got a heart

to open I tried to get out of the way  
but I also tried not to and that part won

**Brendan Lorber**

## RECOURSE

4.3 per second. 1.8 per second. 1 person every 16.2 minutes. We make our beds. We check our email upon waking. And breakfast every day, to stay thin. I have my first of 3-5 cups of coffee. And I think of you, every 15 minutes. Each day is ruled by its first hour. We read the obituaries while the eggs cook. 1500 each day. After saying, "Good morning," to everyone in the house. But then so many couples every day, too. There's a lot of debate but, generally, the experts agree that once a day is ideal. The bedroom light is switched on, and then off, at least ten times a day. Straight, clean-cut looks are best with daily washed hair. Each morning, too soon after the shower, so that it never quite absorbs. I shave my legs every 2 days, but my mom says that is too much. Twice a day if using a safety razor. And I used to check my breasts for lumps once a month. But now, I just try to stay familiar with them. Begin to count the seven weeks from the time. You can generally exfoliate two to three days a week without any ill effects. The face should be washed no more than two times a day. One looks one's best when one does it daily. Three pills and a glass of water. More if hungover or sick. Every two weeks. We wash our hands 11 times a day,

each time making a different face in the mirror. We try on about two "outfits" each morning. 35-40 hours per week. Or 40-55, with overtime. Not including the 45 minutes each morning spent getting there, eyes closed, if on a train, or open, if driving, walking. Or if the train goes over a bridge. Plus the other 45, in reverse. Every Tuesday, at 2:30 and 7:30. Every Wednesday at 12:20. Most Mondays at 7:30, Fridays at 6. And every Sabbath. There was some debate as to whether the calendar should celebrate the revolution or the republic. The billing date is the 28th. The mail comes six days a week. Generally speaking hair should be cut at least once every 6 - 8 weeks, which is roughly once in two months. The average person's hair grows about an inch every month. Once a year. Every three months. I purge maybe 3 times a week, and I don't restrict. But my binges can be 2-40 times per week. After lunch, most days. By which time the .1 inches of expected rain may have already fallen. Melting the 60 hours of yearly snowfall, accumulated on the porch. Making way for the 4.2 hours of expected sunshine. Not made less brilliant by the prior 12 hours of darkness. And Lunar Eclipses (the darkening of a full moon by the shadow of the

Earth) occur every 6 months, and total lunar eclipses normally come in sets of three, followed by three partial eclipses. There are generally about two solar eclipses each year. Towels must be used 3-4 times before washing. Most people change their sheets anywhere from once a week to once a month. He mops the floor 9 hours per week. I do the dishes for 21. However, hours don't yet need a fixed length. Every Friday. I sort the recycling every two weeks. And I drag it to the curb, a few minutes later, on the same schedule. The billing date is the 22nd. Twice a day. Twice a year. Whenever I remember. Carefully, my eye held open an inch from the mirror, most mornings. I usually get at least 2 in my first period, because it's so early and I fall asleep . . . so I get sort of a morning wood, and I always have one in the morning. 100 strokes. Once a month. Or a girl may have periods that are 28 days apart and then skip a period, or have spotting every few weeks. I masturbate, on average, 5 days a week. Most men do it when they feel the need to, and when they have the time and privacy. And then, five to six per day is best. I go every weekend. Four days a week, usually. But four times a day, at the moment. This raises the question of what do

with the extra hour after the end of Daylight Savings Time.  
You only register once. Every ten years, or when treated for  
acute injury. Six in ten Americans eat out either often or  
sometimes. We shop for groceries twice a week at least.  
That's about five bathroom trips. More or less, if you drink all  
the glasses of water. The actual recommendation is 18-30  
seconds per day. And people swallow approximately 2,400  
times. Each day we lose 100 persons. You can donate as  
often as every 56 days. 30 minutes, three days a week. But  
on average, 0 times per day. We experience a collision every  
15 years. That means per month 3000. Is once a month  
too much? Per year, 36,000. Meanwhile, the cat meows every  
10 minutes. I believe it's 7 times in Texas. Though most  
will lay eggs every two days. The phone rings every eight  
hours. Thinking of someone once every few hours is often.  
14 text messages a day (and all of them to you). But a child's  
heartbeat is highly variable. I try to call my mom as often as I  
can, but I have a very busy life. But your boyfriend should call  
you at least once per day. We cut our nails on Mondays, after  
the shower, when they are softer. We push back our cuticles  
more often: most days, at different times. Your newborn

should be nursing eight to twelve times per day for about the first month. Every feeding in the early weeks following birth should produce a bowel movement. Three times a week at the most. According to current science the norm is 2 medium sized, soft to medium. I'm 20 and I pee every two hours. Once a year, or every 7,500 miles. Three times per year, I have to actually interact with a bank teller. Nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the US population moves an average of once every 5 years. In the seemingly "quiet period" from 1945 to 1959, there was just one. Every four years. They do their homework every day. Only then do they get to watch four hours of television. Minus all their daily blinks. Every day. As often as once a week. 2-3 times a week is good. Every six years. He attended regularly for 20 years until he quit under scrutiny of his pastor. In nature fish eat whenever they are hungry and food is available. If we have four dogs, we walk them twice a day, about an hour each. A dog simply wants to go out to pee, anywhere from three to five times. Some queens, once they are sexually mature and enter estrus, do not come out of heat unless and until they are either bred to a full male cat, or spayed. If you have one cat, once every two days. If you have two to three cats,

one time a day. If you have four cats, two times a day. If you have five cats, two to three times a day. It is unknown as to what each person does in bed or how often. Every time is definitely not a lot to ask, and at least once is expected. But you definitely shouldn't have two within a few months of each other. For the first 22 years, an average of 3 times per month. Then went 3 years without. Whenever you get home from work. I hope to receive 12-16 hugs per day. Every ten years. No one can answer your question as no State keeps these kinds of stats. Everyone prays at least 7 times a day, so around 50 times a week. Every sixth day was a state rest day. But the sixth day is now the day of gathering. The basic pattern of Christian worship is a weekly pattern: from Sunday to Sunday. Using that method, there are eight nights a week. I lucid dream once or twice a week. But then I sleep, on average, 6 hours a night. And at our best, once a day, we kiss someone goodnight. At least 3-4 times a week, with different characters, situations.

**Diana Hamilton**

## In the Murmurs of the Rotten Carcass Economy

*"It's true, there is the innocence of life."*

Marguerite Duras (translated by Mark Polizzotti)

1. I can't actually write the question there are too many things that get in my way there are bodies sticking together in broken ways there are bodies that make up sentences and I'm going to have to delete the question I wrote but now I'm ashamed of it because it refers to the relationship between X concept in the fake world and Z thing in the real world and I'm afraid of the bodies and how they are lining them up in the compounds, afraid of the bodies that make sentences, afraid of the bodies and how they are like sentences that begin with conjunctions I love to begin sentences with conjunctions I love it when they line the bodies up underground in holes or in stadiums and they form the bodies into words and sentences there are marching bands and ghosts and then there are bodies with the authority to remove skin but please don't use the word "shed" it doesn't quite "encapsulate the experience" that I am talking about think of Paris and the lights over the Seine on Christmas Eve about the muddy Mapocho river in winter there is hardly any water in it think of Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon and the midget who says "hay otros" as he points to another body floating down the river. End stop. Period. The authoritative bodies had ideas about fingernails. Could they be used as commas? They hated semi-colons. They didn't believe in adjectives. All of the people I love are in love with the absence of adjectives.
2. I am curious about Aesthetics and Revolution and whether or not Aesthetics can only exist in the absence of Revolution but it's disgusting to pose such questions while driving in a heated Japanese car through the grit of a shit-snow night in a crumbling city in the Midwestern United States of America or on a bus tour of a city in the islands to the south where on the sidewalk children sit eating cardboard sandwiches drizzled with soy sauce from plastic packets and a voice on the loudspeaker says: "To your left you will see an X-type person. We don't have many X-type people in our city. We consider it good luck to see an X-type person" and it was just our lucky day because there munching on a cardboard sandwich drizzled with soy sauce was an X-type person announcing the beginning of a movement away from one thing and towards another thing it is impossible to know what these things are but I am certain that there is an aesthetics of crumbling buildings and in the MURMURS OF THE ROTTEN CARCASS ECONOMY I hear something that I will mention to you when the words have taken over my mouth.
3. Writing, says Duras, is the pace of the written word passing through your body there is a little plastic packet of soy sauce and a cardboard sandwich being eaten by a little person and then there is a data chip that I would like to insert into your skin, dear reader, dear data-body, and I would like the data chip to cause things to grow inside of you I am love with the little flowers that are growing inside of you inside of you is the smallest woman in the entire world inside of you is a disgusting feeling a sensation like that when you touch the impossible spot the one that no one ever touches if there weren't things like this, writes Duras, writing would never take place and by things she means anonymous, dead bodies on the ground in anonymous sleepy villages I slept in a fancy hotel across the street from an enormous hole where the skin and the hair of the fallen bodies was drilled into by bulldozers. This thing called love.

4. Soft and crumbly like a body the girl from Hiroshima keeps screaming and when she passes through my body she passes through my body.
5. Data-body. My love. I would not be opposed to having my pants ripped into shreds if I knew that it could keep the fire going a bit longer. I would not be opposed to having my walls knocked down if the wood in the walls could keep the fire going a bit longer. I would not be opposed to depositing your cardboard sandwich into the flames if I thought it could keep us warm for just another minute longer. Breath, glue, word, brick, wood, nail, gum, something that is held together evolves into a structure that cannot be contained by soldiers or language or ideas think of a bowlful of pistachio gelato at the top of the Spanish Steps think of a battle between a figurative body and a literal body in which there is no chance that the literal body will ever win think of a little person as she squats on the ground of a foreclosed property history is asserting itself into her mouth and veins there is nothing we can do about the fact that the ceiling will destroy her soft and crumbly body.
6. It's calm here now. The main horror is the idea, the word, the body. There is this sentence and there is the ongoing nightmare of a continuously deteriorating nation.
7. In conclusion. There is the flood and the bodies it washes to shore. There are the bags of money and the moment they are hurled from the window. There are the banks and there are the explosions. There are the buildings and the aesthetics of the crumble. There are the cities and there are the machines that no longer collect their feces. There are the rivers and there are the dead birds that occupy them. There are the beaches and the broken cities beneath them. There are the animal cages and there are citizens who sit in them. There is the poem and there is the very last word spoken by the body that threw itself in front of a tank. There is the highway and the man who sets himself aflame on the side of the highway. There is the church and the bodies that frame it. There, in the space after the period and between the first word of the sentence of the new era. Here, in the space after the comma and the first breath taken in the new era. Here, in the sheets of the hospitalized refugees in the state on the other side of the river. After the after the after the after the after. There are words and there is nothing to say about them.

## **A Hunger Artist**

He was living in a cage for many years and as he sat inside of it, staring at the frame it formed between him and the outside world he heard the sounds of the river exploding. The river was exploding in the cage around him and because he was an animal he could not move but because he was a human he could think and some say he could suffer in ways that were particularly human but who knows what we are forgetting and what we are inventing and in the empty spaces between himself and the steel bars of the cage he saw things that made him wonder how far it was between the earth, the blood, the eyes, and the water. They placed his body in a cage in Illinois and asked it to stare at the Chicago river where the bodies floated up and down and the bodies fell into the sludge and the bodies sailed into the city center in search of other bodies that were not so mutilated by the dissolution of the means of production. We used to make things here, said a voice in the river, and what ensued was a long discussion about cells, microbes, atoms, electrons, fissures, grain, iron, lumber, bones, bones, and the flesh that the bones carried, and the knives that destroyed the flesh that the bones carried, and the trains that transported the flesh that was destroyed by the knives, and the abattoirs and the dogs and men who prowled outside of them waiting for discarded intestines, and in the distance the towers were exploding and there were gardens with fresh begonias and roses and the toddlers over here ate corn muffins and the toddlers over there drank bullet juice and the river transformed into a sea and the buildings in the city center transformed into mountains and the bodies that threw themselves from the mountains wore parachutes made of money and the money purchased more mountains and more seas and more bullets and then some families showed up to watch the man inside the cage and he was thankful for once more there was a public discussion of the art of hunger, the art of getting smaller, the art of dissolving, diminishing, disappearing into the nothing that is always something. Children tempted the body inside the cage with rotten vegetables and flimsy bones and they filmed the body and said look it's growing. As it got smaller it grew into something and the impresario searched for a blanket to cover the dead body that was not quite dead but that wished to make out of its death a performance that would never be forgotten and the lipstick ladies came and the men with make up came and they stood in front of the video cameras in front of the cages and spoke in their codes and frame-words and in the background the river was gurgling with toxic events and the boys just for fun transformed their eyes and mouths into empty pockets of air and jumped into the green sludge that fizzled atop the water. Someone said a prayer for a buzzard and someone said we don't believe in your prayers (but the buzzards came all the same) and someone said that the practice of diminishing, of growing smaller, of disappearing, was a lost art that no one cared for anymore but they took pictures of the body inside the cage just in case because you never know what might sell on the internet. And just for the sake of saying that they had participated in a meaningful social experiment the parents placed their children into the black bags and zipped them up and we saw a father in a playful voice saying to his little boy do you want me to toss you into the river. Do you? Do you? We watched all this from outside of the frame until the guides arrived and ushered us away to the border between Illinois and Indiana where, it was said, some blind men had lit themselves on fire.

## **The Body is a Circle**

The body is a circle and in the circle is a body and in the body is a siren and in that siren is an explosion and in that explosion is a howling woman and in that howling woman is a cloud of pulverized lava and in that cloud of pulverized lava are birds with no wings squirming through the mud and in the mouths of those birds are ground up worms and in those ground up worms is a nation the bodies must define for you.

It is the only reason they do anything.

They live to define this nation that is ground up with the worms in their brothers and sisters' mouths but each time a body tries to speak about this nation, each time a body tries to define its people, its landscape, its culture, history, economy and the motivations of those who live on, off, and under it, all we can hear are helicopters whirling overhead and the voices of children groaning like zombies from the tents by the river.

Mother, brother, what is it like here?

There are wads of paper with numbers and the faces of famous men but they don't mean anything.

There are strands of hair from the heads of other bodies but they don't mean anything.

There is blood and bread but to get it the bodies must traverse the roads and they are scared to traverse the roads and they are dreaming.

The bodies are dreaming when they say they will traverse the roads and they are dreaming when they say that the blood will make them better.

Transfusion.

To fuse from one body to another the substance that creates.

The substance is in its bottle and in the bottle there is a murmur and in that murmur there is a body on a beach full of bodies that hide in the sand and in that sand there are voices and in the sand there are bones and hands and feet and debris from the fallen houses that mix with the blood and the voices in the sand tell the bodies to hide from the earth, from life, from what might devour them, from themselves, the air, the sun, the wind, and in that murmur from the beaches there are bodies in the sand and the sand speaks to the bodies from the beaches that look out at the mountains that define the nation and in the electronic vibrations that fill the mountains there are hymns the bodies sing to each other so they know who they are and who they will never become as they cover themselves in the mud or sink into the sand to die.

**Daniel Borzutzky**

## **For the new year**

No stepp  
In

No stepping into

No.

No stepping into the same

Not

Stepping into that same

No  
stepping into the same river

River.  
not stepping.

An unstopped river.  
No.

River .  
River.

Twice.

That ink is dry.  
That cloud's been hung  
That page's been ripped  
That book's been written  
That day's passed  
That mook's been retired  
That nail's been bent  
That check's been cashed

(No  
stepping

Stones into the same river)

No  
echo identical to the gong  
(We are definitely on our own with the symbols)

This time the song in the gong is slower

thoughtfully quizzing the air

that would be an unfolded map

this time who you want to be more

this time  
the ice cubes  
the banks run  
the forest is  
for the trees  
not out to hide them

this time  
glasses glass  
gloss glosses  
glissandos glow

no one passes  
for instruments anymore  
we are all producers  
of an explicit tongue

this time  
voice is made for curves  
strike a chord and the  
temperature matches truth sign

life is a talkative endeavor  
of the willing.

## **My Black body**

A social snow  
fall where blackness  
holds beauty  
steady in the still life

conjures its unassimilable  
contours that cannot be caught  
or rendered breathless in the  
drowning air

this late day gone  
but in the scape where  
note follows note  
and where there is no  
place where poetry does not touch

relaxes hum.  
The blind are not the only ones who  
touch and trace a ticking clock  
or test answers to the unseen

the unblinking blackness my body spells is  
paradise  
bearing its original name.

## **Count**

Who can tell the story once?  
A terrible stupor

stuns the body's politic  
in capsize narratives  
the city is a nervous glance

into the sun  
waking each morning  
with anxiety clenched between its  
canine teeth  
overripe heads keep the mind spinning,  
not to mention  
the constant public spitting.

## KEEPING THE BODY ALIVE

No longer mourn for me when I am dead <sup>1</sup>

Had your body dead  
Communicably tied bell  
Of what can be hurt fled  
And parts of others dwell  
The rest there not  
The variable rest so  
Tied locally forgot  
To be at arm woe  
With the light on verse  
The rest variously clay  
With you attributed rehearse  
And parts of others decay  
On the other hand moan  
Had your body gone

---

<sup>1</sup> William Shakespeare

\*

Had your body light  
Communicably tied afternoons  
Of what can be hurt heft  
The rest there us  
The variable rest scar  
Tied locally difference  
To be at arm are  
With the light on any  
The rest variously despair  
With you attributed affliction  
And parts of others air  
On the other hand listen  
Had your body distance

How do I find my soul's extremest anguish <sup>2</sup>

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air <sup>3</sup>

Had your body anguish

Communicably tied languish

Of what can be hurt anguish

And parts of others languish

The rest there anguish

The variable rest languish

Tied locally anguish

To be at arm languish

With the light on round

The rest variously centre

With you attributed sound

And parts of others enter

On the other hand devise

Had your body eyes

---

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Wroth

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Campion

Small, viewless aeronaut, that by the line <sup>4</sup>

Had your body line  
Communicably tied air  
Of what can be hurt where  
And parts of others design  
The rest there minute  
The variable rest veil  
Tied locally pursuit  
To be at arm sail  
With the light on weaves  
The rest variously breathes  
With you attributed leaves  
And parts of others wreaths  
On the other hand revolve  
Had your body dissolve

---

<sup>4</sup> Charlotte Smith

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part <sup>5</sup>

Had your body part  
Communicably tied me  
Of what can be hurt heart  
And parts of others free  
The rest there vows  
The variable rest again  
Tied locally brows  
To be at arm retain  
With the light on breath  
The rest variously lies  
With you attributed death  
And parts of others eyes  
On the other hand over  
Had your body recover

---

<sup>5</sup> Michael Drayton

Muses that fame's loose feathers beautify <sup>6</sup>  
They that have power to hurt, and will do none <sup>7</sup>

Had your body beautify none  
Communicably tied theatre  
Of what can be hurt memory  
And parts of others there  
The rest there doom graces  
The variable rest affair expense  
Tied locally faces  
To be at arm impair  
With the light on contempt sweet  
The rest variously rhymes die  
With you attributed exempt  
And parts of others times dignity  
On the other hand eyes deeds  
Had your body emperies weeds

---

<sup>6</sup> George Chapman

<sup>7</sup> William Shakespeare

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought<sup>8</sup>

Had your body thought  
Communicably tied past  
Of what can be hurt sought  
And parts of others waste  
The rest there flow  
The variable rest night  
Tied locally woe  
To be at arm sight  
With the light on foregone  
The rest variously over  
With you attributed moan  
And parts of others before  
On the other hand friend  
Had your body end

**Jesse Seldess**

---

<sup>8</sup> William Shakespeare

## **From *Moving Parts***

Look out  
Front window  
Scene piles  
Blue Blue

Come out of  
Look familiar  
Front for  
Stacks smoke

Speak point  
Leave the bike  
A busy day

A head  
Long arc sights  
Dip into

Take a dip  
When when  
Enter lately

Thrust upon yourself  
Over the fireplace  
The olden times  
Made up

Little bit softer now  
Write furiously  
Call on experts  
Choppy ring a let's

Sweet nothings  
Whispering whispering  
For crime family only

Eyes only  
Out and about  
Got get, the idea

Name in future  
Reading a little  
You *could* say

The Book of the Old Days  
Fills with beautiful strangers  
Almost *its* keeping all  
Crush to a breast

The on edge  
Hairs not a gray gray  
Almost Completely forgot  
Fill A

Two takes  
Call me in it's the morning  
Wind in paper

A language page  
Takes down the street  
A voice puts a gun at

The back of the neck  
Stand hair up and up  
Dog nails head this way

Moon barely up there  
Across the Paris skies  
No surprise *don't*  
Key represents shift

The door to intent  
Plan to starter talks  
People disappearing  
A little more away

You laff  
And then you cry  
Imagine how things work

The catch  
The pigeon told the line  
Wattage linguine

Arising movie  
Happening to me  
Only baby goat

Actors arrive  
The foundling discovery  
Two words in a word  
Smile detector

Where's the shit  
Gonna get me  
Assault charge battery  
Get have some

Look both ways  
Listen to B-side  
Dream dip dip

Wouldn't mind  
Feel that way  
Comes to a heading

The other side on  
As the snow  
So, flip over

Done to knock turn  
Pix on muscle memory  
Knows too much  
Drift over a school

In invisible ink  
Documents *Oh, forget it*  
Flatly tat for tat  
It as yet an on

Inside all of us  
Government adrift  
How come, no clouds

Astonishing worker blossoms  
Speed bumps into spring  
Grass breezes haves

Starter motor  
They call the wind *ire*  
Dab like-minds

Remove any *oh, too*  
Nothing reminds me  
Now appears the from to  
It's now said

Be head toward  
Where's the fire  
Time *you wanna level*  
You tell me

Mouth is moving  
Pity on moving day  
Ear to ground links

Used to be pre  
Deep pockets  
Precede *it's*

The fact wakes us  
Got to got to  
Restless masonry

Following the following  
Little known  
Try sounding out  
Rosh sal ber you

Il pleut á verse  
Blackout in white  
Spring slice  
Sara Po toga

Almost personal approx  
Nature crying on  
The shoulder road

Weather first, what's  
So's wouldn't hear of  
Strange hair walks

Unbeknownst to  
You meant doc  
Government (so) supposedly

The not humans  
It is a first step  
Much more needs  
What is to be done

Opinion chocolate cherry  
With liquidated centers  
Still applies, fills out  
Feel at, in the then

Day up in the crayons  
For next hour be true  
Fork take stage right

A continuance stays  
Walks on set to walk off  
Blanket as a play film

It's anybody's guest  
My guess is somebody  
Unfolds like a *baby baby*

Busy work flowers  
Allocute to  
Whose spring is  
The drive-by snow

Common wheels define  
A perfect storm  
Interlocking factotums  
Many a bee

Lie against own faces  
A phasing out  
What's with the breeze

Leave wind shadows  
Another day bump into  
As was as was

Keep coming up  
Reposses shaving points  
All of the above

Heat often off  
Talk warm and friendly  
A great smile  
Live-in now now

Legend lonely life  
Doors throw open  
Over the heart's plate  
Over and over yer out

## **From *What I Was Tweeting While You Were on Facebook***

**2009**

& such a lovely way to celebrate the impending apocalypse it was.

The stoves were full of butterflies.

Kaia Sand@PoetryProject walks us thru an American history: Japanese internment camps, storage pod hurricane shelters, ladies roller derby.

*Pass the utopian rah-rah juice!*

I need a wig.

Awash in the guilt that a sneeze brings in, in this, the swine flu, era.

Millet, god bless you, you really can spill everywhere.

Turns out permaculturists love jargon too. Why use tree when you can say fog broom?

Desiring TastyKakes.

Enjoying a lime rickey.

I like a well-dressed salad.

Today's (o hell, everyday's) necessary mantra: be Alice Notley's owl, be Alice Notley's owl

Sentimental t, sentimental t, sentimental t. Lucky pants!

o frog skirt, o paisley, o blue zippered tunic of bolder times

This is not the train I wanted it to be.

RT@mxjustinbond "why don't heterosexual people stop perpetual war, stop all religion, stop hate crime...and THEN have a baby."

...like animals, he said. like animals.

Park visit marred by unpleasant exchange with cops locking down entrances. Cop says, we don't want people running in and out of the park "like

The 7 year old at the corner says, "But Daddy, cars aren't supposed to be small."

the bubbling up of ecstatic verse

One kind of perspective is Keanu turning 45.

I don't care what you say, after all these years, I still don't like Tom Waits.

my terribly expressive countenance

lots of cheap looking socks on the train

villages named puddles and smoke

Does Marti Noxon have the life I'm supposed to be leading?

To the tune of islands in the stream: Yahtzee in the car.

Then the usually placid vegan said, while regarding the seals, you can see why people club them.

I am the sick passenger.

The latest ick: online marketing lady talks abt new biz models, movin & groovin fast, and being quote allergic to the box.

Then Jane says, "She is starting to damage my calm."

Lloyd tells me I dress like Rhoda.

Tonight: MorganStanley intermural athletes on train. One sits spread eagle with open cut on his knee. Quarter size. Bloody. Dude, like, eww.

beetle watchers say the nightmare

Last night on train: man w/ scorpion in a cage + a tarantula, loose!, splayed on his neck. Today is better: mouse under seat.

there were fountains that I missed / and I could have walked straight into Kansas

But we are \*not\* stars of some independent movie.

Spent Saturday night inside "what white people like": a BBQ on the banks of a superfund site, PBR, pork skewers, octopus tees....

T says it's a good time to identify trees.  
missing Adam Ant

overhearing actual people actually argue over whether the money is funny money or not

updating my resume b/c I have to have something to show for this day beyond good hair

Is "apparently" the new "like"?

T on GaelGarciaBernal: "Look at his tiny little calves. He's in orange I love it." O wee birdlike creature, we loveyou (& People magazine).

long week of fires then farro

pouring down rain wrinkle in time style

Alice Notley last night—beyond linear time as usual—"I told you so and now, horribly, I'm

Torn between nova-unc game and big trouble in little china.

## 2010

vintage sifters and kale chips

T says: I love those little WW2 Dalek outfits.

This [#feministhulk](#) needs a bigger kitchen.

Sure *Glee* is great and all, but same-sex spousal tax benefits would be way better.

Why don't we live in Philadelphia?

Dana Ward [@poetry\\_project](#) is the opposite of every toxic encounter you have ever had.

Let's be marathon runners everyday. With signs on our chests. So strangers can shout our slogans at us.

horatio gingersnaps is missing

Conrad [@poetry\\_project](#) made me weepy: Emily dirt. Unruly gladiolas. Paralyzing gravity.

But, but, you're wrong Conrad. I want to go back in time, too, but not for power. For bargains.

Participating in too many class action lawsuits.

Refusing to play competitive games.

Just saw a tow-truck blasting the Bee Gees. Might be better than the polka dot cement truck. Not sure. I love that cement truck.

honeycrisps arrive

Guy outside screaming "Hector!" repeatedly followed a few minutes later with "I am Achilles!"

Oh yeah almost forgot: Bifocals. Holla!

moving from one waiting room to another

how het the fireman in suspenders turns me

shudder the sound of squirrels scurrying

"There's no line for anything. It's like wait and listen."

Couldn't seem to turn myself away: just watched a stranger suck shrimp meat out the shrimp head.

what you came in with is enough

Robot photoshoot!

Chris Putnam tells us: "He drank the lobster lover's beer and now he loves lobster."

Just got 3rd-degreed by Revolution Books' clerk. Like we were capitalist stoolpigeons. We heart Amy Goodman too, you know.

Fell down some stairs. Then had sopapillas.

switchbacking up to a junction

a bold but compassionate human intrusion

a highway of poetry and drama

glacial erratics

On the question of whether Portland reservoir cops should carry guns, T responds, "Water guns."

hugs in bunkers

Mom writes I love your trips thru the states I'll say a prayer for all the trips you take thru the states  
keep in touch and be safe keep safe

Hello nuns! I hardly ever run into y'all!

I'm not on the train and I'm thinking about the trains it's always about the trains.

artisanal nuclear fusion

"I came here to drink milk and kick ass. And I've just finished my milk."

fucking Derek Fisher

big baby with good hands

did doc just say we have to get in their salad and push the rock?

Because, like, it's time to do it or go home.

O how I love the rhetoric of a game 7.

Educators *like* capris.

People who put their bags at the front of the plane but sit in the back are motherfuckers.

I want Beyonce clothes.

Grandma stinkeye in the geriatric psych ward asks T if she is a boy or a girl.

Nothing beats a Philadelphia sticky bun. Suck it Bouchon.

stalking census staff

T declared today Sheila E. Day.

"No snowglobes allowed beyond security checkpoint."

meeting count: 5 special sauces trump 4 burning platforms

Overheard: Philadelphia or Detroit. You know, Patti Smith. You know. The golden age.

In the dream, soul sucking ray guns stole my soul.

Recalling satchel then fire / a boy named birdie / blocks and blocks branded / a grid for homes

T says let's start a gang and called ourselves the geese.

I may be wrong, it all went by so fast, but I think Alice Notley said "Science is a baby."

rain laden tulips

china fragile superpower

Madison Square Garden security guard says to Ethan, "Just don't blow anything up."

The public space had a sign that read public space.

"Per se" is the new like

orange, coffee, tulipan, orange, coffee, tulipan

big lizard in my backyard to the tune of "big lizard in my backyard"

They only taught us what they knew.

Then Lloyd said, you're not being dainty with that crab.

Quinoa in my keyboard, I know, I know, it's serious.

Maybe I am too excited about the census.

T's version of R. Kelly involves motherfuckin beagles. She said feral fucking beagles. Hiding in our closets.

With pace slowed, an opening: how unnatural this constant buzz is.

Maggie Zurawski tells us "What can't be fixed can be prolonged."

**Susan Landers**

Cover Illustration by KB Jones

*The Recluse 7* was edited by Stacy Szymaszek, Arlo Quint., and Nicole Wallace. The editors will be accepting submissions for issue 8 between January 1 and March 15 of 2012.

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

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