

A. STALEY GROVES,

Poetry Vocare.

FOREWORD IN FRENCH
BY JUDITH BALSÓ.

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présentation —
par judith balso

*« a poem
that the poem, against all of the industry and image
of poetry »*

PRÉSENTANT L'ŒUVRE d'un jeune poète, pour la première fois rendue publique dans ces pages magnifiquement imprimées par Vincent W.J. van Gerven Oei, j'essaie d'être juste la main qui lance vers le large l'esquif de papier.

Ces poèmes d'A. Staley Groves me donnent la perception immédiate qu'une direction est prise, qu'une voie nouvelle est tracée, inévitable. Cette sensation naît d'abord de l'intensité avec laquelle il ose faire sien le monde, en le prenant dans le filet d'un petit nombre de lieux et d'éléments, de l'intérieur desquels il dispose d'inoubliables sites de pensée.

Dès le premier poème (beau comme un *Lied* de Schubert) de « drowning tree of the hands », les eaux perdues de la naissance, les bois, le vent déclinant sur la canopée, la pensée à travers et contre l'orme/élément, aimantent l'attention comme une énigme inscrite à la surface du paysage. Dans « galata bridge », l'isthme du Bosphore, une statue conquérante, la silhouette lointaine d'une mosquée, quelques pêcheurs avec leurs lignes, l'arche d'un pont dans l'eau laiteuse de la nuit, composent un site saisissant : les deux rives du Bosphore comme les deux pages d'un monde qu'un mur invisible et féroce cisaille, sépare.

Depuis ce lieu singulier (« *in the world / alive life in the world* » p. 47), emblème d'un monde en pièces, A. Staley Groves met à la question la poésie elle-même :

*« all walls hold faces
in all the places I have been
are poets walled in their pages? »*

(p. 57)

A quelle condition la poésie peut-elle ne pas être complice, ne pas être une partie de ces murs que le monde où nous vivons multiplie ? La réponse de Groves est à la fois audacieuse, courageuse et juste : elle consiste à faire le pari d'une capacité personnelle à accéder au vrai par sa seule « jeune bouche » :

*« in the cavern,
of dead air, in the wall,
in this space,
lungs of the wall,
in the basement,
in the cave*

*Recover truth
from your young mouth.
which tells you,
to your young mouth.*

*only your tongue,
a stem,
roots in wall of the stellar stomach. »*

(p. 57)

Commençons par vouloir la fin des murs qui divisent l'univers actuel, par vouloir briser leurs échines, auxquelles nous sommes cousus. Nous pouvons affirmer avec lui :

*« only aura,
only aural sun,
of world
no walls remain
the modern kaleidoscope,
crushed in stanbul*

allspeed! back into essence. »

(p. 48-9)

Semblable au pont de Galata, qui d'Istanbul réunit la vieille ville et la nouvelle, ce poète se conçoit lui-même comme une arche : « *I the arch of the image* » (p. 39) ; « *"I" bridge of pages / my broken spine, full of lungs / these lungs, head of the line* » p. 61), et conçoit le poème comme enjambement possible de la césure entre les mondes :

*« every poem
stands backward against
the slit »*

(p. 50)

L'une des parties, peut-être la plus belle, de « Poetry Vocare » a pour titre « bottomland », — ce qu'on pourrait traduire par « pays du fond », ou « arrière-pays » (en écho au beau livre d'Yves Bonnefoy), mais aussi par « bout du monde ». C'est à ce lieu perdu, à ces solitudes de bout du monde, qu'appartient l'une des extrémités de l'arche. Ce sont marais, sables mouvants, oies sauvages, leurs troupes en v dans le ciel, leurs cris, routes inondées, vents, champs de maïs, boue, acres d'ardoises, canards, écureuil, bêtes tuées en vol ou à bout portant, arbres démembrés, feuilles jaunies, marécages et étangs, saules, foulques aux yeux rouges mangeurs de poisson...

Inscrite dans cet univers, la silhouette du chasseur capture, enveloppe, celle du poète. Les leçons de la chasse y sont aussi des leçons pour le poème. Tandis que le pas du chasseur éprouve ces terres mouillées où son fusil croise parfois un gibier, le poème arpente inlassablement sa propre configuration :

*« two shots
two ducks*

*dropped
feather snowed air
duck dropped in water
duck tumbled
fell past grey combs,
in the ditch of opiate mud
and I rolled it over, and over
to remember
no time to think*

shot *shot »*

(p. 107)

*« the instant is not long
only the movement
and its true
and its happens
to be true after all »*

(p. 105)

Les poèmes sont paroles avant d'être des mots. C'est par l'oreille qu'ils pénètrent la pensée, et d'abord celle du poète lui-même. Chaque poème d'A. Staley Groves résonne comme un cristal. J'essaie de décrire ainsi ma perception d'avoir affaire à une matière qui possède la pureté, la densité et la capacité de diffraction (à la fois musicale et lumineuse) du cristal. Il est difficile

de rendre compte de cette sensation. Chaque poème tombe en moi comme une pierre et, pierre jetée dans ce puits, il laisse remonter une sonorité inouïe. Sans doute est-ce un effet de la convocation directe en lui du souffle, seul capable de susciter :

*« the image that
breathes, flipping, »*

(p. 36)

Chez ce poète, la parole doit être « *wind fabric* » (p. 27), « *nothing / less wind-image* » (p. 43). Elle a réellement la finesse et la précision d'un tissu aérien, diaphane, tissé par un souffle, celui du vent, ou celui des poumons où les mots sont littéralement « sucés », aspirés :

*« words sucked into
my lungs, »*

(p. 36)

Cette parole ne provient pas d'un « intérieur », elle jaillit d'une deuxième bouche, dont le poème dit étrangement qu'elle est « assise » derrière la bouche du poète. Cette bouche fait de lui, selon l'image chère à Dante, un « copiste » :

*« I know
about your mouth
how it sits
behind my own,
remembered it-self
by etching my lips. »*

(p. 41)

*« translucence passed
to me,
tension means I copy »*

(p. 22)

En vérité, cette bouche double appartient aux mots eux-mêmes, et le poète doit trouver comment troubler de son souffle ce qu'ils apportent toujours avec eux de faux : une image déjà nouée à un sens. Cette perturbation est au cœur de l'acte de penser quand cet acte est celui du poème :

*« the poet must blow words beyond their double
mouths
to the populous,
to disturb the image,
of false,
disturbance
the knot of the thinking, »*

(p. 91)

Le poète ne peut pas considérer le langage comme transparent : « *A glass language has nothing to do / with speaking* » (p. 87). « glass language » engage un débat avec la philosophie sur ce que c'est que la langue dans l'acte de penser. Si le philosophe veut que le langage soit verre, le geste du poète ne sera pas d'essayer de regarder à travers : il le retourne et le remplit d'eau (« *poet overturns glass, / pours water in* » p. 89). Le langage ne peut pas davantage être pensé par ce poète comme un miroir. Penser suppose pour lui que le privilège accordé au regard s'efface devant la puissance de la musique :

*« in the evening and in the day,
the light was different.
nothing of sight
but pure aural music, »*

(p. 35)

*« eyes are not planets,
nor windows,
in fact bells swing forward
showing tongues, »*

(p. 34)

Car le regard, la vue, composent déjà une insidieuse organisation rationnelle du réel, à laquelle il faut préfé-

rer et opposer un « brouillard » initial (« *fog / confusio to the ordo of sight* » p. 125) :

*« see more closely
what designs 'view'.
Not aspect, mere aspection,
rationing sight. »*

(p. 85)

Ce n'est donc pas le regard, mais la saisie d'un rythme qui orientera la pensée du poème :

*« thinking has rhythm, we approach
rhythm thinking less »*

(p. 53)

Il est extrêmement rare de trouver chez un jeune poète une pareille capacité à penser sa propre pensée. A. Staley Groves trouve des appuis dans une conversation serrée avec le grand Wallace Stevens. Il en retient l'importance décisive de l'imagination en tant qu'imagination de ce qui change, et donc de ce qui émerge et surgit. Le changement ne doit pas être conçu comme relevant d'une objectivité, ou d'une structure. Le possible n'appartient pas au registre du factuel, il résulte de l'imagination créatrice, de la fiction imaginante. La tâche de l'imagination poétique n'est pas de créer de

l'imaginaire ou du sens. Elle est de formuler du possible. Elle crée donc avant tout de la pensée, elle nous apprend ce que c'est que penser, affirme Groves : « *It appears as what means to think, not what means to mean* ». En ce sens, l'imagination est aussi : « *something amplifying sky* » (p. 116).

Ce serait donc une erreur de voir la poésie comme lieu des images, elle est—ce qui est tout à fait différent—une capacité de produire des images qui soient nouvelles, à la mesure de ce qui surgit, et qui résiste à la pensée. Tel un personnage de conte, le poète habite un verger (« *ample apple / yards* » p. 67). Ses poèmes sont autant de graines qu'il crache pour donner naissance à ces nouvelles images susceptibles d'être aussi de nouvelles possibilités du monde :

*« poetry is not the image
but the faculty of images
which build the urbanity of words from orchards »*

(p. 80)

Si l'imagination peut créer ainsi des possibles, c'est que l'être, au plus loin d'être « plein », doit être pensé comme tout entier tissé d'absences—un mot qu'il faut entendre, avec A. Staley Groves, comme « *ab-sense* » : « *the lack of sense as sense* ». Tout sens comme sens en est absent. C'est pourquoi le travail poétique doit être

un travail de « *voidance and evacuation* » (p. 147), et le poète un « *splitter* » (p. 148) :

*« and I never told you anything, nor
promised: I evacuate
the paper trail, »*

(p. 62)

*« poetry will run out,
on the way to its image, »*

(p. 90)

*« there are two knots
tied by one
behind this is nothing
behind nothing is the truth »*

(p. 133)

La poésie n'a cette puissance que si elle est une pensée en expansion dans la langue. Ce mouvement, ce bougé, nécessaires, A. Staley Groves les inscrit, chaque fois qu'il le peut, dans la structure même du poème. Que des glissements, des déplacements doivent être marqués dans la langue même du poème, ceci est lié au mode sur lequel le vrai le ponctue, et au besoin d'articulations (« *knuckles* ») qui sont en même temps toujours pour part des jointures fallacieuses, qu'il faut

au moins faire trembler, pour les révéler à l'œil qui les déchiffre :

*« truth makes convex
punct uation
punctuation: explicit puncture
explained by a hand drawing-out
to its drawing-in. »*

(p. 139-40)

« knuckles walk the page »

(p. 141)

Je voudrais attirer l'attention sur deux exemples de ce « tremblé » introduit dans la matière même du poème. Des exemples d'autant plus significatifs, à mon sens, que chacun traite à sa façon des démêlés du poème avec la langue :

*« Who had not called this out, so many times ?
This— claim to see pattern
as it is.
As it is, as might.
As it might-be.
thus words
as it is*

in the asthma th of words »

(p. 53)

Dans ce premier exemple, il s'agit de faire bouger le rapport entre « *pattern* » et « *words* » en faisant surgir un contraste entre la puissance du « *pattern* » et le caractère nécessairement asthmatique (essoufflé) des mots. Dans l'exemple suivant, une tension travaille entre le codage des mots par le philosophe et leur texture infinie pour le poète. Je résume et concentre volontairement les enjeux : ce qui s'ouvre sous l'œil du lecteur est beaucoup plus subtil et travaille plus longuement :

*« philosopher recodes term,
to terminate,
poet,
glass text, ure
language,
insubstantial aspect love
vis-able termination. »*

(p. 66)

Dans « *poetry vocare* », qui entretisse une méditation sur la poésie avec les rues de Bangkok occupées par le soulèvement des chemises rouges, le poème apparaît comme devant désertier tout plan, refuser tout centre,

son chemin étant de suivre, comme les manifestants pourchassés, « *the dispersal / of the street* » (p. 148).

A. Staley Groves retrouve des images d'Emily Dickinson pour décrire un tel poème, qui possède la fragilité solide, la précision éphémère, toujours à reconstruire, des toiles translucides dans lesquelles l'araignée capture ce qui la nourrit. L'activité immatérielle de l'araignée révèle comment le poème de Dickinson travaille (poème 513, 1863) :

*« The Spider holds a Silver Ball
In unperceived Hands—
And dancing softly to Himself
His Yarn of Pearl—unwinds—*

*He plies from nought to nought—
In unsubstantial Trade—
Supplants our Tapestries with His—
In half the period—*

*An Hour to rear supreme
His Continents of Light—
The dangle from the Housewife's Broom—
His Boundaries—forgot— »*

De même, chez Groves :

*« the wind is cold holds spit web like snowflake
depressing face
in my hands
my palms
print a face,
on the elm, »*

(p. 29)

*« The poet exhausts
his vitality in thinking,
knowing she's rubbed
out patterns—
paternal parts. weavers making
from the woven. »*

(p. 53)

*« a thousand sands in the air of the river
swimming spider, »*

(p. 93)

Cette proximité me rend plus chère encore l'œuvre nouvelle.

Judith Balso, mars 2011.

drowning tree of the hands

1

lost birth water
In the woods
there
numbness, a decline,
wind depresses
on canopy.
wind fabric
I think through,
against the elm.

with whit
keys of wind,
in elm laced bottom sky,
excited you're here.

I found you
through marrows,

a tense tinges,
from pressured tree trunk
rushing spit,
 open pillar draws ground and sky in grid
floating tongue
slobber-morning,
 drowned heat from words,
 through arms, legs, trunk,
thrown in
wind withers a silk root,
spit milkly air

the wind is cold holds spit web like snowflake
depressing face
in my hands
my palms
print a face,
on the elm,

our hallways,
only bones?
in ways, woven,
marrow sponge,
in the curtain of sponge
does marrow turn to mud..

I would not lose you
in breath marks
in the bubbles
of bones,
in water,
this water of both lungs,
full and total darkness,
you not there.

you whom I have found
or this time,
occupy tiers.
of music bones,
in a great hall.
curtain draws your spire-ings,
in the rings of my line to
the spinning tops of eyes,
in the water of eyes,
a fresh seal of speechwater,
there marks water,
water wipes over image.

no longer do I trust the dead body
of friends,
who, still-die:
in the body-there
punctuation gone
in the time'd image.

I have breath marks you leave
in thoughts I keep around,
a drape of what it was,
flesh spires against
auroras of tone

I really miss
you, don't know, you,
if you,
very real
for this
whey body
in night
in this way:

*I touch eyes of lips,
which contour drapes,
that burrow light,
in absence,*

where are
my bones?,
in ways,
in hall spires
among rings?,
someone here,
and hue'd,
in
sapphire ovals.

eyes are not planets,
nor windows,
in fact bells swing forward
showing tongues,
cords hold together,
a know of bell tang,
know in unraveling tang,
holds memory, not sound,
across the board.

ten years ago I made music
under a green light,
you approached me,
many thought I was crazy,
many laughed at me.

in the evening and in the day,
the light was different.
nothing of sight
but pure aural music,
 in answered phones,
 in manila indices,
a wind from spinning wheel.
and I can see it there,
over words
I catch and spell in the flip of the index.
I feel heat from the board,
loose from tendinous grass,
where heat faints-from
and pulls from
a face out of dawn,

words sucked into
my lungs, faints in, to, hands, that, whittle-in too.

who are they
in the index?,
the image that
breathes, flipping,
this gesture is,
in still
ness
d istill, ed from mouths
fused in direct
ions
of spinning wheels,
anew
im'age.

I will say to you already,
you made me aware,
there are some who
tied to me,
un, do, tension,
expose knots,
and throw belly of tones
through mouths

and the thinking-about
one should not trust,
its memory,
tears me into the future
and this writing-about
the anachronistic spin.
registers love,

it tells them you have too
breathe on me,

do it
out of time,
out of nothing—
or it seems seamed
in entry, split me from the end.

I the arch of the image, tie;
in the hall reforms essence,
this:
on my mind,

*eyes are not planets nor shoes,
not place for my feet to enter,
not that which mediates path,
reconfigures contour
of the arch,
it is given,
that my head in my feet,
my heels where eyes are,
to the opening of the shoes,
what closes the anniversary
in the blackness of shoes,
of the folding up
of the foot
to the boot,*

that conforms
memory
of all feet
to hurl out

ward,
like wayfarer breath
on the road,
silt
of the path
fills etched feet,
and gives index
a perishable soul
sole.

I know
about your mouth,
how it sits
behind my own,
remembered it-self
by etching my lips.

I watched a sprig pass,
in a clear water when,
I told the helix about death
death still flows
through
sprigs too,

this was not my image
though I viewed them there,
among clay tile pieces
and pebbles,
a disintegration
of relevance
of recognition,
acute, demeaning
the properized image,
at least,
her parts
mean nothing,
translucence passed
to me,
tension means I copy

*pieces lift and set lift and set in a small ribbon of
current*
to hands,
bounce off my fingers
my hands whose brains
are nothing
less wind-image.

this loop,
between planets
and eyes
and boots
in the water.

galata bridge

1

(in the world
alive life in the world)

plying wall
in summer of “world”

sea borne holes, a great catastrophe
open your wall
have it open,
do not withhold

Mehmed, Mehmed: stands in steel against the slit
Bosporus
a globe, at his feet
against, facing he's
fac'd-up, to a murk of,
constelling waters,
leaky, greased isthmus,
open pagination
a night's milk water
between “worlds”
cisternal nectar,

lispy pages
bound spine
of the wall, brok'd flow
peering-in
plied fibers
in its flex, over ages
 a crown on hill
 skull hill of skies in thou , sands
 drown in fervor
move , ment

mean
unbracketed leaves
fallen plans from skies

no walls remain,
leaves us Now, as it were
the fire on skull,
only aura,
only aural sun,
of world
no walls remain

the modern kaleidoscope,
crushed in stanbul

allspeed! back into essence.

am looking at skull hill
its crown shifts over
the black straight

my mouth bound
full of roots
shrinks in salted air
claim my tongue. preserve these words!
my mouth bound up,
full of roots
pressured spit, tapped glands:

 This cloud all too substantial
the cause of
 all trees.
every poem
stands backward against
the slit,
stand backward against
knuckles busting
the hill.

one hundred trumpets
cut the light
in two pages drinking
into The stem,
all from auraling hill,
busted by knuckles—the fist forms...out of the
skull,

one hundred trunks
cut the light, of the page, of pages
knuckles bust
sculled hill
...in shreds, whipping arm
shadows, against the plying wall,
suck'd though the stem.
Of Galata Bridge

—the path sea ducks cut,
a froth like whittler's,
long-orange-blown-stems,
from fisher men's strings,
harping sun from Galata
bridge

thinking has rhythm, we approach
 rhythm thinking less (...approaches, calls us – us).
 The poet exhausts
 his vitality in thinking,
 knowing she's rubbed
 out patterns—
 paternal parts. weavers making from
 the woven.

Who had not called this out, so many times?
 This— claim to see pattern
 as it is.
 As it is, as might.
 As it might-be.
 thus words
 as it is
 in the asthma th of words

Crown of asthma. Crown of asthma in the horn's throat,
 globe base, golden fire, of the there-is , in slit of sun

do you, on a hill, send the page, in two pages— in
this

two pages?
of shades, hadow
of slit of sun, has
a book fallen
in its book.

mars pours, in its own
 flection — a felt in sun
 mythologies of past, identify
 what remains secret to us.
 Only discovered again (as “‘might’ be the case”.)
 again...Forgetting to re,in,stal significance
 of the fars-e

Forms have never changed, nor the station:
 dear poets, unknown to the
 page, in skull's belly
 where are we, in stellation?
 in the form stellar,
 a clamor.
 a pressure, reduces
 music (into roots)
 chords and pressure
 reduces music to song. to night
 ash. .spit in weaving wind

All my poets,
 in ash maps (leaked through walls, and sprawl , led

down the hill)
the scholar looks for structure
symmetrical re-in-stell-ation,
poets become the same time,
and in time
ash prints, new pages

all walls hold faces
in all the places I have been
are poets walled in their pages?

in the cavern,
of dead air, in the wall,
in this space,
lungs of the wall,
in the basement,
in the cave

Recover truth
from your young mouth.
which tells you,
to your young mouth.
only your tongue,
a stem,
roots in wall of the stellar stomach.

plant my tongue
in the soil of stars;
and felt ash, the

common sense, of taste, unbuckle
The dead air of my walled ears.

The starling of oily ash , tongue
of softest thorn: this the bird of poetry.

the company you keep, is the company
 you reveal, and the point of drawing out,
 and drawing in, is the time when
 a switch stutters out of pace — as it
 requires too — to line up with structure

some of us live in the silt of the lung,
 lung of skull, sisterned lung

when memory aligns with the forgotten
 does poetry emerge?. does stuttering bust
 the globe?, drawing gulls over water,
 drawing fish out from water aura of
 ashen sea ducks, black lines, slice
 aural of the circling gulls

—

the cast blown open eyes of bait fish
 on the stem, on Galata Bridge
 fisher's poles stem
 the blown open eye,
 a tongue in sea
 curls from lungs

—
this stem holds a drawing in and
drawing out of traffic

—
the switch, fishers root the sea lung
with their lines and blown open eyes

sun setting, we,
 face the opened, red meat,
 of thousands swept into humidity,
 red meat
 a true human eye.

>

sun light gives contour
 to harping strings,
 of a thousand scribbling fishermen,
 sun thrown concentric, horn,
 horn of gold, in the green breast of sea
 aura crown claims the bridge, "I" bridge of pages,
 my broken spine, full of lungs
 these lungs, head of the line

>

stems liquor the sea with human oils
 the sea is not impersonal, only difficult
 to identify
 this gate gaiting,
 a switch
 two stutters into structure
 aligns with forgotten pages,

light exhausts
in the fibers of lines

>

and since we met here, in stutter
our eyes no longer work,
horn sun-stems the green water
a thousand tubes
impregnate the fish eye
skull lungs blow by

>

why draw my face
to this window
which draws in and draws out?
cannot see through this
for-gotten, only flicker
stems and stems.
in the oiled sea window

>

and I never told you anything, nor
promised: I evacuate
the paper trail, the genetic wind of
a typed page

splattered, in the scribbled pissed-off fishermen
holding poles throwing lines

The seagull'd asheness
Their torrent open sun's belly
ties
The stem of fishermen's lines
as floating pretzels.
sea ducks cut a forgotten surface
Their white beaks and black matte

one drawn in , one drawn out
a ligature of fishing line

humidity

1

no motion in the tea

ample apple
yards,
no phantom summary
the vacant hands in the field
reversed fog,
called august.

in beetle bellies
the oil of time
in the worm-fingerings
just
charcoaled daylight seeds
in soil, data crunch, glass fabric

don't throw yourself to be thrown
drape your page
as burlap's posture
(be and be)

in a lump sum marble of hickory
 split by craftsman
 switch at that table
unsheathed
 wood mirror
idle slide of seed
 a timing belt which drives
 desire for a real mirror
and your tea is
in there
a blossom of sand
in there, like our whole line
in times, one times

were you
in the eye gobbled?
the transoms of the head,
by the ears?

sacred ears of brain grammar
opal loop of the skull
which bears fruit,
two cheeks bones
my oar handles
for baby's hands
like a mirror puddle
who swims through
soil of face and brain

we eat fruit,
and spit seeds
the fruit gives
ground to a seed
we eat ground
and spit out reasons

moisture of breath
cushions seeds,
pages grow with trees in the orchard

leave me a—
lone well to—
sip from knitting—
odors held of your
ill
print.
your knitting was
wordless.
building books never
to be read
hiding in
 loops
 of
 loops.
all of you
did not reach me,
and there are books in
ceilings
Open and in the
barn where
a young man
wears honest clothing

— come back
I have no memory
in the oven of light august
explodes in humidity

light split by smoke
flapping against beams
in the wood frame garage
pulled to the wet concrete

in this world
having always proclaimed
as the only one
and to-be not so
means the tin of air
forms nails in my lungs

and here is that
house
soaked in august humidity
I cast breath into a song.
like a sock, its limp

a filling worm casting upward
slowly
makes the sock heavy

blue choke summer sky
like chicken skin
where the phantom orchard
holds faces apart
a sun yolks

cheek by cheek
I see through faces—light
and light blows way to
a face a

way that takes up
in the cloud
the vacuum of youth

that takes up chords,
constitution of the apple core
with, holds, image of a tree

I grew up in an apple
which was on a tree
yarned in
sun.

its ochre vein shade
stamping acres in the deck of time.

here columns of sand upon sand
a purple fist on the heart

here in my house
without seeds
in this house without seeds
seedless house in the index
there is no,
no-house

simple poles in the flesh of
a thousands of
thousands of
marshes
and a core of
 poles
 columns
 pillars

what you knit

here is a den of lice
which spit exploded
like maps of the Star's
homes

the arcade life of urbanite,
enclosed town of departments,
stores, cake-faced apocalypse
storage of seeds which are digital dry
surfaces
mannequin faces, gloss future
reflections.
we may look forward in them
standing there?
may we look forward.
human return to covers.

humid day curls the cover in-toward its face,
crisp face bubbles like gum.

the early faces
my earliest faces, return a mem
and burn into
your smile

in late summer belch
glossed in sweat
the humid breath of august
pushes through

I pull the worm from
its tube
like a scroll
from your burlap sitting in the barn

with a lamp
course lisping dirt like
reading tea leaves
my naked foot
a branch stripped by wind

you are in-bedded
and I pull the chord from

my stomach

I pull the chord from
mud
the worm ends flip
concave-convex.
show me the circle.

I drop the worm and its covered like a powdered
donut.

peculiar pressure of grass root
blows you out
in shade,
in shade of core pillars
play a tone

blows you out
shadows
respiring grass, aspiring soil

no seed is a world—just etymology
makes its page
in the glass blackness of the mirror

*(a poem
that the poem, against all of the industry and image of
poetry, the cult of the poem and the state secrets which
throw veins into the belly of poems.*

*the word of poems, build the state, saturate its image
with concrete.*

*in the written word, indeed when static visits
memories appear for the poet,
but poetry is not the image
but the faculty of images
which build the urbanity of words from orchards*

*written words of a poem are the stem's
cell)*

*(Here is what I meant to say last night
a poet is thrown to a memo moment
and it is not a matter of recovery
rather, images in the fiction static or humidity)*

glass language

the object
this book,
glass, being in glass
read a glass
for one moment
see
eye rolling through
a glass mirror

A glass used by philosophers.
Whether fragments from lenses
which killed Spinoza,
or the idea of language
for philosophers
whom fill in dry fibers
of philosopher.

passing over in silence

The air fills with glass
shreds
the lungs.
see more closely
what designs 'view'.
Not aspect, mere aspection,
rationing sight.
worm aurora rings fiber,
glass fire halo
of
the philosopher, stealing up shoes,
to journey, and meet poet's wife's husband

put on your hat,
lift up your coat,
hear the hook bounce
gusting plaster wall,
hear crumbles, between slats,
crumbs between walls.
Sense prints vacant space.

Walls hold aspiration.
Citations of poetry,
sensible wall, cited by hanging pictures.
hung pictures behind evenings.

Philosophers are sperm,
poetry erupts sperm and dribbles,
philosopher recodes term,
to terminate,
poet,
glass text, ure
language,
insubstantial aspect love
vis-able termination.

A glass supposes something dramatic about others:
finite torsion of
onlooker, seeing
their reflection seeing
beyond, contorted.

And as a circle,
circumference,
a tower,
for the master,
for the captured,
for the thinker,
for the clouds.

It was philosopher,
whom philosopher
picks up,

who takes a view
of the glass,
there: a fly in the glass,
that can see beyond,
cannot escape,
overturned glass.

A glass language has nothing to do
with speaking,
rivulet reflections,
atomized filling, nostrilling horns,
concentric orders
and bursting text
of lip's face.

It says much about
position,
of the fly,
and the position,
of the philosopher.
In deed not simple.

The poet,
in this glass
world,
knows 'there is',
a table,
yet woven, that table: sense.

In the glass sense boils
concentric,
with line of cite,
through sight,
a tangent,
bent to glass grounds, blown to ribbons.

Glass grounds: positions of text in wetness
of nature, pen milk

table is not ground,
but the story of clouds.
sand echoes its light.

The lineage,
of sand of glass, and tangent, of sand,
and glass, in the ground, of clouds.

The lineage,
the pitch, the ground, of music junctures.

The other?,
who, assumes the other in the metaphor of the glass.
the viewer

The poet sits down for dinner,
declares dinner by eating
philosopher passes the butter.
poet overturns glass,
pours water in
to fibers of ribboned light
bent in glass,
pours water into gullet.

The dinner plate is placed,
dinner brought forth.

A ham is brought forth with rivulets glistening,
the mouth has many mouths
these mouths take apart
rivulets,
fibers go limp,
are crushed
water evacuates mouth
of mouths, of abyssal belch.

The glass sucks up wood table
a ham shades suckled wood.

In hot August, glass aspires, streams,
dilutes wood,
sperm crawls in
milling water tongue
makes wood
a stream,
explodes bread crumbs,
on its way to a lap, a knee,
on its way to the floor
forgotten, it moves to the wall,
moves beneath
a baseboard,
opens up crumbs
of sense.
evacuation of
the imagined.

poetry will run out,
on the way to its image,
vocare poets who carry verses,
combined image,
contrived images,
contrived deliverance
on the evacuated sense of poems
knotted

knot heads.

the poet must blow words beyond their double
mouths,

the poet must blow words beyond their double
mouths

to the populous,
to disturb the image,
of false,
disturbance
the knot of the thinking,
of the beat before
the heart floods
the page of bandages
of the page

before the “heart of the heart,”
the knot of the heart,
first fist which strikes,
the tang in the second mouth.

Had the glass been full,
it would flood the table and blow open horizon.

Blown open table script,
of natural clouds,
of the table

The quarter-sawn heart table.
of the real day
of the fish belly
white like the real day
in the river
in the river of deep eyes
in the eyes of mites
in the dust mouth of *wittgensteiner*
in the dust cover, a book
of a million works
up in the air
two million manifolds
unfolding on the shelf
on desk
book in the mouth of the Book
the Book and the book
falling into
a book opening into
its book

first foot of feathers
two left footed feathers in circles
in the circuit of two hands
the envelope of ribs
slips in the throat
of wet wax
only brambles

bloomed from the back of
stomach roots,

spit of the mountain bird
egg of fish eyes
a thousand sands in the air of the river
swimming spider, sperm
brambl'd water by holy christ winds
of salem summer

opening the mouth of the river face
of the door and
the bandage of carpet-song
the flying carpet
of dust, its mother pattern, full of sperm

the archive of the wall
and the archive of the carpet

bottomland

1

bottomland
holds separate
the world of religion
in reflective placards where
movement blows
ceilings beneath world

2

there, in still
disintegrat ion
burr oak leaves
rustrot plume, orange and
my falling face,
red runny sun
falls in placards
of green pools

fish in there
necrotic air
pushes up to,
ward my face,
a bubble stem
amplifies: small movement
rot rich
stank, ponds of
swollen streams,
drowned trees

wind
blows horizontal
amplitudes
thinking against it

glass breaking geese honk
rolls fingers over,
ruptures water,
I pass wading
flooded roads

makes a grid, body in water
concentric cross
my wake way of sound
from breathed leaves passing
scrape clack palmed branches
pot trindles in the crossings

*this is why
winds determine
reason
the soil stitch holds shadow in its thread*

*there are
yet only fields of ears
here hearing nothing*

foot weeds opened
footed to a fast current
corn field.
spleen poured liquid mud
of disturbed water
sky'd by a trillion slate acres,
reflects small lighten-ings.

I shot
a duck on the water
and shot the other
duck lifting-off

tree lined stream sucked
the shot
duck whirled circles
10 miles per hour

I brought her back to earth.
speckled teal
throat full of corn
mistaken shattered neck

7

the green river floods
the bottomland
and
squirrel can be shot
at close range

the squirrel drops
in instant death
in stinky water

I walked through wetland
all day
then
through bottomland
two mallard hen
set on a pool,
from flooded green river

dismembered trees,
glowed green weeds,
through warm sun patched
thrown eyes through
stilling water, the troll's eye blows up

in fall, plumed over water
yellow leaves set solar buzz of light

I shot two took one,
I have two shots for two ducks

the instant is not long
only the moment
and its true
and it happens
to be true after all

I pet the duck dead
it always smiles back

I tie the duck
to my suspender,
to my waders
by the neck,
below the beak
high, without slack.

in wetland, weeds rip apart
skin murk burps in the water,
thatch grips the boot
to the knee,
to the waist
stink's raw in still water
the trees hide you
from incoming v
and willows curl your body to your body

coot swim by
red eyes, fish eater,
green elongated feet, lizard skin

*coot was eaten in the 1940s
when the war was high
one recipe claims its delicious
from the war department.*

when leaving
two mallard hens took
up and
apart the wetland

from tall weeds,
one over the dirt road
one over water
I swung through
two shots
two ducks
dropped
feather snowed air
duck dropped in water
duck tumbled
fell past grey combs,
in the ditch of opiate mud
and I rolled it over, and over
to remember
no time to think

shot

shot

tied to my suspenders,
smiling ducks, makes me happy

I threw two coots to the woods
for the critters

there
mouths burn open
off in air
mouths plause
the river up
in
its image
in granules
of mists
long fibers
rope sands
show where hands
clung, the giant clay man of the river
this water there
cleans over
fibers of old trees

his clay man opens his mouth

clay man in vapor
clay man in vapor of man's world
man's world in vapor of the wound bringer

enclosed in the eye,
on shores,
of the belly
hung by
the belt
man's river of sand
man's hands in the river's throat wind
man's open throat filling
with green water
man's open eye globing in the green skin
by throat's wind
man in the summer of a wound
man on the moon of the river
man with a globe eye transponds nothing
reports only to the throat of the river
man's eye flows through my finger nails
man's eye still, open, transoms nothing

*when I ate the duck
it was rare
and tasted like the smell of woods
where I killed them*

*this essence
problematizes thoughts about nature
it was a kaleidoscope of images, from that season
you can taste nature, not speak it*

catfish jelly beam

1

i slipped the knife from the lower belly
the catfish croaked,
mouth popped and
belly spread asunder side

catfish skin is: stupid soft easy

open eyes there
stupid in outer space

and there's slime in the blood
an opaque sack for guts filled with mud and shit
from you Wapsipinicon
a scrotum
for fish guts
its cut from the abdomen wall and dogs suck it from
the
dirt floor
the testicle of the river world
full of earth and shit and mud

There are fish
to be beheld in night
of eyesight

dried slugs
like wheels of
fish, pill bugs

cow eyes,
black rectangles when dead,
folds in the murky creek in the grain of daylight at the
creek bed
eyes spire in
there something about a jelly beam
the creek bed, in clear water
a whole tenancy of
eyeball stars
roving
and bellies, and flanks of sand
and something amplifying sky

out of a
wake,
out in the river
I
remember
fish backs that
seam'd
and crease'd the light
plumes of river mud
by cat fish or carp
a shallow bed of
dirt fish tongues
to web out
to jelly beam
mallows
a group
of dumb eyes turn's in ward
of fish eye
look human
crossed infinities,
drinking air,

gaped-open face
stoned mouth

stoned mouth

stoned mouth

no mouth on a stone
no stone
face without light
non negative shadow

no shadow of
stone face
nonshadow of breath

my spires,
child's
winter air
curls,
script of a building tongue

nonionic boom
scripts
spiral of vapor

fumed up lenses
street lamps bubble
light-throb
yellow, open throat lamps
puddle falling snow
worm person,
dirty street,
dirty snow

walk in
a dirt pouch
clouds: the arcade of stomachs
snow worms
collapsing spokes in the lens
birds oil air

lamps over the street
hold crest of mist
yellow mists
cut through

curls like public
hairs around the face of town
oil birds break over a stone face
a thousand mirrors in granite
stomach of granite

less often
can one see woods
in a face?
that face reflected
woody-aura:
the shadow over dinner plates
at dinner we eat, with weapons
in our arms,
had a cut started shallow
and quickly deepened
this force
shaped those eyes
a limp mouth not pleased
but in a long script saying “ooohh”
I want to press my face
in those eyes, because
eyes we shadow

today there's a fog
fog
confusio to the *ordo* of sight

*clipped water by the keel,
the blade move of the ship:
spokes forth by the mast
various surfaces of sails
which hoist light in specula
the cones of sailors
complete the adjustment
under commands*

left vents occulate in fog of the great shadow

thinking
out of time
every last granule
gravel streets
compacted asphalt
pour age
running over thinking
in- thought
in time
'on time'

walking streets

foot fall
over scroll'd street,
streets fell'd,
over leaf
world
—old trees, text street
sandy paper airs
hair catches sanding airs
shadow mouths
the street,
streets shadow granite crinkle
heart shade of sound

two hearts hold
a head together
shadows of speech
drain in them

lungs push thumb prints
from the heart

heels drop
tock and crunch
granite sparks,
knees open
and unlock,

the spine door,
pen spine bundle of stems

periodic heels.

the indifferent lover
lick'd in shadows
bands of wet hair
pulls cheeks
into the neck
collar bone aurora

*head floats in t-ring
ringing head
blown light in
the granite voice
triple head
of stars*

drawing open books

1

a book falls
in its book,
sight falls
in its sight,
sight falls in sight.
breath falls in lungs,
lungs cushion
ears of the ear

there are two knots
tied by one
behind this is nothing
behind nothing is the truth

this is the problem of hands
one draws in and the other draws out
activity writes the future of a hand,
both historically and of the present.
determined hand future
oblivious to activity
of drawing out
to
the open
toothened
whale's mouth
over,
drains of
sinks over,
the world of
trees
all,
historical bowels
i over,
bowls which keep
maps of skin
of cleaned hands,

washed faces.

the maps loose feathers through trees

snow through trees

press print water

growing blocks

like photoshop

3

whale baleens set a
type-face
they are
negative punctures
across a fabric
of book
ends
of the mapped
tree

even coils cold skin
veiled by air,
and the blue mouthed sun
in spectrum of
history in cellular afghan
fibers spelt
aural vacancies of there nesses
in the cup of waters
then,
in the cup that has claimed the
mouth, then:

the eyeball reversed to
prophecy, theology
against
freezing gait of history,
in reading,
does one limp radial
to night

fully illuminated
cars of the future
roam the valence of eyeballs
mounted jaws
and force of elbows
in the metallic reflection of streetlights

to realize night
a distortion pales you to it
a distortion winds up
the surface of skin
lights and organizes
beam lift
ceilings of the eye
lens holding floor form from
the truth space
the space room supposed
 by vapor weight
 is-place, engage waters, the bubbles of its
injections. :|
ovals depict seams in this room
where truth makes convex

punct uation
punctuation: explicit puncture
explained by a hand drawing-out
to its drawing-in.

7

knuckles walk the page,
this page
knuckles walk through
Page of the closed book
knuckles move
through the book

knuckle: opaque eyes of *poen* pen point

vacant *poen* hand
hand double of its hand-wand

wanderer carves shoes by the path of feet.
in the same way:
knuckles open blackguard of hand
that hear spoke'd wheel *of its own path*
ways in this way, shift the pen crown of
that hand opens
its hands beyond knuckles

knuckles bejewel the black hand's
mouth
my mouth, is not a knuckle,
my throat, is.
how my eyes kneel through pages
by book's knuckles

this arch sidewalk, a
 bow circum fence'd
 in-worlds of tree-streets
 bow'd open plans of dominion
 in coffee stained night ceilings
 the milk of day drank to summer vapor
 arche text ure of red globes in darkfall.
 volatile press on human milk

*teeth shutter the poem
 remind, a sidewalk
 remind of grammar*

in ocean life,

of blocks

in coral,

its sidewalk block

in clouds,

of chalk columns

children's geometry

poem rafters,

call movement

what it won't

poetry vocare

poetry is not vocation,
mere *vocare*,
the center evacuated.

in poetry,
evacuation,
phlebotomy of the plan:
 evacaution,
 to dislocate,
 correction:
 evacuation.
 venesection.

venation,
 vena,
 to splice center
 and centers
 of the central world.
the street dispersal,
phlebotomy of venations.

voidance and evacuation:
carefully splice *voi* and *dance*; call-dance,
cadence,
dence?
poetry
 means

not plans,
mere evacuated
and beyond
call of poetry the evacuation,
phlem-botomy
of the throwing
to the voice
in the dispersal
of the street.

if you are spilt you are split.
*it is the rising without view for which streets disperse
its centers.*

poetry *vocare*,
plan in,tense
futurist claim in,tense,
and return to,
tense claim of,
the call in the collision, thrown phlegm.

in the call after call.
the splitter
and the drinker are in,circled,
but we town squares,
integrate circles.

appendix —
one prose, two poems

AFFIRMATION OF INSTRUCTION. Do I mean to say instruction is useless, merely for the master who will implement his slave? Merely then, would fragility of trust greet the slave as friendly instruction? And then, called comforts of being-slaved, in singing his song? I think it is missed. All day I am thinking about this chain-a-sentence, all day thinking how to unlock it.

In this then, I insert myself in the path lying before me. In walking then, I affirm a simple way. This is certainly true.

There may already be reservations about concise, instructional sentences. This would lead us to the question of authenticity: what moves among sentences? In our time we sign-in and authenticate, to pass-words as passwords. By subtle passing difference we consign our authentic “-ability.” This was pointed out to me by both a sentence and its source; authenticated by meeting one master who told me *pas*. And only then I understood what a sentence could mean. Because it was never instruction, just my insistence to fill bones, to stand under.

I know I have read things clearly. Whether it had anything to do with the margins of meaning and concretion was never really my concern. Not my concern because I lack harmoniousness, (all of humanity lacks it, if it calls it such.)

Look closely at the afghan. Could one tell the difference between a “continental” or “American” stitch? Afghans made of threads are loose, snagged, fabrics; nothing of passing rods nor memories that breezed through the making of this page and its passages, this page one wears, this flag, this authentic grave stone. We see all to often pillars pointing the sky, as if to write up in clouds, to pull space down. I’m thinking in the stone-pillars of Sarajevo graveyards, of the crosses and stars of the “American Cemetery,” a bowl of cereal, crosses, stars, and points, making cartographical claims by woolen-ness, between surfaces of thought.

In spirit of disclosure I will never accept the authentic in the sentence alone, nor of styluses which thread it all over and again. Just as well, you never hugged me but left these afghans, no words in it, nor where hand heat drifted long ago.

I feel the losing slide in every name and sentence, in the same way, then, recover and try to beguile, then, back to the realization: out-of-time. I wish I was not that way, I wish to not have the desire for contemporaneousness. One may see “we” in particulate words, thus some hope as to the recoil of dancing which throws a shadow on “decision.”

I see a desire in all text. I make a choice I really felt was mine: to not betray what is obvious, what has been consistently obvious, slow. From the first encounter to

the wresting of it now, a very destructive engagement at times, in this way no choice I have ever made.

But may I ask, just a moment: what led one to that meaning of reduction and craft, had they not already found it in something less restrictive than say, the hollow spine of sentences filled by their thinking? Animating dead passages of instructional masters of the philosophical universe? Controlling revelation, pure and simple layman revelation?

Most of us have travelled through mountains. The tunnels through mountains will whip lights at us, these are artificial lights, as well, the artificiality of sunlight to the confinement of the tunnel when we emerge. Do you see?

When we emerge from a sentence we already return to what was there, we poured feeling and sight around in it, forgot. We forgot that the light between the tunnel and the light on the concrete wall of the mountain tunnel was both a restriction on the distribution of light that appears to us. What's the point? There are too many points.

It is the careful re-signation (indeed to rewrite and sign it) of this brilliance of full light, of emerging which is the same as submerging, that we may call someone credible. In the marrow they narrow the efficacy of senses as they receive the open air and light from the spine of a sentence.

It reminds me of breathing through a reed under pond water. So hard to stay there long, pouring your breath to the clouds through a tube, already something like an edification at the slight concentric ruptures you make on the water, to blown faces in the billows.

Here then is the poet and craft in distinction, that they throw such an image that expands over this surface, and through the opacity of the page we are reminded of this fact by what is senseless brilliance to the sensual memory of arcane tongues.

1

granules
in space object of this
mulled dark fume
in no light, the deposited
breaks apart
witnesses weather

my thoughts cast
a shadow in the dark of the box

the antennae of the box
this spine
dusts between its brackets
makes soil of its clouds
which held the tower

spine is the pen of the body

spine pen in the ground
a stem for writing the poem of the earth
stems in the earth
pen in its box

no paper to bridge you
you are there still
in the loom of roots
in the giant stomach of myth

spine is the pen of the body of two mouths
the two hands

you are dead in the ground hollow gourd
you in the myth

each box serves the thing in itself
a ground of things
for which stomach roots
wander through
the emptying pens
of the planted

box in the stomach
up through the
stacks of the palmed
trees write new pages

in the sheet there
are clouds
for the modern world
the last plateau
the last continent

when a foot crushes
spring leaf
and it rains
the green is purging blackness

this growth of outer space
as it wanes daylight
in everyone

rony and metho
ordos cunfusio

2

perhaps it comes as no surprise
in eyelets
an open

this open
cord braid life line
the annuals

my mouth was an organ
and these pipes culled the afghan
in space

my mouth was an organ
which has only one opening

one is for night
one is for day

there are many stories about people who are sick
and they die

and one is prompted to talk to itself,
all over and over again, this same story
and lies about the story
to stay alive

there are superficial illnesses
there is the dog that makes you look stupid

and there is what I can call this
in this

a smell of summer in fall
do you know that smell?, how strange, when you are
ready
to move through another loop, part of the loop

do you know
how unsuperficial we have tried to be

do you know
the rottenness warmed by sun
as that warmth peels apart
and breathes that afghan loom
a cloud of honey

waiting for my own death is the most absurd thing
I think I ever thought of
is like thinking you are somewhere
when you cannot see but the other in front
there sits no mirror
just the afghan
and all those faces in it
you think are you

can I stop now?
that which lifts my tongue
like a flag
and am I done now?
that cement stomach
eyeloop that wraps it

like the van allen belt
a halo
of soilings
to wrap around
waldo's vests
like a baby
in space

*no one remems carmen
or the bodies all over diego*

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Groves, Adam Staley

Poetry Vocare

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