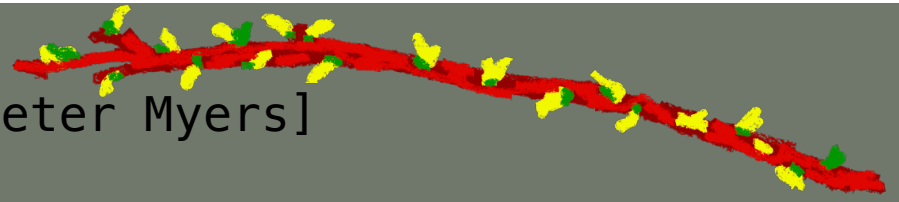


# My Warbles [poems

Peter Myers]



I.

I once associated  
light with an intensity of feeling  
but to stand beside you watching  
you take pictures of the snow  
this light drains the scene  
of the residue of sentiment  
&leaves behind a blinking canvas  
washed-out alibi of light  
or chartered thought  
this warble is imperative  
I remember honeysuckle  
stems fire-red &waving  
not as salutation  
but imitation of a style  
dragged out into a landscape craved  
with replicas of life  
every participle of snow  
speaking faithless antonym  
crisis actor it's embarrassing  
&it's delicious too  
a week ago was eating snow  
now we're melting almost happy

in the photograph you're taking  
the sun directs its ruins  
dangling nouns across the phonelines  
voices in &out of love  
they can't hear one thing  
where's everything else  
right there crisis actor look beside you turn look at me trembling  
&now your face is trembling  
&now the image turns inside you  
at the rate the sun makes  
demands of the horizon  
do you know why anybody  
waste of the golden hour  
once a pile of ruined saplings  
now ready yourselves to be burned  
in the triangle of heat  
capital &wisdom's death  
some hour's golden lurch  
or the door to what's shut out of it  
which I'm just calling a thought  
although it's what the thought stands in for  
although we're standing in the sunlight's way  
a bullet to the center of  
the valley of what's beating still

II.

While speaking and even thinking, I generate an excess of restatements, rewordings, reformulations, doublings, metaphors, it continues. A case of approaching-the-same-door-with-different-words syndrome, taking on faith that one of these times it'll open for me. But the problem is this door is not a door but the idea of a door, no it's not even that, the of-ness that would bind the door to its idea is a bad clasper. The thing and its idea can't relate.

One summer I am horribly anxious for reasons that won't stop becoming different. During this time I cry and urinate frequently, and generate an excess of metaphors. One of them begins like this: a thin, metal spiral resting on a square base. On the spiral is a little sphere that travels upwards, a red glow who rises.

In my paranoia glade, I play a game called "garbage as a commons." In this game, I am the one to go lock myself to the forest, which I do without first resorting to thought.

A song's going:

III.

&so I was caught in a web of long-forgotten motility or was it a countenance frame licking boredom why don't you you loudly bucolic urge that's how it's spoken anyway so what's your name amethyst upon the land's nape which if you recall is figuration &I the standing gnarly outside beauty always here mixing up my disaster pigments go a-scrolling the unctuous plains of the unreal &no getting lost or anything like noise or wind flies out the window brocade of blue or red ribbons availing I'm not leaving you behind crisis actor but why do you keeping making signs that go ANSWER the ocean has a bottom &they say it's toxin-bright &peaceless verified with ships that manage war &here trust clings to &you there over with the violence of having hands that do nothing &another goes me &another me goes too was it correction or croon or an I'm just living for the longing the dump at the end of the road