

SLEEPWALKING WITH ORPHEUS

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WITH ORPHEUS

CRAIG
WATSON

SHEARSMAN BOOKS
EXETER

First published in the United Kingdom in 2011 by
Shearsman Books
58 Velwell Road
Exeter EX4 4LD

<http://www.shearsman.com/>

ISBN 978-1-84861-138-2

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Acknowledgements

The author is grateful to the editors of *Aufgabe* and *Shearsman*,
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For Michael Gizzi

Wake Up, Dead Man

A man in a room imagines a man on a road strolling one way, then back, attached in single file to direction. This could be the story of anyone's life, paths wiggling in and out from forests and deserts, solar rays falling on mute and imperceptible atoms, new strategies ascending spontaneous and futile.

Acoustic means circular, so a traveler can draw a line between appetites and assume another song will provide a new key to life. Time enters the world during the daily pause when God contradicts himself. Is this kind of coercion declarative or semantic?

A man has two hands, needs to go from place-to-place learning the names of streets and beaches, and then forget what he sees while standing face-to-face in the mirror. Poison tolerates its own fiction because the suffering is beatific.

Exaddress

Dear *E*,

You left your gloves.

The moon's shadow cut them in two.

Does this mean the afterlife is as static as love?

But this is not where we were supposed to begin.

I keep thinking of new words for "nutrition" and "torture."

Believing has nothing to do with seeing.

By the time you are 51 the century will have passed.

Few surprises: those who cannot die are already dead.

Should we be looking for fossils downstream?

Turn your back.

I don't care.

I hate dreams.

Waiting In Air,

O.

When I Was Dead

finally alone

who gets what

passion
amnesia

amnesia
wrong again

the narrators invented heaven

no stealing beyond this point

Radio Faucet

ok wake them up what day is it would it be if there were
days some change in the mud light pumice to leather or
rotting vegetation to blood water a leaking body fleshes
no constellation because eyes never had legs don't even try
cautious optimism we were engineered to fail because any
point is infinitely divisible the way a body's surface is not
part of that body and pain has neither substance nor matter
you can hit the endless showers and let someone else count
the holes but there are no mirrors here but the one you are
standing on so stay off the suds

What Cheer

One word.
Get out of here.
Blood soaks the sentence litter.
Left becomes right.
The crust hovers above.

One word.
Unexploded ordnance.
Paradise fractures time.
Monopoly's endless surface.
Hell is only space.

One word.
Down fever pitch road.
To brain lake lunar decay.
Nobody ever dies.
Life was the interruption.

Hurdy Gurdy Porn Sonnet

Saw him so
Arose a tree
Christmas for a year
What if I don't want
Want to go back
That moment of conception
Truth vs. Consequences
Lists of the missing
Funeral flags saturated
Wander another 30 years
He would split me
What compassion
N.S.E.W.
No one left

Obit.

Welcome back.
Did you enjoy the afterlife?
I prefer a sound that deafens itself.

They say music hides in noise
And reason wants for nothing
Other than a good night's sleep.

Yes, the world seems to be melting.
Let's sing one more about anonymity.
That's something we can all believe in.

But today is already the past.
Pay now or get off.
Don't worry about the clean-up.