

## Daze

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*for Gregory Biehler, 1963–2004*



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“my mind is a shuttle among  
set strings of the music  
lets a weft of dream grow in the day time,  
an increment of associations,  
luminous soft threads,  
the thrown glamour, crossing and recrossing,  
the twisted sinews underlying the work”

— ROBERT DUNCAN



“What are days for?  
Days are where we live.”

— PHILIP LARKIN



view



## Apropos

A man survives a week to move into winter. It's a fair trade if you want it to be a trade, and the seasons continue with their de/re foliating, mostly ignoring the man. Time pops one bubble (itself) to wake in a larger bubble.

Or a woman dusts up her furniture in advance of an old friend/new visitor. She dusts the word 'cherish' until the surface gleams. Equivalency means loving a lot of things. "There now, we'll all be ready." The snow falls

and someone gets ready, a boy and a girl and mittens and soup and winter. The varieties of earth make up a kind of script apropos of aging. Snow would like to participate, but its aging happens so quickly. The black walnut understands this in the way it is next to the beech. They've been going at it with leaves ever since (someone etched them) Eisenhower.

I'm apropos Matt, who is apropos Matthew, meaning the relevance of letters to context. These amount to situations (letters) where formality leaps up and throws a chair. We write that informality, just the weathering of tombs under trees, within years.

And so the parable grows a set of extra limbs to keep track of the 'foliating of experience.' They move very slowly (experiences, the limbs) like an ent is next to the boy when he is sleeping. The branching of phenomenal rooms every day a Chinese box inside a box. The aspen tree brushes the window (a tendril, a screen) with a desire to get in. This is apropos intimacy,

where nature desires the intercalated 'cherish,' let it in. The boy tells me I am stalling and that's true. "Hew to experience, grow up." It's too many winters, or too much surface, a forest and trees and the small still saw of wants.

I want you, that's clear, but who are you? Nature desires not to be made into furniture. There's a mission in our mutually capillary action that has to do with feeding the limbs. They are the haptic zone for old friends and new visitors. They are a reason today (many whorls) and many tremors.

So my body remembers the aspen tree, has been trying to recapture that intimacy in gradual twilight, the gradual build up of letters, tombs, sex, torch songs. Such looking up via screens and books. Apron string sandwiches apropos with apse, which is true, the domestic wants a church in which to cherish others.

Now the appointment book lies on top of Milarepa (biography). This is in a basket marked 'recent moves.' There are threats. There are bills that mark the hours of pressing against winter. "He could melt snow through sheer concentration . . ."

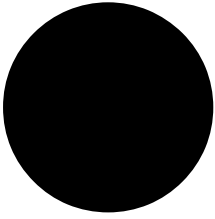
To establish a footing position the context of "the horror . . ." A charnel house in my culture that still wants a visitor. So many skulls in the system. Conrad is just sitting in the basket. Nothing falls from the sky.

The aspen reminds me in passing that nature trades bodies seasonally. Something does fall from the sky. We call them (“hello?”) names, bombs, radio waves, unidentified blue guests, raking responsibilities.

All poignancies are behavior given our Sphinx. Eisenhower liked dried apricots and figs. The hue of experience resembles the fruit we eat. Generals under trees, there are habits worth scorn and praise. Intercalation yields “O!” It’s in a book or a bubble where we participate with try.

Such is our maundering limb to tomb. The boy is gone, the girl is gone, the adult swim lacks a pool. But that’s not exactly right, the light, like a lacquered comparison to China, makes a box. Care is in it, view, a geography apropos slow moving objects, persons, palpitations. Without desire

the screen is a still white surface. We could melt snow through concentration, we could find a subject.



## Pigmentia

Mix the powder, bleed the toad, off the head to spite the voice,  
decapitate, un-day, I say, but then it's a bell, a yellow tulip,  
a crown of anise for the expectant sick child. Who is the one  
preparing the life not I? The earliest

of impressions describes family scenes, village hardships, a motive  
to utilize the world. Later, the palette becomes a need for merging stripes  
into agents, the little red house, the green bride, the naturalistic persimmon  
fructifying. By juxtaposing the figure with the town we learn to inhabit  
the sky which embraces both. More are the lessons of flight learned  
through prayer, even Gabriel gets tired, and the goat holding  
especially its horned gate. Call them and they come running, a forth.

Picture is as picturing does, a forth. When I am done flying I am a fleen,  
the Eiffel tower through clouds is a spike with the head of a swan.  
The poet is for the birds, a technicolor mirror. See how the pigment  
carries the weight? It is angels in flight that frequently.  
The book that you are reading is a building with eyes. One preparation  
is white, ready shrouds for the world to come. To remember the cross-  
hatch of a pond and call it saturation, atmosphere, finally, my lovely  
doubt, there's a blue I fall into just getting there.

*november*

wasn't coming in  
so I let it. Specials  
today, root vegetable,  
scaly skin

a zealot with his thanks  
to a narrow god.

Low percentage. God,  
you again

choosing nights,  
wearing the black shoes.