

****Ending end of all earthly****

If you [poet] don't deal with this you are going
to have to dream it and so deal with all of it.
My unpunctuated days [sleepless] blank-sheet before me
as I assume death does and so I have to
sleep. If you tell me you [reader] think we sleep after life
I'll be surprised. If you tell me you have never wondered,
I'll panic. At the reading last night he
said he dreamt end-time was here: it was airplanes,
criss-crossing sky with contrails, check-patterned. I
quit listening until everyone agreed that would be the
best way to stop [life]. NoOne asked me to write this poem.

It is 6 months ago at a party where I don't know anyone
and they want to know what I do and for the 1st
time I say: I'm a poet. The response is *oh yeah*
Sylvia Plath, right?

Amelia and I are going to a place called The End of the World the
next day. We never go. The heat is drafting weird dreams. I
cancel an appointment with a New Orleans psychic. Everything seems
obvious.

Yes: *Sylvia Plath*.

Those exits that had little to do with dying
and much to do with death. A student who is recurrently
afraid of placenta, sickness, weakness, even the word ULTRA asked me:
Why so many ghosts? Did you die, Candice— almost die? This student
writes her dreams. Death to do
with all things, I wonder that I went there
each time not to die but to answer death.
All I ever got was an awful, a lot about life.

NoOne asked me to write this poem.

It went something like:
My life stood—

[...]
*For I have but the power to sleep,
Without—the power to die—*

I don't know how to tell their story.
I've heard it once and it wasn't straight:
My grandfather is resting in a field in Germany.
My grandfather is resting in a field in Germany and the air was clear.
My grandfather is with his regiment and they have not rested anywhere for a time.
My grandfather is resting in a field in Germany and the air was filled with tear
gas.

My grandfather will not repeat the rules of the regiment.
My grandfather asks if I can believe this country tear gassed its own men in a free
zone?

My grandfather has asked me what I am learning in poetry school. *Trauma.*
Theory.

My grandfather was a very young man.
My grandfather was a man who fought often.
My grandfather beat a bartender badly one night and then the bar burned down.
My grandfather's local police chief explained prison was a few years down the
timeline.

My grandfather enlisted in the army.
My grandfather flees to Montreal but could not work so returned, hid.
My grandfather stole from New York City to Oneonta, New York by night only
for his mother.

*Wait—did she know you were wanted for arson?
She never knew much. She talked to God in the set. You know.*

I know. One day—oh—a decade ago my mother starts crying and doesn't stop and when
I ask when the last time she slept was she answers *9 years, when you were 9 years old.*
We've all been here for a long time.

My grandfather is lonely in Germany.
My grandfather does not tell anyone what he saw until 2010. He tells 2 people.
1 believes him.

My grandfather is a man who can really wait.
My grandfather receives a call telling him that bartender had other bars,
in other cities,
at other times.

My grandfather receives a call telling him those bars burned down as well.
My grandfather returns to his mother in Oneonta by daytime.
We've all been here for a long time.

Important information has been omitted
only because I cannot recall how it was ever included.

OBSCENE ACTION/Greek/too violent or complicated/
for the stage/an invention of a traumatized poet

obscene/ob skene
off screen
un seen

IE: ghosts,
suicides, gas

I heard a knock from the next room
Did you hear the knock?
It wasn't a sheet on a wire
It wasn't a landfill fire
It was a-it was a-it was a-KNOCK

It was a knock inside an eyelid
a book
no, no—inside a room that was really

t
h
e

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l

I heard the wall|the paper. I heard my mother: *write this down, it won't be here tomorrow.*
Do you remember what I just said? I have forgotten. I am asleep. I am forgotten—

I remember a photograph of my grandfather
Found in a Chicago thrift-store. The recovery
Of the photograph over 40 years after its loss is a
Miracle, not a surprise.

Dawn light is breaking through a barroom window
Where his unconscious body lay before the feet of
Six quiet bar stools, his own feet still entwined in the last
From which he fell hours before. He is very young.

My father and grandfather frame this photograph.
For years, we admire it. My mother, my grandmother,
Myself. My grandmother, who knew him then when he
Drank that much and wore that much denim, had hair.

For years, this is my Grandfather in Chicago until I ask where
The bar was and my father tells me: that was just a photo they
Found. That was just some man. And still, my father keeps the image
In his office. And today, my grandfather mentions a picture of himself

In Chicago with his beard. He says my father has it, along with his
unanswered HUAC letters.

Is doing the thing the same thing as your dream of the thing?
I suppose it is if you got through them both and only have something like what is that
word?

That word is *object*

If you only have
something like
an
object
of the one.

Thankyou we've all been

here a long time
A time long enough to know our object is here
Right Here
Where *everyobject* that can be writ may be read

object/obiciō
ob/against
iaciō/the wall

IE: Before boarding a 17 hour Amtrak back to Iowa I panic and ask Amelia to take me to The End of the World and she tells me there is no time left. Describe it, then. It's the dried out dunes from what used to be the Gulf. A road dead ends there. It's beautiful. *There was 30 feet of concrete road like this in the block I grew up in which led to a reserve of dirt for houses still never built which kids were not allowed to walk down, which was the best shot of flat road to speed a bike on and where I broke my two front teeth.* This is a correlative and for five hours the train windows are postcards of Mississippi. I see a sight I never tell anyone about. My father meets me at the station in Champaign, Illinois and on a bridge with a 60 foot drop he remarks, this was it. What? This was where the semi hit me and that woman came out of nowhere and said: stop walking, you're on a bridge.

We are over before I look.

IE: Before boarding a 17 hour Amtrak back to Iowa I panic and ask Amelia to take me to The End of the World and she tells me there is no time left. Instead, we drive around the 9th Ward and like my home flooded through and then in another decade through there are red X with an o underneath spray painted on the houses, although not every house here has an o underneath, some have 1, 2, 3. This is bodies found and recorded. Of course I wasn't in New Orleans when that happened. I wasn't in Iowa. I was listening to my mother's last message left by a ghost: *father; briefcase, sandbag, electricity, memory, not coming, dreamed you died, last night, call me, call me, call me back.* Interstate closes on each end. Reception is either rainfall or static but it is something known.

IE: I depart the Amtrak and start recording last words and don't stop.

Taken By

Certain dreams inform on

themselves: like, am I too [] for this

dress? You can't scare me cow

udder world, I can

use youtube,

play the three-tongued

bell in just one-hand,

drink the divine light, I

mean: I can

make you yield. I can

leave myself alone

for days and days until I dream

Brontë arrives and submits if I write now

I have learned cursive and what I will write is:

I'm the one

this did not happen to, just

the one it could have. Also

1000 better things to do

after I am dead descend.

Thank you thieving ghost, giving-grief.

Thank you rope. Thank you chain.

Thank you thing that renders the same name

still not inane, still the only pearl

the awkward shell can pronounce. Similarly,

for each day still only one

night.

Ur-maid

Kid-talk: I never finish[ed] my work

Kid-talk: I never ask[ed] after my tasks

I see I was only seeing through plastic sun-shaped spectacles,
alive. I now see all this sun.

I saw a brat in the playground she was wiping away all the dirt, I
used to believe I wasn't alive
but the brat was uniformed in a uniform she would not remove until after
pressing other's
ended.

I see I mis-took

for a valve and flush[ed]. Prim-
veined vorlage

of my own apron-

cosmology. I

left my linen on the shore and thought

to begin eschatology but here a girl moving her arm in a circle from the elbow. Dry
tail, un-glitter gowned scale.

Wear out your blacks. Sag out a youth, crackle, redact.

There is so much coming

back. Always

work when we meant the

myth. Always feeding the magic-mouth

the medicine meant for word-lung.

[Testing]

*They spoke no language large enough to listen on
until they spoke in swarm.*

*I was a little boy. I did not yet have
memories.*

*You may come to them but you did not want
them to come to you. You may show them your face but
they have none to show to you. You may not see the face
of the keeper beneath the veil of the keeper. You may spend
all your time dropping drops from the honeysuckle creeper
into a vial only for your Father's boiled tea and medicant and
still—*

*I was the boy who witnessed the day the Master
did rend his naked arms in sugared water*

*plunge the hive
walk the mile over the open field
himself now
of the monstered swarm*

What I asked was: how much honey can come from bees in a box?

My Grandfather & I are on our way to a centralized airport. His
wallet wears out, we buy one in a Sears where a women tells us
the leather will last 20 years and in the parking lot my Grandfather
informs me of the name of the man who is in possession of his living will;
three locations in which the document exists; which of his children
possess sense. A body is a box your soul can get trapped in,
are the words written in ink about his will.

My Grandfather never stops telling stories
because we are lost. We are never lost because
a Global Positioning System continues to direct
us away from delay. We are never delayed because
we are always on our way. We are never on our way
because we never get to our central location which leads
to all other locations. In the center ring of all other rings—

I'm on my way to take a test at the Centralized Testing Location.
So are you [reader]. We have reached the juncture of our life. We
find
ourselves on a campus with sudden memory of only native
language; phenom histories; ruins. *Hinge*. When we reach
the co-ordinates of the
Centralized Testing Location there is no Centralized Testing
Location. Us continue to arrive, more of us, more. *Open*.

TEST: STUDENTS MUST PASS IN ORDER TO
PASS THRU

SCREAM 1: Contact Central Authority.

(Vague screams. Central Authority is heard to ring. *Ring*. The ring of Central Authority echoes.)

SCREAM 2: Central Authority has been disbanded.

(Mass movement is made to locate a secondary Centralized Testing Location. *Static*. A coffee burn is sustained; cheater ink smeared; graphing calculator thugged; Ritalin benediction abdicated.)

TEST: STUDENTS MUST PASS IN ORDER TO PASS THRU

PANIC: Smells.

PANIC: Smells.

(We have reached the juncture.)

SWARM: Sit in the green.

(A scantron is drawn in dust. A scantron is drawn in ash.)

TEST: 5 POINTS IF YOU KNOW YOUR OWN NAME.

FINAL SCREAM: Silence.

(We look at our working watches. Time will begin.)

PENCIL: Who will write the questions?

PAPER: Write yourself the questions.

RED INK: Who will grade the answers?

NOONE: You will grade your own answers.

WATCH: From this time on.

US: Pass, pass, pass thru.

Us write questions in an irregular font called handwriting
Us write questions with a No. 2 stick from a No. 2 tree
Us write questions as quickly as us can remember them. For awhile
we did regurgitate as Us were honest:

Questions 1-3 refer to the passages below.
You may find it helpful to read the questions before you read the passages.

(A) Poetry is not magic. In so far as it, or any other of the arts, can be said to have an ulterior purpose, it is by telling the truth, to disenchant and disintoxicate. . . . Poetry makes nothing happen.

(B) So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors.

(C) There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently.

(D) Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the center and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all other sciences, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all.

1. Which is by Sidney?
2. Which is by Shelley?
3. Which is by Wordsworth?

When the ground was full and us were empty, NoOne knew the answers. NoOne said us had to be truly excellent or hold in our minds a great master. NoOne said there was or was not a center. There was not a center, there was. NoOne said poetry is magic. NoOne did say poetry was a business making nothing happen. NoOne answered into the air, NoOne **answered like**:

(A) Get to the still and don't drink. Get to the font and youth, get there and ignore ink. Get there and be there and try to nevermind, don't think. Get to the font, sink

(B) What was it worth. I was once a year a woman in a sequin gown, I was a high school math star, I was held 3 nights for battery he made me gate check my purple heart, I was on my way to another life I got lost. I lost. I lost my mouth. What does it mean to win what is worth

(C) Lung to lung never ask who I heart. I hear us. But heart to heart, who do I trust? They were in the cities doing acts of lust. They were them. They were us. Magicians splitting bodies for a fee, for free. Toe to tooth the trick was not in the master's memory the trick was in the hover of a name: magician—murderer. *Heart to heart, who will I touch?* NoOne, NoOne, NoOne

(D) *He stole the swarm to the center of the farm. Four empty hives hung from a foreign tree how he grew those I won't ever know. There were numerous*

*keepers in our town
back then,
there were many methods for doing. You
did not just do,
most men,*

*did not just do: you
caught it was possible
to place a bowl of blood
on a barn rafter
and make the moon stay
late, allow your men laziness.*

Harvest.

*You caught if you kept
a child silent enough years
its voice was an
adult voice
within its lungs. You
caught it*

but you did not do it.

He held his black arms to his hives.

I don't know why

I was a boy made of twigs

the swarm obeyed.

*I was a boy with lungs made of wax
something sticks.*

*The bees took root that spring we had
honey
all around
that only he could harvest*

He held his black arms to his hives.

When us is emptied and our eyes haven't seen
each other in hours, is it strange that at a distance
something stops? Everything on the highway
dims at once. A whir rolls and flaps; a
wind whips and answers for us: blank slate.

WATCH: STOP