

mudtrombones
knotted
in the spill

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ARTEIDOLIA
PRESSPRESSPRESSPRESSPRESS

New York

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beansproutgrasses

he st

arts the riding lawnmower but quickful learn it turns tangled
up in tonguetendrill languid beansproutgrasses of regret forget the/and
flippant. can't bend, the every spikefield of interstate milemarkers to
heel and dogma fists hitting vacuum space where windshield once soon
was. well, dismay bleats he sta

rts it up again yes the billowing roar but turns to roil but swallows
whole the springblue cloud-scarred firmament and every onionpeel
mistake shivering off our tender dripping core so startled like wilting
prey beneath. these engines drop fil

thy little sodacrackers all over the concrete and foolhardy
toiletbowls/once draining kelp and crankshaftoil and lakebasins by the
dozen against every apprehension's time. he env

isions the judge thus bellowing all night into
garbagecan tunnelvisions beneath the ash city of cracked streetcorners
obsessions and discarded rubberbands. he inv

estigates the blade but no, it's still egregious grease
claiming twice uncertainties and deliberations on into all ragged
flickering points more westful than every vast acknowledged
perception. his fixless suddenly, intuition snap

ping clean steeringwheel sparkplugs battery all
tumbingscreaming teakettle out to cliffs and sea while the wind points
and mocks an acid jig, but already against isn't doubts/reversals his face
has carved a paintbrush sketching an overturned boat polishing an
outoftune mandolin nudging a forest drained of need con

fronting a longribbon lake churning with
any urgency but that for the next and fashionable useless
language

we'd be

otherwise clientele
wow thatsahugeribbon singular

truckload of coarsecoarse dirt dumped
headlongcrash flailingspill into surgingriver well past
panic makes no difference to the rage, bottles nothing thousandmile
silken/iron snaketrack through resistant atmosphere
unmanipulate,
diverted by not knowledge, word, barrier

handsoff freestylespin or static be
convince nothing

streetmerchants yell incessant
for unanticipated vigor hey there's a throwawaywalnut
under that oldwoodchip, however the ragged grass
offers some alternativegesture or another, yet couldn't buryfill
intertwine of

sigh couldn't thought we'd be
roughandsmackedawake
all again in the city's strange tempest

fourdepartmentstores yield remaining only the products
of can't-look-beyond absence

then we might

knotted

crass garage
crater fixate
spool
splattering spackle stammering
four thousand grackles
(instantaneously)

whisper (not a

chance, they're not capable) (hey
just because you've never
heard it doesn't render it inconceivable, what of their relief) oh, what

a rift/ what a gash
what a jawdrop ridiculous
ravine cakefrosting
paintpeeling crescentwrench countless
leaves tremble legions of metropolitan desks applaud
the general pervasive intoxicating candlewax cacophony screams full
fortissimo dissonance in blazing passion-cannons of joy/JOY (just

because it obliterates
the schoolmaster's rust-wheezing
paradigm of joy doesn't mean
it's not)

cornstalks

government buildings etc and the little hardware store
across the street. debris muttering through corrugated
steel. i stared empty eye empty eye wordless pulsating
residual they went about advancing advancing with
nothing sustaining silk of my rancid silence. but the
eye's blink and she reduced me forcefully into warm
slovenly syrup with a single swing of her long rusted
shovel, i collapsed oozed into wet slop filth slop filth
splattered all over the sidewalk helplessly getting mixed
up in horse manure the boots of businessmen old gum
wrappers cigarette butts etc etc etc etc etc splattered.
the fish market's towering rationalizations. projectile,
i resolved into furious blasting propelling etc etc full
velocity out into the surrounding countryside fields where
the old man with eyes closed dancing feverishly chanting
swinging a golden sword through the clear morning air
so clear of his visions explosive visions hallucinating
tempestuous dragons shapeless calamities fast approaching
approaching the villagers whispered snickered etc etc
etc of his daily escapades and i hastily adopted the form
of a few cornstalks for lack of a singular profound plan
hoping he wouldn't chop me to feeble ribbons in his utter
carelessness and persistent lack of attention to any and
all details. i leaned further. the dwindling afternoon
gagged itself. by and eventual by the village found the
slide to the ringing south. holes, a few pieces of ginseng
on the wind. termites.

aria

aria zenith
(and the audience: ah) the world
before this one so honey-sweet
intoxicating vibes in cool summer amber of
embellishing Time so easily meandering
so benevolent flow the by and by
to bend is (always relevant)
(misconception: aria's nadir, impediment) but
the moon's a true precedent
its harmonies
evident for any adventurer willing
to chance the shortened limbs to climb
straight up off this futile earth, so mute
so heavy
and blind

The Thousand Crows

shut up you stupid idiots you imbeciles just look what you've done just shut up shut up right now she shrieked at the thousand crows scattered about on the bare brown earth beneath the shattered silver sky hanging in forlorn pieces scattered about in so many weary splintered pieces but they paid no heed just kept screaming and screaming caw caw caw caw caw caw caw caw caw caw until the distant wandering trees began to gather again their many fallen leaves caw until tiny rivulets from everywhere began to pierce and split the surrendering dirt caw caw caw until the liberating thunder seemed inevitable until the sudden wind returned in howling triumphant velocity until the massive golden flashes overhead (now undeniable) announced a new electric sky about to form

process

an ill-formed thought

ferreting

itself

out

pointing its finger at the mirror

swallowing

a cyanide pill

the sturdy,

well-developed thoughts

now advancing

stepping over

the body

Brass

a yellow/orange cat named Florida you know like the land of the glittering orange groves wasn't it doldrums of that time in Florida when I couldn't stand up on my skis and the boat dragged me such lamentation through the river for seemed like six hours maybe a week or something akin full bland blah of a doldrum afternoon and we drove around around the falling-down seen-better-days town listening to free jazz at top volume brazenly confronting one metaphysical contradiction after another with brassy dissonant non-syllogisms of the kind you just unleash wild and snarling right in the middle of the major main-drag intersection man look how they just rip everyone's tires to flailing ribbons yank axles clean off in mid-turn clatter clang slambam like demolition-derby pandemonium oh but look out for the hidden pathways of pervasive black cats in these pock-marked backstreets around every turn seemed like yellow/orange/brass emergency of a new ontological conundrum leaping out and the streets went on forever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever oh but so much weary wane after a time wane/diminuendo strength of dissonance fading to warmer hues of chalumeau clarinets and gentle subtones what were the clashing chords anyway what's that chart wait but then *snap* my skis caught the right resistance I jolted upright standing bold and brave and whipping wet speed howling otherworldly *yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa* and five seconds seemed like seven lifetimes of brazen blasting unbridled fresh-off-the-vine euphoria

dirigible

possible of
the three-quarter moon cloud-
choked version of night
sky ash-streaked reinforced
steel dirigible crawling across eventual of
surveying the
too-far-slipping-down-into- sludge
world
model
of such derision indifferent
eventful impervious
to their stupid
factory pollutants of
discontent the flailing
anti-aircraft fire bitter curses of
cynical
villagers
lingering
smoke-hovering potentials
in such dim
concentrating compressing light
of
their
little candles

Pools

no no wait it's still too new it's unformed it's still just a blob
a fat smudge I need time to think to ponder to consider oh now
that's very interesting indeed you're saying if I just throw
myself into the pool of sticky antonyms well OK here we go let's
rock and roll let's ride what's the worst that can happen maybe
they'll ruthlessly kick me out of the High and Mighty Academy
of the Proper Poets oh wait I was never a member anyway so
who cares once upon a time in the translucent quiet of the
post-reason age after the old logic had long ago run aground gone
awry like the rusty derelict ship in the bramble-choked river
I was eating a ham on rye contemplating that sweet by and by when
the cat took a crap on the kitchen floor with seemingly a gleam
of mischief (or incoherence?) in her eye well I can tell you nothing
changed smokestacks still filled the sky flies still made those
faint and easily forgotten sounds in the tide of the prominent
discord suddenly the pale green jade hula dancer strapped to my
dashboard became so very distraught that she cried and cried
and fell face down and writhed and sighed in that juicy orange
pool of her own unbridled regrets and two doors down someone
sang fa la la la and next door someone sang do re mi while the phone
rang and rang and grieved and rang and finally committed suicide do
re mi do re mi and I tried to sing re a drop of golden sun but instead
my lips formed what I seem to remember as some sort of question
no specific details come to mind right now just something about
what particular incoherent storms of discord might engulf us come
the morning

Strength

we the rebels lost and losing
the eye of the hawk is keenly aware time crawls
in this room the air itself
crawls with a sort of hidden vipers
and oh I've seen the wild
trees we the rebels pledge we pledge
our allegiance we the converted administrators tenants of
defenders of step through
the trees into wide landscapes
of sun and no winter the box has no time
its sides so clearly drawn and oh the wild
fantastic trees swinging
wide across valleys in the land of the dance
of ultimate succulent bounty we the defenders
of boxes of the Great Machine but
what dreams dissolved there in the desert of transition
in the verses of that pledge but just imagine where
reaching out might find the voice bellows down
corridors the voice takes form behind you the leviathan
ride the leviathan of your yet music
oh I've seen great hawks soaring above mountains
and oh imagination true identity bursting out
screaming at us slapping faces
you can't point it out there will
be no impeachments here said
the young constricted man garbled
an exploration of poetry may be an affirmation
oh the fantasies of old
Tennyson's old strength that moved earth and Heaven oh I sit
in a comfortable chair again in this room
and the clock hums and crawls and
contemplates death
imagine a landscape of flesh and pure determination and
pure decay but decay is the toy for our
amusement what dreams may yet live as the
clock dies and the room holds fast it is our
greatest and most precious power and
Tennyson recognized our identity Whitman struggled
against great odds Camus knew well
the endless summer that ultimate joy has
no consequences and in the next life soon somewhere
I will truly be a hawk