

**his armored team**

Through the ribbed hall I move continually  
with my armored team, my

armored team

exuberant satellites:

fall anywhere,

break anything.

## **tarnish the coppice, punk autumn**

Tarnish the coppice, punk autumn  
kick smug green down from trees.  
Kings die like we die, kings  
are just bumps on furzed glebes.  
See how the fallen enjoy  
being beaten, look at the bishop  
sit there and twist his gemmed rings.

Desert fathers hector Caesars  
burning on their stamp-sized emperies.  
Cumuli deploy, dissolve, courtiers  
egressing from a room. Duende  
thrums in the crevices of festivals

While we play statistics  
in the episteme's census,  
amours and their errors on  
charts in fresh colors: russet,  
umber, cobalt, verdigris.

## song of the south

Ponies nicker in paddocks,  
cows consider ruefully  
inedible carpets of flowers.

Dressed in good silks,  
I stayed loyal to my lord  
and so stained them.

There were orchestras  
and opulence but times,  
as the world, will change.

The garden's colored  
globes of light depend  
on the hiddenest filaments.

As geese think to migrate,  
at last I come to understand  
my context—the coaches

I waved from rattled with decorous  
plangency. What was it  
while in them I missed?

## thanks to the 250+ participants

Because the mirror is broken on your Prius  
I have come to believe more firmly  
In the purpose of your conference—  
A need to explain the broken  
To the broken, a feeling of being uneasy  
Looking backward at destruction,  
Boom dropped through the frame  
Of tableau after gold tableau.  
I'm not so afraid of hands  
Not getting dirty, the humus  
Being rotored in an academic field,  
But your dark hair in its surplus  
Through the bent glass on the Prius—  
I choose this to remember from my visit  
To the conference: the thingness  
Of things yoked in shared obsolescence,  
Structure of you moving  
While structure itself never moves.

## **psalmish**

Spring romps drunk  
in Monday clothes  
but leaves no space for crying

Where we would have business  
of woofing and wefting  
till I forget  
what poem is again

Because I once loved you  
who taught me connection  
scholar of buckles  
solderer's song

Weaver and woven  
each broken in season

From antiphons' slurring  
surmising the psalm

**scott walker sings**

Rains have arrived,  
filling a ripped canopy with the building's  
spoiled water. What would it take  
for the month to invest us  
with everyone's regular happiness  
reliably discovered under evening's  
growing clutter, pulled upward on wires  
to access and confound the ordinary  
properties of intermission?

Pumps fill swales till green  
has place to rest in, alone in the lane  
crossed by wet rocks  
where age gets stuck and counts  
itself as nothing, is sick  
of the mood of being old,  
of cold things meter brings you:  
drops beat loose slates,  
froth swells drain's loud pan.

## **syrtos**

The stock's eye shut and it yawned.  
Always their tranche is used badly—their dove

Is a creature with little of the love.  
What they and their ken can cadge

From the bower, they cadge. But I  
And my foot will make them work,

Stamp to upset the spirit lamp  
Whose flames unpeeled our ceilings

Singeing life in open rooms  
Where greenness ought to wander

Blackened a little, but not unloved.  
You go: unhook the latch

And call the lift. Although you have held  
Up a household, it's nice

To simply leave now, alone in the green  
That becomes you, that is awesome.

The thinkers who think  
Have expended much energy—

At long last, just the *opa*

## **the new hellenism**

This poem depicts him in a railway  
which is an emotion, a vessel for temporal  
transit and decay. It's a very sad poem,  
urging how already for Greeks  
Death and Sleep were twins:  
sunning in temples, losing  
the day's meter—life  
so surprising in its healing  
and changing that way.

Its power then traded  
for numbers of people: Zoe  
dragging digits through the absinthe,  
Bios swelling forests into rings. Calendars,  
like Keats, belong to dying—that, too,  
is an emotion, superimposed upon characters  
slid far below the melancholic fashion,  
collapsing at the station with a ticket  
folded crisply in a clutch.

The brainiest in Greece were frankly tragic.  
Inspired the people, yet civilized  
sadness: nothing to an empery but trauma

stretched to take in larger things.  
The world belongs to beauty, what  
corrupts it—a raw new way  
to journey through emotion,  
winners whose humility has failed.

This then becomes a question  
to see if you are human: have  
beauty but too young to fully  
use it? Or age in ancient industries  
consumed with wasted stumps?