

Dunque I wrote not a word.

So then it was DAWN,
Dawn over the PMLA
bibliography

articles, books, festshriften
shrive me! father!

≥

Go, little lines,
singing in my sullen ear;
go, half-baked work
noting, and by the notes begin
a process of greeting.
Of gritting.
Without illusion.
Darkly, I listen.

BEG IN

“The melodic germ is marked ‘icy’ in the score.”
What is the finding? is it loss or gain?

Smelling “the stench of stale oranges”
 gray-green spoil outlined in white
growing on their soft unpeeled bodies,
a touching quotidian
 a domestic sensitivity
amid influx of beetles,
broken cloacas,
and meeds of merde.
Was it hell rot or “he’ll rot”?

Secret words were present under
 the scintillations
 of concealment
 and when the page turned back
 an underneath came up.
 The hand shakes over the page,
 turning it, turning it.

IN-SO-MUCH AS

**My mind stretched to the bursting point
 with this enormity
 with the continuity of the gun-sales**

who live inside a slow rumbling pre-
 apocalypse
 incorporative clutter evidence
 pilings, findings
 phonemes of findings
 selvages of findings
 savage oscura clippings
 the avant garden
 inflame inflamed
 inflaming images
 and then moon afloat,
 silvery eclipses cool down
 in luminous cloud-shadow.
 How to resist a world-system?
 ≥

Was there a before?
 An inquiry before insinuation?
 an interval before infamy?
 an indication before interdiction?

Scumbling and “intaglio,”
 inattention and incantation,
 strict inflections inside blurred insinuations,
 incandescent inundation:
 Was this all of one piece?
 And / or was it inconsequent?

≥

Perhaps it was like fireworks,
 a scintillating power showered
 from the sky.
 The rocket explodes with a hit.
 Colors emerge, splash space
 with their mimesis of stars
 red glare, blue flare
 delightful disasters of light shooting up to them,
 spraying sparks and glitter constellated,
 round designs and extended arcs,
 while everyone watching
 diverted and entranced
 goes ahhhhh,
 for wonder.

IN RE

As for R, like a revenant, I wandered
 far and wide
 reversing, and revering
 the streets and cemeteries
 of the dead
 and I saw the Monuments
 to the Deported
 stark inside me
 as in a City

just at the tip
 of my
 circumscribed
 Island.

≥

The imagined sounds
 shake your veins
 with dirty rumbled tune;
 the movement
 doubled cataclysmic dreams
 bled over the four margins
 of the round earth's
 imaginary consciousness.

How to get a handle on it
 How to keep the rage complex

IN CUSE

**ledt hoo vill rhun de harmies,
 if I can gontroll th gredit**

...thereupon ...

greasy flame of dead gas flare

...

**a thick air
 and a stifled silence.**

uncanny
 cunning
 incarnate
 instrument

prefiguring

an echo chamber
sinus out of schnozzle
caught in the hiss

a birth of enigma
to which
one owes
and owns
one's own
enigma.

≥

I had packed
I had saved
I had pretended
something else amid the dust.
But
there was no I, finally, and it
was neither here nor there.
The nowhere of in-----
prefixes all of this,
hinging, half-hung
half-off broken doors.

≤

Mud swirls left from a flooded room,
room bright, seemingly crystal, yet
deeply streaked,
a dream of death
in which one feels one's own.

Whole songs condensed
in single words
whose letters sear the page.

The fingers split the pomegranate's crust.
 Blood intensity
 and seeds of ruby jewels fall out.

FAR FALLE

Say to the "lyrical diary" – lyrical! as if
 this were innocence through which the burdens
 of time might be redeemed –
 Say
 that the Azure
 is Politically invested.

And then Write – so that words fail.
 In order precisely that
 they fail.

≧

IN-AND-IN

**Some narrow rat
 hunting the ark
 on Mt. Arrarat**

The extra "r"
 rises to speak,
 to squeak
 its little song
 or songe
 into the dear dead dark:

Bonjour messieurs/ dames
 signori/ signore

Herrn/ Damen,
 ladies etc.: Hallow.
 It bows and twists.
 Do you hear it?
 See it? those
 the peals
 that queered its tries.

Look at the letter
 just as it was sent,
 posted in fact
 during the Post-War.
 What war?
 You think you thought you know.
 One in which you were born
 or borne or bored
 or bode
 embodied.

Chasing this little r and others
 into a concrete labyrinth
 sealing them into the Them
 that they were doomed to be....

and never halting? never faltering?

≥

In short, it was a day, and you are,
 you stupid nothing r,
 like others in this space,
 somewhat on my mind,
 being the little tiny Jew
 poking a nose somewhere
 to find something.

There is a rat behind the arras

he says. And may I cordially
introduce or interject or introject
that ratty little r – it’s me.

A rat in arrears
scrabbling up Ararat
dragging its dogged bit of flesh
through all that –

IN VEIGH IN VEIGH.

How is it? I said: that the ghosts are so gathered?

Because they are palpable and present
buried wounds
the names that cannot rise and so they turn
and come as darkness thickened without sound

These Shadows make antiphonal claims
as words that fail.

ombra sono e ombra fui

Which are the words and which are the shadows?
there are no words, are only shadows
These spectra of tongues inside the very stones

and yet if one listens – there is no sound
in anything

it is the silence
of the “impetuous, impotent dead”
held back,

but sending letters, signs, signals, traces and
 little gests
 though one cannot read them very much.
 It is too hard.

Facing an intersection
 a knot of matted possible

the page a cavernous echo chamber
 of that

– it lists, it tilts – The it of all of it
 became a shadow
 something dark and indistinct except
 in edges, something
 changing with the light,

but can be intuited and half articulated

in traces on the other side of inference.

IN STILL

Sovegna vos,
 rem-Ember
 and thereupon open
 today's
 newspaper

A rush of people across a bridge:
 grift, happenstance, war, drought, need

mortal life washes us up on its shores
 somber and singing
 cracked hordes, cracked lips,
 the quiver of sound, a planet
 (under a sky dusted with lily pollen)
 desiccated, decimated.
 with what? empires? profiteering?
 sheer misuse?

Not is as good a mark as now.
 This shows the limits of the mark.
 The harder meanings are social.

“For all intensive purposes”
 “she’s beckoning the question.”

What is this the other side of?
 What is this a margin of?
 Forget “other.”
 Forget “marginal.”
 It is this very site.
 It says “Sit down in it.
 It’s time now.”
 Now it's time.

July-September 2003, January 2004

Notes to Draft 61: Pyx

Ezra Pound has been an essential modernist for Anglo-American poetry, and among the practitioners haunted by his work and his career, I would count myself. The bold-face citations from Ezra Pound come from *Canti postumi*, a significant selection of outtakes and draft versions of Pound's *Cantos*, edited by Massimo Bacigalupo (Milan: Mondadori, 2002), a facing page edition of the English with Italian translations, along with some canto materials written in Italian. These citations are, respectively "My mind stretched to the bursting point... the gun-sales," 204, from 1945. "Ledt hoo vill rhun de harmies... gredit," 102, from 1928-37. "Greasy flame of dead gas flare" and "a thick air," 104, also from 1928-37. "Some narrow rat... on Mt. Arrarat" [sic], 232, from 1949-60. "How is it? I said: that the ghosts are so gathered?" 160, from 1940-45, and "ombra sono e ombra fui" [shadow I am and shadow I was], 175, from 1944-45. Other citations are as follows: Epigraph by Barrett Watten, *Total Syntax* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois UP), 1985, 102. "The melodic germ is marked 'icy' in the score" from program notes by John Corigliano for his *Etude Fantasy*, 1976. The material about the deported is my riff on Jerome Rothenberg's words in conversation. "The stench of stale oranges" is from Pound, canto 14, one of the "Hell Cantos." "I sat to keep off the impetuous, impotent dead" is from Pound, canto 1. I am grateful to the poet Anne Blonstein for email discussions of a provisional, unused title to this poem. Donor Drafts along the "line of four": In, Findings, and Epistle, Studios.

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