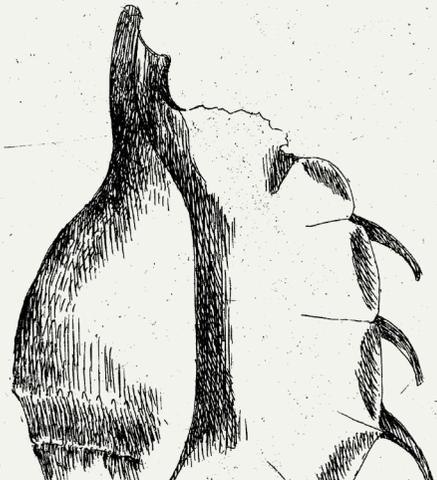


CODY-ROSE CLEVIDENCE

GOD'S GREEN MIRTH



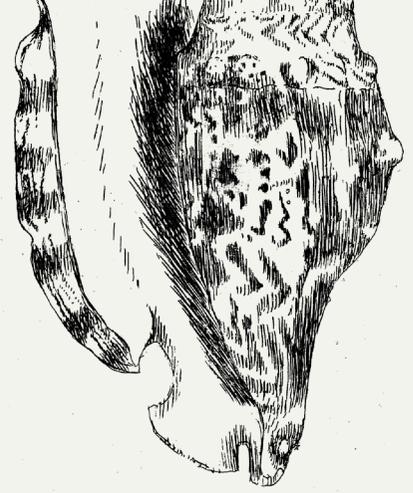
GOD'S GREEN MIRTH

CODY-ROSE CLEVIDENCE

FON020

DEARTH

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D^D E^E A^A R^A E^E A^A R^T T^T H^H

*count the asteroids on one hand, the comets on another, weigh them both,
braid their stallion tails together, encumbered heavens— with what adorn
the sky— as I adore it— its green and galloping pastures— let's roam
in the listless heart of the heart of the galaxy, twirling there, yes, stampede
in the crosshairs of angels, red-beam, solar-flare, laser-sighted morning, what
planet, this, in flames all feathers and eyes rolling, rolling across the endless,
quickenning basin of the universe, like children, like ponies—*

Stand by a rock and insult it; what have you accomplished?” — Epictetus

IL MATADOR; MY CURSES CURSE

*climbing 2 the highest spires of the minaret of my mind
where slinks the ocelot of reason, reasons goon, and hounds
who chase the squirrels of night, pillars of my salt and wounds
thou song, thou coward, cumulus, trigonometry, laughter,
what was once a chunk of earth is now a moon
when reason was a donkey made to walk the earth
a half-assed prayer, a telescope, a human being
made too soon, and in this image
of an image of itself, hitting things with tools.*

[O YOU]

o you idolaters of heaven; corpuscular, rampant, festooned;
 gems of the names of my gems, trumpeters of doom
 wine-dark nipples, at the sea-shore, on wings of light
 chorus of surf, surge of the circuitry of heavens, eyeballs,
 eyelashes, angelic hordes, the multitiered clouds O Titian
 cyclops, verdure, mineral-rich foam from which, borne.
 in heaven we ride around in a Silverado, crew cab, 4x4,
 O ecstasy, the lake a small coin of ocean, a debt,
 co-incidence of muscle, flesh, thrummed.

the river Xanthus, biodome, and where we wept, pale flower
 staring at itself forever, hold out your hands, like this,
 like this to touch the things, the objects of the world—

bedimmed, bright star, helix and Archaeopteryx and moss
 electric kettle, lake of discarded tech, Lithia, prescription, loss,
 paleoanthropology is a catalogue of human sorrows, loves,
 plates and cups and imbedded projectiles, the leaves,
 the fruits, the wind, the ships, stand ye before me, out there
 somewhere, what raw materials do you stand on, here, where,
 whose ancient rhythm beats in your small heart today.

[AND NOW...]

and now we “claim” to “cherish” this “cathedral—” metadata of the verge
and singing echo, imprint of starlink, vocal code of choral horde, cerulean
wavelength of angel trumpet trumpet bamboozled Jericho Uranus Seraphim
of Quetzalcoatl Zephyr Angel-Wingéd armed drone Triomphe Sycophant and
Ode. rest regal, war eagle, Enkidu, Mitochondrial Eve, Sisyphus and Curiosity,
unhero, iCloud, circumference, Archaeopteryx, a name is a code, the earth looks
so fragile, so fragile, from space, bewildered and dreaming, limp breast of Eden
O suckle, metastasized archangel of morning— “thou art above, thou horizon of
light” limp gaze of the void where the world, the whole world, erect, awaits us
with inaudible, grasping, hands.

the cold ocean asks of us silence, asks of us waves, the act, the color of wine,
of pouring, of visiting, mourning—it betrays us again each morning, washing up
its bitter grapes of morning, stand by it, unripe, bitter, tarnished, spent money
on, the foam and the seafoam and the petrochemicals of tides, moon in orbit,
dawn is inevitable, the pink sunrise, the dew, exhaust pipes in traffic, the hymns,
urinals, breathing, machinery, legacies, loneliness, hands grasping at the cold
water, cursing the birds, electric wires, face-recognition software, the bodies of
earth, my planet, your planet, where things still grow.

the noise of helicopters. cicadas. the noise of a distant highway. birds.
the sound of a familiar voice. the voices on the radio, the news, the pictures of
cities. the pictures of cities, the news, the news is always war, show me your
shining cities, the glittering skyline of Lagos, of Paradise, of Tikal circa 5,000
BCE, circa 38,000 CE, zoom me in and out on the surface of the world, which
sun is that, show me people dancing, laughing, walking on city streets with some
local dessert in the evening, a fruit I've never heard of, show me people in love,
let me see teenagers playing before dark in the parks or old lots of Every City on
Earth, the futuristic spires lit from below beside the ancient mosques and shit on
by ancient winged lizards we call birds, like this language is a relic and a
spaceship. where is the location of sadness, the fertilizers in the water, the
moonlight, gods?

*and when I had made a bracelet of all the things, and placed it round the whole
earth and set it spinning like a top, and breathed my hot breath on it, and set an
ember glowing in its heart, then I forgot about it, while it grew all these weird
molds.*