

About to Be Young

hannah it is all done before it happens

—Hannah Weiner

The head of God laid in my arms

—John Wieners

Driving up the hill
in the dream There is a line of
remonstrance Cars backed down the hill
They gleaming good shame
At my gift, at my folded
& final window, like glancing
Monroe! collect self! Pour language
the totaled car
Oh I love my mom
And dad so much upon waking:
& my best friend Lee upon waking

how eloquent, Monroe

How
eloquent the amethyst Testimony

Oh god
make me a beautiful poet

crying almond, almond, almond into the slow night

Keats a boy of poverty
A wish to die, forever
like Orpheus

Flaking the truth of my
young mouth.

What are the things I—

Nothing, not
family or romantic friends, only
The golden hold of poetry

Golden like a fad
of caring. A bowl of pottery.

with Enormous

Fear I am the,
metal to the
Pistol; And I

am The great,
love of my own Life

I want to play seriously on the roof
with an enormous aptitude
for beads: peeling bad
 capital from myself,
 yet not despairing over the belief-
system taping the war to the sky.
Already it is fairly
 molten in its blue flaw.
 Wringing wet sleet
 from the stone connotes
 finally the tactic,
 of the belief-
 system: like
 the smooth grind of a sentence—
& our blinking concerns the beauty
of a hexagon sky. The night dots lift now:
on quilted tents with trees approaching: & to
 imagine it,
 with devastating
 pathos, we unfurl
 like a revolting battery.
The attacks can wait; nothing changes
their true power. And
 it *is* true,
 chanting this
 token
 fluency to the night
finally in memory of us, As if the
light soup pours / Off the flat of the knife

I cannot fit inexpressiveness
Snowing my mouth

To picture that variety as intrinsic Slurring up & down the object like Marquetry .

like the deer, Carcass That slid in a meters down the path.
that took six months. Do I call that—say—“with tectonic slowness”? Leaving in its
wake a slug? Like a wake? But that’s not right.
Nothing would be, really

the acrylic shell &With the jackhammer going, &flakes of teal splitting off
A blur of mice surged unexpectedly from the opening.

&literally on the other side, it was the same thing with
bees. Except they “poured forth upon the cruelty of the jackhammer.”
A golden ointment to its blowing noise

I grinned through the entire
focused on death
Like him
my father another with swords

We were on some
holiday so I went,
fucking in the *hissing storm* down
Through the alien corn & a
Plausible gradient of thaw, chewing the
night sap like an embryonic
apple cuff was
splintering noir introduction;
it was not my intention to “splinter noir introduction”
so we
ate the curved risk of
“betting on the splinters by day” and
Right down through the baton &
Salience thorn this esoteric glabrous saliva made the
Lake ask suddenly of
Night such violet jagged shame it blew harm strings to the day

I agree. grace is the dribbling blindness

on

blue glamor

tactical smoky limousine

how I appear to
others. Of a slight unique –
They
shame themselves by
using it.
The fundamental
embarrass Of alive

Debased,

by Making literally,
any
Moves in the world

Please, I felt broken
away,
Resisting to write out
in the other room

I could
held my book at my side, leaned
Back
and cried

the curled elegance of a receipt

On wet
Speed in the library, the social
situations slide Like beautiful wipers

until I am crying like a twinkling
diagram,
As if the whole

city were one,
grinding cocaine hierarchy.

And it must be my destiny:
fluent

in
Unassailable strings of braided syrup, to say

Obviously, there is a bold, shitty
Kind of

magic to life .

I am thinking,
Only

of my enemies tonight

in the dark caves where they are
And living as if they, enjoyed me
somehow

In the cold doldrums of their world.

Surely they are making their moves upon the world
With great strident steps toward “a teeming Desiderata of futures.”

I know
they are wielding the mutant flaming

trident
outward in long flaring sweeps

against this darkness Which threatens to consume them also.

My potent enemies.
Navigating the world like a glinting sperm.

this poem is to my enemies

I feel toward them:

as to the hulking Dragoon bullies of old

subject to
desire—
a quite purple & forlorn desire

A dozen in another rage
In failing to limp now
To set fire the ruin plant
To come with us in failing

the land escapes around you

Anyway the land escapes around you

Tonight I apply, the numb cream in chords.
it is quite

Beautiful vaseline emotion

There is a dark, crowbar of paranoia
Passive

against
the drilled sky of my arms

Bleeding traditional stillness. And it is

In my breast to react.
And it is the same sorry beep of a trap.
And it is in

the mind of the line, such
predilection for the lucent artery
Brilliant

with dark comprehension to

Bear me, with extraordinary
disgust for it, so I sleep as the slender Tool

the throat
lumps, When we are born
The doves of love,
have Happened

the Frame was traced against the wall & removed. Outside t Was snowing. Outside
snowing. Traced decision, Snot-wet. Push you in a Lie to the wall. I had
fantasize about, my

Body thrives in glass

The wilderness

For the sake of slovenly human
leisure; that is the tongue rolling

later realize Behind the cheeks, a glazed Breeze i would only.

Honest to God I can't. Fluttering with micro-lie. I am a . I am Eating
cake. I am eating pang cakes. I am eating pang . I walk out in the snow. You had
your Moment I had mine. I wanted
“ Experience
wind -shield. you asked,
what does the factory Make? Factories
Across
& A rash of lamb belts
I walk out in the snow. I make in the Ha. (still I experience
itas a lack.) Still experience Lack. I walk into the snow. I experience it as a
Lack. everything Relates. the axe slams
Kindness into the tree

Mom I am . this not As it, sounds. I am Boy
& it is snowing. the flaps
on the Wing
tweeze
Upward & then down. Mom we have begun our descent

Pure shy. I walk out in the snow
I walk out in the snow. Pixels flake. apart like crumbled . I am moving
through
Solid flood. I am moving through The blush, tin burst of pan

“nephew-genital” is the worst Word: it berates upon niece like Anything: a most
Berserk
intaglio of dice

the animal
inside my father
does not tremble
I know but can

~~In the predictable dreams of~~
~~such ranging youth~~
~~with names every lark and truth~~
~~to be so quick withal on the windy path~~
The gregarious legends are gone now in the red showers
nothing but golden sentiment from now on
and other esoteric shelter greebled across the night

I've moved, like clasped
hands Into a mullet
dog from Behind, the last
mirror Is on earth

too panted
sordid blowing elephants
swell the hot lane
feling bitter
with spat of
want malaise
gravy anger held
aloft these elephants dipe now
into sponged supply
to menace peace
one second time
with circumspection these produce
their dripping breath
extente that monie
elephants followt me
home
a darken tactic
with specious time on earth
I give her that
to of couse be-neath
the arns rod
my god saw god

*High in the saddle
In the grass of my problems again
In overlapping mail armor
And peering for an enemy sans problem
To conquer as these knights prolept
Your mounted honor
And the troop felt relevant engorged
By muscle tonight in cold victory*

I
edit
the violets myself

To
speak of it

as of a Fraying cathected secret

Boy starving into me
the
entrance
bones Her beautiful head

Being seen isn't quite like that

Like can't Anna
herself unsure
The task off

falls from the quilt
like can't Anna
In damage to eat listening

Comb lies across
falls from the quilt

then he stood quickly without guilt
herself unsure
High heels in the snow

Oh my lady help me

So
long in the shadow of our intimacy

to Blue out the ending

Of a color you were wearing
approaching my front arms

There is a moment, I want
again, I
would like to unwatch
when
it seems
you take your glasses off, again
between us,
and I cannot be harmed
through two windows, rather bald, and
And again, you folding shirts
by the dark
sky
to wipe
The daydream
I would have
yes? to
keep it

Pouring your shoulders off
the roaring pond

There is no saint for this

to eat

Truly from your mercy

Even
in the sympathy
embraced – the humid – the sugar
of distance, & prescribed
distraction summer, aloft, even
overwhelmed with goodness
& human alarm
for one another – a folded
harm I
know – the irksome & psychic
dent, I – it – I
can still be penetrated
by
smell by
memory of you & by spring

well How did you expect that to deplete

well How did you expect the tableau to deplete? I re-walked the whole thing. you had thrown me something, i remarked on that a Year ago, almost a difficult—shelf-like buildings. quoted some idiot, &before i even finished I learned the power of your reward: it was just, certain muscles of the face. but I have. not seen this town. How? how not. where squares of sheer color are the sky

Growing rain upon my face

alive between dawn
climbs to tension
Anna in a field of larks

(oh god.
Lights off anna

In my mind I
hard a-

gainst my face
like
Washing my face

I'm not

one of Those
carers

am I

At the table I felt, for a time
it seemed
the world was human colors
The long
room
of thinking filled
with furniture, of your family,
A dynamic slowly
seething
in the air behind
my conception of,
you & the long grains
of detail
piling
Into
half-understanding

a lullaby above heaven
In the car with mother
Beside two other cars

My mother hugs me
after I
have been called, I
have
been away
She would cry on,
holding Up
the damp light,—my
conflict
writhes apart.
She
puts her
hand
in the lease
of only family tonight—
Where the
weapon is,
A velvet daughter

coils of
spreading truant steam
darkens as something to know
morning coast

as if gloat offer they
shows through so
are you
and is it

even there
such smart as brow muscle
releases safe
such cached like

wind turning down the field
the riot quiets
down
to reach new

distance
as if talking me
by sheer lamé
as if knowing both

Moral girls
Had a road trip.
been
kind to me.
We
, Oh
god I think, To rob us of
memory
Once & for all.
& I think
a love can
Ache
right through you.
the front, seat
There is a
panic dialectic. I stepped
Into it

In Greece, the pastel
boxes
clicked.
Alien Belgians
in a
white sheet—
beautiful.
Screaming to the wind & cicada.
& Nothing
could
break Me,
for the
intermittent
burst
of sky And sky

Walking into the slow clearing of the leasing
sky,
I can read by that

your cone of reasons maybe.
Well, maybe.
&suddenly it comes to me,

pushing your hair back like
steam, & I
See that mindfulness glowing out from you, oh profane

longing, &
oh maybe nothing can touch me,
make any

other thing
matter again, On into the
night or the light honestly whichever

*The legend skis up alongside
In soft humility
it has always been this way*

the evening they take

sky to the police
given up lips to become thin
again though you were always good

to find out
pushing fine fire
has a small
mood

oh porch
the low & buzzing granite
crouching rain
a bowl of weather

the tract of startled
molten dark ran down like gods paint roller
you see from the highway
and did men-images
climb

in descending
rappel of me
As now as unknown
on spokes of lavender foam

I told my gran an eye trick
She told me how to do
She told me since I told her that
A trick she longer knew

Tonight if you could drive
your car, by
dream
The interior light on, so I could recognize
So you recognize me
& stop
Like a narrative so
perfect, it floats
up and
down the night
And within it, to offer
the paper-bag color iced coffee
Tonight is wet air, wet
clothing
and somehow
That
would make it
really last