

Book Made of Forest

JARED STANLEY was born in Arizona and raised in Northern California. He lives in the San Joaquin Valley.

Also by Jared Stanley

CHAPBOOK

The Outer Bay (Trafficker Press, 2008)

With Lauren Levin and Catherine Theis: *In Fortune* (Dusie
e/chap)

Book Made of Forest

JARED STANLEY



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For Meredith

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In memoriam Harold Stanley-Oda.

What Is Outside

Oleander,
Venusian shapes

I want all the weeds and old people
I can eat!

They were so exact about subjects
nothing gracefuller / nothing nimbler

than the heroism of weeds
and the old.

What could you forget in such focus?
I had and have no heart.
Daws, hungrier than I am,

screech for interiority.
Anechoic choice

to die of exposure
or expostulation
now
 and until

the scorn, not the songlet,
flaps and flies outside
in the laughing gas.

Town Called Mercy

for Steve Kramp

A certain moon-brown
in the cloud,
fleshly as a laugh

a little duct-taped earthshine
old antenna capped by a crow.

Movements, useful as a tarp ;
an even light
reflected in the narrow puddles
came blue and uneven.

I'm a little bit against it,
as though a breeze ;
sometimes I look back

to stare as a person, man,
loose-minded in the quiet near tangerines,
what for.

A mockingbird perched
on a plastic owl's head
over the top of the screen
through the window—

the bird folded up
for a second it
came toward my head
then up over the rooftops.

A furtive sheet
hung in an attic window,
slack and hung
in the attic window.

Seeing is merciful, see
the trees' doom-laden movement
in the slightest wind and fog.
Or, as is easy to say, merciless?

Even here, there's citrus
and unglamorous poverty
dependents hanging out
among the nameless trees.

A kind of announcement
in the weeds that replaced the grass
volute spreading from a cluster
of overspread beige.

Garage Sale

Your name spelled in objects
on the futon of a Sunday.

Two phone lines cross
a jay's trajectory, its shadow
opens and closes
crosshairs and augury.

My green left hand
wrestling with some knick-knack—
“you broke it you kiss it,”

says a lone gentleman
with a quetzal feather
in a Chevy's sombrero
sitting among patio furniture
clad in boy's underwear.

“That's trash, it's cool.”
One can just see the moon
behind a contrail,
its oceans bluer at noon.

A little fleck of paint
on the blue dresser.

A rake is imitating a typewriter,
scratching the word *yes*
in the dirt between the trees.

The tree's blossoms smell like crotch.
The whole town says “why not,”
covering their mouths with fig leaves.

Pastoral

Good and coyote-clear
cymbal clear.

The persistent meadow
with its yellow larks
unfair to speak of under
the likened-to-sun.

The boring grass
smells when it's cut, but it doesn't
say anything like the chatty
brambles in hell with the centaurs
and the leaf blowers
who were making life difficult.
It's easier to deal with
if you stay really still and quiet.
That's the law of the desert,
which is technically what the meadow is.

An eye whisper is a shadow, I think of trees ;
embarrassing trees that care.

“Ignoring all other kinds of country is kind
of like paying attention,”

you said to the book made of forest.
You just stood there,
the way any object with eyes
scares a nervous dog.

Joy No Joy, a Memoir of Sleep

A flare of birds leave
a trace in the cynic's mind;

flight is not skywriting
and

*seeks to keep
alive all
volitions.*

An evil, fire-close
to real movements

does not disappear
as even a sleeper knows
with a glance and turn.

There's an ardor to keep in our clothes—
warm against a weather-greed,

a genial snow/zealotry.
A wintry drag
dressed the ground.

The shorthand of the spheres
animates the fibers of our shirts
wilders us in clothes
our unlit bodies
connected lumps
compact a sense

a trust still there to come to
responsible in sleep,
for each smile and attempt—

gleam's the insistence.

The sun

beautiful and flat

a ring, a verge of eye's capacity

marges of the sleeper's inscribed notions.

Afore-mumbled

the interesting.

Just Like Poor Tom's Hair

Arcadia
you have a moon
that you are made of

moon grey
and copse-color
a far gauze
 lunaire, lunaire
motley with skin gleams
mere in its shitfulness

like Poor Tom's hair
a bric-a-brac attempt
a glint

to hide or rest
in the undergrowth.

White flag or heal-all,
you send me
kisses made of no

because I'm made of money
and don't care what the night is for
in the capacious branch shadows.

A figured owl in the teeth
of mama nature's last laugh.

Moon,
you can't win.
You're wallpaper,
a head on the ramparts,
or a compass of hinges
in a city's sky.

Free, free, free—
we are made of fire
and you are
made of cheese.

Fact Without its Heart

Dissolute striped forms
high-canopied pines,
where is the conviction
you were not made
to pierce, as if conviction
were the sky? Who.

I came to in excessive mist
unbidden in a belief

then slept in the guise of loam
but have never been of it.
Pines there.

I was bent up
to see how they looked.
Among varieties of care,
reason is comely and violent.
Character of gaze
of stream, soft and fond,
no thou in terraces of ferns

who could speak. Who might
let a mist become speech
all talking and COLD teeth

close to the mouth reasonably
under the smiling impasse.

I Favor Being Encouraged

Of things of things going modestly seriously awry
of pinches seriously modestly a mess of skin, and then
taciturn, benumbingly trashy, I present me, you
I pat I pat you, you go seriously gunpowder we

we come and play, and play, with me, me,
paw of the mountain lion, of lion the paw
of Manhattan the paw, of the bon mot
burdened oddly, and dun and dun and roan

and silently at the piano, roan, a living roan
indifferent and in Panamanian islands, reach down down
sit-in for less hours, his voice, then suddenly the site
of more-opened theosours, plural and tedious and tedious

what's more trapping our gasses, more tapping the asses
than that we can't wait we can't wait and die and come back
as fuel, as good as fuel, as Olympics mongers, as fish
ahead of all parting, oversexing, engulfing, engaging, oiling

all these ain'ts in my pain, greatness is treble edible trouble,
pull on my pants, I saw my vanity, I take five more pills and
more again, throwing horseshoes for money, the monumental
challenge of our time, is how this little more burden

is, then again, some babies some babies, some new ways to
heat our homes, to hear ourselves as we heat our homes
with babies, with attention, with air, with California wine,
food miles, broad and smiling person's trying to be right

trying to grow actual, trying to be right, being local, trying
the price of bicycle tires is going up, the going rate for trash
too cheap for effort, too cheap for light bulbs, too cheap for
gas, come, spirits of the mountain bike, come siphon my gas

again, come shift rapidly to fish oil, come fish rapidly for shit
my loam, oil, how they used to say yes, say yes how they in that
time used to say good, how they used to say good, and how
should how should what is the way we should say good?

State Park

Oh my people
you fennel, rocks and vandalism,
you fees, you gates, you group of kids,
you candles in the Sibley maze.
If I was a kid and I could run
out of reach crying
in the laurels, I'd follow
the gift, you gift, you public
private disappearance
you milk in a gallon, you risk
of hydrophobia, cutting your
feet on nasty lagoon coral.

I can't leave. I'll leave.
Of modest means, of rough sight
only a splinter you, you elastic mark
on my waist, visitor area, steep ravine
public private disappearance
toilets and drinking fountains
archery practice, tent's
heavy condensation.

You, a party in summer.
Dunes. The money situation,
no children to love
all the people who could know
pinnacles who could take you
for your fruta, you,
park and you, you're on your own
o you, hillock over the development,
marsh and drainage fully cattails you
palms, our sycamores, three million of you
tree spirits, can I edge ever closer with my
white room, nary a detail, all me mine?
Even Scotch Broom, you, transported in horse dung

beside the magnificent wooden brutalism
of you, native water fountains—
the water you don't drink runs
along a chute into a gravel square.
You stack of wood, soon to be pencils
you pencils at the end of nature
you number of unsolved indentations
you, on the ground.

Canyon Country

Db7

Said the chord
to the note diabolical.

My God,
your earth is a wobble
of desecration

& the needles on the trees here dry out scarily.
I do this for you, he says, like everything,
apparently,

and the note in his voice drops out.
Ursus Horribilis,
highly hazed the clouds.

I am righteous, sir.
I made George Washington into a mushroom cloud

and was Peavey Powered,
flute-like

among my successes
a white tail & a cloven hoof

mounted on the wall—
a wall of you
to be mounted to.

Thus dispatched, I was
saved from a tussle