

Dunque I wrote not a word.

So then it was DAWN,  
Dawn over the PMLA  
bibliography

articles, books, festshriften  
shrive me! father!

≥

Go, little lines,  
singing in my sullen ear;  
go, half-baked work  
noting, and by the notes begin  
a process of greeting.  
Of gritting.  
Without illusion.  
Darkly, I listen.

### **BEG IN**

“The melodic germ is marked ‘icy’ in the score.”  
What is the finding? is it loss or gain?

Smelling “the stench of stale oranges”  
    gray-green spoil outlined in white  
growing on their soft unpeeled bodies,  
a touching quotidian  
    a domestic sensitivity  
amid influx of beetles,  
broken cloacas,  
and meeds of merde.  
Was it hell rot or “he’ll rot”?

Secret words were present under  
 the scintillations  
 of concealment  
 and when the page turned back  
 an underneath came up.  
 The hand shakes over the page,  
 turning it, turning it.

### **IN-SO-MUCH AS**

**My mind stretched to the bursting point  
 with this enormity  
 with the continuity of the gun-sales**

who live inside a slow rumbling pre-  
 apocalypse  
 incorporative clutter evidence  
 pilings, findings  
 phonemes of findings  
 selvages of findings  
 savage oscura clippings  
 the avant garden  
 inflame inflamed  
 inflaming images  
 and then moon afloat,  
 silvery eclipses cool down  
 in luminous cloud-shadow.  
 How to resist a world-system?  
 ≥

Was there a before?  
 An inquiry before insinuation?  
 an interval before infamy?  
 an indication before interdiction?

Scumbling and “intaglio,”  
 inattention and incantation,  
 strict inflections inside blurred insinuations,  
 incandescent inundation:  
 Was this all of one piece?  
 And / or was it inconsequent?

≥

Perhaps it was like fireworks,  
 a scintillating power showered  
 from the sky.  
 The rocket explodes with a hit.  
 Colors emerge, splash space  
 with their mimesis of stars  
 red glare, blue flare  
 delightful disasters of light shooting up to them,  
 spraying sparks and glitter constellated,  
 round designs and extended arcs,  
 while everyone watching  
 diverted and entranced  
 goes ahhhhh,  
 for wonder.

## **IN RE**

As for R, like a revenant, I wandered  
 far and wide  
 reversing, and revering  
 the streets and cemeteries  
 of the dead  
 and I saw the Monuments  
 to the Deported  
 stark inside me  
 as in a City

just at the tip  
 of my  
 circumscribed  
 Island.

≥

The imagined sounds  
 shake your veins  
 with dirty rumbled tune;  
 the movement  
     doubled cataclysmic dreams  
 bled over the four margins  
     of the round earth's  
     imaginary consciousness.

How to get a handle on it  
 How to keep the rage complex

## IN CUSE

**ledt hoo vill rhun de harmies,  
 if I can gontroll th gredit**

...thereupon ...

**greasy flame of dead gas flare**

...

**a thick air  
 and a stifled silence.**

uncanny  
 cunning  
 incarnate  
 instrument

prefiguring

an echo chamber  
sinus out of schnozzle  
caught in the hiss

a birth of enigma  
to which  
one owes  
and owns  
one's own  
enigma.

≥

I had packed  
I had saved  
I had pretended  
something else amid the dust.  
But  
there was no I, finally, and it  
was neither here nor there.  
The nowhere of in-----  
prefixes all of this,  
hinging, half-hung  
half-off broken doors.

≤

Mud swirls left from a flooded room,  
room bright, seemingly crystal, yet  
deeply streaked,  
a dream of death  
in which one feels one's own.

Whole songs condensed  
in single words  
whose letters sear the page.

The fingers split the pomegranate's crust.  
 Blood intensity  
 and seeds of ruby jewels fall out.

### **FAR FALLE**

Say to the "lyrical diary" – lyrical! as if  
 this were innocence through which the burdens  
 of time might be redeemed –  
     Say  
 that the Azure  
     is Politically invested.

And then Write – so that words fail.  
 In order precisely that  
 they fail.

≧

### **IN-AND-IN**

**Some narrow rat  
 hunting the ark  
 on Mt. Arrarat**

The extra "r"  
 rises to speak,  
 to squeak  
 its little song  
 or songe  
 into the dear dead dark:

Bonjour messieurs/ dames  
 signori/ signore

Herrn/ Damen,  
 ladies etc.: Hallow.  
 It bows and twists.  
 Do you hear it?  
 See it? those  
 the peals  
 that queered its tries.

Look at the letter  
 just as it was sent,  
 posted in fact  
 during the Post-War.  
 What war?  
 You think you thought you know.  
 One in which you were born  
 or borne or bored  
 or bode  
 embodied.

Chasing this little r and others  
 into a concrete labyrinth  
 sealing them into the Them  
 that they were doomed to be....

and never halting? never faltering?

≥

In short, it was a day, and you are,  
 you stupid nothing r,  
 like others in this space,  
 somewhat on my mind,  
 being the little tiny Jew  
 poking a nose somewhere  
 to find something.

There is a rat behind the arras

he says. And may I cordially  
introduce or interject or introject  
that ratty little r – it’s me.

A rat in arrears  
scrabbling up Ararat  
dragging its dogged bit of flesh  
through all that –

**IN VEIGH IN VEIGH.**

**How is it? I said: that the ghosts are so gathered?**

Because they are palpable and present  
buried wounds  
the names that cannot rise and so they turn  
and come as darkness thickened without sound

These Shadows make antiphonal claims  
as words that fail.

**ombra sono e ombra fui**

Which are the words and which are the shadows?  
there are no words, are only shadows  
These spectra of tongues inside the very stones

and yet if one listens – there is no sound  
in anything

it is the silence  
of the “impetuous, impotent dead”  
held back,

but sending letters, signs, signals, traces and  
 little gests  
 though one cannot read them very much.  
 It is too hard.

Facing an intersection  
 a knot of matted possible

the page a cavernous echo chamber  
 of that

– it lists, it tilts – The it of all of it  
 became a shadow  
 something dark and indistinct except  
 in edges, something  
 changing with the light,

but can be intuited and half articulated

in traces on the other side of inference.

## **IN STILL**

Sovegna vos,  
 rem-Ember  
 and thereupon open  
 today's  
 newspaper

A rush of people across a bridge:  
 grift, happenstance, war, drought, need

mortal life washes us up on its shores  
somber and singing  
cracked hordes, cracked lips,  
the quiver of sound, a planet  
(under a sky dusted with lily pollen)  
desiccated, decimated.  
with what? empires? profiteering?  
sheer misuse?

Not is as good a mark as now.  
This shows the limits of the mark.  
The harder meanings are social.

“For all intensive purposes”  
“she’s beckoning the question.”

What is this the other side of?  
What is this a margin of?  
Forget “other.”  
Forget “marginal.”  
It is this very site.  
It says “Sit down in it.  
It’s time now.”  
Now it's time.

July-September 2003, January 2004

## Notes to Draft 61: Pyx

Ezra Pound has been an essential modernist for Anglo-American poetry, and among the practitioners haunted by his work and his career, I would count myself. The bold-face citations from Ezra Pound come from *Canti postumi*, a significant selection of outtakes and draft versions of Pound's *Cantos*, edited by Massimo Bacigalupo (Milan: Mondadori, 2002), a facing page edition of the English with Italian translations, along with some canto materials written in Italian. These citations are, respectively "My mind stretched to the bursting point... the gun-sales," 204, from 1945. "Ledt hoo vill rhun de harmies... gredit," 102, from 1928-37. "Greasy flame of dead gas flare" and "a thick air," 104, also from 1928-37. "Some narrow rat... on Mt. Arrarat" [sic], 232, from 1949-60. "How is it? I said: that the ghosts are so gathered?" 160, from 1940-45, and "ombra sono e ombra fui" [shadow I am and shadow I was], 175, from 1944-45. Other citations are as follows: Epigraph by Barrett Watten, *Total Syntax* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois UP), 1985, 102. "The melodic germ is marked 'icy' in the score" from program notes by John Corigliano for his *Etude Fantasy*, 1976. The material about the deported is my riff on Jerome Rothenberg's words in conversation. "The stench of stale oranges" is from Pound, canto 14, one of the "Hell Cantos." "I sat to keep off the impetuous, impotent dead" is from Pound, canto 1. I am grateful to the poet Anne Blonstein for email discussions of a provisional, unused title to this poem. Donor Drafts along the "line of four": In, Findings, and Epistle, Studios.

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