



the Recluse

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Great Alzheimer's Abyss that Now Separates Us

Erik Anderson.....Three Poems

Zhang Er (*translated by Bob Holman*).....Three Poems

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June 2008

The Poetry Project

It is strange that our senses mistake us for objects in flight

Everyone has to pay for the affect that greets us in every other,
little whirlpools of voice and hormone that reach the ear as one's own
You should hear me play a song of mutable appearances;
I was the color of dusk hearing this song any day you want
Its muting is the heft of our senses
hanging in the air when air alone can dislocate
with its thin edge of unmistakable quality

translated across that great chasm
we shackled up with its shipshape void
turning out our pockets in the rain
postponed by the shallow crater within every amplitude
by the widening register within every fuck ecology

Ply one expedient human

Ply one expedient human from the storm
from the precinct arithmetic of a rental body
it's a dowry unthinking as a
 cloud's exertion at flight
an exchange enough to ask opinion of it
Vivid with cloistered life, the light shining
into your mouth reveals eyes peering back:
 the creature stands inside you,
its remote futurity handsome and budding
within the accident of your amplitude
No man's egg-cup holds the same yesterday,
 it is possible to think
when you yourself are the egg-cup
putting both constitutions together one
smoke signal at a time. Put on
this arterial robe and wake,
fashioning your own plentitude,
like Romulus sending a present
to the Romans after his death
 Neither is that
state equivalent to the growing of a new compass
inside, nor gathering its foreign and familiar landscape,
 horizon by horizon
but as if eating space and time turn you into being
these experiences, but simultaneously
sedentary as incrementalized doubt
 and monstrous in largesse
Cool, above all, gradually, so the commencing
of reality is its loss
delicate in manufacture
glorious windfall and re-export
 at some pains to light up and appear

In the presence of another

The dispatches, possibly, picked up
a static I couldn't register,
multiplying in hypotheticals like cells
when lo! The tall belfries discontinued
for the hundredth time and in mid-sound snow
I picked up the crackling of another

These ordinary moments,
already a museum of burnt machines
when slowed down to speech or consideration,
are our kind and tender unreasons

The way habits perform a pathway
through infinite possibility
though we grieve to think we still murmur
and in murmuring are completing a habit

You hear the dead are unregenerate
tuning out or in at the edges of your ears
I grieve to think this murmur's
fringe of vague moves static to center—

cross it and you yourself are leavened
hawking the sound of space,
still pushing out the big bang

by that vanishing point vanishing, conveyed
from one moment to that same moment, variously

A portrait of monochrome amnesia

I'm knee-deep in its giddy duet; my brain making the melody
a simultaneous memory and future note
to self: you are your photograph's emotional better
letting go for the larger sound of a name
bleached out with the power of light
 through skin
the whole topiary ambles
around a center, a bower, you might say
of infinite space and there are languages
we don't know we know
 smoke signal structures
with their runoff of simple forms
 bedrock, parallel lines
outer space made visible by sound

A makeshift symmetry of cells

The smaller trees in this round landscape are part of its circuit
do not jostle them
they speak when turned toward
breathe irregularly and they respond

Our nebulas are colored with data that could be sound
but we can't hear it. You see newly
looking out from the top of your head
says Angel. Talk. Talk nonsense;

when it opens our clutter breaks
with extra-corporeal sound
turning
Our sense habits
let go of their drawing room objects

like a piano, open, at a regional fair
playing without hands

they pulse of the thoroughfare between us
pulse between the thorough
thing impossibly us

Karen Weiser

CALL IT FLINT

Going for a tentmaker's fly-swatter. Finding our way by the light of a burning oil drum. Opposites attract but do not stay together for long. 12 dialogues with scabs. Blue earth brown skin. Steel toecaps hitting the hibiscus. Might like you, might like you the way we liked the dogs of light. 12 dialogues with mesquite. Alternate takes & vocal throwaways. Consider cutting loose. Off-the-cuff power glut. But this is only one side of it. Of refusing to trim one's sails. Of refusing imprimaturs & being rabble-roused. For we don't mind if the day fries in its own fat. We don't mind losing ourselves in the scissions occupying june. Black orchid, blue moss: the quotidian is theirs. They may heed a hunt or heed a tremor. Beyond a shale, beyond a ravine. We can make you a gift of silence if you promise not to slim it. It's 2.30am. Dawn pulls at granite. And they can be found here-burning crosses, swastikas, nooses, drowning in generalities, thriving in details, over curbs, over projectors, over this city that first found us spooning. Distaff, carrion, towel. Midlevel tagline mixing hymns & stolen goods. What wanes won't be perfidy. Growing apart, laddering, curving in, inseparable exactitudes. A day taking a sip of soot. Double back, acrobat. Unspool a block watch, pull down a flying rock. You need a grid panel. I need a pub talk.

ON IMPULSE

Such is the estate. There's the fountain gone mad. Half ash, half earth. A crack in the standpipe. Didn't always feel like the pledges were kept. They chose the rifle, they chose taxes. He crossed the divide, turned his back on a son-of-the-soil template. Stiletto in mud. A brown clarity shafted. A taste filigreed. Didn't always seem the earth was unsure of him. Every bone counted. He was in sync with aspic. Tongue on hair. Alimentary anxieties. Grip of the cuff. Glass on ladder. Red wig & black book. Dogsled & lime. They chose the laws. They chose the claws. He once believed they could rob him of his vision. Saw wonder in ruins of laughter. Every track of trial counted. Didn't always seem the back flap of the black book was being torn in half. He tripped over expiations & tumult of the flesh. They chose the souvenirs. They chose the patrol wagons. No one asked him about the hidden radish. This avowal of the tympanum.

SCARIFICATION

A dance without motion? A cloth without threads? Shall we cut after their pattern? Can we mention Love before Love has mentioned us? Are we anchorites? Which storm shall free us from the hermitage? In a way a word is a cage as in the case of beauty's diatribe. Roll me through a second return. Take me to the mockingbird at the helm. To the seeder coming through a spiel. Roll me through the wrap of a labyrinth. Tell me the fable that became a wound. Show me the oar, the matador. The plans you make. Roll me through the ensemble skinning a cat. Through the open tuning where the tip of a black line is. Begin by doubting hubris. Doubting a beige fanfare in as far as you are my pitfall of choice.

THROW SALT

Colloidal preamble going with whatever you give them. A gesture of Petronaira. One such blackout streaming, salivating on adobes. A puncture scribed & scoped. There is to be a quake before amalgamation takes place. The winding way of a speedboat feasting on distances. Racket of quail. Their letups few & far between. Sustaining a wrench. Their newly found purpose. Jiggling up & shopping for clouds. A gesture suitable to a protoplasmic truce. Suggestive of bulrushes, brain, electrum. Cosmocrator's codeine. In the grasp of a grump. What a plate said to a wallpaper. What the silicone said to a scar. What they would do with roses & skulls because he dodged his biography & left no messages. Never mind that anaconda. Forget the rhombuses. To each his patience. To each her pathos. Do they palm what's hot? Do they prompt what's corny? Throw salt behind your left shoulder. Autocombustion: particular, proud. Terracotta jabber. Bayonets, burglars, bile.

TWO EARS

Your body is a question seeking an answer, any answer at all. So take the static to the rodeo. The night scoots & dispatches meringues through the sea fog. Steaming through folds of pasture, aslant, pollen-maned. Do not ask me for a facile secret stretched to breaking point. Eating your way in & out of wet bread. Lovebite's on your neck. Lovebite's on my neck. Taffeta's the subject. The trapeze burns. From yes to yes spring begins with the opening palm of your sex. & which word from the vault of words will you borrow to finger the night? My hair smells of you & your room. I'm going down on you. We are made visible in the visceral sublime. We tilt, deepen, & slide into each other. Twice as much as the octaves walking through a green arc. This symmetry exults. We are being written & being bitten. We are being sung & being stung. Every hive's flippant for love's nothing but exploration of heights & depths. We go where we are needed.

Uche Nduka

Any Wednesday

That the silence around of bunch of early Xmas trees
leaning against a gray brick wall compel you
that shards made by a quartet placed in air then allowed to shatter
Awake you

That your hand, like an animal with its own life, hunts for water

That the dry air subtracted from a volume crystallizes the river

That the roses, collapsed and withdrawn remain as shells to shelter you

Broken and crawling and looking for a name

Any Wednesday that you count as one half partially there,

A tangent on to itself, an enclave, an area of regeneration that's

Not desalinated, is unskinned, thirsty, unwashed,

That renews you.

Any Wednesday would be okay

To drink from the font, chew any wafer around

Comb the matted fluorescence

Lift the tongue to the tooth & begin a conversation.

An alphabet, that circus of hungry elephants await to be fed.

Any Wednesday that you might-trembling-shape one word, then another

In the dark of beginnings, the black of its void, the crisis of its rebirth

The eroded site of its shadows.

Any Wednesday that you might make with those hands

A book out of Tuesday and Sunday, the days you weren't there

Any Wednesday, the ink of your spit might spill on the page

That is white zero Wednesday, salted ground that is today.

Contretemps

Contretemps is French for difficulty or setback, *counter-time*, as the light
that coats the buildings
rushes ahead of the darker gray coming over the East River
modulates in the movement and throws
green shadows on the chair and on the desk and on my hand.

And difficulty might just be that same kind of
every day sidewalk that you look at without seeing it
until a black pair of shoes
or a sparkling initial pin is seen there. As everyday experience is differentiated,
set in marcasite
when you learn the French word for it
and cement is the color of thinking and everything that spatters it
is the residue of actions and
particles of thought's crud
that layered air agitates;
thunderous and grand, flattened and ambiguous
as seen from a 6th floor hospital office window
paused at briefly so as make
a respite in contretemps and
now, fixated by the density and shift of what accrues,
one thinks: *écru*
which color clouds might resemble in the sense of a bruise
but are more the color of slate
inside the finality as it draws near/*il s'approche*

Wash Out

between this afternoon and tonight, a pale blank book with words for clouds
that washes out the other word's ink
so that the message so to speak is kind of soapy and resides in mounds of a material
and is tangential to a set of dirty white roofs and areas of standing cold water
bisected by vaporous trails and black birds one crow alighted on the rail like a fleshy
monster
decorated with creamy scallops that twirl into a spiraled space
a glowing pyramid set bizarrely on a roof for what
could one's writing hand be the invisibility
inside the crumpled black glove
the collapse of a linkage that amplifies the reason for the insularity
because the raw skin looks pricked with holes when you study it
and I guess you need that to cohere
though a connection to another is as shredded as the string that holds gloves to a coat
the umbilicus between forms
at 2:30 p.m. is the meat of the embryo's sustenance as is a body of text as they say
to its mother
the dictionary providing definitions and taking them away in one week- long withheld
breath.

Passage

How could a moment be so globular,
silvery and thick as mercury
as it slides down the string.
A locket changes definition
a refractory orb-
its small door opens
and a second elongates, encases us
in its torqued frame.
Convex lens of a minute
you could cry within its metallic walls
gesticulate a protest with your whole body
and it will move with you, a zippered suit,
the saline bag
a zeppelin, a liquidless cell.
I'll wait here in the sun
at this window looking out
along with the instant
a word for captivity
to become the shape of its linkage
however mutated is my passage.

Ampule

I notice that you don't reply; have my longing patience to squander
as one in the box still with the most queries to answer
once the rope is extended an endless wave of multiple strings
that shimmer in perpetuity offer an illusory plane flings
transparent drops ahead into the void seems materially singular --a wall
allowed to diminish to float away from a core the particles fall
structure transmuted, dimensionless, reconstituted
engulfs the entity remolds the composition's elements as intended
is my fear that with nothing to replenish its self constituting motion
nothing becomes it in dialogic exchange of replacement and erosion
which, admittedly, is how what is mutated in a mutual conception
that process thickens the wave makes it something
else or at least more graphic like an animal
I thought I saw a dragon a huge writhing green oceanic ampule.

Kimberly Lyons

For Jack Agueros on March 18, 2008, Across the Great Alzheimer's Abyss that Now Separates Us

My father died a few days before 9/11. In fact, we'd just gotten back from Buffalo the day before so when my sister heard the first reports she called

my mother—her first day alone as a widow—and said she was home safe on the Upper West Side and Bob and I were in Brooklyn,

home safe, but actually she had no idea where Bob and I were, but she figured, correctly, my mom wouldn't get through to us for a long time and, if she had to explain later we were

dead, mauled, maimed, disappeared, dust, she'd deal with that when she had to, and I think she did the right thing as she had months before when somebody

at the first nursing home my dad was in ignored that my father was dying of emphysema and resuscitated him so when my sister got to the

hospital and saw my father on the ventilator frantically pointing both thumbs down she said take him off it

and she and my mom waited for my father to stop breathing, but he didn't and was he ever pissed. He had to keep struggling for air for several

more months and then on a day he knew my mother couldn't come to see him the nurses watched him gently, and they said, right before he died, he smiled.

People who think they always know the right thing to do rarely know the right thing and never do it.

There's that motto one sees in needlepoint:
"Let me accept what I cannot change or
Change what I cannot accept."

And

Give me the wisdom to know the difference.”

Good luck on that one.

My sister and I are relieved that my father died before the war in Iraq because he could not have accepted this war, or changed it.

Tomorrow, my friend, is the fifth anniversary of the United States invasion of Iraq and I hope, dear Jack, that you don't know there's a war going on.

So many horrible ways to die—gasping for air, grasping for names, blown to bits for no reason—and so few good ones. Go gentle into that good night where we will all sleep.

Donna Brook

Canal (II)

Once it was possible to undertake and see through to their completion any number of harebrained schemes—a solo performance of all of Moliere, the manufacture of atmospheric ozone, the discreation of the Matterhorn—designed not only to achieve a definite degree of fame, but to impress upon the disbelief of murderers and mortgage brokers the materially impossible.

But as soon as it came to the here and now there were always skeptics—those who argued (inevitably) that some venture would fail, that in such things it was always the quality of the act, not its scale, that would determine its worth. That, and this despite the attempts of some to, for instance, portage a galleon, time would neither put our works on permanent display, nor, like those who have built so many tombs and canals out of dust, even remember our names.

An Involuntary Alphabet

A mysterious boat arrived on the beach this morning as the city arose to the south through the haze. The boat, though it looked overloaded, was empty. It was disconcerting not to know where the sailors were, but it would have been even more so to see, the night before, two teenagers on TV pouring boxes of phones into a boat bearing some resemblance to the one on the shore—to learn of their plans to power the boat with the calls of their friends, albeit in a way never made clear.

Walking home from the beach, my face contorted in a way that belied the blankness of my condition. I can't connect the fact of the boat with the years that will pass before the nightly sweeps by men with weapons too large for their frames will end. All weapons are too large for any frame, I think, and so we walk through the remnants of ourselves, afraid even of our own faces, and wonder whether it hasn't all been because small animals are often related to large ones—that, given different circumstances, an elephant can have the carriage of a fox.

A Baseboard, A Beginning

We were, finally, capable of very little besides the folding and unfolding of scraps of paper into and out of the shapes of birds and boats. Everything was covered in a thin glaze, a tenuous layer of accumulated motes, a thin dirtiness that struck us as untenable.

It was a time when a number of long-standing pots had come to a boil. The shed, which was filled with at least a dozen old kitchen sinks, seemed to require particular attention. The crocuses, earlier than ever, were poking out of filthy flower beds. Burrito wrappers and car wash fliers choked the soil. The windows had tiny nose prints on both sides and there was simply no solution in the house.

Days passed slowly. We were so unhappy we hated the sight of other people. Smiling, we read about the incursions and insurrections taking place; we couldn't stand the comics. The gossip page we'd enjoyed so much was the worst sort of tedium. We took such pleasure in the classifieds.

Before long, nothing having changed very much, we began scrutinizing the baseboards. They, too, needed attention. There was so much to be done with them, yet so little. We tried to convince ourselves that they were at fault for it all, but our rationalizations meant nothing to them. Nor, in the end, to us.

Erik Anderson

On the Train: Fourth Brother

The cap's beak must have exerted a
quiet pressure— Fourth Brother confidently approaches:
"You on your way home too? You're Li family, NanPo, south slope, yes?"
Of course he can tell, family
even smile the same way. Under smile,
other expressions of molecular genetics syncopate
shrugs to the slow train's
swaying rhythm. Sound blurs visuals,
the background of the soft sleeper softens. Sun.

Morning till noon, chatter gossip --
yellow soil, caves' people build houses into hills,
a geologic fact, trees track along the flicker ...

Local folk medicine advertised all over town, dazzling.
The real cure is in your hands, did the research yourself!
Or – legend has it that your ancestors passed the secret down to you.
Folks, the prowess of this remedy is so strong, these here leaves so fecund
that one punctuation of acupuncture and your STD's will be banished forever!
Take a deep breath of the profoundly ambiguous logic we believe in.

Like flipping a wheat cake, the doctor's assistant
and the funeral coexist in present tense – believe it!
or don't, life g-g-g-going on, eminently

stable.

There's only one surface
and that's Fourth Brother's silhouette.
I was the one who took the picture, on the other
side of the passageway. The same sunny expression
in my face, in my eyes?

Resolution

Put it down
to the sky
turquoise and transparent
like the afternoon
we met, wait
this time let us
walk towards each other
and keep walking.
Could give everything,
but nothing. Walk
on by, smile, OK, whirl
to the horns
of the wedding procession
damn cheerful all the way.
It is only the wind
that can't control itself. Leaves
make tiny lapping waves outside,
unintentionally brush dust
from the window, and then
Cut to sepia: accumulated sadness.
Resentment even. Crap
indignation. OK, be grateful
for this loss of control
go on go ahead make a right
turn. This way
the montage technique will save us—
graft the past on the future,
that's all. Turn over
the present, blaze dance
of unknowing branches
in the sun. Resolved:
eat something. Resolved:
write these sentences.
Light as feather.
Four ounces.

Camera Lens

Where to focus? A brick wall with water stains
the cement exterior peeled off, exposes a life's rough history—
stand there, don't think, expect
nothing. In the distance, after-school children appear,
walk near, then walk by, discussing
the relationship between poverty and education.
Memory of virginity, memory of poverty. Didn't expect
you to be so relaxed at this moment, 25 years of dammed water
penetrating endless stories, irrigating
this peculiar peony at the foot of the wall—
for your next book's
cover image: please take off hat,
pick proffered fruit naked. The shyness
which can never be peeled off
invades the depth of field. Pupils
enlarge. Full of kindness, a magnet
unable to move away. Hold it right there.

Zhang Er

The Corner

Thirty-four crocuses
per bright square yard underneath Toilet Hill

a year & ten days ago means
its *everyone* sleeping all day this Feb.

except for the sparrow/squirrel
standoff in the walnut's big fork re:

location location location!
but only for about five seconds

the sparrows puff up double
in official human waistcoats

I didn't say that no but really
not much sidle-past or back-off

in either being thankfully not much
endless hand-shaking eyeteeth malice either

but they really do look like us
or else why even speculate

let alone shake hands with 'em
eat their flesh or honey

dress them in uniforms
or fight them for money

the boundary issue
is *not* the territory:

the pocket atlas ends all speculation
a series of pale dashes marks the Parkway---

The Ballad of the Man in the White Spot

To create a catchment for the blood
separate the lead from the egg
strain salt through the mud
sop gravy with a heel you've begged

Spring we're still inhaling ornaments
Value Village tight with easter grails & pails
pulling tinsel through our fundamentals
flossing with electric eels

This biscuit tastes of creosote
its a stratiagraphic morsel
a puck in a vice on rice is nice
for packing plaster on the torso

Work it with a bent skate key
while acknowledging long math
let's sift this stretch of crumbtray beach
as if our habits formed a path

Then its "*later...*" like the kids say
trailing off on ceramic shins
over links, tussocks & hard-step curbs
using their hands as fins

The Ballad of the Man in the White Lunch

Former site of
the last lumpless oatmeal
east of the Occident

lodge toast & oleo
curled into a cone
& softened wi' tea

reach through the bars
of a nectarine crate
giant single White Man dreadlock

brushes blood from the marble
passes the HP Sauce bottle tower
spears his *bouletten* with a pin

smoked oysters toothpicked
on the Greyhound to Terrace, thus
between the institution of verse

& the raw end of the head polisher
in November of '77
threescore & ten skins got you a hot tap

a heater, a prayer-blanket
of sky & all the fortune cookies
you could eat, vitamins

a cubic yard of steam inhaled
pivoting upward from the sprouts,
in the lobby a labyrinth monochrome

Electrohome dispensing
afterschool *Dark Shadows*, *Funorama*,
The Kissing Man, *Edge of Sleep...*

The Falconer's Tonearm

Bound a dime with a length of twine
plowed the licorice earth with bone,
load-bearing chords dropped off the spine
in shellac'd redoubts of Fonotone.

For the sake of us feral kids--
necks scratched raw in a two-horse town--
the sleeping cops of Michigan
poured out a can of Motown.

The thistled face of Jimmy Shand
in a flat of some small size
the hypno-coin of Frankie's face
spinning steamships past Reprise.

Brown Shanachie cottage
Angel feather frottage
this too is collage
as a function of knowledge.

Woke up this morning
began with a word &
a letter of warning
concerning a Bluebird:

though the weather around Fats Waller
obviates the squalor
it's more than I can say
for Dynaflex RCA...

Peter Culley

A Swarm of Bees in High Court

1. Nocturn/e

As always, there is
the black robe, the tock-tock of
its robust gavel.

As always, there is
is. Was and what will be are
perennial nots.

“As”—always there. Is
unravel the hems of was/
will be, (h)is huhs, (h)er tongues.

Not a, not the, not’s
mouth/tongue, not-woman, not-man.
Not arcs circumstance.

Not a not, the nots
of certainty drift stain
court hair ice skin us.

Not a. Not the. Not’s
not not. Not, knock open this
slumber of no sleep,

draw back the blinds
which the day to dailyness
maps over sense.

Draw back the blinds.
Bind bind and bound between teeth
of sleep, dream, and tongue.

Draw back the blinds.
Untie "boom" from car doors and guns,
days and market songs

Draw back the blinds.
Drawback what "just-looking" blinds.
Draw the black that unbinds

is from always Is,
here from ancestral theres, know
from have always known.

Is "*from*" always
the cardinal womb through which our
looking flies?

Is "*from*" always
the lodestone which aligns/mis
-aligns meaning, love?

Is "*from*" always,
though in us, between us? The
sheets and shifts we wear?

2. In/Somnia

Beside her, he lies
curled, a sleeping apostrophe—
punctuation of

possession and “o”-
“mission accomplished.” Again
to this sweat. Now sleep.

But not for her—sleep-
less eyes like black pools. Salti-
ness, then thirst for ice.

And another night’s
gradations of darkness be-
come the counted sheep.

And another night’s
darknesses like tar, like silt, like
steel wool coil along

the screen’s narrow field
of light. She wants to shout into
the sleep of his face,

to shout at how sleep
absents him, ab/dis-
solves him from/into

himself, *Pussy* is
condition –al, –ing, and –er.
And position.

Chromosomal, pre-
positional. Behind them
brakish water bangs

through bathroom pipes, through
the evening's t.v. tones,
through his cask of sleep.

She clicks the remote,
coughs into the dark and tree
of her hands, swallows

her voice back, into
the back/dark/spit of her throat.
Can running her

finger, like a hiss
along his clavicle trip
more than

parenthetical
affection? Full of sleep, he
pulls his husk closer.

Catone and Cattwo
meows meeoows under
the closed bedroom door,

while she stares into
the narrow 2 a.m. glare
of her tv, watches

the way she once watched
a boy's body, too quick for
caution and traffic

signs, parsed on asphalt.
A neighborhood boy

Tonya Foster

TO FROM WHERE

*I've been from several places and I'm going to be
from here.*

-- Alan Bernheimer via Jimmie Rodgers

*If you're lookin' to get silly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man they expect the same*

-- Bob Dylan

A breast
apes liver
four lobes
of unequal size
and length
Receives
no reply
It will
not cease
to be the case

Each
budding
a variable
political organ
atrophies
Law
forecloses

potential
Bobbing
for something ripe

A trophy
scripted
with place holders
shoulders
Hold them
steady it's all
possible worlds
doing locomotion

An elephant
has no place
in a human room
Land
upon which
land grew

Found to contain
grammar
of another
What else but
glosses
ring out
Stroking that
familiar light

Go to
the coast
See there
is no one
there
The name
escapes me
Voices
escape their speaker
Shedding
the cup that
cloaks

Legs hoard
what
holes them
In netting
fish gasp
Alone
through which
meaning makes
of objects
opposition

As it happens
was By which
nothing beyond
can One atop
the other

they

Their palpable
and real
form Without
a trace
Forehead
after forehead

The hands
of my friends
Their hair
Splinters Renders
rendered

One nets
signs
The money
is alive
Don't look now
Circuits

TO FROM WHERE

Them on bareback
flipping town
 just slow enough
 to see jewels

Atop
Hi The almost everyone
adopts a spreading pose

Bring the aim
Buy it up
and the rearguard
you know what they say
 is sensitive
 informal
 contains effects

This little piggy
does not hold a know
cannot be said to own

This one here
is a three part interview process

A graduate of the seal
 unbroken
The first to photograph a horse
 in flight

TO FROM WHERE

This operation is not a rehearsal
Secure
a flock of tycoons
for each individual
component part
an estimated five block radius

Grasses
sands
heaths and brambles

What is the form and variety of these acts?

hone and hone
till you can hone no more

Note the manner in which they swoop
strut and fall off
potentiality is actuality
will
join friends
in the pen

As we approach the vehicle
a shower of preventing
ducking into trees
and brush / the residence

There is force
and we were all like

plugging the hole all the live long day
and don't let up

Joined main body at 1500 hrs.

Alli Warren

Truce

Like to complicate my life *no I don't*

sleep all day full pail &

feather your hair grinding sea

for Texas decades

sure I might be a fuck-up

awesome fuck-up

No Therapy Friday

My landlord just said he wanted to

elbow me in the face

now bluebirds

chirp out maple shadows

bored of happiness

top cat and fish bones

all the rocks looking like rocks

Open Marriage

There's something great

about snapping

at clothing optional weddings

my sweat still burns

beautiful designs on your skin

like that Nabisco building

there, on the river

drifting so far away I forgot

true love's not gentle

triangular circle

High Standards

Christian spaced out, slowly alive

holding her wrappers

from inside night owls drag

knuckles blank leaves

ain't supposed to hunt cougar

smoke hardest stuff dying

glue two papers together

pig roast tomorrow

no fear, no envy, no meanness

Fisk

I think of you most
when Christmas
lights come on
the garlic up north
just growing in
doing the same things
pants barely on

John Coletti

from aAmerica

Having moved so far into exile that the glyphs in our vicious reason call for air, let me offer 2 figures: A and B. We don't know what A knows. Nor do we know what B doesn't. But in the unaligned, indifferent ether of exchange, their particulars are monstrous. A solitude built upon a circuit of privilege for the monsters' sake. They signify an enigma which does not exist except as the bald-faced cunning of art. A minor inversion, thinking twice. Yet art has within it a fructifying aperture, counting in the sea what on the sea is absent. A misdirection with the power to write. We keep it there, in the corner, the witless vacancy framed among the levels of its presence: I think. I must think. I can't think, etc.

•

Art begins in an anatomical route whose limit is the alphabet we write it with. It might be sleep, or it might be arithmetic. Syntax, in either case, to preserve itself (we call it love) in the skull of the apprentice. Its calculus of fat dominates the everyday in a woods of indomitable direction: One bears no truth. None bears all. Who enters the woods becomes superfluous (in the woods). The end of the woods is the distance it repeats. Content for the contingency dream. The deeper we inscribe it the more we think that what we think is a romance (nel mezzo) for digesting chance. The in and will-have-been within. If we think to know it all, we only make apparent how small all will be.

•

In this murderous form of obverse, glutinous life, we've buried ourselves up to our oedipal brains in Art. Art is the short straw in all its repetitive chaos. A signifying code in a clown's pants. Nothing takes its place. It's the future in which all our workless work machines think. The mistakes we don't make repeating themselves where each half is blind in the other half that isn't as we cross it off our binary list of binary things to do. Its language is the division of labor: one for the riddle, one for the wall, and one for the one who inverts them all.

•

We're born eyeless, which would explain the chaos we bear into the uniformity they (our missing eyes) impose. So that we (and art) coil into the incoming focal red sun to be construed solely from existent eyes, which are those parts of the world which place us in (or constrain us to) the other part, in which we do see — not that we are anything but blind in any way other than not being constrained further. That is, seeing, we bring up through this other part of ourselves that part of the world we would have be free and unconstrained. Which is not the case. This is: the assertion of the wilderness forming around us, which, turning in, preserves us there. To be all that is the case within all that isn't.

The machine is a machine in a double dream, the precinct for half a splitter's two sentences. It becomes what we say it is when it says nothing. Reason is simple. It's the existence for which we're paid. It's fun. This isn't. This is Re-do and Un-do. Where there're always two. A conversion emotion. In delirium, conversion seeks the certainty of itself, the double of no inversion. It's not even a sign. The impure power of never-one-but-two. Freedom, if it's not redundant, has to be the transformation from delirium to empty inversion. Hospital wrist bands with "I want" or "I am" or "How we wonder how we are two inversions in a jar." An abacus in a future perfect crowd counting its imaginary money.

•

The Broadway brain is impeccable, the message barrier in our plastic code. Its embedded time derives from strong, repeatable halves and alphabetical hobos leaping through the flames. It is the unpronounceable body of our limit, a differential incline, not a wall. An aperture blinking in the sun. On Broadway, we divide between difference and debris. The one out this window needs it. It needs an engineer to signify art's empty play. Act One: A & B blur past in two bags, one for each adverbial honey pot. This one for debris. That one for Ip's rants. And these for the storm-riddled terms in the Money Dance.

•

My monster has been delicious. All free play issues from an organism. In a single mirror, its two halves rage. We get money from chaos. Half of one half of none. The dream-through indices of binary work. While here, on Dream St., eyes demand originals, with their towers in bloom. The distance art inscribes in each perceptor's room. Opacity is its syllable. The half in which to bury ourselves up to our red, oedipal eyes. We see it in the inversion system between half of itself and each other's halves. The crash pattern in our two-person art. (One says what two cannot.) It wants and means. We are. We were. We will have been as nomadic as our skin makes us be, divided by thumbprints on both halves and thriving in whichever ear we hold up to the slender wall between them.

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In America, the only sure thing is that if something doesn't sell, something else will. A delirious want, making empty shelves bloom. It's a strange way to live, with its passwords, big familial names and frenetic perfectionism. But the under permitted reasons for being here also have a life. For example, Art on a train moving at half the speed of thought passes a canonical train standing still, or else moving in the opposite direction (a hole or black bag). How long will it take either (or both) to forego the present and fall into the limitless means of their inexistence? The answer is: a lifetime plus hindsight, a mind in a race with itself.

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Larry Price

Cover illustration *Butler Gone (Pocket Still There)* by Ernest Concepcion, 2008; ink on paper, 8.5" x 11".

The Recluse 4 was edited by Stacy Szymaszek, Corrine Fitzpatrick and Arlo Quint. The editors are accepting submissions for issue 5, which will appear in the future.

Typesetting by Susan Landers and Nicole Wallace.

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

All subscribers to *The World*—currently on hiatus—will automatically receive issues of *The Recluse* as and when they appear.

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