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Myhopoeia

Benjamin Fider

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Myhopoeia

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Contents

5	A Hollow Model of a Human Head Worn by Ancient Roman Actors
6	Topicality for the Reader of Any Number of Greek or Roman Mythologies
11	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
12	A Striking of Flint
13	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
14	Elissame
15	Elissame
16	Ersatz Iarbus
17	Leçon XXXIII: Les Animaux
18	Soap-Powder and Detergent
19	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
20	Fibonacci Becomes the Bricoleur
21	Les Treize Cris de Cœur
34	Elissame
35	Elissame
36	And in the Doorway Squats the Oncoming
37	The Kidneys
38	When The Lost Trojan Landed on Psalm 87
39	Elissame
40	Elissame
41	Monoceros: An Explanation of a Social Phenomenon
42	Love is a Conflagration
43	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
44	All Gods Have Chafed Wings
45	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
46	Bare to the World in Sunrays
47	Elissame
48	Elissame

49	Elissame
50	Elissame
51	Elissame
52	Elissame
53	Elissame
54	Our Cresendi
55	In the Construction of the Jaw Hides a Hetaera
56	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
57	Urgent Tercets
58	The Abbé Pierre as a Haircut
63	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
64	The Trial of Gaston Dominici
65	Overheard While Rowing Vigorously
66	Sketch of Our Kitchen
67	A Conjugal Visit from Grammar
68	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
69	Sea Wanderings and a Strange Meeting
70	A Sonnet of the Mythologist
71	Typically Bounded by Hedges or Fences

*Elle a chanté, parfois incohérente, signe
Lamentable!*

—Stéphane Mallarmé

A Hollow Model of a Human Head Worn by Ancient Roman Actors

The discrepancy between back and white
is best sought over balking teardrops.
The Mediterranean drowns submarines
and we sweat salt, or dandelion sleeves
are reminders of a time when we
were inky octopuses scurrying across
the grain. The world was born in
a soft hue and now I feel frail
skirting among the shuttlecocks. A mask
is a sum of lines; your tongue was
a lonely headlight on a soybean backroad
when we lost the night to
aphonia. She sings a lamentable song;
I will take the form of a bull.
Beauty finds itself
in left-turning ambulances, reflecting
in vampiring salt-stained windows.
If wine is the sap of the sun,
drunkenness is never an intention.
Does it matter, then, if metaphor
is a little bit blind and brutal?

Topicality for the Reader of Any Number of Greek or Roman Mythologies

Aeneas: I am not a beekeeper in an apiary or a soldier visiting his mother in an asylum. I am not the father of your progenies or the whisperer of culls. I dream not of new loam or trill in dreams. The mountains sing and rain for my sons. In Alba Longa I wear the trivial sheath of revenge. The roofs and walls, doors and roads, strap the reflection of Pallas. I anoint the heavens with the spoiled sick and boubou shrike-like couplings. I'll watch your pyre and visit your fatal wound soon.

We none.

Have no homes we none.

Have no dreams.

Have we none?

Elissa: I was birthed from Parcae's illness. My burnt hair became pimento wombs. The ghost eyes of my ovaries became bloodshot wounds. Skinny dipping after dark was a bad idea. Loosing my skin in a cave was a bad idea. Letting the arrow of love pierce my heart before the world turned blind was a bad idea.

We none.

Have no lust we none.

Have no love.

Have we none?

Troy: I, belly of the horse, consumed you and your faulty judgment. Fortune has made a derelict of Sinon, but the bitch won't make an empty lair of me. Let rivers flow and florescent lights outside frost-bitten windows roll hills from spotlight to spotlight: The barbarism of language demands it so.

We none.

Have no homes we none.

Have no judgement.

Have we none?

Juno: He didn't let me feel the thrill, an infant squeezes my serpents, one in each hand. He didn't trust my vagina and I his blue penis against a three o'clock Daedalian rebirth buttered in sarcasm. Follow me and we can be blossoming lotus in the dank moisture of the catacombs. Follow me and the gift of virility will shave your face like minstrels and mice-trails across azure seas. But sneeze upon sobriquets and I will wash away your sins like a nine-acre man giving liver to the soothsayers.

We none.

Have no names we none.

Have no sobriquets.

Have we none?

Alba Longa: In the dawning of new light, let the wise be dexterous in my seven walls and let their wishes see nothing more than a resting place for the homeless. I'll give you green pastures and bulls at rest. I'll give you ewes and morning dew that dot the bucolic before the daybreak of manure settles on the nose.

We none.

Have no myths we none.

Have no syntax.

Have we none?

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

The wither came and swept. Night-
confidence may have yesterdays.
how I can betray,
fought what had after barren Sychaeus.
And this I down wind of that
has hold but dearer that young never of this granted.
Neither airbus chieftains,
Their even-considered people Numidians,
the bone-dry,
or from surely,
and held what and with
by only win and gales.

A Striking of Flint

As sails, as sailors

these, the minor chords, the monotones
of fauna after flora.

The crew tinged cornflower blue
flew a flock
in place of battered cloth.

Undertoe sunk
their keelhauled losses.

Under feet, terra firma.

There were no sails or bartered pig's blood.

In dusk, crab lice searched for revenge;
they buried the blood soaked stag.

This yet unknown about Parcae's seven ships:

Neglected by his canto,
their unarmored gestures against armored skies,
pigmented feasts turning rancid in
the burgeoning battue.

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

The men and with all
not she upon her devouring in.
So she looked to begging
whom the commands so suppose.
Aboard poor the what of with,
the to-give sister.
You in with it, without wild
was in Aeneus.
Everything in again in
and son sleep; madam plots
resolved too soon.
And the if forever at Aeneus
shake to holy
we most make he and were as.

Elissame

alters
& anamnesis.

(opportunity makes the thief)

o elissa—

o—
i harbor not gods
of artis
not the rustles of courting,

of predicting what

we will not know. without

warning a waterfall spits

& tumbles
& this will be

a hell of a place

to miss.

Elissame

no no—
i remember
 the curves of your

elixer-ridden hands
the birthing honey-melons
 of your ass

(over the sea
 over the sea)

i breathe the same breath as you
 calypso—appearing on silent
seas the pangs of love.

i only asked of forever &
 urchins of pride.
batten down the hulls

(you ask of forgiveness
 of forget-me-nots)

& I will enter your
nose through bowls of wine
& weathering stone

through lentils strung on thread
then hung—a rose,
a burden—by the alter

in your eyes. turn men to swine
you did? turn caves to nuptials
you did? am i the forgotten daughter

of fate's crooked crowbar?
the forgotten griever of love?

Ersatz Iarbas

I tried unhooking you from a panpiped linus song calling into the gloom below,
swimming up my urethra to turn my inside to the world.

I tried hiding inside the belly of a solid-hoofed plant-eating domesticated mammal
watching as you undressed the night to the thing
that goes beepy.

I tried imitating the sounds of Jupiter barking to create the sonic expression of texture
and/or touch on your smaller-than-average lips.

I tried pushing the accumulating op art noise through your inner ears to your optical
nerve shrift, churning, churning prolegomena but
j'ai neuf orteils.

I tried ignoring your reliance on similes but it's all like it all.

So this is your midriff,
A twined rubber band?
No?
Do we owe this night hung in hindrances
strong perfumes of nothingness?
Bleach-rinsed buzzwords?
Your equatorial belly busboys?

Leçon XXXIII: Les Animaux

The horse is a domestic animal.

Domestic animals do work for man.

Here is a lion, a tiger, an elephant.

They are wild animals.

But wild animals live in the forest and are dangerous to man.

The frog is an amphibious animal which lives in the water and on land.

The fly and the mosquito are useless and noxious

for they produce nothing, but on the contrary do harm.

If an animal does not breathe it cannot live.

We breathe with lungs.

If we cut ourselves, a red liquid flows from the wound: it is blood.

Man is similar to animals:

He is obliged to eat, to drink, and to breathe.

But man is different from the animal because he speaks.

Man speaks because he thinks.

Sans mots je ne peux pas voir.

Soap-Powders and Detergents

Women in white eclipse the falling sun while enjoying frog legs. They are fingers, soft Japanese napkins; I wipe my face on their linen. You and I are worms, the truly evolvable, swallowing capital letter revolutions and digesting *Damns!* and *Awe Hell's!* The voice of their overtures sing *amn't I a mole? Blind to the underworld, but oh so sensitive to the hair of humans?* A whooping cough paints skin an off-tint cornflower blue while underneath this glass table birds in exodus shade the backs of even-toed 'patamuses. The dialogue of powdered detergents and chlorine-based soaps has long been awaited. Would you rather be surrounded in foam? For foam is a sure sign of luxury.

You know as well as I, Blake was a vegetarian crawling across oeuvres, deciphering proverbs: *any bird that soars too high soars with its own wings. The ancient traditions of the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years of truth, I have heard it from hell.* You, like he, claim salvation in Peckham's treetop angels. All domestic animals watch the roots. The lion, elephant and tiger watch the fruits. An empty proverb *We all are painted double to teach in harvest and enjoy in winter. That's why we have incisors, to tear and shred at our meat—it's instinctual* absorbs its echo *We all born with an appendix.* Yet now, there are no words in me, no regrets hiding in hollows, as sliding down a hill in winter onto an icy meadow to stretch in epochs, slipping and writhing at the bottom.

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

Soon of the with, the beating and, Oh! She my will.
From tear with what takes your then, of his could
and even and the so being annihilated. And Oh!
And of screeched overshadow
as if must his when-force and let around,
enjoy but unburied this then,
he makes no now. In themselves now at Sychaeus long.
Dear, tell quickly before pure to that to this Barce.
Beat she was before she a her, and weeping remnants while I and now avenged pay.
If beached I, into far and amid crumpled aflush pierced rumors,
with and as though to flames ran the scorn. You the should had upon with I.
Should yourself bred, give, and hover now, the into using.
But fainted three went and filled out the for,
nor enflamed had delivered this sacred she-her.

Fibonacci Becomes the Bricoleur

Etymons sold as things of the panic jaw old lovers

become awkward imitations of the new,
or buttoning up a sweater in mittens,

or carrying pocket shears with only tin to cut.
Technically, the mitten is a glove with two sections,
(I) for thatching and (II) for logical sacrifice.

Somewhere in there the bridegroom turns into a mobius strip,
and the etymon-stained sheets hung as communiqué
become cartographer numbers substituting for the globe of what once was.
Numbers becomes sacrifice and the cartographer becomes a thatcher.
In Venn diagrams with ambiguous boundary zones

kissing becomes suckling and the Venn diagram hangs as communiqué.
A miter stands for a Bishop and a miter stands for a cartographer.
Sufficient time and machinery solves any problem where problems are pocket-sized
auctions of things, primarily spindles in the underworld.
A buzzing stomach reminds words to cycle in pentad paces:
ingestion / digestion / absorption / assimilation / rejection /
Swatting at the gut and old lovers is hard as hell these days
where thoughts become more malleable than fate-spun sweaters.

Les Treize Cris De Cœur

Firn covered
plumage aging in the maple.

En hiver je mets un manteau.

A woo in a lunar meathook between a
bucolic hen-hut and a hunter-gatherer
blue,

Or aeolian love in pulmonary circulation

blown underneath
the pantomime.

The cave:

capons in flight or
one of the moanful.

The tranquility of an explorer
to circumnavigate the castrato—
circa 1903—

or an incomplete half
of an icicle touching
the milk-white wall.

Si je n'ai pas de craie!

From the cull beast:
a peaceful noon
of divine sacrifice.

It, if you bathed
in the lucid water,
brought loam to life.

Blind before the fall
the wrong wall ladled
in earthiness of adiposities.

I practice charlatanism in the muted
rhythm of the womb.

I, a phoneme villus for you.

On the back of a truck to Montana
to fuck his mitten kitten,

an amalgam called docket.

The moving river evaporated.

Si nous n'otons pas nos vêtements mouillés,

we will catch a cold.

Firn held the dawn

(before I woke)

to hear him caw.

Elissame

holding up a negative to light
or
june bleeds from the pyre.

o ellisa—i ridiculed my bed
leeches
your acumen in a cave

o ellisa—
i open

the winds & would suckle
the nipples of my mammalian
progenies.

ellisa—

holding up a negative to light
or
june bleeds from the pyre,

come to bed & sing amalthea.

Elissame

footfalls—
patterned
tetrahedra—
over the hoggar
 mountains
 onward to carthage.

o ellisa—
 practice ahimsa
with carafes of candor
 (but not on yourself)

over-preparedness ails me

 what else is a woman to do
caught in bourgeois totems?

no man has all ten toes.

And in the Doorway Squats the Oncoming

In a desolate landscape,
a staling eucalyptus.

oomph—
 until it pushes our soul-eating hooves
 across an uphill.

The Kidneys

In the construction
of the retroperitoneum
lies two oval-shaped
kidneys.

Beside the vertebral
level T12 and L3
physiologic commerce
supplies blood
and peddles urea.

Below the liver
and diaphragm
homeostasis quietly
brews a pot of coffee.

Overlooked always
in place of Creeley's heart.

For who regulates
the blood's pressure
when the heart is broken?
Who saves us from
our acrimony when
we become embittered
by returning memories?

So it is to us,
reassured by the kidneys,
that this life's pedantry
no longer an impediment as we
ride on into the sweetening dark.

When the Lost Trojan Landed on Psalm 87

i

When you and I were engaged in intercourse, our hesitation decomposed in concentric rings under three uneven vines clinging to cave walls. When you and I were committed in hesitation our intercourse became a calculation change in position and inclination. When you and I were secured in compunction our apologies never followed, but instead led like your twitters in intercourse. When you and I were attracted to exchanging words we exorcised our ambitions and you were as aphoristic as Marat uttering *I would give all the kingdom of ancient Greece for a soft layer of semen across my stomach that flakes off in the morning sun*. I reminded you Marat was offed in his bath by a virgin. You retorted *I only speak*
in the register of the people.

ii

And if by this I mean my favorite engagements are covered in hesitation
inflating soft cracks in cave walls,

And if by this I mean, my hesitation toward you is excessive consumption
of fruit to rid my body of mutagens and carcinogens,

And if by this I mean mutagens are remorse for exorcisms and carcinogens
are remembrance of aphorisms,

Then I meant to utter in the cave today, *I have two read, ripe tomatoes*
in a brown paper bag.

Elissame

to this you burn
paraphasic love,

three elbows to raise—
motionless—
never turning my eyelids down to sleep.

faith can never be fixed
& in the pitter-patter of
our nimble parabiosis,

you chill the skin of your groin
in aeolian murmurs.

my paper-thin hair
as ready as unconsummated beds,
as my recto-loose-paralanguage
marries your verso-removing-pedigree.

my fears of what will be
of my paraphilia black temple

breeds
no belief.

Elissame

if the end of my tether is
pillory;

if i give another the
perfume of kundalini
in mediterranean
solstices;

o ellisa—

does the light pillow?

does the marrow of gadflies disappear after a quick meal
of horse?

i sleep naked with
knives in my goose down

the tongues of birds
at the alluvial river

fuck a dry booklet
of xanthos

Monoceros: An Explanation of a Social Phenomenon

Apollo cast your bed partner into the east; the fraud rich with late night hardons and open window curtain calls.

In time, you'll change your name and close the window but only when the perching bird becomes listless.

Love Is a Conflagration

Quilting a saffron bed,
I flashed away an *affaire de cœur*
the night my neglected walls tumbled.

Charging the night with idolatry,
I bent light off satellites
and helmets of the predestined.

Writing of ingeniousness,
I sharpened my penance
on a lunar meat hook.

In this lack of *terza rima*
comes the nuptial blaze
of a rise from ashes.

My father was a ghost of his
own self; we celebrated his rising
in Eleusinian Mysteries, in

the woven beaks of blood, in
the quilts that adorned my bed, in
the concubine of fickleness

and an octal furnace rendezvous.
And tasting of catalpa seedsprouts
in a bracketed heart, our carnal fingers

blanketed the muted whispers of flora and fauna in orgy.

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

On terror being
that and a fuming,
the turn within
devoted she with calling
and seemed prolonged. The foreboding by deserted
on seas run with her with she, her with sister.
Too near the studded a she of Hesperides
the with chanting what duress the call.
Earthwalk before it for build under the all.
Onto vile while she
and then she the erected hung,
and on with her around hair upon on three-faced purity.
Rare of Dido in freed her call,
she in of.

All Gods Have Chafed Wings

and are we gods
using pointer-fingers
for nothing more

than tracing hours coming back?

Whose agrarian life had known

clandestine swallows?

Flying flocks
over belly-stuffed Vaseline
lines
to San Juan Capistrano.

We single-use
flsh

blbs!

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

With liar begot tendered; why sigh?
Or what the or with I in contrived rescues.
Oh now,
 now sent his to detain. Go look
if I midway and from, with body unconscionable
even in leaving, caught Aeneus and with the along took
 the now of some, of and, of at sighing.
From where? With she?
To humbling nothing Anna,
 all from the if sister.
ever since and since gods remind with I profanity,
why let this now of teach pity she?
her latent gods and this to the showers on into,
 go buffeted, this felt.

Bare to the World in Sunrays

In predawn outlines birthed of incandescent light, we watched
the
most awkward sex on television. Now I stand in
the
door with my hands feeling my inter thigh tracing
the
shadow of my vulva in
the
blood-stained dawn of a day. His hooked feet, hunched to feed
the
progenies of my uvula; I prepare to spoil his feast.

He turns to eat pignuts.

I, having misused blind alleys of stone and prolixity of poetry—
know being on one's back leads to idolatry.

Elissame

the backjump quiver macabre worn over

an exposed breast.

my fingers twisted cola nuts between

empty space garden arches.

oh aeneus hold me. sura-foraged love,

fractured anaglyph, hide-and-seek

myth of speech.

Elissame

am i expected to lay down gauntlets of speech?

loose wrist of words? arc over

quarter-birched seac-

uddlers, between

judgment's blackcurrant & lunate crosslove.

you do not know wise love

ramshackled among commonboys arching.

Elissame

the water wanted sailboats & so I gave a golden morning arching.

someday you will thank me in speech

i remember you took me under fig tree love.

take me over

between

gnostic rubble & hubris-seekers.

Elisaame

nymph classification is a bitch, so i seek
easier days, butted farms, veinlike arches.
let the soil abhor vintage in between
 yours truly & modern latin.
outside speech
un coup de dés. alba longa battled over
un coup de dés. j'écris glacéamour.

Elissame

thou demandest what is love?

taunt stings running from the lyres of our mouths?

what is it you seek

over

isthmus arches?

sibilant speech?

what survives husks what was once between.

Elissame

between finger-squeezed juniper berries &
love of gangrened words you used
speeches i called bebop. you
seek
arched excuses to palaver over and
over.

Ellisame

between these cloistered heart palpitations you seek
love in cloistered igneous arches. The pile i speak will betray his grave
that might have been unknown.

Our Cresendi

We swallowed ghosts of hubbub with our ears;
space lattice spinning under cross-eyed constellations.

Our ancestors hunt wolves—
we hunt echoes.

Lors qu'ils chassaient le loup.

Lost in the bramblebrag snagging at the veins of our hands,
suppling across the carcass of a morel,
friable soil and wolves nearly dispel the myths
etched below a cardoon field.

Hera: a wolf alone,
a wolf, a loon,
celestial footfalls,
soft crack of dried zucchini leaves,
unending cursing of blood through veins,
pickled grapes in a broken mason jar.
before we crescendo under their footfall,
ode to the vintage and you—

watchwolf of my progenitive.

In the Construction of the Jaw Hides a Hetaera

The pine flanked belly of a horse
poops bruising and bursting appendices,
a superfluous function of divorce.

An Eleusinian board of trustees
hiding a hetaera in the jaw,
Debates a course of action for periodontal disease.

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

Obvious from he to what
think Iulus of a departed to amaze him
as from burned of the what he's running this Mnestheus,
telling but lay. As for seeing...
no he the
quiet she of shameless she with all she you can ever foretell.
If and would do by having yes or having put it because detest,
because I do guess, from Iarbas
there. And I utterly she and as I
your never stale. I never, if by according left shoulder of Apollo,
name there you.
Why for entitled night fiery but admonished
each my Hesperian?
I command with entering I of I.

Urgent Tercets

He said I answered the phone with
the urgency as if to say not “Hello?”
but “Hello? Is there a bomb in the microwave?”

This sense of urgency I no doubt got from you,
speaking in pattern-spun arabesques,
claiming gods were nothing more than mathematicians.

We caught the 4:05 at 4:03 on account of you
insisting lollygagging was corrosive.
The clouds spoke in liquid rhetoric

as we ate half-cooked rice over frozen vegetables
because the urgency of the bomb in the microwave
was too much to deal with on a weeknight.

Even in the bedroom polemics insist urgency
but I refuse to reheat my coffee in the microwave
not allowing Taster’s Choice to lose free will.

When the ships sank into this side of the Mediterranean, we
of course thought the worst, spinning our viewpoints
as good editorialists do, wrapping your exhausted

quarry walls with billowing rhetoric. As a consequence
of knowing nothing of small appliance repair, I avoid the kitchen
and attempt another greeting that will no doubt miss the boat.

The Abbé Pierre as a Haircut

My
 busted caterpillar
 ice passed through your decomposing fjords.

Of those wa-was
 I couldn't tell your floor
from the souvenir headstand you called a balcony. To turn
your head to verisimilitudes now would
 hem the bayleaf boughs I once called laurels.

My blameless
 digits curled

 the one image poem
 I wrote;

sat like, how does one say it?

You

were a
flobbing gyroscope

in the heart of a woven caress,
the doll of my lamb.

And not until

each crag-ridden tower,
each temple solemn,
each obelisk
kissed
Euripides
did
you
drink
your
last
draughts.

An impending haircut from Cagli could prove fatal, like is is to as as as is to like disclosed in darkening cordillera air. How fucking romantic.

She
made me
write some exercises and, at one o'clock,

She left me.

She
made me
spin 78s and, at quarter-sawn hours,
She jazzed me.

In your youthful world men danced and women
sang and children imitated natural objects. I
observed in these actions a certain rhythm and
order, for there is always a certain order to
the unnatural combinations of language.

There is no need to worry, referential
direction is important to maintain stability.
In chlorine night emissions the aura is margarine.

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

She as furious giving monstrous mouths by shrieking
her on bringing, and in gossip how

how then, unmindful these took ablaze.

Son alight the ground. Festooned king stood

with all throwing who I am after

Aeneus. And his hugging pleas from the
careless, assigning son-call approach rapt, carries no promise.

Twice, he potential and cannot for Ascanius.

What amid Ausonian? He made of the transport

abreast with lulls and he along

the giant in snowdown caked. Hovered he like so

the alighting on laying, he adorned aglow

gifts gold taken

to tame.

The Trial of Gaston Dominici

Hey mama wolf / He mama wolf / Slip you in the lay / Sip you in jaunt /
Hey mama wolf / Hey marmoset / He mama wolf /

Il monosyllabique / Hey moment of slinking sun over the yardarm / Sinking ginwail over
the yamyard / Hey mama wolf / Hey marmoset / He moment offset /

Overheard While Rowing Vigorously

Woe is me! Speaking five languages under the cover of dark. Turing loon crazy under seven-on-the-dot calendulas. What a relief! Rainfear trinkets hide bodies under mountains of *what ifs* and *this will all be justified in the ends*. Where to now? Pennies for fir-lined draperies sunder conflagrations sticking softly, clinging calmly. Dry clean only. Only to be dry when it rains! Under the calendula you opened into mead. I was prickly as a cardoon drunk under wine. Honey instinctually gives under fat-ass honey bees. Apiary or obituary, undertaker writes a net underbelly. Glossy photograph underbids your finished matte. We calculate ex cathedra humor undercuts the eye of all situations. Zenith's ability to underestimate impending tongue do-si-dos flies a flock of swallows south. Prometheus bound under unbuttoned livernoids that became scuttling field mice in a haystack of meaning. Row. Wrote. Keep out of the reach of children. The Aeolians give us shit every time, undersexed Jupiter bellyblows. His wife mistook rutabagas for my earlobes, motor oil for my ghee, wondering in moments of clarity, if clarifying betters the mind. Women are chaos, and men a fixed point of stupidity; I can blunder them now, the rolling fields of grapes. *J'adoube! J'adoube!* All this undercutting for the feel of a thigh, the touch of a finger. I'll unhinge the girdle; the splatter of Pallas's blood won't stop my hunger; the egg stocker eyefucks the waffle maker under the splatter of griddle grease. We stole hard, that's right, *nous mettons nos livres sous la table*. In origin, the brain is an organ underdeveloped as a clot of genital fluid held in reserve. No, his mythos lay under Fontainebleau.

Sketch of Our Kitchen

The refrigerator proved Leviticus 19:6 irrelevant.

Before,
she was a blossoming lotus of passion.

A Conjugal Visit from Grammar

Bray tongue / Braid tongue / Pestle and mortar sings grammar / Bite moral / Ongoing
lungs / Grabby to the throne / Estuary mortal / Slinging tongue bebop tropes and
poppycock / Bray tongue / Braid mortals / Pestilent singing /

Scenester stirred sibilance / Bray of tongue / Inkling of reverence / Braid of tongue /
Communication with foundation remains ephemeral / Thomas Moore in the storm
remains memorable / Grammar fucking / Ugly duckling / One of habit / Other of exhibit /

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

As prey standing Saturn's covered
 divine women,
I your fear but being arranged, you Dido,
why wait into now all to who
so fortunes that satisfy? And a you to that
"listen-Aeneus plan."

 Sun while too and there a then,
not dawn and picked broad troopings, but nobles standing
champing a caught and sheathed Phrygians.
And above to think when by of around and but and braids
 so with soon riding saw a deer in the outrun, amid
or meanwhile, and then with her, courted
 primal open highs and that of she. But she
now through nimble, thrives lowly.

Sea Wanderings and a Strange Meeting

i

I have come to understand my
past as misinterpreting
the women of the world
as givers of life. The sweat of his bed
fences my rhythmic rocking.
The sweat of his disquiet scattered
his misogyny. Your existence is mothering
more than a rotting field of summer squash.
They, like you, become sweeter as they age.
His milk-white hind traced the window sill,
an anecdotal flutter. Life without myth is trivial.
I flirted with Juno as I lifted my skirt.
The digits of hands unearthed my favorite heroines.

ii

I visited a poet once and he answered the door with
the face of another stretched across his stomach.

We ate: oiled almonds, kalamata olives, and drank zinfandel.

We are: baptized by our parents, burdened with love, and becoming bereaved.

We will: disappear into our libraries, vanish becoming someone we're not, and evaporate
in the drive to our graves.

iii

In your sweaty gaze I am already an inamorata of yesterday.

A Sonnet of the Mythologist

This giving free.
They then for Phoebus,
who Dido
holding on
approaches.
She pores alas what
the unlucky roamed.
Hit by hit his now took
showed and when
the in and
afterward and alone
and she or
enthralled
as beyond towers impregnable.

Typically Bounded by Hedges or Fences

Step lightly in the footprints of shuttered
windows and tenebrous graves;
carry a kitten to get the mail—
a Russian Blue. Inside the kitten
every word is a poem.
Every new relation is a new word.

Loused in the *crème brûlée* of what we thought words were,
under pregnant boughs you.
Give bourgeoisie language direction you.
Swallow emblems you.
Disappeared through a hole
in rust-iron cattle barbs
the night we gave
ourselves to aphasia.

...I am willing to confess that I have imitated.

—P. B. Shelley

Notes:

The “A Sonnet of the Mythologist” poems are written from the first words of each line taken from Book 4 of the Aeneid (Robert Fitzgerald translation). I omit and amalgamate words, yet the order remains the same.

Joseph Auslander’s “Intervals” and Ezra Pound’s “Canto I” orientates “A Striking of Flint.”

The “Elissame” poems are in debt to H.D.’s Hermetic Definition.

“Fibonacci Becomes the Bricoleur” is for Colleen.

“The Kidneys” is for Papa Jupiter.

“All Gods Have Chafed Wings” adapts a line from James Merrill’s “Lost in Translation.”

A “ritualistic” sex scene in Amos Gitai’s film Kadosh inspired “Bare to the World in Sunrays.” The poem is for Lin and in celebration of our attempts to candidly express what we see—or what don’t.

“Urgent Tercets” is for Russ.

“The Trial of Gaston Dominici” is in debt to Devandra Banhart’s song “Hey Mama Wolf.”

The poet in “Sea Wanderings and a Strange Meeting” is Clayton Eshleman. Jeff Clark is stretched across his stomach.

“Typically Bounded by Hedges or Fences” is birthed from Ralph Waldo Emerson’s essay “The Poet.”

This project owes the mind of Roland Barthes; “Here is another language which resists myth as much as it can: our poetic language.”