

Vacation of a Lifetime

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for Keston

Contents

I	Liberties, the White Wish Part 1	
	1. <i>For charity, she crawls through a soft rut</i>	3
	2. <i>White bubbled and spread in the hazard field</i>	4
	3. <i>Frost cells freeze hillocks where they</i>	5
	4. <i>Peace where her wound is, flapping like a fried egg</i>	6
	5. <i>White Wish</i>	7
	6. <i>The Former Character</i>	8
	7. <i>Their Xenophobe</i>	9
	8. <i>Foxgloves snipped from highway scruff</i>	10
	9. <i>How We Sighted Yellow Danger</i>	11
	10. <i>Save which he would destroy the land, send back</i>	12
	11. <i>An Ell Down</i>	13
	12. <i>Raped by constant indeterminacy, by which the empty sac</i>	14
	13. <i>Here, flattened and gored by the white rushing</i>	15
II	Liberties, the City Adorned like a Bride Part 2	
	1. <i>Driven to my office; he kicked out the split line</i>	19
	2. <i>Fine with candour, they plead</i>	20
	3. <i>The interior reflected a calm decision as pine covers</i>	21
	4. <i>From their tangled midst one shudder rises</i>	22
	5. <i>Short of sanitary hopes what drives us into that</i>	23
	6. <i>Waiting, waiting for sleep's daring end with you</i>	24
	7. <i>So catch up with them in the emptied cities help</i>	25
	8. <i>Hopes for managed care stagger up</i>	26
	9. <i>A slow hope, a casual feed, this is how</i>	27
	10. <i>Distance is a trance of clarity, a wish to elongate the will</i>	28
	11. <i>By the time of that voice-incision we're nearly</i>	29
	12. <i>Disappointment is a ruptured omen, a fragment</i>	30

13. <i>Darling of the hour meets on television</i>	31
14. <i>Packet of the last seconds wins again. Heaven</i>	32
15. <i>Empty as a factory, the actress begs another</i>	33
16. <i>Look to your foe for relief. If he is not my enemy</i>	34
17. <i>Recognition costs the dream of completion, spinning</i>	35
18. <i>I've been Between taking witnesses for</i>	36
19. <i>Some live to evade, to creep over the ground</i>	37
20. <i>Spurning disaster by consistency at my</i>	38
21. <i>Write whore there on that white cheek where health</i>	39
22. <i>With this I snap a brittle workday over my knee</i>	40
23. <i>No news but gladness uncurls a blank fist on its shoulder</i>	41
24. <i>Contentment came to form in my mouth, majesty recurred</i>	42
25. <i>Beneficence, that lenient god in corners. Collect</i>	43
26. <i>The thrill seeps out generally, peppering the soil</i>	44
27. <i>A fight crackles on the rutted street</i>	45
28. <i>A few feathers cling to the corner of the door. We have shut</i>	46

III The Torpedo of Excess

Pornopolis	49
Spoken For	51
Perpendicular Twins	52
Dreamcast	54
Ode to the Listserve	55
Ali 1 & 2	56
Later That Day	57
Pulse, Station, Band	58
Feeding Lola's Brother	59
Function of the Commonwealth and Overseas Trust	60
Girl Talk	61
The Vacant Embassy	62
Hard on Soft Fatal	63
Little Miss Wanna	64

Quilted for Comfort	65
They Come to Us in Dream (O Jezza)	66
am I some kind of legionnaire?	68
Plead with Me	70
Park American Dream	71
Plan for a Double	72
Threnody	73
Chalk	74
Tri-state Forecast	75
Song (for Florida)	76
Common Decency	78
The Pledge of Allegiance	80
Inaugural Weekend	82
Playing the Honey-pot	83
Migration	84
Fold and Release	85
Notice to Existing Customers	86
IV Seasonals 9b-0z	
All Souls seasonal 9b	88
Remembrance seasonal 9d	91
5 November 9f	93
Post Festen e	94
Scaffold Pike 9j	96
Play Patience, Christmas seasonal 9z-1	99
New Year oa	101
Sleeper: Valentine oc	104
Spring Seasonal oh	107
Ash Wednesday Seasonal oi	109
Britain reciprocate Zimbabwe	111
May Day/ok	113
	115

Solstice in the Highlands, om	117
July 4 is on seasonal	119
Faculty Meeting: Item 5.op, Bedwetting	121
Anticipating One August oq	123
6 August: Hiroshima Day; Tenth Anniversary of Sanctions.	
7 August: Birthdate of Mata Hari	125
The Birthday Party os	127
The End of: Seasonal oz	129

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I Liberties, the White Wish *Part 1*

That vertue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evill, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank vertue, not a pure; her whitenesse is but an excrementall whitenesse ...'

1.

For charity, she crawls through a soft rut
rating the speed of the clip; mare's
tails race rattling her, her eyes drip their fuel
into the gaping bed of yellow rape and its cobalt border

that swims with estrangement.

Within a bank of weeds cold as snapped beans, each
digit of its growth tipped with arctic green, her hand
is dry and whitened by his hand. From the rampant manger

where this slope is bound, by the chrome-white of the
river bend, he feeds her, his hand turning to bone on her
tongue. Then brown-out of traffic, tracks grey and curl,
both above and within these weeds a change to latency:

to fear by the molars a white latch, terminate
spasmodic wildness. She hates and washes her
body's frenzy for splashes of vice in white
jetting from the mouth of his horse.

2.

White bubbled and spread in the hazard field,
blowing a perpetual accident into a unifying
glass container. Which claimed further space

through news of her inclination. Station empty
beyond dust scattered into excremental
billows. She goes there, she cannot get in it, it is

a breaker to her. Moving towards
an apology for blankness as waste
if not wasted in a metastatic trance,

floating poison towards what's oblique. We wish.
It's something. White cracked and scattered,
its permanent dissipation was though loss

at least within her and her wreck
loved its unity, its contours
moving over themselves gave her rise.

3.

Frost cells freeze hillocks where they
crest, panoramic weed, cold as halogen scratches

on the bulge of her lactating eye.
Wanting fails to blow off a gas it

codes weeds as public travesty, or buckle the
silver band of a member river. Privacy, mocked,

re-clips her stomacher breathing as she does so
raggedly. Smooth skin filaments, admit it;

mud freezes the empty ankle tracks
where she was grabbed and returned later limping.

The old men on staff, released from their duties,
lock up oars, wait, mock her quiet version

from the porches. There is no settlement before.
Even now shoved by laxity of conceit: the plunge, from

barbs of sick weeds and wet
soil this erotic longing is tilled,

pooling at a ha-ha before that bank of weeds.

4.

Peace where her wound is, flapping like a fried egg.
It puckers toxic bubbles whose odour leaks
spreading a memory over hyper-yellow spikes of ambition. It
makes nothing of her, nor of the face frozen in wood.

Because we relish process, washing her inbuilt concept
box she must pace through process. Her wish
to seep patiently into that burst flesh be remedy
to its skittish sickness, she does not.

Instead, saw grass sucked through hopes
of earning a changed virtue by loyalty. To vanish
into it laboriously—an incessancy that seems
different, a clip to limp the gold flow.

To fake testing as alibi for lust. Where suns blaze
they boil cells holding the bud open, beautify
a toilsome wound. Peace which drew her to its
bright flesh pulps and pulses with no entry.

5. White Wish

Condescend to acknowledge joints
still glowing yellow-hot though no
longer dangerously, sad
not for him but for his manger stormed, burnt
for its fresh endless stocks. I say so though
I no longer believe it and that wish puckers
like a blister in my multiplex gut.
If it bursts when cool untie the expert,

who believed in it, cheaply. See how milk
pours from the cold solder,
we are never afraid or eaten with loathing.

6. The Former Character

With child in the back, where are her
clippings of virtue in mind. As ragged
as slips they torment that mind
blowsy with a wish on her
only son, who gets scraps off
the marbled bed-book.

Indeed each time I come here I hope
I come into the body into which I am
stricken like straws into brick;
laying an ambient carpet not
with marbled yellow of my fat but
with my virtue, in mind;

by gluttony for fluids alone this hand
rubbing the white throat flat into
oblivion. I couldn't say.
Needless to say he is always also here.

Inscribing on ideal dissolution by
inexorable physical power, my hero.