

# Wild Dialectics

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## Contents

Rise	9
On the level	10
Sub rosa	12
Misprision	17
Show me state	18
Surprise	19
Rehearsal	20
Bend	21
National anthem	23
Present tense	24
The law's a soft machine fondling your forehead	26
Modern Love	29
Press the image	30
Breed	31
Promissory	38
Unfamiliar dog	39
Thirstory	40
Ship	44
Mariner	45
Beaming cry	46
Postcolonial Postcards	47
Narrative poem	49
Drink me	55
Right to be	56
Listen Honey	58
The "land of freedom"	59
Singularity	64
Face down (triptych)	66
Day	68
Cones	69
Haptic radio	70
The man with the spoon	76
Aristotle's pen	77
Political flesh	78
Peephole metaphysics	79
Love	82



piling-up is the most suitable technique for exposing a reality that is itself being scattered

Édouard Glissant, *Caribbean Discourse*

Logic can't explain water, though wet elucidates thought. A kiss then  
Moistens within, and speech glistens. That's talk's use: such internal  
Circuitry. Where shapes drip into liquid's a formation, a source, planet  
Or braid, tapering. Anyone's relation to invisibilities might be most sensed  
In gravity, the shadows of dimensions, as weight propagates, as in only  
Mass spreads multiple enough. But why should all shattering break down to  
Some indivisible chord? Where duration boomerangs, sound can't tell,  
Though the particles at stake may glow; perhaps infinitesimally felt.

Stacy Doris, *Knot*





## Rise

The south is perforated by axiom, a kind of young acceleration

crab claws hanging out of a mouth, a cave mouth, the cave dwindled to  
a salt pool mini-deep

illuminating humans with micro-attitude, approach because especially

the seat on which the subject sits humane, of the many salt sidings we  
could choose

this one has the visitation framed as narrow bands the voice

of the sidling firstness, little eyes opening their wax pragmatics with  
ecstatic treason

fingering you sauvage straight through (your eyes) where you invigorate  
were kindly

on the leas, where we undealt you on the made a part (of) when?

## On the Level

### Wakeful

Break, came with an arms, the head gentle tiering  
bookish, serene as automobiles through the wind

cam ready to fish, ready to tear out the holes  
in the body so as to clean the body

we're hungry, we agree on it we are invisid  
reachful, arming for the hole in the building

through which we pass, nuggets in our grasp  
holding them for food having scraped

of the clearance we give to the child showing him  
datives, explorational giving, the little kittens like

fish, we are ready to fish in the thick wet air  
we have the little bodies of the eatables

the fine eyes of the

### Mid-day

the stream on leaves, giving off ideas without having them through,  
she will judge on this one, he disappr

the vengeful aspects are treatable, little round face of the child who  
will be

venture, the hammering enclave built in the forest having been  
deprived of its central plateau which hovers above in a diving  
execution of feeling

proven through the groove times of the plank set, we're for them  
afterward telling, in the bottom room of the tor

we're telling them and it sifts up to the top, the tor belt hitting their  
motives like the belt flicking cold on hot

the tor belt seat on which the little round child sits ready venturing,  
the round wind fat on the hamper through the air that cuts straight  
haggles through, his eyes

treat on me, treat on haggle manna straight through the clasp of tor  
straight in the hamper we sit inside the

night

the bodies are sleeping, the air sifts through its hasps are rounded car  
sweeps, are calm dies flicked through ramparts the coming through  
of cluster magnets the bits clump here in tufts the air spreads out the  
air wanders in the corner feels the feathery might temperate air  
through across your eyelids sleepering brush brush the air brushes  
you sleeping the air whirls away again plundered in the middle with  
cakes and magnet honey, come cluster here magnet honey, this  
thicket's nice with what we'll ever

## Sub rosa

In the cleft we hid  
forthcoming, the certainty of someone who wants in the door bursting  
through with his shoulder the airy certitude the paper he waves in front  
of your face the whistle  
the comment the arc  
placed in front of your  
eyes the handle on the door  
reaction torso turned your way when you  
don't want it the singing  
women made out of water the genius for replication the

line rash element, what  
we had said for us broken  
over our back skin  
seeking the closed eyes  
    under the umbrella we can speak  
    for that fighting is the same thing as  
    the mouth ready to unhand you  
chimes and southerly  
we can handle this, we can order among the asses

The girl hides agile with her  
mimicry fragile and eyes  
stalled on your heavenly dimensions  
What do you do when the door is heaving forward and the

The tromp zone the ice bomb *we see it lobbed*  
*over our shoulders the ice bomb*  
lobbed over our chance  
participating in the *small slice of crap heaven*  
in which they talk defeat

The bin is ready  
The bin is ready  
We are climbing into it  
Idi Amin  
Guy Lombardo  
singing  
near us, singing  
with portents  
ready to translate us into our own certitude  
we got door handles, we got you ideation  
by the breadth  
eating your crumbles  
very sure

Now you tank with substance you  
are ready for your nomenclature blues  
you are signing us so pretty  
flagellant, abrasive, sure of what the back skin

*Take it no give it no take it stop you are so cute the way you cut*  
the vinyl of your skin is so  
altruistic, made for magical cultures  
sure your crap ballistics are made for it  
ok *vas y* allocated for it everywhere

ok my nose is running with desire, the cumulative breach  
twoness, the line running midbrain  
and broken at the same time it sutures, your future  
blanked out for it  
ready for it in

noise, the soft beak probing  
noise the talky  
nose the featured  
symbol the break  
we turn from each  
other to turn, we read to each other

speakingly  
the soft face scorched to tribe  
the soft voice reaching somewhere  
it doesn't see  
it does

See  
you are the wren in the belltower  
the soft flesh in the car door  
the brain tissue cupping out the bowl of the head on to  
street zones, paving them with the measurement we  
were looking for we  
have found you embarked  
a pained expression a cough a hard table called  
a desk a warrant waiting a check this  
speaking voice a broken  
wage earner *all you people come here*  
*under my wing come here to speak to me*  
tell your own story of authentic  
demolition

the side of your body has slipped down and  
your loading is taking patience to wait  
a fricassee to wait while door and window have no similar patience  
getting closer, trailing us  
your eyes your throat it's getting close  
to your aggregate  
thigh your trombone stretching out your  
stretching out the cha-cha-cha we are in it we

Agree  
the best way you are in it you know  
damply, configured with the small blood  
declining out of you  
the transport of admonitory factories  
the dishes plastered one after the other  
in front of the wall where you stick your  
head to breathe and  
eat and breathe

The vesper is inside you it  
declines your ideas of mastery  
it the speaking  
head of the same  
portent telling you again  
Again the dull yes, the dull no, the building  
over there are you here  
in the car held again  
transfixed by the diatribe, giving it  
Up, giving it in

the sky is purple slightly  
is a roseate marble stuck deep in your eyes  
replacing your ocular throes  
You understood what the color said to you  
thrust in your eyes about the five minute mark  
you amazing marbled toward the wall of the sky  
amazing marbled toward the wall  
you heard it sound of thumping dull maze meant  
The thumping dull sound so sure of itself against  
the roseate marble  
wall thrown inside  
your skin way inside Your torso  
is thrown against itself from within  
    so prettily effective it  
    wants to get to know the face you threw on  
the face you made by the roseate hues of the

Inventory, your eyes clicking one by one as the  
round scent of the rolling wall goes  
    longer, louder, there and there  
Chimes, oscillations slow and marbled  
eyes peeking up and out, destoried  
and ready, the edge of the country looking up slowly  
    rolling like a house toward your idea



## Misprision

My bracelet privilege is in position since  
not so very long ago a prince, a deluded  
truth serum lecturing on a self-destructing  
film theory authored by love, told me

decking and the quibbling arts are nothing  
more than postwar writing pinches.  
Recognize the international amnesty for vocabulary  
such as that is counterpart or retrofit

for the animal. I am sixteen I was  
numbered in the project, dorsality thinking back  
while thumbing the prosthetic matchbook  
I always keep in my hands, fiddling them projectively

which really means a cart or a horse, he will dress us  
after life on the line pre-jeans, roll on  
being the particulates that grant your lunacy  
appeal, discourse of course a book

inanimate on the horizontal surfeit of the desk  
which pitches on the boat you've settled in, the afterlife  
of literal Love. A sentimental war  
in apposition to your blood, mana et mana

swells your heart, young of itself and  
rented to come in parts. No no  
to the muscle, no no to the bone.

## Show me state

your hood under  
your letter skin  
good now recreate  
a beach the bright  
umbrellas of cloud  
dune ricochet dry  
waves smacking down  
the sand through you  
and that compatriot  
photo curtain  
donning your robe  
and through the stone streets  
prohibition wafts the  
thin end of your mind