

Birds and Fancies

Also by Elizabeth Treadwell:

Poetry

Chantry (Chax Press, 2004)

LILYFOIL + 3 (O Books, 2004)

Cornstarch Figurine (Dusie Books, 2006)

Prose

Eleanor Ramsey: the Queen of Cups (SFSU, 1997)

Populace (Avec Books, 1999)

Chapbooks

Eve Doe (becoming an epic poem) (Double Lucy Books, 1997)

The Erratrix & Other Stories (Texture Press, 1998)

Eve Doe: Prior to Landscape (a+bend press, 1999)

The Milk Bees (Lucille Series, 2000)

LILYFOIL (or Boy & Girl Tramps of America) (Duration Press, 2002)

Mub or the false transgressive evangelista (Furniture Press, 2006)

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Birds and Fancies

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for Ivy Rae Jackson

Long legged waders
(or A History of English verse)

**in cabbage-rose;
or the mercy & glorie of *Halcy*.**

after Myles Coverdale

Yes us will mix a lot, in palace glare, next quiet pool. Next a pond by *Halcyon* us low & crie; flung us upon the trees, required a songe. Next us recall did *ye*, o fancy one, as for our chords.

Now us will mix a lot, the Lordes sweet songe, forgotten here, in an odd spot. Now us will mix a lot, if to no more, let no roof mouth.

Remember, yes, in the day us say. Oh daughter *thou* shalt grounde & playe, in these sweet days, happy happy shall you be, dressed like the sea, in cabbage-rose. In cabbage-rose.

byrdys

“Gode Ivy, what
byrdys ast thou?”

—Anonymous, 15th c.

the days swim by guilelessly
—in the rainstays,
pressed like the blooms
song-bright, loose, disjointed
apostrophe to the sun
o shift, your dark rosy crown
—a day finch & some day pigeons,
gulls, geese, quackers,
stubby hummers, &c (little
one on ones, a branch
in a tree) —scrubjays, crows,
bufflehead, troopscout—
the lone western tanager
as we prepared for your birth

The Whistle Trees

“From here, it takes so many stamps
to post the most modern researches.”

—Lorine Niedecker

farhouse slides whistleblow the curtail
trinkety & slovenly, gentleman motorist
in the carnal meeting-hall, the candied rainbow—
awash, afield, mid-boulevard
the whistle trees
roll by

Velour Séance

“in social life, all, like the blind
must learn to feel their way.”

—Laetitia Elizabeth Landon

in memes & clutches everyday,
folded underhill
such monument & yoyo
bric-a-brac the scene,
in variance & cluster
sasses who, the queen?
in nary flash & hapless fawn
everlope marine

Sugarcoat

chestnut backed chickadee
pink ape
the large oak site
of your birth

Halloweentown

With the first storms come
new birds, some lift black
wings, parade a little band
of red; some are seabirds
from the interior
bearing ancient silver mazes
on their good drab chocolate
backs; crisp &
prim a sherbet moon
stands out in deep blue
silks above our stubby
housetop, like a frozen
mango scoop; set amongst,
under the blood moon,
we blow kisses, you in
your furry uniform,
me my flimsy shirt.

The false transgressive evangelista

(i.)

until the world needs women again,
I live in the woods with my sons:
the saints' talents, and the birds humming
and the birds not humming,
under the bone tree,
by the dinghy, the oaks dark
against the gold.

the new usual,

the empty word-hut.

sometimes nasty witnesses,
the resort colts, mine & others'
shell-bright memoirs—
here in this landscape we've bitten—
the original lawlessness;
low-rent trees
in the foreground
(we're advised to hire more trees).

the big-wig carry-all of yore;
that large, differing hand;
sweet, flip echoes
(his thousand petticoats).

storm choirs with simple english,
the sacred follow-up.

(sleep like riverbanks holding us in.)

the cruel laws of the throne,

undone the churchstep:

(ii.)

the prison of no past,
a christ in every literature.

the floating grimace
of personal despair.
it's just perspective
that's all
it is

(thanks, thin goons of the mood police.)

in the curse lots
foreign words like little pets,
with genders,
& curls.

the little words step down,
garden-heavy
in the windows of a church—

rub the idealist,
the bulbous theme:

(iii.)

its face-splashed
news apparel,
homemade rotten filmstar,
or thuggy celebrity gelding.

the house motions
of animals at night,
like a character
stuck to a scene.

(these treetop hormones
older than our brains.)

here in this landscape we've bitten
the train, the watertower,
& the mail. tender finger-stubs, offspring's
feats & qualities.

until the world needs women again,
I live in the woods with my sons.

the country moon, the fat orange jewels of winter;
all our gliding, loose particularities—

sweet protectorate,
and broody.