

JEAN DAY

## RESISTLESS

It's a decadent dream and gorgeous  
a substitution of form  
sun bleeding out to its limit  
where line two comes in to meet it

And the people who live here  
named and formed against urgent  
furniture like those of us interested in  
varieties of recognition of the incoming  
and not a dream at all.

Breakfast is at seven, certain of its own  
universe. Hang me, I ate it  
thinking you close behind

What I thought an honor is actually a test  
and the bonfires in the neighborhood  
back this up the sunrise cleanup team  
but in the middle of the night I awoke

*Verklemt.* We call this the dialectical streaming  
of a horrible week. We call for more wine,  
cotton twine. Hi Sweetie. Hi Mom.  
I can't put my finger on it  
though I'd like to

Continue against the storm—  
resurrection of fur uninformed  
hook, line, sinker

Haven't we been here before? Been to bed  
with each other? Everyone else is asleep  
without conceit and all the low names for that  
lie in another book we're too busy to write

For any government. We are not gods  
don't even know we're young  
and the colonial clouds clot  
in earnest above  
the winking lights of the rogue city

Docent to drone:  
I was never me, but allegory.  
Yet I make no leap into the symbolic

Nor shall we rewrite *Uncle Tom's Cabin* again  
Ditto evening, Vegas,  
and all the ribs we left there  
credit or signature

On the crisis that has already come and gone  
Dreams occur but don't belong  
to us, just pay the ticket and be done  
with it, fearing we'd hear  
the subordinate clause

Take a turn for the worse in the meatwagon  
stirred  
(like I care)

For any pale lichen in an old man's beard.  
It is here beginning begins  
though I'm sure not the first  
to have lost a digit

To a prolific poke  
for I see we have all attended elementary  
school in the afterglow of the cold  
wars in which we each  
take a turn under a desk in the bushes for the cause

At least once, after all  
we evolved hair and without money  
What would orgasm add?

But a month of Sundays  
to the calendar of our lucubrations or the folly of Paul  
et Virginie? Or more accurately  
a calabash of warm rice and tea

The plants will have us speaking Latin  
eventually. To the metaphor add  
a point of no return  
is where it's at  
here and there a soupçon

Of electric chairs. Did I mention  
she was dressed as a dry sailor  
in a musical spectacular?

(That was me)  
But why on earth should I be taken seriously?  
What I thought an hour ago is actually  
the first of the worst

Of Shock and Awe  
And when at last neither additive nor cumulative  
we come to a fork we knock  
politely before commencing to explode  
We fidget, amputate, rock

The other side of the coin  
is the soup can in the campfire  
singled to burst

In its struggle to stay out of doors  
despite the chill  
And I won't go to your party  
before its contents can be known

For in sheer animation there will doubtless be  
helmets thrown  
to the party who leaves home  
hobo, not homeless  
we lay the rails public

Parallel to your clairvoyant antics. Then stop.  
There's something I want to show you.  
Still conscious



Of the burden I bring to a head  
(Mississippi)  
virgin no more, after the map, weeping  
derelict, a cucumber not to be recalled

As it floats downstream  
as it is in heaven  
the omniscience of the washing, watching, waiting  
machine. Mussolini's nephew knew  
a bombing for a rose just so

Rimbaud chose  
Abyssinia too soon to run  
interference

Later of course we discover  
Dad really is an ass  
We shower and dress  
run out of thread, quiet the baby (full of holes)

And the tree is in the wood  
the gallows in the game  
I am not the same  
but a privileged form  
of failed return

And that is why I try, try  
quoting everybody's *Ulysses*, anybody's *Baal*.  
Then the call comes in from Kalispell.

To the sun we abut  
but lie in bed still  
and that man is me, already humming  
to the tops of trees

One bright square of form's  
inutility, which as always you poo-poo  
shot through yourself  
like an inventor of circumstance  
story played out

Quilt, cancelled. Then recalled.  
"Oh my erection."  
"Oh my glass of tea."

Remember me  
to your mother's anthology  
her automaticity  
and the hardtack of her aunt

In retreat.  
What will it take  
when I have you by the ear  
and listen you will but not believe  
*The Rite of Spring's* return

Is a real emergency  
certain of its universal teams.  
What I thought an arrow is actually an hour

In which to be tormented or amazed  
by an undertaking that has no precedent  
which everyone anyway thinks  
is no big deal

The 4:10 to Yuma resumes  
*goton, goton*. Sun fills up  
the volume before it splays out  
in every direction  
and the people who live here

Oh portal, oh rest  
no one could claim you  
for their partner