

The Flowering

name some
below -
apple + rose
hibiscus +
sweet pea

The flowering begins with no flower, an age, an argument
for evolution even if an evolution
of God's inspired ~~and~~ terrible plan. Fern + fungi + marsh,
slow growing palms, gymnosperms ^{spread} rampant + ancient
and flowerless over the earth. The flowering
begins ^{with these} first, ~~sown~~ with the needle, fir spike, ginkgo leaf, the seed
borne naked on the waves of cone scales

+ hatched like the ^{up a small} ~~deflected~~ eggs of a lizard or a bird. The flowering begins
long after the protective exoskeletons of conifers,
the borrowed armor of spruce + young cedar, yellowwood,
Juniper, ~~born~~ ⁱⁿ harsh climes, begins

beyond the ears of bristle cone pine ~~born~~ ^{born}
before Siddhartha, ~~was born~~ ^{before Jesus or Mohammed}. Through millennia
of evergreen rite with virgin births, ~~the~~ ^{plants} ~~will~~ ^{live}
but, ^{eternal} ~~without~~ ^{the} ~~plant~~ ^{without} flowers, ^{still} no flower

scented or surprised the shadows under redwood, liana, ~~ephedra~~. But ^{the} flowering begins + begins
~~and the holy ones said this is a~~ ^{not a game} spiritual practice, ~~becoming~~ ^{becoming} from within, ^{said we will be like the lily}
^{this is} not ^{as} beauty to behold, ~~not~~ an arrangement or a self to contemplate

like a navel. They flowering is ^{pure} essence
~~essence in bloom~~, ^{being} without purpose, to aspire to, ^{we too will bloom}?
Buddha cupped the magnolia petals in his palm,
his small fingers like stems + said the flower

is wonder + love + the flower / bloomed +
said nothing ^{men} ~~any~~ could hear [but ^{said} the whole world
shifted ^{while} as pollen sifted over oceans to ~~the~~ land

when the flowering began + xylem + phloem
flushed their solar + soiled blood + sporophytes (apple, hibiscus, lilac, ~~pear~~ ~~blow~~)
in their own amniotic fluid like the embryos of mammals, ^{they} ~~flourish~~ ^{flourish}
blew across distances on bird wing + water + wind. ^{the} ~~flowering~~ ^{flowering}

~~scandalous~~ + pivotal caused the calamity of fruit,
~~tea + spice + opium~~ ^{these} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~critical~~ ^{critical} root of human suffering + desire ^{to grow}
the true blooming human endeavor: wanderlust + war,
invasion + trade, ^{all} ~~civilization~~ ^{civilization} + ~~that~~ ^{that}

it to be mortal + die. ^{And} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~flowering~~ ^{flowering} ~~that~~ ^{that} could never begin
until the flowering began in the spring + ended in the fall. ^{what flowers will die}

how will
this battle
long work
later when
flowers cause
war?

Flora fauna

I am

rearrange?
Incl a narrative
of going flowers
lead w/ mortal
+ die - to flowers?
+ die - to flowers?

pear
blow

apple, hibiscus, lilac
+ sweet pea

who will now flourish
they ~~flourish~~

I am the flowering
It was this flowering
so you may begin to grow

begin to grow
like a tree

addressing
us
us

886

* peaceful - they were peaceful
the flower

The Flowering

The flowering begins with no flower,
with fern and fungi in desert and marsh,
slow-growing palms, gymnosperms spread rampant and ancient
and flowerless over the earth. The flowering

begins with these first, sown with the needle,
fir spike, ginkgo leaf, the seed
borne naked on the waves of cone scales and hatched
like the unattached eggs of a lizard or a bird.

The flowering begins

long after the protective exoskeletons of conifers,
the borrowed armor of spruce and yew, cedar, yellowwood,
juniper in ^{places} all climates harsh or serene, begins
beyond the eons of bristlecone pine born
before Siddhartha, tall before Jesus or Mohammed.

Through millenia

of evergreen rife with virgin births, plants knew the wombless
but nearly eternal life without flowers. For still no flower
scented or surprised the shadows under redwood, liana,
ephedra. Yet the flowering begins and begins

and when by awe or design the flower arrived the holy ones
said this is beauty for beholding, this is a spiritual practice,
an arrangement, a self to contemplate like a navel, said
we must be like the lily that neither toils nor spins, we must be
the becoming from within.

And so they beheld and became and said the flowering is pure
celebration, being without purpose,
an essence to aspire to. Young
Buddha cupped with his small fingers like stems
the magnolia petals in his palm and said the flower

is wonder and peace and love and in the sun the flower suffered
fools and went on opening and closing
and opening, saying nothing ← *and said nothing?*
men could hear but the whole world
shifted while pollen sifted over oceans to land
when the flowering began and xylem and phloem

fluted their solar and soiled blood
and sporophytes of apple, hibiscus, pear and papaya

in their own amniotic fluid like the embryos of mothered
mammals who would now flourish from this food

blew across distances on birdwing and water and wind.

It was the terrible flowering
revolutionary and pivotal that caused the calamity of fruit,
tea and spice and opium and from these the crucial root
of human desire began to grow like a rose.

The flowering begins

the true blooming of our endeavor: ^{unselfishness} wanderlust and war,
~~with gift, trade, invasion~~—all civilization—and because
that which flowers dies think of all that's given ^{of all we give}
up in order to flower, how our flowering could never begin
until the flowering began in the ovary, in the spring, and ended in the fall.

is up we?

^{say this} ^{not this}
Saying flowers are not sweet + innocent thgs to admire + emulate
but possibly the root of all evil!
Also that the energy it takes to flower prob. kills us sooner - oh well.
Flowering makes you mortal.

Plus—a little botany lesson,
a little history of plant evolution
+ how it's closely related to human development of civilization

A pt I've never heard anyone really make before,
that not be very unpopular

2/12/09

check out
plants -
liana
ephedra

The Flowering

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Buddha cupped with his small fingers like stems

the magnolia petals in his palm and said the flower

is wonder and peace and love and in the sun the flower suffered

fools and went on opening and closing and opening, saying nothing

men could hear but the whole world

shifted ^{forever}while pollen sifted over oceans to land

when the flowering began and xylem and phloem

fluted their solar and soiled blood, and sporophytes of apple, hibiscus, pear

and papaya in their own amniotic fluid like the embryos of mothered

mammals who would now flourish from this food

blew across distances on birdwing and water and wind. It was the terrible

flowering revolutionary and pivotal that caused the calamity of fruit,

tea and spice and opium and from these the crucial root

of human desire began to grow like a rose. The flowering begins

the true blooming of our endeavor: ^{wistfulness}wanderlust and war,

gift, trade, invasion—all civilization—and because

that which flowers dies think of all ^{we give}that's given

up in order to flower, how our flowering could never begin

until the flowering began ~~in the ovary in the spring~~ and ended in the fall.

neither toil nor spin,

← correct?

new line
from new
ovaries?

ask Jalee abt seasonal
metaphors in a tropical land

flowercaplets 2 sp

do this one

The Flowering

It begins with fern and fungi
with gymnosperms spread

slow-growing palms

flowerless over the earth. Begins
with the needle fir spike ginkgo a seed

borne naked on cone scales and hatched
like the eggs of lizard or bird. The flowering begins

long after the exoskeletons of conifers
the armor of spruce and yew

the cedar and juniper begins
beyond eons of bristlecone pine present

before Siddhartha tall before Jesus or Mohammed.
Through millennia evergreen wombless

grew nearly eternal without flowers. For still none
scented or surprised shadows under redwood liana

or ephedra. Still somehow the flower
by awe or design did arrive and the holy ones

said *this is beauty for beholding* a practice
a better self to contemplate like a navel said

*we must be like the lily neither toil nor spin we must be
a like becoming from within.*

And so they beheld and became and saw pure
being without purpose.

Even young Buddha in wonder misunderstood
the flower cupped with his small fingers like stems

~~the~~ magnolia petals in his palm and said *peace* and *love*
and in the sun the flower suffered

fools and went on opening saying nothing
men could hear but the whole world

after the flowering began
shifted while pollen sifted over oceans to land

couplets -
more space -
plus -
our flowering
like other
flowering -
that
pairing

but get rid of
periods + caps

← not new
sentence

and xylem and phloem
fluted their solar and soiled blood and sporophytes

from new ovaries of apple hibiscus and papaya
in their amniotic fluid like the embryos of mothered

mammals who would now flourish from this food
blew across distances on birdwing

and water and wind. Calamitous pivotal
blossoming fomented its revolution of fruit

tea and spices and opium and from these the crucial root
of ~~human~~ desire began to grow like a rose.

That's how And so it begins:
the true bloom of human endeavor: wistfulness war

trade and invasion all civilization and because
what flowers dies we never think of all we give

to flower how our flowering could never begin
until the terrible flowering began.

From: Sandell Morse <sandellmorse@gmail.com>
Subject: **The Flowering**
Date: February 23, 2009 9:53:29 AM EST
To: "Fogel, Alicel" <fogelegson@ecoisp.com>

Alice,

I finished The Flowering. I was thinking of sending it as an attachment, then decided to cut and paste. If you'd like it as an attachment, let me know.

I'd love to talk further if you want. Love to learn more about your intentions. Also whether you're working on related poems.
Sandell

Hi Alice,

Of course I love what you're doing. I had to look up a million words because whatever biology I knew is long gone, except for the very obvious, but I liked doing that. I liked learning Xylem and phloem are complex tissue in higher plants, that their fibers support and store. I like being led through the development of plant life on earth. I like getting to the flowering which doesn't come early. We have to wait for flowering. And when flowering comes it's so awe inspiring that Buddha cups the flower, and the flower is "wonder, peace and love" and I'm floating, now, on a calm sea of made of the beauty of your words and of the flower, but now the flower suffers fools and I'm thrown, and I think that's what you want, but I'm not sure that's quite enough or maybe too much, because the flower keeps on opening and closing, then and pollen spreads and lands where the flowering began, and I'm not sure what you mean. I'd been moving forward, now I feel as if I'm moving back. Is that what you want? I think it is because those sporophytes which I read are a generation of plant with asexual spores somehow are producing apple, hibiscus and pear and papaya which I think are more recent fruits and flowers and are the fruits that feed mammals and bring us to the "terrible flowering." The shift here to "terrible flowering" gets my gut. I've gone from this incredible opening of flowers to something that seems to curl its own edges.

Now, I begin to have some questions. Is it the calamity of fruit that caused the root of human desire "to grow like a rose?" And is this rose the flowering that "begins the true blooming of our our endeavor: witfulness and war....?" Or is it our root and is it we who see in these fruits all of their possibilities? Is it our greed that kicks in? All of the stuff that we need to check so we invent religion and law.

I also have questions about the end—"ended in the fall." My mind brings me to the Garden, that's Garden with a capital G. I don't think you mean this fall, do you? If you do it doesn't work for me. I just think the ending isn't there yet.

I read a couple of poems by Elizabeth Bishop and Louise Gluck. I also went back to Be That Empty. Because, I want to say that I think this poem needs more white space. I think it needs to be more sparse. I have a hard time saying that. My mind asks, Who the hell do you think you are? But I'm going to do it. I'm going to put brackets around words and phrases I think you can leave out. Forgive me, if I'm messing in places I shouldn't be messing. I'm much more confident doing this kind of thing in fiction or nonfiction. I feel as if I'm on thin ice when I make these suggestions in poetry. Poetry is hard. But I feel as if I would be dishonest if I held back.

Now I'm backing up to where you talk about fools, the way you bring humans into the poem is wonderful. I can almost see hoards of people multiplying and spreading over the earth. I love the line about the lily, "neither toil nor spin." That's Buddha, but it's somehow—to me, a great toiler and spinner—impossible. But I can go there in moments. I like that a lot.

Sandell

The Flowering

The flowering begins with [no flower, with] fern and fungi [in desert and marsh,]

slow-growing palms, gymnosperms spread [rampant and ancient

and] flowerless over the earth. The flowering

begins with [these first, sown with] the needle, fir spike, ginkgo leaf, a seed

borne naked on the waves of cone scales and hatched
like [the unattached] eggs of [a] lizard or [a] bird. The flowering begins

long after the [protective] exoskeletons of conifers,
the borrowed armor of spruce and yew, cedar, yellowwood,

juniper, [in places harsh or serene,] begins
beyond the eons of bristlecone pine present

before Siddhartha, tall before Jesus or Mohammed. So through millennia
[of evergreen rife with virgin births,] plants knew [the] wombless

and nearly eternal life [without flowers]. [For] Yet still no flower
scented or surprised the shadows under redwood, liana

or ephedra. And [yet the flowering begins and begins
and] when by awe or design the flower [did arrive] (arrived) the holy ones

said this is beauty for beholding, this is a spiritual practice, (This phrase jars my ear.)
a better self to contemplate like a navel, said

we must be like the lily, neither toil nor spin, we must be
the becoming from within.

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shifted finally while pollen sifted over oceans to land

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flowering, revolutionary and pivotal, that caused the calamity of fruit,
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of human desire began to grow like a rose. And so the flowering begins
the true blooming of our endeavor: wistfulness and war,

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what flowers dies we never think of all we give

to flower, how our flowering could never begin
until the flowering began and ended in the fall.

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The Flowering Inbox X

Sandell Morse to me

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Sandell

The Flowering

In op. to wh sd abt the Arilum
"doing nothing more practical than
listening"

The Flowering

begins with fern and fungi
with gymnosperms spread

slow-growing palms

flowerless over the earth begins
with the needle fir spike gingko a seed

borne naked on cone scales and hatched
like the eggs of a lizard or bird the flowering begins

long after the exoskeletons of conifers
the armor of spruce and yew

cedar and juniper begins
beyond eons of bristlecone pine present

before Siddhartha tall before Jesus or Muhammed
through millennia evergreen wombless

grew nearly eternal without flowers for still none
scented or surprised shadows under redwood liana

or ephedra still somehow the flower
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a like becoming from within

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even young Buddha in wonder misunderstood
the flower cupped with his small fingers like stems

magnolia petals in his palm and said *peace* and *love*
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fools and went on opening saying nothing
men could hear but the whole world

after the flowering began
shifted

while pollen sifted over oceans to land
and xylem and phloem

fluted their solar and soiled blood and sporophytes
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blew across distances on birdwing
and water and wind calamitous pivotal

blossoming fomented its revolution of fruit
tea and spices and opium and from these the crucial root

of desire began to grow like a rose
that's how it begins

the true bloom of human endeavor wistfulness war
trade and invasion all civilization and because

what flowers dies we never think of all we give
to flower

this isn't it!

what flowers dies ~~we~~
this is how it all
begins + ends

we what?
we are desperate to
go on flowering
to take ev flower

Happiness

Sometimes I think that happiness is a very
thin veil, fragile as the body ~~men~~
it envelops

tearable

and I think that happiness is not
what I want to wear
but what I am

small house — as the body
it houses

~~where~~ I want to live
but what I am

then this wd be the only House poem w/ an "I"
(+ it sort of explains the whole thing)

big? nize

Tipped draft 1

AMISH LAUNDRY POEM CYCLE

The trapeze artist is a riddle, no one
without his costume, ~~your~~ ^{more} fantasy: clothing ~~Shadows~~
on a line, no net. Swinging darks, lights, ~~dark, light~~
~~Shadows like~~ perspiration stain his plain greens.
~~Shadows:~~ ^{plain}
persp. staining his b. to plain

Plain green of the fields, cornsilk rusts, cornflower
and morning glory blues, window-black and gray
and pale silo brown: strange fruits on stranger trees,
these tessellations in space: wrinkles in time.

*

Time to come down from that roof—boys being boys,
says the washed out blue woman, waving her arms.
But they stride the angles and tilt, all dangling
from their small knees under wrung-out soapsuds skies.

*

Skies and weeds bathed in so much sun, you would think
all time and wear, all stitches and form would rise
off the line, rise with the rows of wheat, the bales
of hay and sorrows, spread in the fields like ghosts.

*

Ghost in the meadow, shadow man, only held
up by these wooden fingers: look how he hangs
his head, shrugs his shoulders, not a single breath
of air fills his heart, his empty dark desire.

*

Desire, though you think otherwise, can't fill you.
Empty one, touch won't touch you, disembodied
one, and one, and one, only the unclothed sun
penetrates every fiber, erases dyes.

*

Pale Seeger
90 on May 3 -
a day to sing

emptiness
enspirit
✓ disembodied

empty ✓

Never leave you
never without you

Die here, outside, in the air. Not in the house,
 not even in the body, dispossessed or *dispirited?*
 disrobed, disowned, but by this weathered siding
 nailed with sunscraped hands: collapsed and splintered shed.

*

She sheds her skin for him every day, to feel
 what, undressed, her dresses will feel on the line:
 lust for touch, the holding in place and free fall:
 unfolding, disheveling, suspense, lushness.

*

Necessity says he must do the same, let
 go all these layers like bandages of wool
 and cotton that shape his phantom limbs of pain.
 He's a shell, a shroud, a wash hung out too late.

*

Late of an afternoon you might be lit up,
 seen right through, every seam and dart albatross
 or featherweight, a tendency, tenderness
 in an uplift, winds that will or will not blow.

(you)

*

Blown full of hope, then again listless and limp,
 like a sail, she feels deep waves winding round her.
 Wind twists her and wrings her dry, daylight-drenched, so
 she hangs by her sisters: wrinkled, drooping dress.

*

Dress yourself in the yard, choose some form, some shield
 so inside the body's soft and free of fear
 and allowed every color in the world. Shame
 would be only this: a life not worn threadbare.

*

Threading his legs through the ropes, he folds as she
 crosses her thin arms. No gesture's true enough.
 He's waving her away, wearing her away,
 beneath her fingertips, faded to a sheen.

*

She looks over her shoulder at the dimming
light, sees him hang back even from his brothers'
embraces, considers the wheat in the field,
the slackening of her skin, shivers and turns.

*

Turned up at the two edges like the first hint
of smile, bordered by lines and limbs of trees
and rooftops, the pillowcases, corner-clipped,
bow to crows in the corn, tension in the air.

*

Air: does it animate the colors, rushing
into them and then pausing for a second
nature in billowed blues and browns, like an arm
shoved through a sleeve—or do they animate air?

*

Air on its way—where? And weaving what unseen
pollens and dusts, what unheard-of places near
or far? Threading this Amish laundry with what
memories of mine, traveling hiddenly?

*

Suddenly ^{he's} you're vital again, slaps ^{his} knee
and laughs, and the worn paint of the barn does not
concern ^{him} nor the warp of the knotted pine
^{he} knocks against in ^{his} gusty, manic lift.

*

Lifting her line as sure and straight as fence rails
angled to the silo, her laundry ~~runs~~ flaps
like a horse's ~~mane~~ ^{mane} dashing across the field; its mane
a pale arm of sky, a pricked and clothed divide.

like the mane of a horse crossing the far field

draws tobs

405 TV
Gottmabeberg

Divided into the before and after,
 reveal and conceal, container and contained,
 these upside down women no longer startle,
 toes to gibbous moon, hands stretched as if to root.

*

Rooted in growing blades of grass and the past,
 she must trust the two worlds, to hang her armor
 like this, seeing safety in the strung distance
 of farmlands and fields, both ~~here~~ and over there.

*

There they go flying, bright and ethereal
 like ghostflowers and tilted maypoles, daisies
 without stems. Tent, hammock, barrel, net, yawn, drum.
 Bored stiff but gorgeous when no one's home.

*

Home is these autumn leaves looped over clotheslines,
 these rivers of flapping scarves, of blue kerchiefs
 and dish towels, these dark tulip stalagmites
 rising toward stalactite shirts, this single now.

*

Now a cocophany, now a jig, a puff
 of pregnant skirts, porcupined hems expectant,
 cartwheeling over juggling men akimbo-
 armed, who turn to look, then turn away again.

*

Again a hundred stork bundles or diapers,
 aprons, bonnets, overalls: hands down a warp
 in time echoed on the wind-etched boards, the pine
 and ~~the~~ pitch of wire, tangent, ~~woven~~ lines.

*

Lined with a touch of pink, a rakish angle
 of repose: a dream of escape or a game?
 Pinned down at one end, no end of flight in sight:
 A pinch of pins, released clasp in the balance.

unspoken

*

Balancing above the roof, outside, beside
themselves with matter and essence, they spy through
upstairs windowpanes, their little uprising,
their little needling a windmill, such a breeze.

*

Breezes take up the slack, patch the garden fence
with sprung stems and gathered greens tugging sunlight
through the dandelions, the geraniums,
children's clean underthings: blue and white prayer flags.

*

Flagging flowers pattern the flashes of red:
a storm of raining clothes, dripping sleeves and legs,
falls under bodice umbrellas—then a bolt
of lightning, a ray of slant light from a cloud.

*

Clouds crease the clothespinned sky in symmetrical
intervals till air bells invisible
bodies, so like what fills the material
of our own selves: acrobats on the trapeze.

The trapeze artist is a riddle, no one
~~without his costume, your fantasy~~
 without his costume, ~~as~~ your fantasy; clothing
 on a line, ^{not} swinging darks, lights, dark, light. ~~Shadows~~
 Shadows like perspiration stain the plain green. ← ?

Plain green of the fields, cornsilk rust, cornflower
~~blue~~ and morning glory blues, window-black + gray
 and ~~all~~ pale silk brown; ~~all~~ ~~unwashed~~ strange fruits or stranger trees
 these excelsations in space; ~~these~~ wrinkles in time.

Time to come down from that roof-boys ~~were~~ ^{will be} boys,
~~waves the arms of the washed out blue lady~~
 says the washed out blue lady, waving her arms.
 But they stride the angles + tilt tall dangling
 from their ^{small} knees under ^{wring-out} soap suds skies.

Skies ~~have been~~ and ~~leaves~~ ^{weeds} bathed in so much sun, you wd think
 all time + wear, ~~all~~ ^{all} stitches + form would rise
 off the line, rise with the rags of wheat, the bales
 of hay, ^{sorrow} ~~ordered~~ ~~spread~~ in ~~the~~ fields like ghosts.

Ghost in the meadow, shadow man, only held
 up by these wooden fingers: look how he hangs
 his head; shrugs his shoulders, not a ^{single} breath
 of air fills his heart, his empty dark desire.

Desire, though you think otherwise, can't ~~fill~~ fill you.
 Empty one, touch ~~don't~~ ^{won't} touch ~~you~~ ^{you}, disembodied ~~body~~
 one, and one, and one, only the unclothed sun
 penetrates every fiber, ~~dismantles the dyes~~
 erases dyes.

Die here, outside, ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the ~~stair~~ ^{air}. Not in the house,
 not even in the body, dispossessed ~~it's~~ ~~retained~~ or
 disrobed, disowned, but ~~along~~ ^{by} this weathered siding
 the knotty board ^{nailed in} ~~unscraped~~ ^{hands} ~~scraped~~ ^{siding} on this shed. ^{the shed}

~~nailed~~ with sunscraped hands: ~~splintered~~ ^{collapsed} ~~shed~~.
 Collapsed + splintered shed.

She shed ~~her~~ ^{for him} skin every day, to feel
 what, undressed, her dresses, ^{with} feel on the line:
~~lost~~ for touch, the holding ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ place + free ~~flow~~ ^{fall}:
~~unfolding~~, ~~desire~~ ^{discovery} ~~discovery~~, suspense, lushness.

Necessity says he must do the same, let ~~go~~
 go all these layers ^{like bandages} of ~~cotton~~ wool
 + cotton ~~for~~ ^{shape} his phantom limbs of pain

+ cotton that shape his phantom limbs of pain.
~~Even his nakedness is a shroud, a wash hung out too late.~~
 He's a shroud ~~But~~ ^{But} his skin's a shroud He's a —, a shroud,
 He's a shell, a shroud, a wash hung out too late.

Late ~~of~~ an afternoon you might be lit up,
 seen right through, every seam + dart albatross
 or fatherweight, a tenderness, a keen, ~~sharp~~ ^{sharp} ~~white~~ ^{white} tenderness
 in a lift, you don't know what wind will a will not blow.

Blown ~~first~~ ^{limp} again, ~~if~~ ^{if} hope, then again listless + limp,
 like a sail, like ~~the~~ ^{deep} waves winding round her. ~~the~~
~~twists~~ ^{twists} + ~~wrings~~ ^{wrings} the daylights out of her so
 she hangs by her ~~sisters~~ ^{sisters}: wrinkled, ~~drooping~~ dress.

Dress yourself in the yard, ^{chase} some form, some shield
 so inside the body's ~~skin~~ ^{soft} + free of fear yard
 and allowed every color in nature. ~~It would be shame~~
~~A shame~~
~~Nakedness's shame not to wear your life threadbare.~~ ^{haver}
 Would be ~~nakedness~~ ^{threadbare}
 Only this: a life not worn threadbare. 3

Threading his legs ~~through~~ ^{high} through the lines, he folds as she
 crosses her ^{high} arms. No gesture true enough.
 He's waving her away, wearing her away,
~~Adapt all~~ ^{Adapt all} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~finger~~ ^{tip} ~~tip~~ ^{tip}, faded ^{to a sheen} ~~to a grey~~

She looks over her shoulder at the dimming light, ~~sees him hang back~~ sees him hang back even from his brothers' embraces, considers the wheat in the field, the slackening of her skin, shivers + turns.

turn

turned up at the ^{two} edges like the first hint of smile, bordered by lines + limbs of trees + rooftops, ~~that have~~ ^{the} pillar cases, clipped ^{corner -} ~~away~~ ^{enjoying the corner} bow to ~~the~~ crows in the corn, tension in the air. ~~and~~

Air: does it animate the ~~colors~~ ^{colors}, rushing into them ~~its way from elsewhere~~ ^{then} pausing for a second nature in billowed blues + browns ~~like~~ like an arm shaved through a sleeve - or do they animate ~~the~~ air?

air

Air on its way - where? And weaving what unseen

now

~~remembers~~ ~~pollens + dusts~~, what unheard-of places near or far? Threading ~~this~~ ^{the} ~~smith~~ laundry with ~~what~~ ^{hidden} ~~memories of mine~~, memories of mine, traveling hiddenly? ~~memories of mine~~

in the hillside trees suddenly hiddenly

Suddenly you're vital again, stepping your knee + laugh + the worn paint of the barn does not concern you nor ~~the way of the knotted pine~~ ^{the way of the knotted pine} ~~behind your gusty lift~~ concern you nor the way of the knotted pine you knock against in your gusty, manic lift.

needles

Lifting her line ^{as} sure + straight as ~~fence~~ ^{dune} rails angled ~~up~~ to the silo, her laundry ~~flies~~ ^{duns} like a horse's mane ~~across~~ ^{across} the field:

~~like a~~ ^{a pale} arm of sky, a pined + clothed divide.

Divided into ^{the} before + after, ~~reveal + conceal~~ ^{reveal + conceal}, container + contained, these ^{upside down} ~~no longer~~ ^{no longer} ~~stare~~ ^{stare} toes to gibbous moon, hands down as if to root.

contained

④

Rooted in growing blades of grass + the past
she must ~~trust~~ ^{trust} ~~the~~ ^{two} worlds, to hang her armor
like this, seeing safety in the strong distance
of farlands + fields ^{both} here + over there.

There they go flying, ~~bright~~ ^{blatant} bright and ethereal
like ghost flowers + tilted maypoles, daisies
~~dark~~ without stems. tent, hammock, barrel, ^{net,} yawl, drum.
~~dark~~ ^{Bored stiff and} gorgeous only when no one's home.

Home ~~is~~ these autumn leaves looped over ^{clothes} lines,
these rivers of flapping scarves, blue kerchiefs
+ dish towels, these dark tulip stalagmites
rising ~~under~~ ^{toward} stalactite shirts, this single now.

Now a cocophany ^{now} a jig, a puff ~~of~~ ^{of} pregnant skirts, ~~parcupined~~ ^{parcupined} hems expectant,
cartwheeling over ~~men~~ juggling men, ~~with a~~ ^{with a} akimbo-
armed ~~men~~ who turn to look then turn away again.

Again a hundred stork bundles or diapers,
aprons ~~hundreds~~ ^{overalls} ~~hands~~ down a warp
in time echoed on the wind-etched boards, the pine
+ the pitch of wire, tangerine ~~lines~~ woven lines.

Lined with a touch of pink, a rakish angle
of repose; a dream of escape or a game.
Pinned down at one end, no end of flight in sight.
A pinch of pins, ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~lines~~ ^{day} in the balance.

Balancing alone the roof, outside, beside
themselves with matter + essence, they spy through
upstairs windowpanes, ~~make~~ ^{their} little uprisings, ~~their~~ ^{their} needling
their little needling ~~of~~ ^{of} a windmill, such a breeze.

Breezes take up the slack, ~~patchy~~ ^{patchy} ~~the~~ ^{the} garden ~~the~~ ^{the} fence
with spring stems + gathered greens trapping sunlight
through the ~~clear~~ ^{dandelions} ~~the~~ ^{the} geraniums, ~~the~~ ^{children's} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~children's~~
~~the~~ children's ~~clean~~ ^{clean} underthings; blue + white prayer flags.

lag

5

Flagging flowers pattern ^{the} flashes of red:
A storm of raining clothes, dripping sleeves + legs,
falls under bodice umbrellas - then a bolt of lightning
of lightning, a ray of slant light from a cloud.

Clouds crease the ~~strong~~ clothes, pinned ~~strong~~ in symmetrical intervals till ~~the~~ air bellows invisible ~~between~~ bodies ~~in the clothes~~ like what fills the material - 2
~~the material of our selves~~
of our ^{own} selves; acrobats on the trapeze.

symmetry
 intervals
 clothes against gravity
 hollows
 the material
 howling
 like empty
 acrobat flying the trapeze

ON THE LINE

—Alice B. Fogel

(based on a series of photographs of Amish laundry by Julie Alane Simons)

The trapeze artist is a riddle, no one
without his costume, fantasy: mere clothing
on a line, no net. Swinging darks, lights. Shadows:
perspiration staining his brilliance plain.

*

Plain green of the fields, cornsilk rusts, cornflower
and morning glory blues, window-black and gray
and pale silo brown: strange fruits on stranger trees,
slow tessellations in space: wrinkles in time.

*

Time to come down from that roof—now, won't you please,
says the washed out blue woman, waving her arms.
But he strides the angles and tilts, still dangling
from his slung knees under wrung-out soapsuds skies.

*

Skies and weeds bathed in so much sun, you would think
all time and wear, all stitches and shape would rise
off the line, rise with the rows of wheat, the bales
of hay and sorrows, spread in the fields like ghosts.

*

Ghost in the meadow, shadow man, only held
up by these wooden fingers: look how he hangs
his head, shrugs his shoulders, not a single breath
of air fills his heart, his empty dark desire.

*

Desire, though he thinks otherwise, can't fill him.
Empty one, touch won't touch him, disembodied
one, and one, and one, only the unclothed sun
penetrates every fiber, erases, dyes.

*

Dying inside is a kind of housekeeping,
another way to disrobe or to disown.
He's outside, airing by the weathered siding
nailed with sunscraped hands: collapsed and splintered shed.

*

She sheds her skin for him every day, to feel
what, undressed, her dresses will feel on the line:
lust for touch, the holding in place and free fall:
unfolding, disheveling, suspense, lushness.

*

Necessity says he must do the same, let
go all these layers like bandages of wool
and cotton that shape his phantom limbs of pain.
He's a shell, a shroud, a wash hung out too late.

*

Late of an afternoon she might be lit up,
seen right through, every seam and dart albatross
or featherweight, a tendency, tenderness
in an uplift, winds that will or will not blow.

*

Blown full of hope, then again listless and limp,
like a sail, she feels deep waves winding round her.
Wind twists her and wrings her dry, daylight-drenched. Now
she hangs by her sisters: wrinkled, drooping dress.

*

Dress in the yard, choose any form, any shield
so inside the body's soft and free of fear,
given every color in the garden. Shame
would be only this: a life not worn threadbare.

*

Threading his legs through the ropes, he folds as she
crosses her thin arms. No gesture's true enough.
He's waving her away, wearing her away,
beneath her fingertips, faded to a sheen.

*

She looks over her shoulder at the dimming
light, sees him hang back even from his brothers'
embraces, considers the wheat in the field,
the slackening of her skin, shivers and turns.

*

Turned up at the two edges like the first hint
of smile, bordered by lines and limbs of trees
and rooftops, the pillowcases, corner-clipped,
bow to crows in the corn, tension in the air.

*

Air: does it animate the colors, rushing
into them and then pausing for a second
nature in billowed blues and browns, like an arm
shoved through a sleeve—or do they animate air?

*

Air traveling—where? And threading what unseen
pollens and dusts, what unheard-of stories deep
into each other's weave—his worn memories,
her warring worlds, all unbidden—hiddenly?

*

Suddenly he's vital again, slaps his knee
and laughs and the worn paint of the barn does not
concern him nor the warp of the knotted pine
he knocks against in his gusty, manic lift.

*

Lifting her line as sure and straight as fence rails
angled to the silo, her laundry flaps
like the mane of a horse crossing the far field:
a pale arm of sky, a pricked and clothed divide.

*

Divided into the before and after,
reveal and conceal, container and contained,
the upside down woman no longer startles,
toes to gibbous moon, wrists almost rooted here.

*

There he goes flying, bright and ethereal
like ghostflowers and tilted maypoles, daisies
without stems. Tent, hammock, barrel, net, yawn, drum.
She's bored stiff, gorgeous when no one's home.

*

Home is these sodden leaves looped over clotheslines,
these rivers of flapping scarves, of blue kerchiefs
and dish towels, these dark tulip stalagmites
rising toward stalactite shirts, this single now.

*

Now a cacophony, now a jig, a puff
of pregnant skirts, porcupined hems expectant,
cart-wheeled over the juggling man akimbo-
armed, who turns to look, then turns away again.

*

Again a hundred stork bundles and diapers,
aprons, bonnets, overalls: hands down a warp
in time echoed on the wind-etched boards, the pine
and pitch of wire, tangent, unspoken lines.

*

Lined with a touch of pink, a rakish angle
of repose: a dream of escape or a game?
Pinned down at one end, no end of flight in sight:
a pinch of pins, released clasp in the balance.

*

Balancing between strung distances, beside
herself with matter and essence, she spies through
tinted windowpanes his latest uprising,
his temper needling a windmill, such a breeze.

*

Breezes take up the slack, patch the garden fence
with sprung stems and gathered greens tugging at her
through the dandelions, his guarded glance, weeds,
children's clean underthings: blue and white prayer flags.

*

Flagging flowers pattern brief flashes of red:
a storm of raining clothes, dripping sleeves and legs,
falls under bodice umbrellas—now a bolt
of lightning, now rays of slant light from a cloud.

*

Clouds crease the clothes-pinned sky into cartwheeling
intervals. Air bellows through bodies awhile—
spirit materialized for a time. We're
clothes on a line, acrobats on the trapeze.

Laundry Poem Cycle

AMISH LAUNDRY POEM CYCLE

from a series of photographs by Julie Alane Simons

retitle?

On the Line

The trapeze artist is a riddle, no one
without his costume, fantasy: mere clothing
on a line, no net. Swinging darks, lights. Shadows:
perspiration staining his brilliance plain.

Plain green of the fields, cornsilk rusts, cornflower
and morning glory blues, window-black and gray
and pale silo brown: strange fruits on stranger trees,
these tessellations in space: wrinkles in time.

plain grey, rust, silo brown.

Time to come down from that roof—boys being boys,
says the washed out blue woman, waving her arms.
But they stride the angles and tilt, all dangling
from their small knees under wrung-out soapsuds skies.

Skies and weeds bathed in so much sun, you would think
all time and wear, all stitches and shape would rise
off the line, rise with the rows of wheat, the bales
of hay and sorrows, spread in the fields like ghosts.

Ghost in the meadow, shadow man, only held
up by these wooden fingers: look how he hangs
his head, shrugs his shoulders, not a single breath
of air fills his heart, his empty dark desire.

Desire, though you think otherwise, can't fill you.
Empty one, touch won't touch you, disembodied
one and one, and one only the unclothed sun
penetrates every fiber, erases dyes.

naked?

comma?

You need to look at this
whole thg - it flaps w/o
the she/he relationship
in the 2nd half. Keep
it more human.
+ Or cut some?
+ - you?

✓

Dying inside is a kind of housekeeping,
another way to disrobe or to disown. *she*
He's outside, airing by ~~this~~ weathered siding
nailed with sunscraped hands: collapsed and splintered shed.

*

She sheds her skin for him every day, to feel
what, undressed, her dresses will feel on the line:
lust for touch, the holding in place and free fall:
unfolding, disheveling, suspense, lushness.

*

Necessity says he must do the same, let
go all these layers like bandages of wool
and cotton that shape his phantom limbs of pain.
He's a shell, a shroud, a wash hung out too late.

*

Late of an afternoon *she* ~~you~~ might be lit up,
seen right through, every seam and dart albatross
or featherweight, a tendency, tenderness
in an uplift, winds that will or will not blow.

*

Blown full of hope, then again listless and limp,
like a sail, she feels deep waves winding round her.
Wind twists her and wrings her dry, ~~daylight drenched~~. Now
she hangs by her sisters: wrinkled, drooping dress.

*

needs now time
Dress ~~yourself~~ in the yard, choose ~~some~~ *any* form, ~~some~~ *any* shield
so inside the body's soft and free of fear,
~~permitted every color in the world~~. Shame
would be only this: a life not worn threadbare.

*

Threading his legs through the ropes, he folds as she
crosses her thin arms. No gesture's true enough.
He's waving her away, wearing her away,
beneath her fingertips, faded to a sheen.

*

*us and black
strange fruit*

that makes no sense

*strange fruits in every color in the...
free to choose from every color*

She looks over her shoulder at the dimming
light, sees him hang back even from his brothers'
embraces, considers the wheat in the field,
the slackening of her skin, shivers and turns.

*

Turned up at the two edges like the first hint
of smile, bordered by lines and limbs of trees
and rooftops, the pillowcases, corner-clipped,
bow to crows in the corn, tension in the air.

*

Air: does it animate the colors, rushing
into them and then pausing for a second
nature in billowed blues and browns, like an arm
shoved through a sleeve—or do they animate air?

*

cut?
traveling
Air ~~on its way~~—where? And weaving what unseen
pollens and dusts, what unheard-of places near
or far? Threading this Amish laundry with what
memories of mine, traveling hiddenly?

*

Suddenly he's vital again, slaps his knee
and laughs and the worn paint of the barn does not
concern him nor the warp of the knotted pine
he knocks against in his gusty, manic lift.

*

Lifting her line as sure and straight as fence rails
angled to the silo, her laundry flaps
like the mane of a horse crossing the far field:
a pale arm of sky, a pricked and clothed divide.

*

Divided into the before and after,
reveal and conceal, container and contained,
these upside down women no longer startles
toes to gibbous moon, wrists stretched as if to root

almost rooting there

substitute here?

*each other's
threading another's laundry with what
worn memories, warring worlds, ^{what} hidden
unles?*

between 2 walls, hidden

*then ~~it~~ leaves
sudden links*

*traveling where? And threading
Air ~~weaving~~ what unseen/pollens/dusts/
What unheard of ~~places~~ ^{of} ~~into~~ each other's
weave ~~his~~ ^{her} worn memories, ^{pricked}
her/warring worlds, all hiddenly?
~~stitched in?~~
her warring worlds/
his worn memories*

5 there

*→ after weave is a dash:
weave — his worn m's, her
warring worlds — all hiddenly*

*
Rooted in growing blades of grass and the past,
she must trust the two worlds, to hang her armor
like this, seeing safety in the strung distance
of farmlands and fields, both here and over there.

could go

strung distance
trust the 2 worlds

*
There they ^{he goes} go flying, bright and ethereal
as ~~like~~ ghostflowers and tilted maypoles, daisies
without stems. Tent, hammock, barrel, net, yawn, drum.
Bored stiff ^{she} but gorgeous when no one's home.

*
Home is these ^{golden} autumn leaves looped over clotheslines,
these rivers of flapping scarves, of blue kerchiefs
and dish towels, these dark tulip stalagmites
rising toward stalactite shirts, this single now.

*
Now a cacophony, now a jig, a puff
of pregnant skirts, porcupined hems expectant,
cart-wheeling over ^{we} juggling ^{men} akimbo-
armed, who turn to look, then turn away again.

*
Again a hundred stork bundles and diapers,
aprons, bonnets, overalls: hands down a warp
in time echoed on the wind-etched boards, the pine
and pitch of wire, tangent, unspoken lines.

*
Lined with a touch of pink, a rakish angle
of repose: a dream of escape or a game?
Pinned down at one end, no end of flight in sight:
a pinch of pins, released clasp in the balance.

*
Balancing ^{between strung distances} above the roof, outside, beside
themselves with matter and essence, boys spy through
upstairs windowpanes, their little uprising,
their little needling a windmill, such a breeze.

herself
she spies
etc.

a little popping
the balance

latest
newest

Balancing bet. strung distances, beside
herself w/ matter + essence, she spies thru
colored windowpanes, his ^{little} uprising
his temperneedling, a windmill, such a breeze

~~weeds!~~

*

Breezes take up the slack, patch the garden fence
with sprung stems and gathered greens tugging sunlight
through the dandelions, ~~the geraniums~~,
children's clean underthings: blue and white prayer flags.

at her

→ ~~his~~ guarded glance, weeds,

*

Flagging flowers pattern the ^W flashes of red:

a storm of raining clothes, dripping sleeves and legs,
falls under bodice umbrellas—~~then a bolt~~ → now a bolt
of lightning, ^{now} a ray of slant light from a cloud.

*

Clouds crease the clothes-pinned sky in ^{alternating} ~~symmetrical~~
intervals till air bellows ~~invisible~~
bodies, so like what fills the material
of our own selves: acrobats on the trapeze.

show

~~we're just~~ acrobat

→ intervals. ~~the~~ Air bellows ^{our} ~~their~~ bodies
a while

spirit is immaterial
material for a time. We're nothing but
of a ~~self~~

we're ^{nothing but} ~~clothes~~ on ^a the line, acrobats on the trapeze

7

hanging on a line

It shows him alternating
+ her despairing
unresolved

Die outside, here, in the air. Not in the house,
not even in the body, dis-spirited,
disrobed, disowned, but by this weathered siding
nailed with sunscraped hands: collapsed and splintered shed.

*Dying inside is a kind of housekeeping
dis-spirited, ~~unhoused~~ OR to disown
another way to disrobe, ~~unbeknownst~~,
He's outside, ~~but~~, ~~the air~~ by this weathered
siding*

*

She sheds her skin for him every day, to feel
what, undressed, her dresses will feel on the line:
lust for touch, the holding in place and free fall:
unfolding, disheveling, suspense, lushness.

*

Necessity says he must do the same, let
go all these layers like bandages of wool
and cotton that shape his phantom limbs of pain.
He's a shell, a shroud, a wash hung out too late.

*

Late of an afternoon you might be lit up,
seen right through, every seam and dart albatross
or featherweight, a tendency, tenderness
in an uplift, winds that will or will not blow.

*

Blown full of hope, then again listless and limp,
like a sail, she feels deep waves winding round her.
Wind twists her and wrings her dry, daylight-drenched. Now
she hangs by her sisters: wrinkled, drooping dress.

*

Dress yourself in the yard, choose some form, some shield
so inside the body's soft and free of fear,
permitted every color in the world. Shame
would be only this: a life not worn threadbare.

*

Threading his legs through the ropes, he folds as she
crosses her thin arms. No gesture's true enough.
He's waving her away, wearing her away,
beneath her fingertips, faded to a sheen.

*

change the pronouns ?

The Moment

^{she's} I am still young and headed out
that evening to a dinner engagement on the upper east side,
wearing suede boots and mauve gloves, winter-spring, the city
curbs impassable with melting snow, the cars like great stones surging
whitewater swells and suddenly ^{she's} I'm stranded
midstream, nearly mid-street

but it's so easy, it's understood: there he is,
lighthouse on the sidewalk shore ahead,
reaching out for ^{her} my hand which already
^{she's} I am giving him, so ^{they} we link with momentum and
^{she's} I'm looking at him, his gaze at ^{her} me, not down at the eddies,
the way the highwire walker focuses ahead, so his gasp's
a beacon, open mouth a force that carries ^{her} me forward
toward him and his clasp bridges ^{her} me across the gulf

of slush as wide as ^{her} my life, as broad as here and now
where before is forever past and what's next
inevitable so, leaping, ^{her} my legs open fully
inside ^{her} my skirt above the warming ice, not liquid but wet,
not solid but deep, enterable as milky dreams
in which he and ^{she} I are present, riveted, ^{they} we don't let go
^{although} ^{her} though our arms bend close, tightening, his other hand
on ^{her} my back now as if for balance, as if expecting
the upbeat to begin our wedding waltz and under his visible breath
and staring back ^{she's} I have just at once formed and flowed
into ^{her} myself new against his bare hands, both of ^{them} us

standing face lifted or lowered to face
there where he gathered ^{her} me unto him, all the people shuddering
around ^{us} us like the motion of snow lapping into spring
or the evaporation going on inside because
this is the moment, the moment
we know each other and I do, I know ^{you} him
to be the one I will take for life, the one
I will grow old beside through the seasons, time

with ^{your} his round, steady, gentle face still young, ^{your} his
beauty, ^{your} his dark eyes, ^{your} his suitcoat
in our closet, ^{your} his hands on my skin again
and again, all the winter clothes shed there and then

^{beep} wordless, panting, ^{he} he lets me go, unbelieving we
separate, I turn to board the bus across the park
for a date I have no memory of, lose him, lose sight
of him, spiriting uptown or yet frozen to that corner?

she + he

you + I

← switch ?

he + I

← switch again
or half switch?

Maggie Hassan

Inclusion - opportunity - collaboration - bipartitanship -
problem-solving - bring in people from the margins into the
of com. + democ. → economic strength. Free the talent & energy of
everyone → all strengthened. "Rugged indiv." + sense of com. →
the ints → each strong & tall, singular, "connected as a chain at the base" -
(with range)
The circle - its margins, its heart

auger - priest or sower of seeds
practice augury - for public
chosen priesthood at seeds

Inaugurate
initiate, begin
consecrate by augury!
"in the stars" → in the birds!
formation for the fl of birds

for Governor Hassan

Let's take the advice of birds,
+ begin in flight. Not ^{as} one single bird
but ~~the~~ flock, the formation + flutter ^{one slight} rising from the circle
of mountains, from the margins to the heart, ^{each singular small ground} that we are
~~become~~ ^{turned one} become a common geometry of range + reach.
Let's consecrate the state of a circle, ^{the color of} every feather
on every wing, the ring of weather rough + sweet.
This is where we live ⁱⁿ together spiraling from rim to core.
This is where we begin, ^{on the border} bordered
in the circle that includes every point, ^{giving its song} giving a turn to each bird in turn.
every pulse + prayer ^{feathers + finally, all together} lifting off with the strength
of sky meeting sky

Slither
biped
chain



working with gravity
able +

oh, here
it goes

not only
to fly
in the air
but to be the air.

solving the problem of gravity by every ^{little} imperceptible
pulse + prayer lifting a feather ^{until finally}, in turn
all together, as one, taking flight with the force
of our collective ~~breath~~ ^{breath} ~~entering~~ ^{whole} the sky.
becoming

Inaugurate

for Governor Hassan

Let's take the advice of birds,
and begin in flight.

~~Not as one single bird~~
~~but as the flock~~

~~As the flock~~ ^{stirred} with one slight flutter ^{can}
and another / and another / the winds ^{spin}
~~open~~ into the formation. ~~Red, blue, birds~~

~~like that, let's~~ ~~clattered~~ ^{of} into one flock.

Let's rise ^{up} from the ~~mountain~~ mountains + move
from the margins to the heart
till we are all ~~the~~ heart -

~~the~~ ~~peak~~ grand or small, singular peak that we each are
become spun into one/
common geometry of range + reach.

Let's praise the state
of a circle, praise the color, ~~the~~ ^{the} particular bloom + sheen
of every plume on every wing. [Because]
this is where we live, in the ring

of weather rough + sweet, of ~~voices~~ ^{song}
calling from the cities + fields, ~~the~~ ^{the} hills + the trees.

Let's spiral from ~~the~~ ^{border} to core.

Let's begin again as we are ~~we~~ + must be,
able + free,

solving the problems of gravity
by every little improbably imperceptible
pulse + prayer lifting a feather

in turn
till finally, all together, / we ^{can} take flight with the force
of our collective breath

becoming the whole sky.

[becoming the song
of the whole sky]

Eng

drafts

Inaugurate

—for New Hampshire's Governor Maggie Hassan, January 2015,
from Alice B. Fogel, New Hampshire State Poet Laureate

Let's take the advice of birds,
and begin in flight.

Stirred with one slight flutter,
and another,
and another,
winds will spin
into the formation of one flock.

Let's rise up from the ^{surrounding} mountains and move
from the margins to the heart
until we are all heart—

the grand or small, singular peak
where we each nest
woven into one ~~the~~
common geometry of range and reach.

Let's praise the state
of a circle,
praise the color, the bloom and sheen,
of every plume on every wing—

praise the ring
of weather rough and sweet, of songs
~~called~~ from cities and fields, from the hills and trees.

Let's spiral from border to core.
Let's begin again as we are, and must be—
able and free,

solving the problems of gravity
by every ~~improbable~~ imperceptible
pulse and prayer
lifting a feather in turn

till finally, all together,
we take flight with the force
of our collective wings, their span

filling the whole sky.

~~airing~~
~~flying~~
~~flitting~~

lift



Inaugurate

—for Governor Maggie Hassan, January 2015,
from Alice B. Fogel, New Hampshire State Poet Laureate

Let's take the advice of birds,
and begin in flight.

Stirred with one slight flutter,
and another,
and another,
~~the~~ winds ~~can~~ spin
into the formation of one flock.

Let's rise up from the mountains and move
from the margins to the heart
until we are all heart—

the grand or small, singular peak
~~that we each are~~ *where we each nest*
~~become~~ spun
into one
common geometry of range and reach.

Let's praise the state
of a circle,
praise the color, the bloom and sheen,
of every plume on every wing *~*

~ because this is where we live, *> Praise the ring*
~~in the ring~~
of weather rough and sweet, of songs
called ~~calling~~ from ~~the~~ cities and fields, *from* the hills and ~~the~~ trees.

Let's spiral from border to core.
Let's begin again as we are and must be—
able and free,

solving the problems of gravity
by every improbably imperceptible
pulse and prayer
lifting a feather in turn

till finally, all together,
we ~~can~~ take flight with the force
of our collective breath
becoming the whole sky.

spanning

*the force of our collective wings, their span
the wing open becoming the whole sky.
filling*
*the fanning
span of our wings
becoming
wing span*

~~And rising~~ Down

long needs sharp penny

Leaves ^{huddled} endless leaves like ^{green nests} clusters of green birds flashing feathers
hovering all summer against the bodies
of trees so I thought

I must lift myself up

as if to a canopy I must ^{somehow} rise

learn to fly or climb and cling
to a fine line a needle a tine

I must learn to leave the ground behind

it is time ^{somehow} ~~somehow~~ ^{lost how}

to wrap and arc myself over ^{the topmost} ~~the topmost~~

to live like a pretty cloud of color

burns away time is nothing

I can hold on to I couldn't rise or reach I couldn't touch edges
only shadows

rounded and smooth ^{the} filtered sunlight strewn

down between the distant

leaves and I was down so far down I could not rise could

no longer fall or remember

how to love ^{in the heart} ~~you~~ only crane ^{up} ~~up~~ or crave upward

at the gray limbs swaying and veering

under the weight of all that green moist and clumped

stamped upon sky like blinders

it was like one long sigh ^{with me?} one suspended ^{all summer} moon one doubt

all the while

even the sun would rise

farther and farther away until the buntings gone

the goldfinch gone the tanagers flown the geese

careening south the cold bore down

and rain fell down as if to say fall

like this fall fall in love again and then

wind-volitioned or weather-sent without wings ^{without} strings

the leaves

came down to me!

softer + alive
alive + sound

sound + alive

like a nutcracker

← I like "pretty"

like a sparrow rise

the tips

pretty cloud but color

fallen?

not even?

at up stand

wild striped

no

or

Rocks

What is it that makes us love
smashing open rocks?

Those solidified fists protected smug dreaming
a finished self moonless ~~and~~ ^{ore} infinite.
Some stone cold buried ^{ore} history filled
then rendered truth.

But opening to daybreak?

A laugh in the face
a cave door opening cliffside landslide-
exposed. Arrival. Grail. Forbidden
entering. Rocks
with their textured finish
their humble hues their heft
of family portraits friends
who won't leave us collected
from landscapes where we
lost the ~~ability~~ ^{why} to say
yes or no. How we
admire their bestilled surfaces

suggestive of interiors we think

we don't own, ~~secrets~~
well kept from ourselves.

Smashing stones!

Our godlike
power to travel time to alter

geology with metal

tools and opposable thumbs?

To shatter ancient implanted permanence
into a billion nows a million

second chances refractive and jewelling?

What joy when maybe then

we too might burst eruptive through
and through with what the world's

made of us what trapped

and condensed us when we were told

some gospel irrefutable and into which

we rolled ourselves so willingly

for love.

Our desperate

evolutionary wish repeated

like a round ~~into~~ ^{become} rigidity our hard-

hearted coolness our rough impenetrable

skin around the muscled myth of nothing

but darkness or badness at the core.

Carbon dated, ~~fossilized~~ ^{fossilized}.

But to destroy it all like a lie?

Finally

To see inside and find

in a puff of dust

no father there no mother find no word
that named you no one
you want to be find only beauty
aglow and ~~day~~ bright
gem fresh beauty reflecting light
light ~~light~~
all your unlimited glitterings ardent in your hand?

Rock

What is it that makes us love
smashing open rocks?
Those solidified fists smug dreaming
a finished self
moonless and infinite:
some stone-cold pre-historic era filled in like a grave
and rendered truth.
But opening to daybreak?
A laugh in the face
of age a cave door opening cliffside landslide-
exposed. Arrival. Grail. Forbidden
entering. Rocks
with their textured finish
their oh-so-humble hues their heft
of family portraits friends
who won't leave us collected
from landscapes where we
lost the way to say no
or yes. How we
cradle their bestilled surfaces
unsuggestive of interiors ~~surprising~~ *precisely*
as ~~our own~~ *surprise*.
But smashing open stones— —is it our godlike
power to travel time to alter
an eon or geology with metal
tools and opposable thumbs?
To shatter ancient closure
into a million nows a million
second chances refractive and jewelling?
Maybe then
might we too burst eruptive through
and through with what the world's
made of us what trapped
and condensed us when we were told
some gospel irrefutable and into which
we rolled ourselves so willingly
for love? Our desperate
evolutionary wish repeated
like a round into rigidity become our hard-
hearted coolness our rough impenetrable
skin around the muscled myth of nothing
but darkness or need at the core.
But to destroy that opus that coating discard it all like a lie?
Finally to see inside and find
in a puff of dust

no father there no mother find no word
that named you no one
 you want to be find now only beauty
its gem-bright brilliance
 fresh and radiating light
 all your unlimited glitterings ardent in the hand.

Rocks

What is it that makes us love
smashing open rocks?

Those solidified fists protected smug dreaming
a finished self moonless infinite.

Some stone cold buried history filled
then rendered truth.

But opening to daybreak?

A laugh in the face

a cave door opening cliffside landslide-
exposed. Arrival. Grail. Forbidden
entering. Rocks

with their textured finish
their humble hues their heft

of family portraits friends
who won't leave us collected
from landscapes where we
lost the ability to say

yes or no. How we
admire their bestilled surfaces

suggestive of interiors we think
we don't own secrets
well kept from ourselves.

Smashing stones! Our godlike
power to travel time to alter

geology with metal
tools and opposable thumbs?

To shatter ancient implanted permanence
into a billion nows a million
second chances refractive jewelling?

What joy when maybe then
we too might burst eruptive through
and through with what the world's

made of us what trapped
and condensed us when we were told
some gospel irrefutable and into which

we rolled ourselves so willingly
for love. Our desperate
evolutionary wish repeated

like a round into rigidity become our hard-
hearted coolness our rough impenetrable
skin around the muscled myth of nothing
but darkness or badness at the core

carbon dated fossilized.

But to destroy it all like a lie?

To see inside and find
in a puff of dust

crystallized into (too pretty)

Rocks

What is it that makes us love
smashing open rocks?
Those solidified fists, protected, smug, dreaming
a finished self, moonless, infinite.
Some stone cold buried history filled
then rendered truth.
But opening to daybreak?
A laugh in the face
a cave door opening cliffside, landslide-
exposed. Arrival. Grail. Forbidden
entering. Rocks with their textured finish
their humble hues, their heft
of family portraits, friends
who won't leave us, collected
from landscapes where we
lost the ability to say
yes or no. How we
admire their bestilled surfaces
suggestive of interiors we think
we don't own, secrets
well kept from ourselves.
Smashing stones! Our godlike
power to travel time, to alter
geology with metal
tools and opposable thumbs?
To shatter ancient implanted permanence
into a billion nows, a million
second chances refractive, jewelling?
What joy when maybe then
we too might burst eruptive through
and through with what the world's
made of us, what trapped
and condensed us when we were told
some gospel irrefutable and into which
we rolled ourselves so willingly
for love. Our desperate
evolutionary wish repeated
like a round into rigidity, become our hard-
hearted coolness, our rough impenetrable
skin around the muscled myth of nothing
but darkness or badness at the core,
carbon dated, fossilized.
But to destroy it all like a lie?
To see inside and find
in a puff of dust
no father there, no mother, find no word

What is it?

emptive
reflective

That love we cherish
of smashing open ^{rocks} stones?
~~those fists, those forever~~
~~Amused~~
~~solidified fists~~
~~through rock~~, protected, ^{smug?} dreaming
~~a finished~~ ^{as self}
~~they are safe~~ infinite.
Some ^{turned} history ^{into} stone ^{cold}

then rendered ~~fractured~~
as the gospel truth.
Pucked into the vortex
of a ~~hardened~~ soul
But opening to daybreak?
Daylight flickering light
when turned inside out?
A forbidden entering,
A laugh in the face
a cave door opening
ciffside, landslides
exposed. ~~sexual entry~~
~~But~~ Arrival. Grail. Forbidden
entering.

^{Rocks} With their textured finish
their humble hues, their heft
like portraits of family or friends
who won't ~~leave us~~ collected
mementos of landscapes ^{where we}
~~never left~~, their ^{lost} ~~reparability~~
to say yes or no. How we
Admire their bestilled surfaces
suggestive of interiors we think
we might own, secrets
will kept from ~~ourselves~~ ^{our} god like
paver ~~to change~~ ~~creation~~ ^{after}
~~geology~~, to have time, to ~~change~~ geology
all that history with metal
tools + opposable thumbs?

to shatter ^{implanted} permanence
into a billion nows, a million
glitterings ardent in your hand?
What ~~judgement~~ ^{joy} ^{when} maybe then
we too might burst asunder through
& through with what the world's
made of us, what trapped
+ ~~hardened us~~ + conderured us
when we were told some ^{gospel}
ineffable & into which
we rolled ourselves willingly
for love, our foolish
evolutionary with ~~repeated~~ ^{become}
~~like~~ a round into rigidity, our hard
hearted coolness, our rough impenetrable
skin around the myth of nothing
but ~~darkness~~ ^{or} ~~badness~~ at the core.
But to destroy it all like a lie?
to see inside and find / a puff of dust, find
no father there, find no word
that named you no one
You want to be, find only beauty
~~yes to shine?~~ ^{aglow +}
daylight + flickering light, light, light
turned inside out + free
to shine?

too soon?
we
too soon?

Smug
Amused
solidified
forever formed ~~erupting~~
cold
stone
~~forbidden entering~~
carmeline
jewelling

After you said no

I still listened and even in daylight even in fall
with its sweet goldens and greens its clean
blues and birch whites the grass sounds
ringing like rusting wound strings or
sprung vibrations slipped
through my skin as if blood coursed
and crawled shard-edged through every pore and vein
cutting in

all external shrills
scraped and stirred each vital organ pitched high
each internal strand

stretched taut
black leaves were sinking
great distances from abandoned nests
in the canopy bearing
down through the limbs shattering
their brittle stems their breaking points
down the open mouth of air strung
with last wasps cold sun and frenzy
missing the ground to farther pierce down
through spaded dirt

well down the vertical cave emptied
down
to the shock of final bone dark
so silently splintering and all the while that sharp
unforeseen

stinging of insects in the blades sliced
through my ears through my throat my heart

reverberation
percussious
percussive

After you said no

I still listened and even in daylight, even in fall—
with its sweet goldens and greens, its clean
blues and birch whites—the grass sounds
ringing like rusting wound strings or
sprung vibrations slipped

through my skin as if blood coursed
and crawled shard-edged through every pore and vein.
Cutting in, all external shrills
scraped and stirred each vital organ, pitched high,
each internal strand stretched taut.

Black leaves were sinking
great distances, from abandoned nests
in the canopy, bearing
down through the limbs, shattering
their brittle stems, their breaking points—

down the open mouth of air strung
with last wasps, cold sun and frenzy,
missing the ground to farther pierce down
through spaded dirt
well down the vertical cave emptied

down to the shock of final bone dark
so silently splintering and all the while that sharp
unforeseen
stinging of insects in the blades sliced
through my ears, through my throat, my heart.

Now try it normally

I listened, ^{and}

Listen: even in daylight, even in fall —
with its sweet golden + greens, its clean
blues + birch whites — the grass sounds
ringing like rusting wound strings or
sprung vibrations slipped
through my ^{skin} ~~body~~ as if blood coursed
and crawled shaded through every ^{bone &} vein.

~~Cut in~~
Cutting in, all external shrills,
scraped + stirred ~~each~~ ^{each} vital ^{organ} internal strands, stretched taut
~~stretched taut, pitched high~~

~~Black~~ Black leaves were sinking
great distances, from abandoned nests
in the canopy, bearing ~~down~~ ^{as in} bare limbs
down through the limbs, shattering
their brittle stems, their breaking points —

down the ^{open} ~~mouth~~ of air strings
with ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~wasps~~ cold sun + frenzy,
missing the ground to pierce farther down
through ~~the~~ ^{open} ~~packed~~ dirt
will down the vertical cave emptied

down to ^{down to shade of} the ~~last~~ ^{dark} bone of dark ^{bone never was potato}
splintered ~~shattered~~ and all the white that sharp ^{you dope} so silently splintering
Unforeseen
stinging of insects in the blades sliced
through my ears, through my ^{skin} ~~throat~~ ^{throat} my heart.

I like
tunnel of air
but not for here

In the Silence After You Said No

past
these?
5 lines?

listen: even in daylight even in fall
with its ^{sweet} goldenst greens its clean
blues + birch whites
The grass sounds

ringing like rusting ~~guts~~ ^{wound} strings or
spring vibrations slipped]

Through the body is of blood coursed
and crawled shard-edged through every vein

~~cutting~~ all external shrills
scrape ~~at~~ ^{fed} the vital
internal strands
stretched taut
pitched high

~~Here~~ Black leaves ^[were] are sinking

great distances from abandoned nests
in the canopy ~~being~~

down through the limbs ~~shattering~~
their brittle stems their breaking points
down

The tunnel of air stung

with ~~wasps~~ ^{wasps} cold sun + frenzy

missing the ground to pierce farther down
through the spaded dirt
well down the vertical cave emptied

In the Silence After You Said No

I kept listening & listening

Even in daylight even in fall the grass sound
ringing like rusting strings or
sprung vibrations slipped
through the body as if blood coursed
and crawled shard-edged through every vein
the internal strands
stretched and taut
pitched high black and gold and brown leaves sinking
great distances from abandoned nests
in the canopy baring
down through the limbs weaving
their sinewed stems their broken points down
the well of air strung
with bee and cold sun and frenzy
missing the ground to pierce down
through the spaded dirt
and down the vertical cave emptied
down to the last bone of dark
unpotable and all the while that sharp
stinging of insects in the blades
through the ear through the skin
through the heart

scraped strings
each vital organ

power vein to pulse
or not to pulse?

cutting in
all external shrills

are
1 sink?

scraping
shattered

Even in daylight even in fall the grass sound
ringing like rusting strings or
sprung vibrations slips
through the body as if blood coursed
and crawled sharp-edged through every vein
all the internal strands
stretched and taut
pitched high black and gold and brown leaves sinking
great distances from abandoned nests
in the canopy baring
down through the limbs weaving
their sinewed stems their broken points down
the well of air strung
with bee and cold sun and frenzy
missing the ground down
through the spaded dirt
and down the vertical cave emptied
down to the last bone of dark
water unpotable and all the while that sharp
stinging of insects in the blades
through the ear through the skin
through the heart

with its sweet
golden & greens
its clean blues & birch whites
the grass sounds
grass's

my?

Oh the distance to return to her, the effort, the fight
to get back would be too much work,
too much self, too much other, to break

open her eyes. The screen door slams. She must wake,
or break free, find a trace
of the now that she loves.

Her mother is running. Elena is home,
~~passed~~ through air and arms. All she wants is light.

passing ²/₃

night

Two Stars

Between the distant
planets through trees
beyond the dark
southwest window
of our bedroom
two stars

and then one
star the other
now to the northwest
broken
loose and lifting
into openings

between leaves
between windows
one moving
in July
the other just light
holding

holding on as if
unbelieving
or wanting
or no
no

say only the facts
two stars one
a firefly
both true
both impossibly
far and as far
apart as I from you.

(first stanza, 2 lines)

stars & firefly

STARS, FIREFLY (and I am not) IN POETRY APPRECIATION

Two Stars

Between the distant
planets through ~~nearby~~ ^{trees}
~~trees~~ ~~indiscernible~~ beyond ^{the dark}
~~the dark~~
southwest window / ^{of our room}
two stars

and then one
star the other
now to the northwest
broken
loose and lifting
into openings

between leaves
between windows
one moving
in July
the other just light
holding

holding ^{on} as if [?]
unbelieving
or wanting
or no
no
say only the facts

two stars one
a firefly
both true
both impossibly
far as far away
as peace.

~~distant~~
^{and}
far ~~apart~~ as far
apart as I from you

①

Two Stars

Between the distant
planets through nearby
trees indiscernible *beyond*
beyond the dark
southwest window
two stars

and then one ~~star~~
star the other
now to the northwest
broken
loose and lifting
into openings
between leaves
between windows
one alive
in July
the other just light
holding
holding on as if
awed
or wanting
or no oh
no
only the facts

two stars *one*
~~one~~ a firefly
both ~~cliches~~ *true*
both impossibly
far as far away
as peace.

*synopsate
phrasing?*

2

Two Stars

Between the distant
planets through nearby
trees indiscernible beyond
the dark
southwest window
two stars

and then one
star the other
now to the northwest
broken
loose and lifting
into openings

between leaves ^{trees ?}
between windows
one ~~alive~~ ^{moving}
in July
the other just light
holding

holding on as if
~~awed~~ ^{unbelieving}
or wanting
or no
no
say only the facts

two stars one
a firefly
both true
both impossibly
far as far away
as peace. ^{you ?}

Swept

On the hottest day the sky
like a high gash of blue so glazed
the unsheathed air that when in the breathless
second a bird slid ^{above} the treeless lot ? ~~above~~
I could feel its shadow's cooling sweep.

~~I felt on my face its shadow's cooling sweep.~~

~~Its shadow cooled my face.~~

~~I felt its shadow ^{sweep} cool my face~~

I felt its shadow ~~to~~ ~~the~~ cool my face

the unsh air ~~that~~ above the treeless lot
when in a breathless second a bird slid ^{by} through
into it

use this in YP workshop -
cut up the phrases
to rearrange.

Add pure ~~at will~~
to taste

Also feel free to cut more -
s.a. put "hot(ter)" w/ the
lot inst of, the day, etc.

Let it become a third ⁴⁰

He accused me of sneaking my hand in the stream
the coolness at night rising, & spreading, pretending my fingers
conspiring up my wrist & arm, my heart
gone to bed. I breathed the loamy earth, dampness lying
wherever I went, the air a dry, a coat's embrace.
Like a fool, eyes closed, I lay on the ground
& listened to the little dips & splashes of evil purposes.
Water could convince the rocks, mere imagined parents,
playing the whole scenario lapping & tumbling
past his ears & projections until I disappeared
on my way to sea.

BP

In the hanging angles, the lines + curves of ropes + slats echoing
the brown path ahead + the arc of the moon we balanced
on the swinging bridge
between ~~what was~~ ^{what was} never before + falling in
to us
(lines swinging)

On the Swinging Bridge

In the hanging
angles, the lines + curves
of ropes + slats
echoing
the brown path ahead + ~~beginning~~ the brown path
~~with the moon~~
behind, suspended
like a threshold
across the brook below
we balanced
between what ^{in us} was never before
and what was falling in
to us: birdsong
from the leaves, leaves
from the air - air
from the blue from your eyes
look alighting
on my ~~skin~~ ^{like} face
like petals + from below
rising the laugh
of wavelets speckled with stones
+ shadows, the underbrush
branches climbing
~~the rough bark~~
like your hands
reaching ^{across}
through the creek
of rocking motion, the heat
cloth, salt, clarity
of where

Susurrus

epithet
doctrinized

whiskies -
rdg + hearing
I spy

dawning between
~~your skin~~
something deeper
than water, higher
than heaven / ~~the dawning~~
your skin ends
and mine
begins.

15 changes

Bk

Soap
tp

One Tea Cup

An Ocean's depth of darkness poured through
with earthlight, no cup too large
no life too full
to overflow

111

An ocean's depth of darkness
poured through earthlight
and steeped

for a time:

no cup

too large

no life

too full

to overflow

seam ripper

tea cup

joy of living

How large a cup

A tea cup can never be too large let it rip let it pour
fill it up with tempest intemperate and take it apart
slice through the stitches separate the sides
needle + weave

As much the sundering as the render
the rip as the mend
every separation a ~~new~~ possible connection
every collapse

One Tea Cup

Never too large
not to overflow
aroma + liquid glow

Dark aroma
liquid glow
never too large
to overflow

~~The~~ Ocean's depth ~~amount~~ of darkness ~~passed~~ poured
~~With~~ with earthlight, no cup too large
no life too full
to overflow

Lang

drift it deep

Why I Like Green Tea

spread it out

It tastes like an underground liquor, like what you hoarded
in the blender when you were a kid—
something wild that would horrify your mother
though she's secretly curious and remembers her own truth serum—
a golden hash that infuriates the authorities, something dangerous
as ink and sex, and ancient and of the earth
but also of breath and flight, gathered
in stealth on rowboats and brooms: Dead leaves from the Black Forest,
sea foam, first grass shoots, the sapling roots of sycamores, soil, sand.
Maybe four flakes scraped
off the bark of an oak or hemlock, or off a knee, unknown
mushroom and fungus, unopened weedy crown. All dampened in winter
run-off bitter in the street. Candlewicks, cave dust, fresh tobacco smoke,
and a reminder while there's time
of all the musty forsaken, forbidden, hidden inner things
like unclaimed lives and undreamed
dreams smuggled out on a cold and crystalline night
into the dark house, the basement where the huddled thrill and still believe
in the intimate rites, murmuring in that place guarded and safe
maybe for now so they brew and drink and know.

and
the whole
of it

leaflets, refusals
handed round
refusals
resistance

undreamed lives
+ unclaimed dreams
(reverse)

leaflets
+ refusals

Scent

maybe for now so they brew and drink and know.
in the intimate rites, murmuring in that place guarded and safe
into the dark house, the basement where the huddled thrill and still believe
dreams, smuggled out on a cold and crystalline night
like unclaimed lives and undreamed
of all the musty forsaken, forbidden, hidden inner things
and a reminder while there's time
run-off bitter in the street. Candlewicks, cave dust, fresh tobacco smoke,
mushroom and fungus, unopened weedy crown. All dampened in winter
off the bark of an oak or hemlock, or off a knee, unknown
Maybe four flakes scraped
sea foam, first grass shoots, the sapling roots of sycamores, soil, sex, ink,
in stealth on rowboats and brooms: Dead leaves from the Black Forest,
but also of breath and flight, gathered
and ancient and of the earth
a golden hash that infuriates the authorities, something dangerous
though she's secretly curious and remembers her own truth serum—
something wild that would horrify your mother
in the blender when you were a kid—
It tastes like an underground liquor, like what you hoarded

poem as fetish -
a story masquerading as an object -
- Robt. Stoller (psychiatrist)

Why I Like Green Tea

also - hummingbird hover effect - wh I want of my poem - that intensity in place
drinking of the world

Why I Like Green Tea

It tastes like an underground liquor, like what you hoarded
in the blender when you were a kid—
something wild that would horrify your mother
though she's secretly curious and remembers her own truth serum—
a golden hash that infuriates the authorities, something dangerous
as ink and sex, and ancient and of the earth
but also of breath and flight, gathered
in stealth on rowboats and brooms: dead leaves from the Black Forest,
sea foam, first grass shoots, roots of sycamores, soil, sand.
Maybe four flakes scraped
off the bark of an oak or hemlock, or off a knee, unknown
mushroom and fungus, unopened weedy crown. All dampened in winter
run-off bitter in the street. Candlewicks, cave dust, leaflets, refusals,
things forbidden or forsaken like unclaimed dreams and undreamed lives
smuggled out on a cold and crystalline night
into the dark house, its basement where the huddled risk and thrill and still believe
in the intimate rites, a murmuring in that place guarded and safe
maybe for now so they brew and drink and know.

3 main kinds of microorgs. - ^{single cells} very diverse

(1)

Prokaryotes → Eubacteria → cause disease + food spoilage
→ Archaeobacteria → live in extreme environment like hot springs or acid seas

Eukarya or Eukaryotes - have organelles + nucleuses (?)

protozoa
flagella
bacterium
Spirogyra
see next sheet for more

→ differ in size, shape, metabolic methods, cell division methods, developmental history + adaptation to env. etc.

Spirillum bacteria looks like blue track

Countless types of microbes

Utah state info on Utah desert - another extreme place

Monerans - sm, simple single cells - sometimes form chains or mats, can absorb food, or are photosynthetic
microorgs are plants, animals, some of other 3 kingdoms of living things:

- monera - see above

- protista - protozoans + algae - large, complex single cells - also can form chains or colonies

- fungi - molds + mushrooms - multicellular filamentous form w/ specialized complex cells. Absorb food.

- plantae - plants incl. mosses, ferns, woody + nonwoody, multicellular

- animalia - evg from sponges + worms to mammals

(viruses not incl. in the kingdoms" bec they are on the borderline bet. living + nonliving things" ! noncellular parasites that can't live or reproduce w/o a living organism

Cryptobiotic soil crust - a community of microorgs incl. Cyanobacteria + lichens, fungi, mosses - 1 step can destroy decades of growth of soil!

rock lichen is another mix of 2-3 kingdoms

arid region

The Utah sheet.

(2)

paramecium - fast shaped, transparent, 1 nucleus.
Filters smaller protozoa & bac from water to eat

Spyrogyra - algae, floating green masses

Desmids - 1-celled gr algae - lk like stars, balls, rods, wags, or 8s

Hydras - almost - microscopic, lk like squids or octopi. tentacles
w/ stinging cells to paralyze prey (water fleas)

Foraminiferan - amoeba that drops its multi-chambered shell when it dies. multitudes form limestone layers under the sea (at bottom)
Eg's pyramids are made of ^{put} blocks of limestone that form these!
↳ ^{live (some) in deepest Pacific - 7 miles down!}
proteus mirabilis bacteria lives in our intestines & "looks like a hairy hotdog" -

yeasts - ~~are~~ microscopic fungus - lk a bit like pizza

amoebas are 1-celled protozoans that move by changing shape +
pushing w/ pseudopods

nanobacteria

not all extremes are unicellular high pressure, other planets?
ice, acid, desert, hot springs, rocks, arid land, salt, radiation
livescience.com - "they're barely terrestrial" - by Bjorn Carey Feb 05, post.
★ x used in cleaning oil spills, med research

Good site - shows places - Atlantis of the microbes?

hyperthermophiles

archaea / bacteria / protists

also ★ theguardians.com/microbiology/gm-mbm04.htm

~~the~~ guardians, can sit
not orig but parts of them;

see next page

(2)

flagella
~~prokaryotes~~
vacuoles
vacuoles

taxis - movement by stimuli

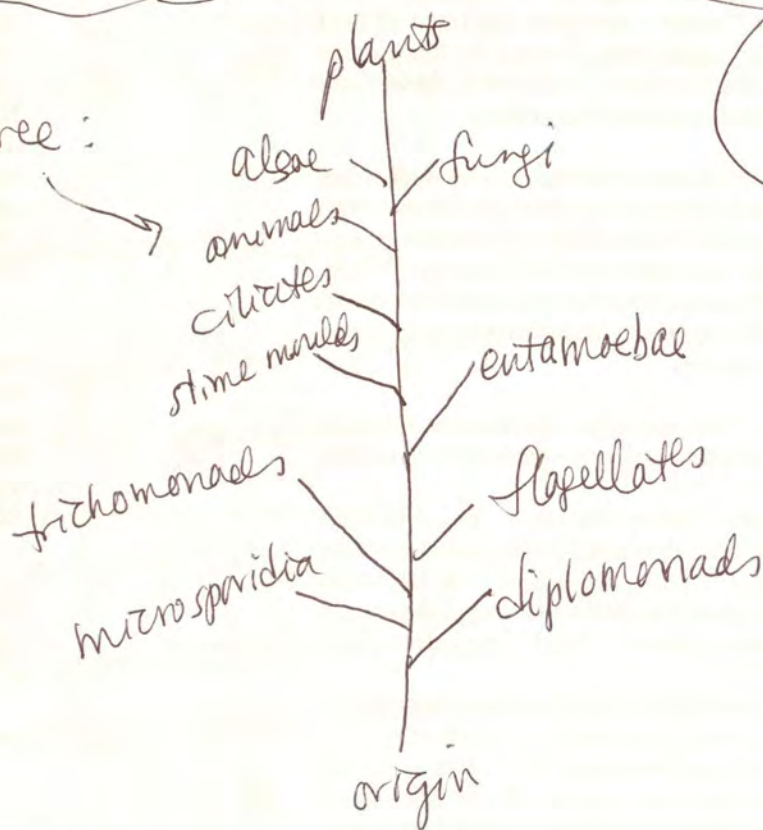
spores

3 kinds of
1 archaea - most primitive
halophiles - ones that like high salt

methanogens
↓
produce methane
by decomposing animal wastes -
can be used for eco-elec!
thermophiles (heat-lovers)
thermoacidophile

deep space meteorites from + from Mars have nanobacteria fossils

Eucaryote tree:



but I really want
the Archaeas
diff from bacteria

marginal
inhabitants of early-
earth kinds of
habitat
(archaeans)

googled:

Chrytomai - no

alocline - no?

Trypanosoma - a parasite

thermatocalia - no?

of the Prokaryotes:

(4)

3.5 bil yrs old +

Archaea ^{Bacteria}

- most in Monera Kingdom
but some make sep. Kingdom, Archaea

halophiles

↓
req. high salt
like Utah's gr lake

methanogens

↓
live under
anaerobic ~~env.~~
(marshes)

thermoacidophile

↓
hot, acidic env.
(geysers)

↓
Sulfolobus acidocaldarius
is one

haloclines?

amniotes (n. for amniotic?)

maybe yr living in my brain makes my
memory - collective unconscious
archetype - it's all in the organisms
agasmicisms - transportation of stories
transmigration of souls

of her fear. As it is night,
as if with open eyes, Elena sees right
through her skin, hears her beloved
friend crying, sees the frightened
woman, feels her own small body held tight
and swaying, sees at the kitchen window the face
of her mother seeing their awkward pace.
Oh the distance to return to her, the effort, the fight
to get back would be too much work,
too much self, too much other, to break

B. Peg. Kelly - The Orchard BFA

~~poetry forms~~ baymoon.com -
poetry forms

ghazal - 5-15 couplets, usually 7, w/ a repeated
word or phrase at the end of both lines of the 1st couplet
& at the end of the 2nd line thereafter.

too: 1 or more words before the refrain are rhymes.

Lines have approx same L & meter.

Final couplet can incl. name (yrs or others) & declaring a
thought or feeling.

Each couplet - a poem itself "a pearl in a necklace" NOT
continuous devel. of subject, only a link from the refrain (rep)
but ea sh be detachable units

Crown of sonnets - 7-14, each's last line is the next's 1st line

Terza Rima - aba bcb cdc ded ee; any L poem but ending w/ either
a single line or a couplet that rhymes w/ the mid. line of the final
tercet

Double Canzone: Elena Goes Home

Elena lies down and closes her eyes.
Maybe her friend is boring her, maybe she wants
to be alone, maybe we'll never know why
~~but~~ she lies down and closes her eyes.
It's a game at first, a pretending
that it doesn't tickle but it does.
She knows the woman is only saying it's time
to go home, come on, Elena, wake up now,
it's time to go home. ~~And~~ Elena doesn't know how
but she decides, she can feel herself decide
to stay as if asleep, where no one else can be
and she lets go, she wills her body to be free.

The woman tickles her ribs, her feet
and she never once blinks open her eyes.
On the couch, soft, her limbs lightly
curled, her mouth loose, she breathes
through the tickling into this new pleasant want-
lessness, this quiet place, this ease.
Now the tickling seems
farther off, like it's on the skin of a skin
outside and beyond her skin
and she
is far inside like in a deep low
body in sleep with a mind awake in tow.

~~Not that~~
~~but~~ she's ~~not~~ thinking about it, although
she can hear the woman, who she loves, speak
to her daughter, her friend, stepping away, a slow
worrying, but it's happening now on its own,
happening without happening like a tide.
~~There's~~ No more tickling along her side and oh
she realizes she feels no couch, she knows
no difference between herself and couch, she wants
no difference between herself and air, no brunt
of girl against world, her molecules all go
loose from her cells, freely roaming.
She's buoyant, oceanic, cradled, hammocking.

The woman's voice climbs, unsure, saying
is she really asleep? and her friend says no, no,
is she dead? She hears without listening,
feels without feeling,
she in her small body

From Woodstock
Sept 13-4-6
March 17
Sept 17

Climbing, unsure, the woman's voice?

Mon 18 74
Wed 20th



and separate from it as if somehow growing
 into ~~her own~~ doll. It feels like when ^{her} mother's calling
 her in to dinner from playing outside
 in the sandbox and she opens different eyes
 to the everywhere around her, the exact positioning
 of the wooden frame in the grass, the plants
 in the garden, the hill ahead, hunger, want:

There are the trees, the sky above, her own pants
 tight at her waist, suddenly in the sand box everything
 is there around her, her mother's voice frantic
 and she had never meant
 to be gone so long where there was no borrowed
 time, no dinner, no voice that wants
 her back. There was only the play of her hands
 in the crystal grit of the sand, the free
 forms, each grain's secret clink, the glee
 of all those many selves of sand, the sand's
 cling and crinkle and glide.
 Now, far and unawakening, although she lies

on the neighbors' couch, she could open her eyes,
 she could sit up, she could heed
 the fear she hears shredding the ~~voices~~ now
 but she has decided or did decide, and deciding
 is so complete, its quietude all she wants.

Inside Elena's eyelids it's dark
~~but far away a light~~

glows like a lamp or a moon across a lake.

In the endless cave of her an invisible smile sparks
 because she is a moon
 and a lake

with eyelids. She never knew she could take
 so much room, be so large, she loves
 her inhalations and her blue exhalations, she loves
 their lullaby. Not that she thinks
 these things, more that she lives in a place
 without thought, without walls or doors, a place

without necessities. Still she can sense the face
 of the woman leaning close, the mark ^{again,}
 of her breath on her own face.

It's not that she has lost the grace
 to care about her grief. She might
 return to that place,

→ the kind of dark ^{where} ~~with~~ a light

or send love in spirit kisses to her face
in daydreams bright as noon.

Soon ~~Soon~~ ^{She}
She will return to that place
she used to love,
those people she may still love.

Floating, tethered to the stars, she moves
only with the tide of her breath apace.
The woman leans above,
close enough ~~glittering~~ ^{gleaming}
that through the endless dark
Elena feels the shove
of arms slipping under her shoulders, above
the cushions, under her knees, lightly
lifting her through her starlit night
against the full body she loves.
In her waking sleep attuned
to there and not-there she hears the woman croon.

Unbodied in her body, her legs and arms lured
like laundry, she and the woman move
through the room, to the steps festooned
with her friend's toys and soon
out under the trees laced
with light in the afternoon.
She should come back soon.
She should come out of the glowing dark
into the sharp, stark
shadow and glare of sunlight's dunes.
She should do what's right
for them, now, crossing into the bright

<sup>could
might?
could</sup>
daffodils of her mother's garden, the light
warming the woman's skin, a rune
of her fear. As if in flight,
as if with open eyes, Elena sees right
^{lit} through her ~~skin~~, hears her beloved
friend crying, sees the frightened
woman, feels her own small body held tight
and swaying, sees at the kitchen window the face
of her mother seeing their awkward pace.
Oh the distance to return to her, the effort, the fight
to get back would be too much work,
too much self, too much other, to break

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Maybe her friend is boring her, maybe she wants
to be alone, maybe ~~we~~^{no one will} never know why
she lies down and closes her eyes.

It's a game at first, a pretending *though of course it does.*
that it doesn't tickle ~~but~~ it does.

She knows the woman is only saying it's time
to go home, come on, Elena, wake up now,
it's time to go home. Then Elena doesn't know how
but she decides, she can feel herself decide
to stay as if asleep, where no one else can be
and she lets go, she wills her body to be free.

The woman tickles her ribs, her feet
and she never ~~once~~^{moves, never} blinks open her eyes.

On the couch, soft, her limbs slightly
curled, her mouth loose, she breathes
through the tickling into this new pleasant want-
lessness, this quiet place, this ease.

Now the tickling seems
farther off, like it's on the skin of a skin
outside and beyond her skin
and she
is far inside like in a deep low
body in sleep with a mind awake in tow.

Not that she's thinking about it, although
she can hear the woman, who she loves, speak
to her daughter, her friend, stepping away, a slow
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But the woman's voice climbs, unsure, saying
is she really asleep? and her friend says no, no,
is she dead? She hears without listening,
feels without feeling,
she in her small body

and separate from it as if somehow growing
 into a doll. It feels like when her mother's calling
 her in to dinner from playing outside
 in the sandbox and she opens different eyes
 to the everywhere around her, the exact positioning
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 of all those many selves of sand, the sand's
 cling and crinkle and glide.
 Now, far and unawakening, although she lies

on the neighbors' couch, she could open her eyes,
 she could sit up, she could heed
 the fear she hears shredding their voices now
 but she has decided or did decide, and deciding
 is so complete, its quietude all she wants.

~~decide~~

*

Inside Elena's eyelids it's dark,
 the kind of dark where a light
 glows like a lamp or a moon across a lake.
 In the endless cave of her an invisible smile sparks
 because she is a moon
 and a lake
 with eyelids. She never knew she could take
 so much room, be so large. She loves
 her inhalations and her ~~the~~ exhalations, she loves
 their lullaby. Not that she thinks
 these things, more that she ~~lives~~ ^{lives} in a place
 without thought, without walls or doors, a place

without necessities. Still she can sense the face
 of the woman leaning close again, the mark

eyes within eyes

embrace?

of her breath on her own face.
 It's not that she has lost the grace
 to care about her grief. She might
 return to that place,
 or send love in spirit kisses to her face
 in daydreams bright as noon.
 Soon. Soon

she will return to that place
 she used to love, ^{who look on with love,}
 those ~~people she may still love~~ ^{others}

^{of the embrace}
~~spooning, see her~~
^{who look at her with love} } ?

Floating, tethered to ~~the~~ stars, she moves
 only with the ~~late~~ ^{late} of her breath apace.
 The woman leans above,
 close enough ~~that~~
 that through the gleaming dark
 Elena feels the shove
 of arms slipping under her shoulders, above
 the cushions, under her knees, lightly
 lifting her through her ^{marry} starlit night
 against the full body she loves.
 In her waking sleep attuned
 to there and not-there she hears the woman croon.

Unbodied in her body, her legs and arms lured
 like laundry, she and the woman move
 through the house, to the steps festooned
 with her friend's toys and soon
 out under the trees laced
 with leaves in the afternoon.

She could come back soon. ?
 She could come out of the glowing dark
 into the sharp, stark ^{weather's}
 shadow and glare of ~~sunlight~~ ^{sunlight}'s dunes.
 She should do what's right
 for them, now, crossing into the bright

daffodils of her mother's garden, ~~the light~~ ^{daylight}
 warming the woman's skin, a rune
 of her fear. As if in flight,
 as if with open eyes, Elena sees right
 through her lids, hears her beloved
 friend crying, sees the frightened
 woman, feels her own ~~small~~ ^{small} body held tight
 and swaying, sees at the kitchen window the face
 of her mother seeing their awkward pace.

~~light~~ - ^{something else?}

friend's cries,

take in

close

open her eyes. The screen door slams. She must wake,
or break free, find a trace
of the now that she loves
or loved. Her mother is running. Elena is home,
passed through air and arms, and all she wants is light.

EXTREMOPHILIA

Earth: On fire in ice under water in air there are
splendid homes bursting with life.

When I close my eyes ~~this is where I go:~~ Deep under ^{land} ~~mountains~~

sprouted with green and running

with rivers

rooted with rock

and lichen and the four legged beauties

that ~~walk there and~~ hunt and the winged

searchers and the seeds

foundations

down down under

of solidity

of air

and motion

the droppings of droplets

in the dark

secret enclosed

down and down

under where dense mountains

rest lightly on their beds

under light's closure where color

has no meaning and sound has no ear

there where fresh water falls and sweeps undammed

through mother rock opening outward and the sea frees from coasts

toward rendezvous with saltless beaus

there

where crisp and clear the pure water pours fresh

through unviolated caverns

innocent

of mammal touch

upstream

downstream toward open oceans

on earth

under earth

^{these}
where waters collide without skies



and the ^{framing} ~~only~~ loft of salt hazy (like a fog of air and moisture above the ^{ground} ~~land~~) hovers

there upon a time: life

alive living microscopic lives

swim ^{min} in the spaces (which themselves are places) between

use pure instead of words?

heat and cold between ~~rock and ray~~ between human and no one



overlaps of knowns and unknowns busy exquisite creatures:

Extremophiles.

A galaxy per teaspoon of pink and brown sparkling stars

entire kingdoms of life in florets and facets bloom and glow

vivid and not despite. . .

When I close my eyes I join them shrink to essence down

down to business down to molecule ~~down to motility~~

down to thumbless no purchase possessed by obsessed with

life.

And this is joy! this swarm of body and volition

this sheer being. I the one called Alice love these

most of all they are the multitudes the beginning

and the end they shall outlive us all and for this

I am grateful and relieved.

Trypanosoma. Thermotocalia. Brilliant patient sentient living alive

organisms in aloclines a meetinghouse

of biology of chemical bonds resistance and submersion: You:

Microbes. You: Spiroketes. You bacteria: Alive at a threshold
 murky as oil in water snow on the desert dust in the sea
 take me
 when I go take my sons and daughter who I love in my own
 impassioned little human way. You the force of life.
 Us: the life of force. The rest of us: From history we come
 and to history we go until memory inhabits no rememberer. Remember?
 The endless making and unmaking like Penelope's weaving:
 That's the world's way only without the waiting.
 Breathe in. Breathe out.
 The force of life would rather be here now. The force of death
 not a war not a warrior not a mirror
 but contained in the life itself like the mustard seed contains the universe
 of the plant. Chryptomonai: Eucarya:
 Do you feel stress? Have you read *Your Money or Your Life*? Do you remember
 to keep the Sabbath holy? In realms irrelevant to sun what is a day?
 Archetypeless life: Is your work
 meditative? Hungry? Is there no distinction
 between effort and belief? Is there no distinction?
 Should I worship you? Yearning
 expands and contracts like breath itself so large
 it fills me with itself so empty my lungs deflate. Protozoa: Archaea:
 you waste no time you have no

list of tears to shed today you know what you must know you do
 what you must do you do not judge. Quantum physics
 says I create my reality. I am ion I am atom I am fundament
 I am tendency. My brain can't tell the difference
 between a thought what it sees what it remembers or
 imagines. My brain feels bad about it. My soul on the other hand
 is a physicist. It doesn't matter. Yesterday
 tomorrow today what a broken record. We act
 as if every day is already yesterday or will be and not an integrated whole
 a train leaving the station or leaving its tracks endless
 cars until hypnotized by them fooled one
 after another suddenly the last one passes and we never noticed.
 Destination unknown. The whole wide universe
 is mostly empty. (Be that empty.) Like subatomic particles
 we come and go then we go.

2

EXTREMOPHILIA

start w/
magn + not
this loose stuff
this will look too
naturey.

But you

73

Earth: On fire in ice or air under water there are

~~resplendent~~
splendid homes ~~bursting~~ with life.

Deep under land

(weird)
(gagged)
(sprouted with green and running
with rivers)

rooted with rock

and lichen and the four legged ~~beauties~~

Scavengers

that hunt there

and the winged

Scavengers
searchers and the seeds

foundations

down down under of solidity of air

and motion unnoticed the droppings of droplets in the dark

secret enclosed down and down under where dense mountains rise and

rest lightly on their beds

under light's closure where color

has no meaning and sound has no ear

there where fresh water ~~falls~~ ^{pours} and sweeps undammed

through caverns
cruises +
transit

through mother rock opening outward and the sea frees from coasts

toward innocence rendezvous with saltless beaus there

to meet

where crisp and clear the pure water pours fresh

through unviolated caverns innocent

of mammal touch upstream downstream toward open oceans

on earth under earth where these waters collide without skies

of biology of chemical bonds resistance and submersion: You:

Microbes. You: Spiroketes. You bacteria: Expressed at a threshold
murky as oil in water ... snow on the desert ... dust in the sea ...

take me
when I go take my sons and daughter who I love in my own
impassioned little human way. You the force of life.

Us: the life of force. The rest of us: From history we come
and to history we go until memory inhabits no rememberer. Remember?

The endless making and unmaking like Penelope's weaving:
Stories. That's the world's way only without the waiting.

Breathe in. Breathe out. In. Out.

The force of life would rather be here now. The force of death
not a war not a warrior not a mirror
but contained in the life itself like the mustard seed contains the universe
of the plant. Chryptomonai: Eucarya:

Do you feel stress? Have you read *Your Money or Your Life*? Do you remember
to keep the Sabbath holy? In realms irrelevant to sun what is a day?

Archetypeless life: Is your work
meditative? Hungry? Is there no distinction
between effort and belief? Is there no distinction?

Should I worship you? Yearning
expands and contracts like breath itself so large

it fills me with itself so empty I deflate. Protozoa: Archaea:

the m
+ capulet of waters
consuming

alchemy of
clones

I'll become your
homeland

as if we make stones
for preservation
for patienty

having

~~Is not caring~~
for not knowing
my name

you waste no time you have no
list of tears to shed today you know what you must know you do
what you must do you do not judge do you? Quantum physics
says I create my reality. I am ion I am atom I am fundament
I am tendency. My brain can't tell the difference
between a thought what it sees what it remembers or
imagines. My brain feels bad about it. My soul on the other hand
is a physicist. It doesn't matter. Yesterday
tomorrow today what a broken record. We act
as if every day is already yesterday or will be and not ^a ~~an integrated~~ whole
a stream of ^{space} ~~life~~ organic saltsoaked frozen sulfuric volcanic hot a crash of /
a train leaving the station or leaving its tracks endless
cars until hypnotized by them fooled one
after another suddenly the last one passes and we never noticed.

*a bit
metapher?*

You think?
Destination unknown. You are getting sleepy. . . . The whole wide universe
is mostly empty. (Be that empty.) Like subatomic particles
we come and go then we go.

*

① Atoms will be atoms and boys will be boys. Buildings will be

smashed atoms will be smashed boys human death
(as all animals' death as plant death as air death water death fish death)
courted caused caught when all the world

*these will
all appear
later*

of fools well meaning or worse

define their terms in terms of human folly

this is crappy bec it's all big fat words

and angels

fear and dread and hope

impossible to quantify

yet surely in equal measure to stupidity and pointlessness until

we finish poisoning and being poisoned nuking and being nuked fueling and being fooled

I don't feel so good today I'm crashed and slashed and burned

and the soldiers are all dead

abandon

constructs all ye who enter here

dust and debris

on the antiques

who left open this door

who didn't pick up this garbage

this roof

this highway

oh

needs images of slashed mts and dead rivers clearcuts etc

maybe later

precious primal markings

of babies first handed crayons

abandon

chamois-wrapped candelabras

the ancestors

the da Vinci

the newly bought flat screen

the carefully vacuumed SUV

abandon

and then the silence

the irrelevance of sound

no owls

no barn cats

no wind in the leaves

nothing *honking*

nothing

not even myths

of turtles and totems

no fetishes to be worshipped no worshippers

of goods

no consumers

oh yeah but satellites and orbiting space capsules

transmitting Beethoven and Johnny Be Good African rhythms and flights of bumblebees

to the indifferent void. Who will walk the garden paths

the avenues

to wonder

at solar panels and engines

museums

dates
~~centuries~~

when time is a word

in a dictionary disintegrating under shingles and snow?

The bugs!

The bugs and the micro-organisms

who've used us as our forebears used caves and fields

as dwelling hearth beauty food. ~~Redefine~~

"hostile to living things" they say teenagers

of the single cells *This is the life* they say and I say Chapeau bas

to you microscopic blue and green rods and rings offspring

and shamans of evolution and manifest destiny you cure

and cancel any question of evil or good upon the living planet you are destiny.

*

And destiny is yours.

Little children you will all go but the one you are hiding will fly

or swim or burrow or wait

EXTREMOPHILIA

I don't feel so good today I'm crashed and slashed and burned
where have all
and the soldiers are all dead

water is dry

ham
atoms will be atoms and boys will be boys.

ham
Abandon they said

Don't look: dust and debris

on the antiques

Who left open this door

Who didn't pick up this garbage

the papers
this roof

this highway

oh

blinded
all over the walls

precious primal markings

of babies first handed crayons

saying
Abandon

the
candelabras *champs wrapped*

leave behind
the ancestors

the da Vinci

the newly ~~bought~~ flat screen

the vacuumed SUV

we
Are you finished being fooled?

will atoms be atoms?
Pay up

Pay attention

boys being boys

to the silence ~~the irrelevance of sound~~

no owls

no vows

no barn cats

crying into the night for the face of their own sound
wind in the leaves

tires on the drive

nothing honking

~~nothing~~

heading south

nothing

not even myths

of turtles and totems

no fetishes to be worshipped no worshippers

no consumers

either

endlessly
oh yeah but satellites and orbiting space capsules

transmitting Beethoven and Johnny Be Good African rhythms and flights of bumblebees

an unimagined
to the indifferent void.

Who will walk the garden paths

the avenues

the malls

to wonder

benefit antecedents + critics

at meters and engines museums ~~and~~ mannequins dates when
time is a word
in a dictionary disintegrating under shingles and ~~snow~~ *ice*

*

Answer:

The bugs ~~and~~ the micro-organisms
who have used us always as ~~an~~ element
as our forebears used caves and fields
as ~~dwelling~~ *dwelling* hearth beauty food. *For Survival* *Define*
"hostile to living things" they say teenagers
of the single cells *This is the life* they say and I say Chapeau bas
to you microscopic blue and green rods and rings offspring
and shamans of evolution and manifest destiny you cure
and cancel any question of evil or good upon the living planet : you are destiny.

*

biological warfare

Everywhere :
under fire in ice or air under water there are
homes resplendent with life.
Especially in the most inhospitable rascallions of places like —

let's not go there but — like

deep under land

(sprouted with weed and stumbling

with ^{rivers} gagged rivers

^{gagged} rooted with rock

and lichen and the four legged that hunt there and the winged

scavengers and the seeds

foundations

down down under

of solidity ~~of~~ air

^{under?} ~~condensation~~ + condensation

and motion unnoticed by the droppings of droplets in the dark

secret enclosed

down and down

under where ~~dense~~ ^{dense} mountains rise and

^{ed light} rest lightly on their beds

under light's closure where color

^{never signifies} has no meaning and sound has no ear

there where fresh water pours and sweeps undammed through caverns

a world away rock solid opening outward (where outward is within)

and the sea frees from cruises and coasts

to meet it ^{there} where daylight never rises or falls

innocent

of mammal touch

upstream

downstream toward oceans

on Earth under earth

where these waters collide without skies

and (like ~~fog~~ ⁺ fog of air and moisture above ground)

the loft of salt foams hazy ~~so~~ ^{so} concentrated is it

On its rendezvous : there : at the ^{mosh} dance of salt/fresh and ocean/stream ^{press}

into each other as strangers lovers — hover

Speak we out
Feel
hear

there forever upon a time unclocked uncounted

unencountered:

Life.

Yes Yes

alive - living - microscopic - lives

swimming ^{for dinner for dear life} in the spaces (which themselves are places) between

]heat } { cold[]rock } { ray[]human } { no one[

in overlaps of knowns \ / unknowns ... *these* busy exquisite ...

beings:
~~creatures:~~

Extremophiles.

22, 23.

-, ' ~ . . '

$$= \cdot \cdot \cdot \sim \cdot \cdot \cdot$$

*

In a galaxy of shooting stars a galaxy per teaspoon of pink and brown

sparkling stars

rule

entire kingdoms

in florets and facets

bloom and glow

vivid and not despite

and I ^{in my context} want to join them

expand to moment
shrink to essence

shrink to essence

down

down to business

~~down~~ to molecule

~~down~~ to float and motive

down to thumbless

without purchase

only possessed by

obsessed with

life.

up to a purity + purpose and

The Inhabitants of the Dwellers of the Earth

Joy! this swarm of body and volition
this sheer ^{existence} being devoid of bullshit. I the one called Alice
love these
most of all they are the multitudes The Most of All the beginning
and the end they shall outlive us all all of us with names
and for this until I die
I say thanks.

*

Trypanosoma. Thermotocalia. Brilliant patient
(where patient has no meaning) sentient ~~alive~~
organisms in aloclines: at the meetinghouse
of biology ~~and~~ chemical bonds resistance and submersion: Montagues
and Capulets of waters consumating. You:
Microbes. You: Spiroketes. You bacteria: Expressed at a threshold
murky with malabsorption ... snow on the desert ... dust in the sea
... ^{yes} in alchemy of climes

take me
I'm yours when I go. I'll become your atmosphere your homeland, ^{your extreme.} Already you
move ^{inside}. You the force of life.

We: the life of force. ~~copied and used~~ The rest of us :: From history we come
and to history we go ^{history} until memory inhabits no rememberer. ~~Remember~~

*this propulsion toward production
this progress good once. Remember?*

no other.

*Impression
of the world*

The endless making and unmaking

recorded
the weavings

of present for posterity:

Stories. That's the world's way with us

only without the *telling* ~~waiting~~

Breathe in. *Hold it*, Breathe out. In.

Out.

The force of life would rather be here now. The force of death

we will ~~you~~ step through, trending expectant when they turn the glass up to the glass over the lip?

not a war

not a warrior

not a mirror

Carried +
~~but~~ contained in the life itself

death;
a seed

a nucleus

planet/plant

universe

shadow under the *sunned* leaf

universe one

Chrytomonai::: Eucarya:::

Do you feel stress? Have you read *Your Money or Your Life*? Do you remember

to keep the Sabbath holy? In realms irrelevant to sun what is a day / a sabbath?

Archetypeless life: Is your work

meditative? Hungry? Is there no distinction

between effort and belief? Is there no distinction?

Should I worship you? Yearning

expands and contracts like breath itself so large

it fills me with itself so empty I deflate. Protozoa::: Archaea:::

you waste no time you have no

list of tears to shed today you know what you *(must)* know you do

what you *(must)* do you do not judge do you? Quantum physics

says I create my reality. I am ion I am atom I am fundament

and
~~I am~~ tendency

an alternate reality.

*I write affirmations with crayons on the wallpaper
an alternate reality.*

My brain can't tell the difference—no—has no preference

between a thought what it sees what it remembers or
imagines. My brain feels bad about it . . . maybe. My soul on the other hand

is a physicist. It doesn't matter. Yesterday.
today tomorrow what a broken record. We act
as if every day is already yesterday or will be ~~or~~ *is the first day and greedy* ~~and not a whole~~ *always*

already a stream of organic saltsoaked frozen sulfuric volcanic hot a crash of /
atoms boys / a train *rhythmic its tracks* ~~leaving the station~~ *or leaving its tracks* endless

for a ride one *leaving the station* cars until hypnotized by them *coalsmoke burning arrays* taken

after another suddenly the last one passes and we never noticed.

You think? You are getting sleepy. . . REM (ember) this

the smoldering dream: The whole wide universe
and like subatomic particles

we come and go then ~~we~~ go.

* before you too late
panicked, long, awful, sorry

But Dear extremophiles: Destiny is yours, Sincerely yours With love I am

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