

# Confidence

Seth Landman

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*Breakwater*

And then so what  
about dreams I'm learning  
past fear  
abstract sickness  
the most vital  
materials  
are a kind of inner  
a whistling kind of  
inner phenomenon

I hope I sound a little like hope  
making out  
a living honey  
I want you  
a little  
to say how  
I feel

You point out  
the best things  
and I see them  
what are colors  
in the first place  
forget it I want the song  
to say the daylight  
coming on  
can worry no matter  
how wasted

the explicit feeling  
of being the way you are  
always going on  
in the space  
around you

The past collapses  
you are waiting  
for something  
what is it  
for something to come  
the size  
of what is  
viewing us

Fifty caterpillar heads  
in nature

I'm more  
transcriber than anything  
else mimics irrational  
voices I came  
west before the erection of towers  
it's all in flux  
I'm shocked  
an object seeking lightning  
anything can happen  
to this art

Get rid of it  
all afternoon  
the lives a train could take  
you away from  
not bread

but something,  
I love you,  
be happy  
I don't know  
I'm gullible so  
I'll stop  
a stone  
eruption  
a thousand years  
there's bread and all these columns  
on the ground reuniting  
the party was fun  
I'll see you  
it's no good  
see you later

And in the background  
the city went suffering  
you could be patron saint of artless sincerity  
political  
and nobody feels anything  
I want a romance celebrating fear of estrangement  
I go around the triptych  
there are better ways  
of telling stories  
my friend I am  
my society pronounced something new  
I made it  
I was the king and  
everything isn't good and  
it is my fault disaster  
nuclei breaking down  
this ground floor  
this time keeps going

But light dictated the rules  
I saw my friends  
it's not that I want to  
redo lying on the bed  
I go wild  
for dimness  
when you fall  
in love the grand  
pattern set forth  
in the cathedral  
is everything  
innovative  
wait hold on  
to focus I say  
thanks cartoon cloud  
it's cold and raining  
it has a classical ring  
you teach me something  
and we deal  
the cards back  
and forth  
basically  
forever

Bitter flavor  
however many faces I have  
no doubt I am looking into the real thing  
there's a blot  
of ink that looked at me  
a bolt of lightning  
look at me  
baby animals  
psychiatry  
if I have anything strange  
let it be my face

congregation  
today your faces  
are full and link us

I think what  
something else thinks  
of me matters  
me and the gulf  
stream roll my  
need is most  
astounding it matters  
but it doesn't really matter  
all that much

And I stood facing  
the same progression  
all over again  
the film  
the room  
lights  
the screen  
got dark  
the street  
half a century  
of lunar aspiration  
our only chance  
to touch  
I carried my breath into the phone  
I sat alone  
in my room  
and called you

Go on  
open all the books  
take a high arc

step back jump shot  
words don't have words for this  
ten seconds ten minutes  
the heart curves  
or it floats  
your life  
is gonna get weird  
dribble out the clock  
take a breath  
and miss it  
I miss it

This is the year  
a little slower  
a little steadier  
it's sad like a party  
on the other side of glass  
out in the woods  
the devil is out  
in the woods and the library  
studies my thoughts  
the monologue I don't  
actually say June was  
the only word  
for the size  
of the street  
when your body  
has doubled and tripled  
I am fluent  
here solid  
and bright

I hush  
it lets me keep going

no illuminating  
charts and numbers  
it's too late  
your lifetime  
I was so whatever that I hid  
it all means shit to me  
breakfast  
the window  
the water  
you're saying more than you can  
that's reputation  
there's the woods  
be a pilot of the living  
false front  
in the dark  
stand by me  
just you for a million years  
unflagging true religion  
it's just us  
between  
home  
and  
the war

And it was really good and bad  
and it was nobody  
and nobody's songs  
and the food was  
sunning itself on the rocks  
an hour at a time  
waiting and knowing  
I can wait like this forever  
it'll be raining  
and you will call

my name quietly  
but I can't hear you

I had to let go of my Sputnik  
a long time ago  
decades  
and now this adult thing  
epithalamion slow-cooker laughing  
in the back yard  
and I'd like to go back there  
and be a little better  
to have the evidence  
in your diary  
that I was good  
when we were young  
friends  
are having  
babies  
and singing them to sleep  
we're seeds  
I'm sick of the worthless  
body  
more beautiful than stalks of corn  
highway wildflowers  
you're in the back seat  
looking at the stars

Lips turn words  
into transgressions  
this one is hard to say  
on good days  
good people are raw  
they have a little nothing  
they share it for once

I am the light  
from the windows  
filling the room  
I love you  
your business is my business  
it's a threshold  
a coast  
the ocean  
did you see the shark out there  
did I see the shark  
what am I doing  
in the water

Let it be true  
that I saw you  
astonishingly  
there after  
the big one ended  
all streaks are amazing  
all on their way out  
our little disagreements  
press on  
us we carry them sufficiently  
they make up our disposition  
we carry them  
mostly without blame  
the big one  
the big one can be  
anything it's spring  
training it's  
still the previews I forgot  
what movie it's still early  
in some war I'm saying  
there's all this

hope still and sometimes  
it's so long  
so long my love knowing  
what the odds are tonight  
I'm getting out  
of baseball

I don't want to be different  
but the years fly by  
Boston  
I'm coming home  
to mend  
along the line of the railroad  
years are simply irrational  
it's years  
I never see  
it's life  
it's for somebody  
I used to know  
to go into  
my agitation  
to go in for looking  
never helps I don't  
remember when I think  
back on it  
my teammates  
my career either long  
and illustrious though  
it may well have been

In the winter  
and longer  
a trick of the eye  
and piety forever

the size of the heron's memory  
I am offended  
there's a stiff  
mercy I'm not  
supposed to possess

A worrisome invitation shining  
history burying itself  
in skin and chemicals  
in the eyes  
prior to the patent you are  
a new type  
of design whatever it was  
I was discussing with you  
to get it clear  
I knew things  
were misplaced  
a little brush  
with being alive  
I'm with dreams  
I'll gently manage  
my love  
horns now  
and flutes begin  
screaming now

It rained most of the night  
we go on  
past necessary  
and for the rest of the continent  
my imagination runs into trouble  
I'm gonna wait right  
here until the captain  
comes back

in disappointed  
dispatch all these  
dumb flags and emblems  
I mean to know whether  
I have forgotten  
anything  
it rained  
and the rain  
sustained it  
under skies  
of permanent danger

Ascension  
behaving like the bed  
of a river or the head  
of an island  
it rained  
most of the night  
whiskey drunk in the air  
I am beginning  
to miss  
it's raining and the paths  
are muddied  
I mean together  
if I am beginning  
to understand please  
advise

Do you believe these clouds  
there's no answer  
I believe  
in the devil  
god in the sky  
everything I've done

just one way of doing  
things I seem  
to be real to divide  
and to carry  
it's the middle of winter  
it's cold outside

I stopped drumming my fingers  
on the arm of the chair  
I thought about reference  
I faced the earliest sunrise in America  
the security of definition  
however temporary  
every morning I think  
I have to get  
out of here  
and climb  
out of bed  
driftwood  
fragrance  
the white noise of the air conditioner  
and I remember midnight  
anxiety and finally regard  
myself a problematic  
blood  
rushing to the head  
the gravity disaster  
progressing into audience  
sentimental  
and intolerable

It's just shelter  
the summer  
doesn't need you