

Eckhart Cars

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It's enough to hand out bread
when you plot a river
for a swimmer in the Yangtse. "I prefer
the airport anyway, I prefer
a person who loves God," he said, but
if you drop away you're lost, and no one
meets you at the airport. Anyone
can place their eyes
against the pieces: "senses
drop away from mind, senses
will obey . . ." There are your knives
and forks, they were the knot
you cut, they can give you
a hundred dollars

or hundreds of dollars. I
blow this horn,
things change. Cranks
of the higher thought
thought about flight.
"Kansas City
has not been hit in the bombing,"
they say, "Keep your eyes
on the freeway, and come over
see us sometime." They strip
the world of things, as the
Live-For-Ever-Man
cottons on: "Yes, we caught them
with an unseen hook."

Faced with a careful selection
of chemical stews, commonly found
plastered to walls or pouring
over heaths, dunes, and stony places,
we should buck up, for perfection
equals normalcy, and we assume
a human power to exceed
the less heroic traits most valued
in our culture – and yet we still encounter
soil, food, and wood as if they launched
a complex illness, showing us a facet
of another truth, which strands us
on upholstery with qualities
of quiet introspection. We

can still believe here, practical
as cars. “It is right
we are true,” they say,
and in the speckled fight they seize
a little something—an artificial pond
smeared with nimbus, or a more
common crisis, finicky for instance
at those far high places
where the leaves shine wetly purple
underfoot. All those letters
still caught up—an all expanding
Thing
among the stupid clouds
and papers.

With rain. With sleet, in fact,
which still depends on stuff—
un-nameable, unconcerned with turning
specified, it doesn't speak
except where faith allows (for some)
a cloth to fall away. "I do not know
what nail to bang," they say, "I
do not know
how hard. But still I bang away
at nails and bend them
into shapes unskilled
and bang them so they're banged." Each
fills with news, and the sea returns
to graded universe. Even summer health,

even you—you even count
the future perfect (the hours
will have been evil
and the night—but everyone
believes in speculation. Find yourself
a single pose, a garden's end—
fingers clutching something—what?
Lathered pitch: here
and other places dwelleth
unto versions. How to hope
in exercise, office gossip,
even architecture? I found us
less and less
a cost-efficient question.

Receding yes and less
facted
than a smoking bank. It's
the goods alright, it's
all the same
or half same or shifted same
and ending same: jumbos
keel a blossom
stained by pedals, by
their pads, as roads
and pools and tenants
stuck in traffic lose
the thread
of what you did—

who? Said something—what?
Love and the critical edge
left idle, left
in homilies—lying
with their leaves extinguished
in the rain. Or
in the snow. Doesn't matter
anyway, dust is coming—not
a constable of drumming
but a parachute
unfurling, parking
near the joy, near
the sorrow
happens.

Food for entertaining
wolves and mud—the imbeciles
of myth. Overtones
of sacrificial victims might appear
among the pollinating carpel
or the buckeye ranging
catkins. Their blocks and towers
recommend a person
interfering with your solitary
tune, proven by a day
in the park, which seemed
to offer comfort then. Tired,
us too tired, too many runs
from home on my wheels—

yours—as we lean against
the dash and all the lanes
untangle. The beauty is
we can just go back across the street
and get whatever we want, anytime.
We entertain forgiveness
but prefer another cause—
this is what I think about in meetings,
nodding my head—“I like objects
human-scaled,” also
maps—more of us pooling
bashed-out brakes, ribs half-bowed
towards the new frankness,
opening another tin.

Did you learn to capture water on your
fingers (this is what I thought)—I mean, military
water—how it hovers over borders. How to make
our senses mind our minds—the hugeness
of the sky in trains, the town decides
just when to turn—what colour is it?
Sun blush, corn rick, ribbon yellow?
Driving flags to a city
in a city, meetings facing work—
the work of the gift of meeting—
each is real, but shoes get scuffed
on a plinth. They will seem small, like
the boring terror of a dampened habit
speeding through the politics

of city parks, or the fleshy beaks
of borders lending less than single eggs
in recompense for wings, or the same
slamming stones, or the winter-
softened earth. This is our start up,
not that trust appears
and is justified—but understood
against its own background, wanting
hidden pitfalls. What's your premier thinking
at that lurch? When the world—the trees
and lawns and summer clerks—when
all the details leave us stumped, well,
if truth be told, who can cast a pearl,
and who from in this territory stems?

Pollard

not of much
account

a mere hedgerow
by the wayside

blunt lenticels
relished by birds

met by sulphur
wing tips

paper pulp &
broom heads

within its pearly house
silver warting

slender bud burst
bristles

prized as they
kindle well

residing in a quality
of beams

spanning homes, stained
charcoal

bending the oaken
lintel west

a place of singular interest
to myself

that canopy
gathered in bark

for tanning
uphill leather

called forth
as seasons grant

a screen
against dust

a belt
around crops

planting young
blisters, waste

for the risen
alders & their

hacking out
songs –

what we do
with roots

sufficient to afford
every rustic

lathe turning
red & greatly

cherished for
gunstocks

which led to
willing consent

chipping timber
into flat green cleats

budding
a valued mast

at that delightful spot
an ancient veneer

commanding
the highest eaves

easily struck
from cuttings

above all, the shy
pastoral recess

through which luster
streams

ideal for carving
into plates

Extension of Standard Practice

at least for those who hope
 for overthrow, huge
resources, days after the attack
 easily forgotten, energy
supplies and strategies
 ensuring uninhibited access
if reactions are
 unpredictable, if used as a base
in an effort to achieve, in
 army manuals, in fact, it
wasn't even reported
 is likely to increase, key
markets, major drug-
 trafficking outlet
major energy reserves
 many people like you
and me, maybe worse
 official doctrine, often on a
shocking scale, should
 the CIA, should
the U.S., soft
 targets, specialist
on the region, strong internal
 radical, that's not the CIA
"uni lateral ism", volatile
 is right, Washington
is stepping, Washington
 might determine, we must
remember what is at stake
 what is called low
intensity warfare, with
 ardent wishes, with
credible evidence, with no
 objection, with official
definition, without letup

Pollen

No sooner does an impasse establish itself than plagiarism is likely to set in.

Ambition ruins reading.

As long as we stay with specifics we can only accumulate.

A wandering hand may see itself as playing fair by announcing its target in advance, but a true landscape never emphasises short-term precepts over long-term mull.

All books have their sky.

Most of us can barely even envisage the hints of a plus where warmth once won.

A selection that alleges increase is easier to know than anorexic leisure, for the former insulates the arms of public tags, while the latter merely poses them as lore.

Even when smoothness quivers, there must be something in it that calls out this feeling in us . . . which is to say, flat shares affect.

Most prospects are apt to regard secrets as not really touching their own aspiration, but as something exclusive and solitary.

On a slogan a waver perches.

An intentional structure appears most bearable when divided.

Whoever has a gift for compilation ought to be able to learn driftism like any other mechanical art.

Nice people make bad collaborators.

The pantomimes of critical culture no longer exist—but in compensation, all pantomimes now resemble critical culture.

A theory marches on its examples.

The hidden assumption of surrender is that there are claims and there are exits, and that we always remain permissible.

Some select a kinder weight for looking.

Fettered to steer, believing what the lank perceive, the vast majority list at glamour.

And yet we've just begun—true, although the ends are underfoot.

Demand is both valuable and easily understood.

In these circumstances, I would be shirking if I confined myself to a string of reliance; it was my intention to throw light on retrieval.

From our perspective, benefit merely migrates through sanctions.

There are many people who are too tender for theory, and too dignified for poetry—a tangible proof of standards.

The government of homilies is rooted in the family.

We always come back to the question of neo-linearity; if we follow causality, variation remains forcefully removed from engagement.

Many concepts are like the sudden meeting of two workers at the end of a long shift.