

## My Thieves

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Also by Ethan Paquin

*The Violence* (Ahsahta Press, 2005)

*Accumululus* (Salt, 2003)

*The Makeshift* (UK: Stride, 2002)

# My Thieves

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CAMBRIDGE

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## Contents

### MY THIEVES

My Thieves	3
Lax Lax	14
Guidance	16
What is Language? [I]	18
What is Language? [II]	20
Wherefore Breeze?	21
Simplicity	22
“Simplicity” through the Logotex	23
Missive	24

### MORE OF THE MONOLOGUE

Scathalogue	27
Towers of Buffalo	29
Yes, I am an Artist	30
Adolph Gottlieb to the Little Animals	31
Brother	32
Tigers	33
Why Do I Wait for the Thunder Nightly	34
I Found the Reason for the Tree	35
Blue Composition Bombing	36
Ekphratica	38

### CONTINAE

Stills	48
Nothing But Setting Out	49
Beautiful Nighttime Churches	50

Modillion Modillion Modillion	52
Axis of Minimal	53
Hampton	54
Towrd a Shoreline	64
The Exhibit	65
Interpolation of Friend and Objects in a Landscape	70
Dream	72
Processes (Overheardings)	73
Asteral (Lyric-like #1)	75
You just Keep Going (Tong'Len #1)	76
Man Singing in Vermont (Lyric-like #2)	78
Dissituation (Lyric-like #3)	79
Looking Out a Window (Tong'Len #2)	80
Event of Chains	81
DARK TRACTS	
Grandmother Poem	85
Musée Picasso	86
Rivers and Oceans	89
So You Want to Be a Sailor	92
Bells from the Courtyard	93
Go Toward the Window	96
Where Has the Pastoral Gone?	97
Ekphratic Particulates	104
Rocky Coast, Maine, March 1975	108
Water Colour	110
Thief of Shells	111

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*Forklift, Ohio*: “[we start with who . . .]”, “[dogs are in the mirror . . .]”

*Incliner*: “I Found the Reason for the Tree”

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“Toward a Shoreline”

*Parthenon West Review*: “Stills”

*Sentence*: “Towers of Buffalo”

*Verse*: “Hampton”

In online journals:

*Cordite*: “Asteral”

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# My Thieves



# My Thieves

I.

My thieves are letters and words  
that like wheelbarrows  
cart bits of me off and then, FLIP!,  
and over an edge—like into a sea,

something like that.

I do the dumping on my own,  
the pushing the wheelbarrow,

the sanctioning the carting

the colouring the sea seaish colours

the caring about the sea at all!

Spanning the edge with a thread in dark spare-times  
to measure the guts of the thing,

*across the belly of the globe thrice and then to Jupiter*  
the length of a brain decrumped

and: the colour of the brain darker as the words seep in

II.

I debated an epigraph, perhaps one in Greek,  
Greece from which I descend, via my mother, *mater*,  
perhaps one in French, France from which I descend,  
via *mon pere*, perhaps even one in Finnish, or even . . .

a subterfuged language . . .

nautical in its ways, looking like cord when transcribed.

I decided against the epigraph. Too much language,  
violent

thieving me

*Whoest am I*

No question for God; a question  
for the human urge to speak,  
and whatever compellor it is  
driving the  
spoken

*ah, wheels*

would that the world fleest its riper years then  
all this loudesse to vanish and I to ponder . . .  
issues of sleepe  
in a silenter time

III.

*Oratio persona.*—

make mine not a glutton for language  
make mine not an eaten by language  
make mine sav'ed though eaten by language  
make mine through childrens' eyes saved  
make mine though a glutton for language  
a teacher of moderation of language  
—*a liar, I am madeth, and clearly!*—

make mine image  
    “subdued”  
as in “the last wine  
    has settled”  
as in when in “when in Le Havre . . . when we  
stared at sunset      undunning its brick”

issue me not via symbol  
via typographical flourish  
via the gimmick of the flaneur  
via expletive via the use of *cunt*

issue me as clean nighttime sky,  
    who[m]ever I addresseth,

issue me sleepe in a silenter time  
issue me poesie borne of a silenter time

*The poetry is not a silent animal, nor machine*

*The poetry is a loudness—no veins in shale  
but granite, yes, as there are notes in a symphony  
but in one observing himself dreaming, none*

*but in one observing his wife sleeping, none*

IV.

*I don't think you see the challenge in the paint  
you have chosen with which to fund and fuse*

*this thing I wanted never to be called Ethan Paquin*

Do you mean to speak to me?

*I don't think there are paints existeth  
for your hopeless goals—*

*to choose a life of language, O welcome deafness*

*O welcome dissolution Such is elementary,  
suchwith each sentence new digested  
out shat some original sentence,*

*instilled I did for purpose in thee,*

*shunned in pursuit of knowledge and pleasure  
by your awful hand, cleave the cock and ink*

*in pursuit of knowledge and pleasure, dis-  
solve mine original riddle and wonder,*

*solid-born Man, rotted and hacked and thieved*

*by words, solidity the granite ax'ed,*

*so many sullyng words to fill a sullied vessel  
borne of my love borne in my image*

Do you mean to speak to me?

As you wield words Do you not sully me?

Do you proffer an escape for me my dear

my. . .

There are only lakes, and all around  
me. . .

V.

[there is only me here]

[of course this text is sui generis:

]

ssh . . . a man alone talks to God

Rarity!

Man in community with pigeons  
with God's tongue between each's beak.

VI.

we start with who  
then we add [somewhere] end unclear  
then we add [somewhere] as  
then we add [somewhere] God, oracles?  
then we add [somewhere] be a brand  
then we add [somewhere] understanding that does  
then we add [somewhere] of awareness  
then we add [somewhere] unclear then must  
then we add [somewhere] are the poem  
then we add [somewhere] why then must a not  
then we add [somewhere] end. there  
then we add [somewhere] an  
then we add [somewhere] in means toward  
then we add [somewhere] better term? toward  
then we add [somewhere] itself. a  
then we add [somewhere] is a better  
then we add [somewhere] who language as an  
then we add [somewhere] an unclear end.  
then we add [somewhere] venue for a false  
then we add [somewhere] the poet, or innovative  
then we add [somewhere] false awareness that does  
then we add [somewhere] loves end in  
then we add [somewhere] there not; why  
then we add [somewhere] the poem be  
then we add [somewhere] poet, for lack of  
then we add [somewhere] term? a  
then we add [somewhere] of not exist but to God,  
then we add [somewhere] exist but to  
then we add [somewhere] and understanding  
then we add [somewhere] or innovative poet, for  
then we add [somewhere] a venue for  
then we add [somewhere] there are reality

then we add [somewhere] loves then, and  
then we add [somewhere] then, is the poet  
then we add [somewhere] itself. as a means  
then we add [somewhere] language  
then we add [somewhere] ends in reality, are  
then we add [somewhere] idealist  
then we add [somewhere] the gods, the oracles?  
then we add [somewhere] a poet who  
then we add [somewhere] are there not;  
then we add [somewhere] gods, he  
then we add [somewhere] brand  
then we add [somewhere] unclear ends in  
then we add [somewhere] as an  
then we add [somewhere] , lack of a poet

VII.

love ends at/  
toward an  
unclear end. why,

then must the poem  
be a false awareness

an understanding  
that does not exist

but to God, oracles

*then* is the poet, or  
innovative poet,  
for lack of a better  
poet, languaging  
an end in itself

[a means toward an  
unclear end

a venue for/  
of the false].

VIII.

dogs are in the mirror

no an unconventional mirror

does not mean I AM A DOG OR I SEE MYSELF  
REFLECTED

AS ONE

rather, the *Atlas of the Human Body*  
lay unflipped  
on a temporary table  
otherwise known as my ironing board

carpal tunnel, carpal tunnel

*Ethan Paquin is an aggregate  
of sinew and worn things  
that wrinkle easily*

# Lax Lax

*i.*

no  
bet  
ter  
place  
to  
start  
than  
the  
mini  
mal  
ism  
mal  
a  
prop  
ism  
dr  
glock  
enspie  
l's  
style  
mean  
der  
ing  
sun  
in  
ton  
ing  
pebbles  
—  
dribb  
ling

*ii.*

what  
do  
st  
you  
attempt  
to  
teach  
me?  
Robt  
Lax,  
how  
can  
the  
hermit  
teach  
anyway  
—hobb  
led  
by  
his  
hid  
ing  
ren  
der  
ed  
an  
un  
reli  
able  
nar  
rat

*iii.*

so  
a  
story  
of  
dis  
sip  
ation  
, dis  
appear  
ance  
begin  
neth  
here,  
for  
Lax  
doth  
sym  
bol  
ise  
my  
gam  
bit  
—o  
how  
the  
thin  
neth  
row  
of  
word  
be

caries  
of  
the  
stag  
nant  
pond,  
pretty,  
black  
as  
some  
gone  
shoal

or  
by  
his  
reluc  
tant  
narra  
tiv  
ity  
and  
nar  
ra  
tion

the  
viol  
ent  
est  
type.  
see  
the  
blank  
ness?  
i'm  
in  
it

## Guidance

i'm in it

— <a> wrote:

>

> E,

>

> Why do you like that painting—

> it is only a colour field?

>

> A

>

>

>— Original Message —

> From: "<Ethan Paquin>"

> To: "<a>"

> Sent: Saturday, November.

> Subject: Re: professor/lax

>

>

>> a,

>>

>> the oil is in relief, like lax. let me explain—my

>> professor friend teaches English and is a painter

>> in his spare time, so I think his literary influences

>> really shine through in his visual work. the way

>> the oil paint is beaded across the canvas is like he

>> read dr. glockenspiel and said 'I want to imitate

>> the monosyllabic via paint.' there you go...—

>> suffice to say if you place a paint decoder against

>> one of his pieces, you will hear an eerie banging

>> of coffins—'in here! in here!'

>>

> > to yr wellness,  
    > >  
    > > e  
    > >  
    > >— <a> wrote:  
    > > >  
> > > Ethan,  
    > > >  
    > > > I need somewhere to begin

## What is Language? [I]

*i.*

What  
is  
language?  
I  
want  
to  
craft  
This  
as  
simply  
as  
possible.  
But  
simple  
is  
not  
possible  
because  
I  
don't  
know  
where  
I  
am.  
Having  
read  
his  
books  
I  
am  
the

*ii.*

She  
Because  
she  
loves  
me  
Becomes  
my  
word.  
My.  
Mine.  
Love.  
Lover.  
She  
is  
my  
little  
day  
book  
full  
of  
my  
scribblings.  
And  
it  
is  
all  
becoming  
so  
clear  
— moon  
by

*iii.*

I  
ear  
-marked  
his  
“Page  
62”  
or  
is  
it  
the  
publisher's  
“Page  
62”  
?  
At  
any  
rate  
I  
had  
been  
filled  
Had  
been  
consumed  
Had  
been  
in  
And  
now  
am  
of

noun  
of  
another,  
his  
one  
grand  
text.

lamp-light,  
figus  
in  
morn-light  
—no-one  
owns  
herself.

and  
by  
that  
thing  
called  
“Page  
62.”

