

Ten Haiku and Four Poems

Blaise Agüera y Arcas

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by the old millhouse
rotten logs at dusk
soft fungus peers back?

darkening the sky
Crows sway on the power line
"-- watch the storm coming."

planted tomatoes today
fresh dirt
green fingernails.

Night on the empty highway
A castaway cigarette:
Van Gogh, briefly

Understanding Bessie Smith
Laundry piles up
Still unwashed.

Awakened from strange dreams
drums in winter:
“Heating-pipe gamelan.”

half-eaten cheesesteak
my drunk friend, asleep
gathering flies.

late night at the lab;
a broken test tube.
E. coli escape --
Millions.

The ancient tree,
wired together
lightning strikes again
but misses.

memory of Akira Kurosawa

stumbling through briars--
the battlefield in thick fog--

seeing things, then not.

grey watercolored
weatherboards bleached
a weak midday sun
among pale people
the telephone's mewl dropped carrier
years ago, when dropsy clubbed my
hanging head a stage curtain
thin sounds closeby walleyed.
the green confusion seems
nearer now. than before.
intimate with darkness.

haloed past before moving
rich color forgotten smells
foods of childhood,
candied skulls for all souls day
tamales from the steampushcart
ripe splitting figs, parcelled
yams sweet condensed milk
the first supper.
the American hospital.
and before also,
intimate with darkness.

the dichromat

ahem,
a mercurochrome Lada, da-dada
and microphones march ,to
the singing ,a street martial music men
skip a beat still their heart
the commander's grey hand
twined in beardflow
unmosested in startled prosody.

Tectonics of men, men and women,
declension of men, men and women in colorful cant
manning heads above watery dye spinning cloth
upcast shuttlecock heads lolling cutter
they'll mutter of rights or i'll punch out your
lights a man's might would unploughshare
his word. in this special period.

The script falls.
prosody dies in upwelling
and dies in the crack pealing bell
{Time stands still, with gazing on her face:
green gaze and green, her hours and days}
with a chestful of speckled carnations in bloom,
with a horror of blooming fullwelling white collar
a frothfall of green, no of red,
of the blindingest mercury fulminate.

The Nuremberg Chronicle

X marked every spot on the page
where an X had been written, and to
them the variegated saints were nailed
in bloody show to an unrequited birth,
and pressed between the pages to dry
his miscarried semblances born splayed
feet and hands with splendent eyes they
crowned the occasion at Orléans with
wreathed barbs of his barleyed fisheyed speech.

Aphorisms

Entreats the cell that sticks its fingers in the dike of skin
against the simpler natural principle that brassy lakes should fall in
labeled streams out of the fifth wound cupping an upheld living meniscus;
in the valley lowing you'll find such dark and christian villages of cells
as ever held a true delusion of invisible order on angelic scales while
supported cults wend lovecrafting and singlefile their way through
knotted mazes not of their own design, nor of another's.

The flash character in his pints is at a loss in form and memory
especially on apoptosis day, when writ and scripture which has secondguessed
the improvised bookends of a life for a much benigned and watery faith is
denatured in a mass grave of limesoured earth and limbs and ashes.

Only a cretin can win the day by aping the mayor behind hunched back,
by mocking the irish constabulary and cuckolding each baker's wife,
by speaking out unaddressed, by living in accounting errors,
by playing hide-and-seek with ants, by mating laughing with the legs of chairs,
by taking to the highway on foot, by writing his name again and again,
by learning totipotence through that single word misspelled.