This manuscript is a collection of poems that attempts to trace a line of thought from the concrete to the abstract while also reflecting a similar shift in the outward structure of the poems themselves. It is divided into four sections, beginning with the most visceral and ending with the most analytical. Over that span, it examines relationships concerned with fear and feces, family and foundations, god and muse. Death and decay (and their relationship in terms of a spiritual as well as physical nature) in various shapes and forms are important driving forces behind this collection particularly in terms of forcing a new beginning or assuming a new form, and in light of that, a number of the poems assume what might be seen as slightly experimental shapes. Ultimately, this collection is a semi-serious and playful attempt to reconcile life (especially a life on the page) with its end.
keep the morgue empty, the bedpans close at hand

A Thesis

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Zackary Drakeson Hill
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Advisor ___________________
David Schloss

Reader   ___________________
Jim Reiss

Reader   ___________________
Keith Tuma
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Once more we enter the world of make-believe. It is a deceitful and dishonest place, home to the tricks of the trade.

Do not fall for the obvious trappings of dreamscape surrealities that end with alarm or shocking confessions that hide behind the couch;

Watch out for the poisoned apple of plot device, be wary of naive natives shouting obscenities from the rooftopped distance of metaphor.

Do not buy anything from anyone with an honest face. Factory standard tales demand more than another dose of deodorant, unlock the medicine cabinet of fresh phrase and flush the cliché. If the bathroom is without a door, don’t offer the mirror a smile.

These are guidelines for survival. Bring what you must but beware the temptation of plunging headfirst into this world.
achluophobia

i say,
the sun suffers
from an irrational fear,
and you respond
in one of two ways:
either the sun,
lacking the emotion of life,
cannot experience fear,
or that all fear
is in substance
the practice
of an irrational nature.

i say,
turn off the lights
and go to bed,
and you reply
in one of two ways:
either questioning,
because we are outside
and it is daytime,
whether you should
close your eyes,
or wondering
if you should seek cover
from the sun’s irrational fear.

i say,
the blind do not know
the difference.
and you,
having closed your eyes,
cannot read my lips,
cannot see to hear
my words,
as the deaf
become blind
in a moment
of irrational fear.
i say,
the absence of light
lessens the contrast
of colors.
    and you,
not knowing the difference
with your eyes closed,
feel for the ink on the page
not knowing
you should be afraid
    of these lines.
inside the outhouse

the shit drips
or, rather, splatters
below dropped drawers
to a darkness ripe,
over-ripe with fetid
fecal matter.

lime lines the floor
with dead flies and spiders
in a powdered decay,
the lime having settled
after shifting in the wind
not all of it making it
down the hole to help
decomposition, cover odor.

flies buzz and spider webs
swing as the door opens
in the morning, light
fearless in its approach
and everything dark
scatters to the corners;
take the broom and sweep
away, sweep from top
to bottom and front
to back, sweep under
the seat and along the floor,
sweep the residual
lime and bodies out the door.

don’t stay too long inside the outhouse, you
don’t see out the small window, you
don’t belong, the light outside reminds you.
ask oedipus now
a closet comedy in three acts

Act 1

a green sitting room with a chair
resting on top of a table pushed
against the south wall, your mother
leans forward on an ottoman
facing into the corner, your father
can be heard crying softly
in the bathroom (offstage)

enter: DEER IN HEADLIGHTS,
       CAR-CROSSED OPOSSUM, and you

DEER IN HEADLIGHTS: what?
CAR-CROSSED OPOSSUM: who?
you: I suggest locking the door
       because people will just walk in
       without even knocking,
       and that’s when you’re caught
       with your pants down.

Exit.

Act 2

fifteen minutes later,
in front of the bathroom door,
your grandmother balances
the ottoman on her head,
your father has stopped crying

enter: DEER IN SIGHTS,
       TRUCK-STRUCK OPOSSUM, and you

DEER IN SIGHTS: where?
TRUCK-STRUCK OPOSSUM: when?
you: I suggest going to the bathroom
       and locking the door.
       You can spend
       a few minutes in there
without any suspicion,
and your pants
will be down anyway.

Exit.

Act 3

fifteen minutes later,
a red bathroom with three
stalls and urinals—

your father’s gouged out eyes
are in the first urinal, your mother
hangs above the second urinal,
the third urinal is just a urinal.

the deer is dead and mounted
in the first stall, the opossum
is drowning in the second stall,
the third stall is empty

enter: you and FREUD

you (approaching the empty stall): how?
FREUD (unzipping in front
    of the unoccupied urinal): tell me
    about your childhood.
you (sitting): why?
FREUD (zipping): tell me
    about your toilet training.
you (flushing): it was a lot like masturbation.

Curtain.
bathroom reading material
for tom

i. defecaloesiophobia

you are an asshole, tight-lipped
you excrete digested matter
from your mouth:

the sensory input sustenance (sight—

the men’s room door
appears to be bleeding, look
out for the toilet seat’s three sets of teeth; sound—
the moans you hear coming from the pipes
belong to those sucked down before you, now tortured
using ancient asian water techniques; smell—
the trace amounts of methane burn your nose; touch—
only sandpaper in the stall)

translated:

memory, the intestinal
corridor of eroded past
that leeches the unforgettable
while passing on the waste
to be repressed or expelled
in an exit of processed material
that will surely leave you chapped
(and perhaps puckered in pain)—
if you survive.

ii. coprophobia

having seen the end results of your previous incarnation as an asshole; you now cannot
stand the same in others. any sensory input sustenance translated into the refuse of intestinal
memory now sends you diving for the plunger; plunger in hand, a swordfight breaks out in the
pirated bathroom, and hardened spikes of lost meaning attack from the crow’s nest hanging from
the showerhead; the curtain is unfurled and threatens to take wind; the bowl swirls, the waves
lapping. you try to flush, but the enemy refuses to be defeated so easily. you plunge. guttural
moans echo in the pipes. you wipe and wipe and wipe but never clean. plunge away, plunge
anyway. you plunge.
iii. coprastasophobia

terror has gripped
your bowels,
nothing passes,
gas is trapped.

ingestion continues, information
collected and stored, but
nothing is processed,
nothing is said, there is
nothing to say, nothing to do,
do nothing.

you still see and hear,
feel and smell, but
you remain frozen,
gripped by the thought
of producing imperfection.

leave now, and never
ask for answers.
stale air coming off a farm pond

so many brackish, still-water farm ponds
filled with cow manure, decomposing hay,
and the stillborn larvae of frogs roasting
in the sun

before being lapped up, tongue by tongue
by passing deer, and the cattle grazing nearby
never stop munching, the scrub brush
clipped by bovine teeth,

so many gears grinding the world’s stubble
until there isn’t a blade of grass to be found
in the chewed up dirt near these ponds,
and the only thing

this particular pond reflects through holes
in the slipcover of slime green algae
is the sky hiding behind an emaciated rooster
too lazy to crow

a welcome on misty mornings
from its perch on the patchwork
fence in front of a dilapidated barn,
on misty mornings

when the pond is hidden from a world
trying to catch a breath of fresh air
before the wind changes and brings
that stench of decay,

the essence of the pond, fighting off
a dry-spell, death.
nosocomephobia

check your blood
at the door urine
samples float before
your eyes scans

reveal cancer up
to your neck in
needles ingesting
chemical answers

tubes test the limit
of your hunger feed
fear a steady dose
the scalpel missed

the charted course
leads past radiology
before recovery grows
in a garden germ

warfare blooms spring
a spinal assault frozen
in the lab stem-cells
behind bars thawing

on the table soaking
through gauze to find
another growth fertile
land can be found

in backless gowns
and bed sores
on the other side
of sterile walls

operating rooms
give birth to heart
attacks in the waiting
room no news
for the father
pocket stuffed with
cigars waiting
to be delivered

prayers on lips
in every seat eyes
down until the doctor
shows a smile

keep the beds full
and the morgue empty the bedpans
close at hand and

under wraps you
can’t move your head
to see out the window
you hear the door

open your eyes
touch toes count
to ten before closing
trapped by the glare

of everything white
light layered
and blinding and
hidden from sight
anesthesia for the insomniac

i. the brochure

it’s an outpatient procedure
that combines the painless application
of science with the optimism of dream interpretation.

once a dream has been established within the psyche
via a variety of medicinal opiates lacking in hallucinatory purpose,

our expert in the field of expanded hypnosis
can begin a journey, which will ultimately end
in the realization of an unconscious freedom.

ii. the clinic

everywhere you look, apparitions of sterile white;
life condensed to a color, dipped in boiling water—

the walls murky and soothing to blood-shot eyes,
barely audible music in the background, a siren’s song,

the staff shuffles in slippers along the carpet, muted whispers
matching the friction of their steps, every window tinted,

every light just below a shimmer as perpetual twilight masks
the not quite sleeping that haunt every doorway.

iii. the clocks

time has an element of surprise in its hold over you
as the tick-tock of the moments drag by, and you
can hear your breathing, the air in your lungs
marking the seconds it takes to enter the blood,
race the next inhalation to the heart,
astonish the brain in the same moment the feet find
the flow in shock, a second before the escape
as the doctor says exhale.
iv. the dream

of death or drinking, the daily-walking-drunks that don’t sleep
pass out in this world, only to remember one or the other,

death or drinking, in the muddled reality confronting them
behind eyes not moving so rapidly, unable to walk a straight

line... what was cut out... what did you miss in the black
moment of lost time... is that a... are you... the words whispered

over the distance of... awake, things don’t seem as real...
ennui’s sobriety is intoxicating.

(it was something like that. the dream i first had visiting the institute.
not the content, rather the form, the familiarity of the barstool
and the early morning fog. not hungover, just tired.
i was not in or of that dream. i was the feeling that haunted it
and kept it from being mine, the stupor that would not fade,
the ghost of a chance at sleeping in the same bed twice. that was my dream.
it was a gathering— of pain, the fears of solitude waking and walking,
en masse, alone in the dark. that was what sleep held over me)

v. the next day

i woke to—

the buzzing of a fly. i pinched its wings, thought
i heard a scream;

light dancing between the blinds
in rows upon the sheets, one line bisects the fly.

instead of considering the implications of existence
or getting a glass of water,

i fell asleep on the floor.
catoptrophobia

what are you so afraid of, if not this
reflection of powdered lines, line by line
designed to mirror your fear with a kiss?

consider the duality provided by its surface
broken only by blinking, made hazy by tears, blind
to your fear; what are you so afraid of if not this?

stick out your tongue: is it forked, does your twin hiss,
or are you afraid of a gaze designed
to mirror your wrinkled eyes, fear looking for a kiss?

reading repetition, repeating the same sounds, do you miss
the honesty of being alone, does a second notice remind
you of white noise; what are you so afraid of, if not this?

does another set of the same make up for an emptiness
that blurs your aging doppelganger into mine,
a design that mirrors your fear with a kiss?

mirror, mirror on the wall, reflect my lack of innocence,
reveal the path i should have followed to find
what i was so afraid of— if not this
anti-design, then, mirror, end my fear with a kiss.
in school, we studied the stick man:
an anorexic figure with no home;
inevitably, a white male on the blackboard.

i envied the stick man—
his straight-line profile
not casting a shadow, the chalk
outline erased to a smudge...

i too am drawn to the stick man,
but it isn’t for the living
to be, line by line, a life
sliding along on the edge

of experience, a powdered trail
repeatedly etched and bleeding for others:
i pity the slaves of stained hands.
the title is meant as a simplification—
a condensed version of what one might find
if the time is taken to read further.

it is not meant as more than that; it should not be read as follows:

women do not think;
only men who think can be depressed.

it should be read as follows:

following the days of descartes
mankind has been made miserable by its mind.

the title is a microcosm of pocket-sized existence—
the brain that never turns off; the ever-present echo
of thoughts responding to sensory input:

the sound of one hand clapping
against the bark of the tree
that fell in the forest when
no one was around to hear it;

the smell of the wildflowers blooming
in the shade of the fallen trunk
of the tree that fell in the forest when
no one was around to hear it;

the sight of the flowers sitting
in a vase on the dining room table
after the man picked them beside
the tree that fell in the forest,
having noticed them as he
absently pounded out a rhythm.

the taste of a lunch full of holes,
sitting on the table beside the flowers:

the toast that disintegrated in the toaster;
the soup bowl that melted in the microwave
with waves of bubbling chowder leaking out
of the irregular, edge-charred pore, and hazy
smoke-not-quite-smoke hovering with
a lithe promiscuousness as the quiet air
is disturbed by opening the door,
releasing a foul, hole-filled odor.

the thoughts that run through your mind reading the title
of the book that sits under the legless corner of the microwave
to keep it steady,

dthis book with this title as seen along its spine (imagine it:
your eyes following, connecting letters from word to word
and on to a second line— tracing
the vertebrae to its thematic cortex—
notice the subtitle, the subtext offers

a memory of your college psychology class
and the pretty girl who always sat three rows in front of you
and two seats to the left, wearing a skirt, textbook open on her lap,
legs extending from your studies, and freud
whipping your mind,

all before you notice the name of the author,
insignificant and small beside the memory of your obsessions)
and you find yourself feeding your own thoughts,
piling on more and more, over-seasoning
a bland life— you are a chiropractic chef of flawed logic.

a decadent thought,
rich with ripened self-indulgence
in light of the disaster that was lunch,
a thought full of holes:

even in the hindsight of starvation,
no logical conclusion could follow
from such a title.
dead wood dialogue
a closet comedy in three acts

Act 1

asylum for the criminally cut down and processed,
doctors and nurses in sensitive shades of autumn
pace the grounds watering and pruning,
a lumberjack can be heard, mournful
and somber in confession (offstage)

enter: (the soon to be divorced) PENCIL and PAPER

PENCIL - i have found you out,
a whitened womanly wood
suffering from pencil envy.
PAPER - i see your latest circumcision
has given rise to your voice.
PENCIL - oh, i point, and you bleed
upon the sheet.
PAPER - you dance upon the page,
but miss between the lines.
PENCIL - the impact of my thrust
can be felt along your backside.
PAPER - your words do mark,
but miss their meaning
in a messy smudge.
PENCIL - you always parry,
slide away from my face,
my painted kiss.
PAPER - you always perish first,
your point going dull and soft.

Exit.

Act 2

mortuary of deforestation
located in the inner cloister of the asylum,
a funeral for mashed pulp,
a pope in a papier-mâché hat
reads from the recycled sea scrolls
enter: (the apparently inseparable) PENCIL and PAPER

PENCIL - you can’t finish this life
        or sentence without my touch.
PAPER - only when your bruises fade
        and leave, may i yellow
        in a peaceful fall.

Exit.

Act 3

retirement home of recycled shavings,
a sawdust haze of melancholy hangs
as handmaiden in the waiting room,
bespeckled stumps in wheelchairs pass
on freshly seeded hillsides,
the hallways of a remembered youth

enter: (the soon to be departing) PENCIL and PAPER

PENCIL - your heart is shallow,
your soul is cracked.
PAPER - your heart is hollow,
your soul is black.
PENCIL - the lead is out...
PAPER - and lines are left unsaid.

Curtain.
isopterophobia

you could sit down,  
but a leg might break,  

falling backwards,  
you could hit the table,  
and breakfast might end  
on your face as eggs,  
bacon and coffee  
fall through the floor,  

you ignore the hole,  cover  
it with a rug,  
ignore  
the pockmarked walls,  the ceiling beams  
buckling,  

get a new table  
for lunch,  a new chair  
for dinner,  pretend  
the wood is rotten,  
\or carcinogenic,  maybe  
they will die of obesity  
before you serve dessert—  

the shotgun beside your bed  
\is ready to snap,  a prayer  
lodged in your throat,  

hoping they choke  on your splintering obsession,  

clutch the ragged books  
\fallen from the crumpled shelf,  

wait for god to exterminate,  

punish the gluttonous colony  

22
before the roof
collapses,
before you set fire
to their food supply,

and burn
the last supper table
set for one last meal

and you sit,
strike the match
to light the candles
and the curtains, everything
tastes of smoke
as you swallow
fear.
iii.
unleavened

my parents baked all night
but left out the agent of sin
that would cause me to fall,

so i lost any chance to rise above
domestic desserts in kitchen cups

removed from the womb’s fire—
flat and hard, i see myself:
an eye raised to the sun.

roasting in witness of a loss,
the earth rotates as i drift away

in the thoughts of my parents,
away from that night
within which i was
to have been conceived.
ecophobia

you can’t go back
where your heart never left;
the beating you hear

as you round a turn
on familiar gravel roads
is that of memory,

hazy in the mirror
of some forgotten trauma
that would explain your condition:

(more than likely, it was nothing, nothing
happened... nothing
ever happened, still, you question)

was mother more than a mailman away,
did daddy shoulder the burden of a local bar,
last call for your brother and his tricks—

no more psychiatric tests,
no more visits to the hospital
after falling down the stairs or slipping

in the shower, you never feel clean
and the door appears to be shrinking
as you approach, afraid of leaving,

of saying good-bye for the last time
to the first place you ever knew
or allowed yourself to be defined by.
the crawling man wears a bow tie
   a closet comedy in three acts

Act 1

da kitchen— dishes in the sink,
dinner warming in the oven;
a woman leans against the counter,
cigarette between her lips,
hands on hips, smoke leading
the way to the clock as she glances up.

enter: (through the arched doorway
to the raised eyebrows of the woman) MAN

MAN: (briefcase in hand) i know, i know.
WOMAN: that’s twice as much
       as i would’ve given you credit for.

   Exit.

Act 2

the dining room— table set for two,
candles unlit and almost limp
in their innocent impotence, chairs
which haven’t known intimacy
in years, pushed so far in they touch,
frozen in the awkward silence.

enter: (plates in hand) WOMAN

WOMAN: do you need a hand with anything?
MAN: (offstage) red wine or white?
WOMAN: red.
MAN: (offstage) what?
WOMAN: (louder) whatever you’re having.

   Exit.
Act 3

the bedroom—two
double beds against opposite walls,
one with red sheets, the other with white;
on the floor, scattered pillows
cover a rug depicting a scene from bocaccio:
a naked man on all fours.

enter: (from the bathroom, stage left) WOMAN,
(from the hallway, stage right) MAN

WOMAN: (whip in hand) are you ready?
MAN: i said i was sorry.

Curtain.
merinthophobia

the rope begins to bite

stray hairs, splayed
fibers mingle, dance
entangled along your arm
looking for the knot
they know somewhere
near the wrist,
the blood backs up,
makes room for more,
tests the skin, tight-lined limits of thread
feast on your resistance—

tomorrow there will be a bruise.
ereuthrophobia
for julie

blood detoured, on a last second vacation—
wants to see the famous cheekbones,
visit the nose and scale the aromatic mountain,
tries not to be caught in an avalanche of mucus
or the erupted flow of an oxidized river, hot and red:

are you embarrassed? is it because i mentioned your nose?
    falling down in public, we’ve all done it
    naked in a dream, again

are you in love? with a boy who writes poems about your nose?
    weak in the knees, we’ve all been there
    in a naked dream, again

are you ashamed? of this poem which mentions your nose?
    bad breath in the morning, we’ve all kissed
    a naked dream, again

flushed for the season, pinched
close to bruising
an imitated rouging trying to surface,
trying to clothe you
as you are naked, in this dream again.
juliet says:

i. medorthophobia

*my man’s phallus is something like the moon.*

on nights when the skies are clear
and the milky clouds have yet to fall as fog
around the dewy mounds of ground outside my window,

the crescent moon haunts my vision

on nights when i have difficulty
falling to meet sleep with blurry eyes
that rise to see a shapely figure outside my window,

the full moon leaves me weak in the wake of fear

that arrives on nights when all else flees
before the spreading light confronts a shadow
of lengthening desire just on the edge of conception

that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops outside my window.

ii. medomalacophobia

he tells me—

the moon passes through its phases
too quickly, flees outside the window
and rarely lingers after morning.

dawn awakens a new fear
as he limps away
and the bed sheets fall
softly around him.

there is nothing left
of his former self, variable as lust,
afraid of getting lost in the light.
i will do my best to eclipse
his fading fear as night approaches,
but i must not sleep until tomorrow
rises in his absence.

iii. oneirogmophobia

what if i dream while asleep
a dream in which we kiss,
and my body thinks it
not a dream?

will he find me less than pure,
or consider it praise?
will he think it perspiration
or moisture from my flowery tomb?

what if i dream while asleep
but do not wake,
would he discover me in bed
cold and damp to his touch?

the moon tells me it’s time for sleep,
but i fear to plant the seed
in my mind
a dream could grow, and blossom

into a kiss.
iv.
seductive dance of the muses

i.

she sits
at the edge of my bed,
a whore to the language of her birth,
selling sin and a body
of work for more words
to make a bed and sleep—
at night, she sees less of the dead.

imagine if icarus had flown at night,
he might have reached the moon
a lightheaded youth.

ii.

she dances
topless on the bar,
a two-fisted talker drunk on sound;
her mouth numb with nouns and verbs,
grammar flies with a dull tongue
as she sleeps with bacchus again
in a flowering bed.

in vino veritas escaped my lips,
but nothing else came true
after that night.

iii.

she tempts
from the tip of my tongue,
the silent goddess of love for money
—prostituus in greece, sluto in rome—
passion is a poisonous lexicon,
lust her tender offer:
taste the diction.
i fell from unseen heights, 
and landed in moonlight 
with a soft farewell.

iv.

she converses 
in a grave vocabulary. 
when sober enough to speak, 
her words echo in hades 
and leave me deaf, 
unable to follow. 
i am left behind, the unheard.

she will discover me soon 
undressed and drained 
for autopsy.
an outfit of writer’s repute

i.

on the way to the tailor, to be measured
and fitted with fashionable words

ii.

driving around town and hearing
the sound of one hand
not knowing what the other hand is
listening to your mother
and what she used to say about knitting, thimbles
full of water, enough to drown

iii.

pure garbled garb, yellow
press of shallow shades
up against my loins, soft
and subtle in their rhythm

language my shelter
from the stormy words, foul
as weather they fall

i never see the needle
steal a kiss,
never feel the prick
the poetry percentage scale:
the art of language aesthetics produced under stress; see sisyphus

note: percentages are based on poetic level, the higher the number—the more poetical; the lower the number—the more real; nothing can achieve higher than 99% as converting an object or smell or sound or thought into words makes it more tangible, more connected to humanity, and thus at least partially more real in the sense of being less than it was in pure form, less ideal and more idea.

the milky way, andromeda, the sea of tranquillity:
all heavenly bodies—85%

clouds (rain and lightning), birds (doves and eagles), monarch butterflies:
all heavenly-oriented bodies confined within the earth’s atmosphere—65%

(perhaps lower than expected
due to extinction and pollution)

van gogh’s starry night—80%

picasso’s guernica—38%

the vietnam war—12%

(due to an artificial distance,
an artifice achieved through the proximity of television)

rice, wild—42%
rice, brown—41%
rice, long grain white—33%
rice, short grain white—26%

caviar, beluga (with a hint of lemon)—72%
oysters on the half shell (with a hint of lemon and horseradish)—61%

the joy of cooking, the joy of sex, the bible:
all guides to enjoying a healthy life—50%

jesus, buddha, vishnu, allah—45%

(too human for words)

the rose that smells as sweet—99%

(too natural for thought)
times you think to say i love you, and actually mean it— 55%
times you think to say i love you, out of obligation— 35%
memories, first words and last good-bye— 93%

end note: this does not represent all possible inclusions on such a list, nor does it claim to say that wild rice is better than white rice; it does however attempt to convey the purely conceptual in a poetic manner, thus the shape it has taken in claiming to be a poem itself and the order enforced by the author which rather than strictly serving as a scale from top to bottom offers a course to be followed, a journey through the possibilities of poetry which seems without a proper beginning or end.

(the mountain is too steep to climb,
but the path your eyes take
can reach the top before nightfall)
to make (a surrealistic alternative to) a dadaist poem

for tzara

feel the paper
between your fingers

trace the edges
line by line
find a paper cut,

make the next word
blood,

at the heart of this page
beat a circle

certifiable by birth
at the top left of this page
print your name,

death certified
at the bottom right of this page
sign your name.

stop.

below
your printed name

before you were born
underline a question,

question a line.

above your signature
after your death

draw a map

from your left ventricle
to the sea of tranquillity,
bypass the mare tyrreheum
    and any remaining named maria.

find yourself in a rain-
    drop of sulfur

orbiting
off the coast of mars,
do not cry
when you are finished

at your funeral

the result
    will resemble you

as much as any news-
    paper fine print

with inked finger-
    tips wiping

away stray hairs
in the mirror
ever did.
from genesis to malachi, condensed

capital g

God

is everywhere comma
everything period

(pause—

add water,

bring universe to a boil, reduce heat, allow silence to simmer)

capital i

In the beginning comma
capital g

God

created the heavens and the earth period

(pause—

remove from heat,

reveal a reduced-fat religion, allow the pages to fall away, serve a low-calorie faith)

quote
capital i

I will come and strike the land with a curse period
end quote

(pause—

serve dessert,

clear the table at the end)
word: (A) play

Act 1

*a unit of language, consisting of one or more spoken sounds
or their written representation, that functions as a principle carrier
of meaning; usually separated by spaces in writing,
and are distinguished phonologically, as by accent, in many languages.*

scene i

*the side of a mountain, a valley,
a mountain,
a valley, the side of a mountain*

*enter: FIRST WORD (mother),
LAST WORD (father),
ONE WORD (child)*

FIRST WORD: an eccentric,
strange, or odd person.
ONE WORD: what?
LAST WORD: a two-legged winged dragon
having the hinder part of a serpent with a barbed tail.

*Exit.*

scene ii

*a circle*

*enter: FIRST WORD (mother),
LAST WORD (father),
ONE WORD (child)*

FIRST WORD: a long shaft
with a broad blade at one end,
used as a lever for rowing.
ONE WORD: or?
LAST WORD: bad breath; halitosis.

*Exit.*
scene iii

a scythe

enter: FIRST WORD (mother),
LAST WORD (father),
ONE WORD (child)

FIRST WORD: irrationally extreme
in opinion or violently intense; mad.
ONE WORD: reason.
LAST WORD: a peasant; a person who holds
land as a cultivator of the soil.

Exit.

scene iv

the right calf and foot
of a bow-legged, penguin-
walking stick figure
as seen from the front

enter: FIRST WORD (mother),
LAST WORD (father),
ONE WORD (child)

FIRST WORD: repeated
from the beginning
(used as a musical direction).
ONE WORD: dumb.
LAST WORD: mongolian wild ass.

Curtain.

[(An) intermission
a short interval between the acts of a play
or parts of a public performance, usually a period
of approximately 10 or 15 minutes, allowing
the performers and audience to rest. a period
during which action temporarily ceases;
an interval between periods of action or activity.]
Act 2

*a dramatic composition or piece; drama.*
*a dramatic performance, as on the stage.*
*exercise or activity for amusement or recreation.*

scene i

to urinate?

*enter: FIRST WORD (mother),*
   LAST WORD (father),
   ONE WORD (child)

FIRST WORD: material
   for intellectual nourishment.
ONE WORD: people?
LAST WORD: a box
   of a usually cylindrical shape
   having a lid with a knob in the center,
   used for toilet articles.

Exit.

scene ii

*a french woman?*

*enter: FIRST WORD (mother),*
   LAST WORD (father),
   ONE WORD (child)

FIRST WORD: the syllable
   used for the sixth tone
   of a diatonic scale; used
   as an exclamation of wonder
   or surprise.
ONE WORD: *(laugh)*
LAST WORD: a long, worm-shaped cartilage in the tongue
   of the dog and other carnivorous animals.

Exit.
scene iii

high grade?

enter: FIRST WORD (mother),
LAST WORD (father),
ONE WORD (child)

FIRST WORD: the rank,
rights, privileges or jurisdiction of an abbot.
ONE WORD: aloud.
LAST WORD: unleavened bread
used in a eucharistic service.

Exit.

scene iv

a query?

enter: FIRST WORD (mother),
LAST WORD (father),
ONE WORD (child)

FIRST WORD: a woman
who owns or sails a yacht;
or who is devoted to yachting.
ONE WORD: yearning?
LAST WORD: certainly.

Curtain.