

BROKEN GLOSA:

an alphabet book of
post-avant glosa

Stephen Bett

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FOREWORD

Stephen Bett's innovative *Broken Glosa* poems are neither simple nor predictable tributes to other poets; they are interactions, co-conspiracies, interrogations, and confessions to other poets—what it means to live in that element, that community which transcends time and place and is so dismissively referred to as “language.” For there is a complex yet fluid interaction within these interconnected poems, between the poet and the subject writer glossed, the poet and his own text, the poet and language itself, an interaction that seems almost nodal in quality, a place where different dimensions coalesce. I am struck as well by how much intense work and creativity is woven into these glosas, by the way this poet's mind sparks with energy, the way this atemporal kind of writing seems utterly expressive of how the mind actually moves: a non-linear, tenuous connectedness, the phenomenology (even) of the poem itself. And what strikes me most fundamentally is that I get more flashes of caught-in-the-interstices language-testing from any single one of Stephen Bett's glosa poems than from the entire collected works of other writers celebrated today. So this is a book of poems to be outright championed.

— *Ken Catthers*

The poems in *Broken Glosa* evolve, inform, and feed off one another. Their alphabetical ordering is so important—you can feel the tension of the process: the impacted with the flamboyant. These glosas potentiate the already minimal while, too, there's explosion, and the flying bits are fractals of the biographical heart. Big Bang stuff, a condensing and expanding in zero-time. Follow the dancing ball: the home it takes you to is not the one you left. There's emotion lurking for sure, as underscore, but the poems' pure elan and energy, their jazzy shortness of breath and pixie hijinks render the heavy lifting of such challenging work as feather-light. This is a really fascinating book—from tricky, resistant, clever to wise, giving, gratifying, and always sonically interesting and funny, funny! Stephen Bett's lifetime with poetry (reading it, writing it, teaching it) makes this book a kind of inverted *Festschrift*. These highly experimental glosa poems are strange, intricate little machines; I've never seen anything quite like them. And that's what I look for and appreciate most in art, something full of integrity and surprise. Bravo!

— *Michael Kenyon*

Frank Davey: Google U

*We have found 89 people in the UK with the name Frank Davey. Click here...
Frank Davey Bricklaying Pty Ltd. Report this listing as incorrect.
Frank Davey —Boxer... Global ID, 271827. sex, male. division, welterweight.
What is the nationality of Frank Davey, the Canadian writer?*

*View Frank Davey's Poetics — Frank Davey (with further nod to Frank Davey,
& to Google)*

We have found 89 people in the UK with the name Frank Davey. Click here...

All the Franks Davey, incl the Bardy Google guy, from Google U

“reinventing formal boundaries within the framework of our wired world”

Be the first to comment on payment promptness Frank Davey LTD...

Frank Davey Bricklaying Pty Ltd. Report this listing as incorrect.

Let's be frank... because frankly it's beyond about partytime:

Report laying a poem, how to lay one, lay dump & smack it to rest

Frank Davey & Co Funeral Directors in Hassocks, BN6. Contact them today...

Frank Davey — Boxer... Global ID, 271827. sex, male. division, welterweight.

Google yr own name, the one & only “Norfolk Police & Crime Commissioner

... aims to make Norfolk’s future safe & secure, Vote Stephen, the safe bet.”

Frank Davey, an unsuccessful gay, the first man he hit on (1924) married his sister.

What is the nationality of Frank Davey, the Canadian writer?

Er, um, A-murican’o colonial’o ? TISH imperialist lackey running dog

digital poeticker & mugger at Dog Shows, let me pen you an Open Letter:

Frank Davey writes nasty, vicious lies about me and my dog Boomer.

Ron Loewinsohn: The Altitudes of Attitude

Your eyes that drive me to platitudes

*Looking out the window
there's the moon.
& my typewriter*

But This — Ron Loewinsohn (*with nods to Spicer, EP, & SB self-referential*)

Your eyes drive me to platitudes

thinking man's friend to a Braut-
igan spice, steering altitudes
out of bromide paper & gas

Looking out the window

nothing but ocean beyond us
tossed off the shoulder attitudes
switchbacks laid out were just preludes

there's the moon

oh no, not that one, disquietude
wistful as Alba's troubadour lip
(rather drive, like, a vulva valley grrl)

& my typewriter

okay, pound it out w/ aptitude
till it hurts, squeal uncle, all
the while eating himself alive

Aram Saroyan: Six Minimal Pieces, in Thirds (a tri-columnar glosa,
or two-door glosa with side door)

<i>fall over</i>	<i>all all</i>	<i>eyeye</i>
<i>fall over</i>	<i>all all</i>	<i>o r</i>
<i>fall over</i>	<i>ly ly</i>	<i>o r</i>
<i>fall over</i>	<i>ly ly</i>	<i>YOU YOU</i>

*Six from Complete Minimal Poems — Aram Saroyan (with nods to Duncan
McNaughton, Victor Coleman & The Kingsmen, & The Left Banke kiddo)*

<i>fall over</i>	<i>all all</i>	<i>eyeye</i>
And	hot press	Louie Lou-aye ⁷⁶
when	Duncan	whoa
I	McNaughton ⁷⁷	no
<i>fall over</i>	<i>all all</i>	<i>o r</i>
see	chap	me
the	beyond	gotta
sign	lovely	go

⁷⁶Victor Coleman riffing on stage with Louis Zukofsky's name, Vancouver Poetry Centre, 1979 (author of Canadian version, *Eh?*)

⁷⁷*Somewhere In The Stream*, chapbook (Blue Press, 2019)

fall over

that

points

one

y ly

wry

arch

sardonic

o r

hey baby

they

pronouns

fall over

way...

walks

away

ly ly

hip wit

right in

the guts

YOU YOU

go

one

way

now

Fred Wah: A Floating Space

nv s ble
tr ck
five 6 seven nine and ten
its a trap. ¹⁰⁹

Pictograms from the Interior of B.C. — Fred Wah (with nods to Creeley's numbers)

nv s ble
naught for the eyes
behind any danse's russe ¹¹⁰
a floating space (no axes

tr ck
trans-ekphrastic,¹¹¹ no dots
to connect, no juiced up
berries in this vine-line

¹⁰⁹“Its” [sic]

¹¹⁰Once again in these glosas, WCW's renowned & wonderful poem, as a self-portrait; look at all the i's

¹¹¹Bowering notes Wah's response to these pre-historic cave drawings is “transcreative”—neither translations nor descriptions.” (Intro to Wah's *Selected*, p. 15)

five 6 seven nine and ten

by the numbers then One and
one and one / Make a picture
two things / one and one ¹¹²
rolls back into itself (... but

its a trap.

Trompe l'oeil frame(d) / two things,
four things / one and three ¹¹³
this dream pops too, rubble freed

¹¹²“One and one... a picture” (from Creeley’s “Enough”); “two things one and one” (from Creeley’s “Song (What do you want, love)”)

¹¹³“two and two...one and three” (from Creeley’s “Numbers”); & more loveliness still: “let / me sing, *one* to / *one* to *one*, and let / me follow” (from Creeley’s “One thing done”)

About the Author

Stephen Bett is a widely and internationally published Canadian poet. His earlier work is known for its *sassy, edgy, hip... caustic wit—indeed, for the askance look of the serious satirist... skewering what he calls the ‘vapid monoculture’ of our times*. His more recent books have been called *an incredible accomplishment* for their *authentic minimalist subtlety*. Many are tightly sequenced book-length ‘serial’ poems, which allow for a rich echoing of cadence and image, building *a wonderfully subtle, nuanced music*. Bett follows in the avant tradition of Don Allen’s *New American Poets*. Hence the mandate for Simon Fraser University’s “Contemporary Literature Collection” to purchase and archive his “personal papers” for scholarly use. He is recently retired after a 31-year teaching career, largely at Langara College in Vancouver, and now lives with his wife Katie in Victoria, BC.

His website is stephenbett.com