

## Double Venus

AARON MCCOLLOUGH is the author of one previous poetry collection, *Welkin*, published by Ahsahta Press in 2002, winner of the first annual Sawtooth Prize in Poetry. Aaron McCollough lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan with Suzanne Chapman.



# Double Venus

AARON MCCOLLOUGH



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*For Suzanne*



## Contents

National Hotel	1
I ARGUMENTS & SPURIOUS LINKS	3
Democrack Pistols	5
[org - a mild version]	17
The Anatomy of Melancholy	20
Eyelash	21
Poem for Jim Thorpe	22
Passenger Pigeon	23
Firing the Arrow	24
Memoranda (cc: Self and Soul)	25
Song for John Wesley	27
They Are as They Are	28
II COMMON PLACES	31
Common Places	33
III ESSAYS AND VISIONS	41
[log - a mild vision]	43
1.0 - himself	43
1.1 - walt	44
1.0 - himself	45
1.2 - a rube	46
1.3 - w.c. bryant & ( a rube)	47
1.0 - himself	48
1.4 - his will & his love:	49
Essay 1. A Day of Rest	50
Essay 2. A Day of Rest	51
Essay 3. A Day of Rest.	52
Essay 4. A Day of Rest	53

Essay 5. A Day of Rest	54
Trickster Hermeneutics	55
Time One	57
Stanza	59
Stanza	61
Stanza	62
Blues Matrix :: War Time	63
Shipwreck of the Singular	64
IV DOUBLE VENUS	75
[(0.38+0.333i) <i>ecumenon</i> ]	77
[(0.27+0.57i) <i>american man and woman, election year</i> ]	78
[(0.39+0.22i) <i>a hero and a patriot</i> ]	79
Resistance in the Materials	80
[(-0.62+0.43i) <i>jack spicer</i> ]	81
[(0.28+0.54i) <i>trustee</i> ]	82
[(-0.36+0.62i) <i>raymond williams</i> ]	83
Coffee County Breakdown	84
[(-0.62+0.43i) <i>nomas</i> ]	85
[(-0.72+0.35i) <i>sunday morning, facing westward</i> ]	86
Line Changes	87
[(-1.03-0.34i) <i>in the swash</i> ]	88
[(xx+xxi) <i>williams island</i> ]	89
[(-0.12+0.74i) <i>anathanthema</i> ]	90
Lefthanded of Blooming Late	91
Romanticism	92
Rhyme (Occident)	93
Eagle Mountain Breakdown	94
[(-0.5+0.56i) <i>chang ming, july 1999</i> ]	95
[(-0.52-0.57i) <i>summer: silhouette &amp; continuum</i> ]	96

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“Certainly no kind of literary learning comes so close to one as does this verdict of conscience: ‘You are doing to someone else what you would not like done to you.’”

AUGUSTINE

# National Hotel

the city in the poet  
is a fact  
the city on the island  
a fiction

the shadow of the fumes  
troubling the air  
is a fleeting faction  
swimming to the city

“beyond the sport”  
and steel and leathern  
fixings

touching  
the battery and bedsprings  
this is the nature  
and habit of waiting

or not  
daylight

the form of market  
dentist post  
collapsible chair

all these locks without  
the arguments

bees inside the paper tube  
like crickets



# I Arguments & Spurious Links



# Democrack Pistols

1.

it's all too much   extinguish  
the light  
of

extinguish

as if a little bit *lex talionis*  
as if a little bit Kant & Jesus  
    a pinch bat wing   I see  
our spells, oh, perfect parking spot inside us

I'm with Gandhi, Western Civilization  
    *would* be a good idea

My main contention: I'm with  
Gandhi, Western Civilization would  
be a good idea

Let's take a look at that -

    turn the wheel  
    visualize the wheel  
    nation we turn us  
    with determined not to be  
    *turned*

a dirty humanist I'm with us  
antipodal  
heaven/hell   hell/heaven

2.

“And where weer thow i-bore?” – “I note, I make avowe,  
... I axe that of yewe, / For I can tell no more but here I  
stond nowe”

3.

perfume in the lining

I a subject in the long  
(term) in the singed  
horizon as the lids  
would throw to “sunshine”

the traipsing gait-styled gate

that gives by organ way\*

the chime of light dements\*

revels reveals the dig  
as just as clearing skies

I-object I brandish  
the angle wing of frame  
of window out [\*

on the future of a wood

say the fainting strains

of orphaned hymn  
across the  
waters

\* that the extra-physical may be available to the eye only in a very limited sense and then only by the most extreme good or bad fortune

\* as some suggest selection continues

\* even at its roughest, my OWN situation

coming  
turbulence to hand to  
*better start paddling*  
what  
we stand on slipping in

4.

. . . you may joyn  
with us in this Work, and so find Peace. Or else, if you  
do oppose us, we have peace in our Work, and in declaring  
this Report: And you shall be left without excuse . . .

. . . For, the Earth is the Lords, that is, Humans,  
who is Lord of the Creation, on every branch of humankind;  
for as divers members of our human bodies, make but one body  
perfect; so every particular human is but a member or branch  
of humankind; and humankind living in the light and  
obedience to Reason, the King of righteousness, is thereby made  
a fit and compleat Lord of the Creation . . .

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e to  
star  
e to  
see

bird no bird no  
hedge birds no  
head of bird to  
no heady no  
bird no bird no

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