

At the Point

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Shearsman Books

2011

First published in the United Kingdom by
Shearsman Books Ltd.,
58 Velwell Road,
Exeter
EX4 4LD

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-166-5

First Edition
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to Humboldt County

*of this:
sight's fire
furled; a*

*sea
channelling
inwards*

—Karin Lessing

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The Process

Cross-stitched
outside sounds
double the day's

indoor confusion.
How to untwine
noise, to see.

There's the bay,
highway slashed
beneath; water

a weaker shade
of gray than this
momentary sky's

widening bruise.
The page turns
on the table, bare

despite all
I thought was
written there.

□

The Lack Of

for Pam Rehm

i.

Sunset's requisite sparrows
clamor in the shrubbery.
How the room falls, falls

further into formlessness,
around itself,
and memory—

cast to the moon's
glassed transmissions.

ii.

Where I feel my mouth
might be,
a wordlessness

mums.
The tremble
my hands trace.

Shadows
that quaver

and carve
the room.

iii.

Woke to white
windows,
whether dusk

or dawn
I didn't
know. Even

as debris
signaled
a night

spent. Pages
and pages
mistaken for months.

iv.

Is there a voice today
to write in,
beyond

what I alone
mumble?

These words
plunged daily
into hunger.

v.

On staple-pocked telephone poles
expired fliers flag. Over-
lapping lines
of obstructed light

hold the wall.
A rattle
of leaves.

vi.

Afternoon—this morning's haze
still holds, italicizing hills
that seem to float
over the highway, the horizon.

vii.

Just enough
sun nudged

past low
clouds
to uncover

an entire
sequence
of hills,

each edge
and angle.

viii.

Around traffic
and buildings

sun bends,
burns off

morning
haze, blots

the day's
gathering

names.

ix.

Light gashed
over the bay
makes the water
appear

more like steel

than things soon to rust

in the adjacent
scrapyard.

x.

What would become a field
cracks the parking lot's
bleached asphalt.

Pissed-on nasturtiums
stretch beneath a wooden fence—

every other slat punched out—
and lurch along

a fallen wall
into black overgrowth.

xi.

October's ready-made
metaphors,
almost hidden

behind billboards
and vacant warehouses,

measure the afternoon's
accumulations—

the overcast
undertones—
this slow vacillation.

xii.

Wind turns
the page
prematurely

as cattail grass,
laced through

a chain-link fence,
wavers.

xiii.

Gnats

knot sun's

white flush

through eucalyptus

limbs; leaves

lathed

in it—black.

xiv.

Fragments
of fragments

fill the hollow
of the day.

Thoughts lost

resound in
not being found.

And the weather's
changed, again.

Rain—

recollection.