Ivy

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Ivy

by

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B.A., University of Colorado, 2004

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This thesis entitled:
Ivy
written by Collin Jeremy Schuster
has been approved for the Department of English

__________________________________________
Noah Eli Gordon

__________________________________________
Ruth Ellen Kocher

Date__________

The final copy of this thesis has been examined by the signatories, and we
find that both the content and the form meet acceptable presentation standards
of scholarly work in the above mentioned discipline.
In this project I wanted to challenge myself to write a poem that conflates the act of reading with the act of tightrope walking. It started when my wife and I saw a picture of a tightrope walker. I was hooked about thinking how funambulism is like poetry. The most obvious connection is that a tightrope walker walks along lines, and a poet walks along lines. The name of my muse, my funambulist, is Ivy. He is my local muse of lines. I bring together an imagination of him as a voice and as a presence of someone who walks along lines.

The strongest influences on my work are: 1) the inspiration of funambulism to poetry; 2) Barbara Guest’s poem, “Freed Color”; 3) César Vallejo’s poem, “The Intrinsic Movement of Matter.” I believe that the above influences have encouraged me to walk around in the space of the local, and encouraged me to write poems that branch out from here to places in language and in the mind. The last thing I will say is this: I suppose when we write poems there is not a right way to walk a line, so long as you stay on just try to stay on.
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I. IVY..................................................................................................................................................1

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Ivy
They hasten to make use of freed color
who bends to no one,
who dwells in a tent like rhythm
continuously rolled.

— Barbara Guest [Guest, 2008, 501]

The asyndeton surging from history is more a line than a point.

— César Vallejo [Vallejo, 2011, 17]

A never-ending extent of red can only be seen in the mind;
when the word red is heard, the color is evoked without definite boundaries.

— Wassily Kandinsky [Kandinsky, 1977, 33]
Balloonist midair among red cliffs. Muse to these lines, funambulist whose taut travel stretches from Seal Rocks to Eldorado, from Mexico to Java to Borneo. Ivy, I invoke you. I ask that you let me know when not to speak and to allow site of transformation in larger spirit of service to things loved.
I imagine and I animate the life of Ivy, funambulist of lines. D & I Rail is the train that took people to see him. Train tracks are lines. You can see my thinking. My thinking is a line. I begin thinking how funambulism and poems are lines, trains, past event informed to present. Walk down lines. Down a shape and color of lines. Up in the air in a shape and color of lines. Colors fill frames, trains, inspiration to others’ lines. Ivy, who is my muse, my color of lines. Bringing material together and colors of lines. Mind of local colors, metaphors, archives. Walk down shapes. Down colors of lines. Concussions of rainwater. Ivy. Lines. Battery boxes. Noise.
Tall branches whip clouds like portraits
arranged on a long wall. A window lets in scarce light.

I write the reception.

Threshold syllables, ammonia sheen,
plastic table covering.

An attempt to express cause. Big as a sky says it
and what is said.
Flatbed army truck in Ramses Square.

I understand geographical spheres through the picture.

I understand like subordinance understands.

The person surfing the web, the protest in Cairo.

Budget recalls documentation, head no longer moves.

Disruptured commerce. Oil series elision. Elided reflex. Gunpowder in the vagus nerve. Upended relish ship. Here,

the open hand nexus

The sense of accreted proportion

added like someone else’s.

One sense uncanny as a valley,

and the other just a street.
Doggerel verse, public space, armorshapes
mirrors make. Rehearsed nostrums, sky-like encryptions
place the piece of negligee on the flag.

Rainspout paint fingers on this sidewalk,
unnamed peninsula, penultimate cloud

This would be a book of history if history
were less atmospheric, more conscripted.

Or continuity diminishes
like acceptable snow. Or
there is no force on the reader
to slow down

Is elision.
Is feeling reduced

pulleyed from the sky.

The flag, the feathery bird, horizontal
thingline. Part of the wavering, patented.
The knuckled intersection, an understood air.

How do I understand geographical condition?
How do I understand someone else’s relation?
What’s my part in it? I click the picture.
And I understand asylum perfumes.

I click the picture and whatever's in the fabric.

Flagbarrier pulse, arterial fence, harupsicate Logos,

grandeur, manufacture, strategic tongue

knowledge schema, eat pantheon pretty rocket,

lifelike operative, butterfly, chrysalis stitch,

spotlit centigrade, surge the civilian,

pipeline, refined mood, less violent winter,

operable budget, escalate trend, value,

fabric, value, mercury gush the afternoon,

parked in square, Here a counterattack,

Here a rebuilt airstrike site, intersection, commerce,

eruptive reduction, table and window, a tree outside it
re  f
s st r l
m a y s e o
b o h w
e m t e r
 e o p
s o n e r
m e c a h s
th o s f
i o s l o
n l s w e
g l p a r s
g l a n t
o w h h e r
i r h r
o n e s p e
d p
* *
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I’ll be the conduit. I’ll be the reader. I’ll throw materials to the wind to watch them scatter, ask questions, combinations, say re-form again sparrow process, historical markers, voice, I’m not settling for lines, I’m inventing them and they me, taking turns, freedom of color, form, surge to the history, thunderous river rock, to name moments of intrigue and they name me, watch them, windows, midnight halyards, spray-painted moths, midnight infinitives.
And completion doesn’t fool me. I know it’s the calmness of the sniper who aims by decision. I consider colors of reading, the past tense, read, to have red dissonance. So I mix lemon yellow violet blue blue gray orange red maize raw umber. Mix orange yellow green blue blizzard blue red mulberry teal blue thistle. Local colors, and I’ve been up in the air in my mind with you, Ivy, materials in tow, so that we each now seem to form our own co-dependence, lacunae narcotics.
palpitation behind the ribs and we’re rising into the air

easing over the city and striking new currents of air

the noise of barking dogs and sounds of

railroad trains rising distinctly into air

peaking from our basket

thirteen-thousand feet and rising

to say heaven seemed a reality

then ominous as torrents of rain, lightning,

hands cinched and faces white as chalk

that numbness of eighteen degrees

to discard weight to try to bring the balloon down

that near death sound at thirty-six thousand feet

and then only to be returned to the earth again
Ivy walked the straight and narrow for eighty-two years. Once when he lost his footing, he fell seventy-five feet to land in a pile of bricks. Service tied up, power lines down. Bus system comes to a halt. Treadled sewing machine. Inducted to aviation hall of fame, Brown Palace Hotel. But who cares about that now, says Ivy.

D & I railroad derailed by snowdrifts. Furnished current to residents. Twelve cars click into canyon. Marooned and blizzards and way back when, behind one window, the definition of another. And then it was the time everyone came to listen to Dukes of the Dusty Discs on Saturday nights. And then, way back when, says Ivy, our clocks struck ten through visible escapements.
How to be a funambulist.

Either histories of a place or fire hydrants gone haywire.

Either Brando muses silently or funambulists go crazy.

My surprise is yours or their surprise is nothing.

The framework holds or the fish isn’t so much the letter.

Either I see it or don’t see it, or porous is proneness or a line to dress for winter.

Either this line or that one. Either don’t fall, or don’t fall.

A tightrope walker, A candle with fire.

to read between lines  toe the line  music bar-line
line break  walked a hard line  top of the line

lines keeping in line  lining a pocket  watch a line up

easily in line with it  puts their neck on the line
neon signs  sign on dotted lines  red windows and green lines

red windows and green lines  windows and lines
engine of progress mechanical horse, gaining steam, mechanical horse

third-class passenger first-class passenger railroad car Globeville Disaster, terminal —

walk it down like a viaduct a lit up coal bin landscape’s foreground cut through skin
gaining
steam
brakes
tinker tinker
engine
whistle

point
to vignette
stalled track
train yard
timetable

train of thought
watchtowers
no watchtowers

all along
the lifeline steeples
trestles

switched agitated freights

latex paints

slate

grey red tunnels
curvable switch tie strip  track magnet  switch motor & tie mount  flange lubricator
rail braces  rail bars  pewter guard rails  durable bumper  flex track  weathered
unweathered  aluminum rail  nickel silver rail  insulated rail joiner  tie plates
blackened metal spikes  weathering solution  mine track  dummy fish plate  stubs
switch bridle  track expansion  cork catenary mast pad  roadbed section  unitrack
section  powered turnout  big locomotive number ninety-nine  left the engineer
with a worried mind  midtrack crossover section  magnetic uncoupler track
superelevated curve track  double track easement  electric turnout  starter set
extension cord  power cord  selector switch (red)  DC converter  adapter cord

signal extension cord  automatic crossing gate  extension cable  turnout machine

siding set  inside loop track set  switch motor  cross tie  expandable track

flexible track tie  reverse loop set  rack rail holder  wheel block  lighted track

I want to be a funambulist. In addition to misgivings of documentation, I serve a malady then, Ivy, I watch mountains grow. And the lines are mine in the pencil-shaved lights of spring.
that parallels don' exist in the reality of the universe

so it's important to record everything

one thing after another, lines corbelled and quarreled

Carmen and the devil and a Wabash Cannonball

curled in the midrib of lights
If K ascertains that colors have a spiritual dimension, the movement of colors in a spiritual domain, how does this spiritual aspect, what he calls the inner sounding of color, the inner need, which G riffs off of to say inner sound, how does this inner sounding of color or this inner need of color its noise of color its movement relate to my interest in local coloring, place, in finding stuff and naming it, frames through a sign of color, lines, railroads, particularly colors of red as they evoke reading, as K places them in his concert of color, his center, and one question is how can I tie things together and shape them,
green red error red
err on side of
red green
scratch surface
I only scratched lightly
nonetheless the record
a green red
delay
a concussion
a red elbow
with a then and then
a line then a train
and then
stories time exposures colorful noise performance color
red tickets schedules a kite up in the air sunset strips walks like a waterfowl
anti-fear blue railroad

compelled to change friction terrain windows a water wheel a repetitive
locomotion in motion painted surface fleck of colors shapes Ivy’s monologue a red
house and to fress with a crackling line
Crucible of material drifts from substation to substation. Misgiving of documentation, omission, what gets away from. Extrapolations of clouds. This is the picture of the crocodile crawling from the sea. This is the eight-day and hour strike clock strikes full on the hour. Here are burn marks on the projector. And this here is the movie, but this over here, this, this is a shovel.

Today rain language is a stumblebum. Today rain language is sour owlshit. Today rain language vomits on its piano. Today it’s resistance and tomorrow, habitué. Sheparded by pulling wires, cafeterias, gravy trains, agape. A picture is an ellipse. Throughout human galore, oh Gloria. Traced hillside accumulations. Hallucination. The past is a puppet fish mouth; it’s not a reductive paragraph.
Materia of elided L's

Joined Thayer & Noyes Circus as an aerialist

Kept things in motion wearing an invisible throne

Read an essay of ________ and remembers the ________

Wanted to write with ________ and bricks and elided ________

Vintage of lines and weather of lines ________ and hands full of ________
The city authorizes lights to be installed at each of the following points:

Twenty-sixth and Pine, Twenty-seventh and Pine, Twenty-eighth and Pine, Twenty-fifth and Hill, Twenty-seventh and Hill, Twenty-eighth and Hill, Eighteenth and Bluff, Nineteenth and Bluff, Twenty-sixth and Bluff, alley on High between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. One decorative light on each.

A wrecking crew moves a 28-ton transformer to a different street.

New lights are installed. Tungsten light.

Thinking about tungsten I want to incorporate V’s words about smashing ribs and killing Peruvian Indians. This can be a cross-cultural moment for America and if there is not enough room for each displacement meditation, there can be noise. Displacement meditation and aforementioned contortion, era of train keening velvet, sails billowing out in letters, in kilograms
Ivy walked across undulant blanchings in the sky. I must try, he said midair, and took a small triangle from his pocket. I’m no embalmer, says he.

Tightropes ‘cross mountains. No candles no lanterns. Measured steps, allotropic enjambments.

Redressible enjambments hubs in hunches of stripped down cauterized underpinned tension.
Lines.

A sudden dishwasher. A glint of larynx scrim.

Diaphonous fur tuft and satisfaction.

The awls deliquesce on farmsteads.

I think about a color of reading, the past tense.

To have red.
Page advertisement for the Darrell Sanitarium Corporation. Bills itself as a home for invalids. Orificial surgery is a specialty and the staff offers special treatment for chronic rectal disease that surpasses any extant. Darrell advertises that removing ‘the cause’ cures all diseases peculiar to women. Sanitarium is at the corner of 16th Avenue and Detroit Place, one block from City Park on Colfax Avenue line.
Someone took footage with cormorants on waves. Someone took footage with horses on waves. Noctilucent clouds draped blue. Someone took footage of those. Night beckons shovel beacons and evaporative coils. Abridgement? A month long catches them all with slashes of sea. Someone says, Ivy says, put that peg next to its gramophone. It’s too late to test that line now that we’re in the middle of it.
noise

angle of incidence gigahertz

prime formula

transmission coefficient

thickness theta

conductivity parameter

micrometer aluminum

figure chart

temperature

nominal bareness primer

diffusive paint white

permeability roughness

equivalence zinc-plated current
epoxy compound tapered spillover
triangle number seven

subreflector support leg
mirror

chromate primer wave
electromagnetic sub
subtraction decibel

polarization serial expansion
incidence angle

substitution confusion unit
acrylic urethane-based paint

triangle no. five no. six
thirty degree angle

middle curve criterion film
thinner result number four
perforated panel
Here’s a poem.
It’s called Dreadnought Rust Bucket.

It’s inspired by barges on the Yangtze River where I’ve never set foot.
It’s full of downhearted blues, and islands of trash.

Waste leaps on it like bouquets of orchids.
Gravid sky becomes subtracted numbers.

Time was still a double-headed monster.
Proust got his head chopped off in the starvewater.

Owl eyes on me.
Parliament owls blinked in the honey.

It’s the end of it and that’s the end of it.
That’s not the end of it.
I spent a day fishing riffles on the Marias where Lewis and Clark mistook it for a branch of the Missouri in 1805, and in 1995, Mitch’s dad slowed the car to a halt and challenged any denigration of the Blackfeet.

Here are my impressions.

Or it is given to me to see waste can be its own praise, provided shards in the back of a hospital go lustrous green.

Like in the poem or the dragon wing, I saw liquid nitrogen breathe in the evening.

Acknowledgment and praise and wanting to leave nothing out.
Circular red rain background. I walk it down. Red blue hands. Blue volcanoes. Scratching directly onto film’s surface. The indigo field, an orange fence, and spheres that crumble out of lenses. Imparadised by the eyes, Oh Beatrice. Imparadised by the eyes.

What, when, where, what’s consuming, when’s the performance, where’s the balloon, what’s the train schedule, when’s the parallel missing, where’s the ticket, what’s duration, when or how does V zoom toward parallels, where are the lines, what’s painted

When is the hawk chained to the wrist, where’s the Bastille, what tent and what redness, what’s the impetus, when to bounce off of plexiglass, where’s the reassurance, what do you mean poetry’s what you want to serve
The conversation like a gap between Spring and little yellows.

That the poems come flooding back.

Washed lights in apricots, sliced almonds, allusions, whisper in the occlusions, pressure, wedge, law of wedges, the law of the wedgy.

Being there like macerated breads, stretched out duration like what’s said, and what else is said.
Yesterday an American walked across Niagara Falls. It was picked up by news channels as the new daredevil’s work. They put a spotlight on Wallenda, but I’d rather put a spotlight on the Uyghur people in China, where for them, being on a tightrope is centuries old.

And performing tricks in air is centuries old. Such as Crane Stance or Sleeping on the Rope.

This one’s called Rope Dope. This one’s called The Blindfold.

This one is I Walked Across the Messina Straight, over two miles.

Steel Wire over the Sea.
Ivy on his rope says may I present to you

The Surreal Arrow, The Dog

May I present to you Supersonic Eagle, Furious Neutron

the Liquid Queen, the Rainbow Killer

this is Ghost Puppet Oyster, Aimless Boomerang

the Skilled Yellow Power, Venus Messenger, Angry Flea

Demon Heavy, Dogger Timely, Ice Psycho

the Eastern Tiger, The Doctor
May I present to you

Brutal Dust Albatross, Jean Genet

Sidney Goldfarb, The Cringe, Forsaken Torpedo

Forgotten Lobster, Strawberry Ranger, Maureen Owen

Moving Spear, the Wrench

Vital Scorpion, Furious Mustard,

The Grim King, Grenade Face

This is Hungry Eagle, Jupiter Dog,

Locomotive Hidden

Rock Electron, The Skilled Leather, Cheerful Messenger

Headless Electron, Old Ostrich, Vital Devil

The Persistent Oyster, Ghostly Ranger, Freaky Skunk

Forsaken Anaconda, The Boomerang
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Acts</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>Seven acts a day</td>
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<td>Tuesday</td>
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<td>Friday</td>
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<tr>
<td>Saturday</td>
<td>Seven acts a day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>Seven acts a day</td>
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</table>
Here’s a harnessed balloon. Upside down, arms outstretched. Midair, seven minutes. Let Lindberg be the pilot. Five hundred spectators. Six hundred feet across, five hundred eighty-two feet up. 3-8 inch cable, take thirty two guy ropes, no net. Ivy’s got cloth shoes with rosin soles. He’s got camel hide soles.

Ivy’s been up in balloons and down in parachutes since the flood. He is having a benefit at Elitch Gardens. He is having a balloon race.

There will be a display of fireworks in the evening. And he will drop down from the sky, clothed in fire.

stress test a line, wrought-iron gate, chasm, pneumatic tube, poof

The straight line is an illusion. I crisscross over cliffs. Impetus of points on continuum. Arsenic pudding. Careful steps a limbo, I’m shedding my sweatshirts, I’m taking off my socks, my cardigan, jacket, suit, long underwear, blouse, lipstick, can’t keep me in line or challenge my desire, taking off all forms of mercy, shedding my yellow beak, my lines, penchants for abruption, Ivy says, I’m taking them off.
all the lines branch out from here

diluent lines
condensed continuous whose line is it
vertiginous line of sarchasm

ideology precision transit line
unavailable unasked from transom
slick of gas, reddish sheen delineate

encryption modesty & laudanum lining what lies
pulled wool over eyes

restrictive interruptive attributable embedded disintegrated
colorful ones

silent lines ticket please a ticket

voluntary disjunctive apt and
I consume lines like plantain chips with ahi with palm of artichoke grape tomato avocado in red sangria with double espresso chocolate sponge cake with cream. With a mango mojito and a red beer. Just consuming them.

_Burn marks on reel of projector, first moving picture that was seen here: The Empire State Express. Seventeen seconds. You can jump from your seat. This is a train bowling into the seats. You’re out of your seat._

Shattered stain glass windows. Eight-day and hour strike clocks striking full on the hour, once on the half. Visible escapements, beveled glass, movies, reruns.

_Ivy says a long sunset is awash in fire. Paramour, parameter. Speed hustle, for only then will I give you my rose._
Stockholders met previous to meeting to speak bluntly. Junk electric line, secure franchise. Guarantee it. File the brief. Judge’s orders result in no decision until bus line is sued. Rinn & Connell represent the plaintiff. It’s a bond default. It’s all over the papers. Foreclosure sale. Sham and subterfuge, replacement trolley cars, bad faith agreements. Junk electric lines, secure the franchise.

unremitting lines — activities — Baldwin Locomotives —

a Galloping Goose — short and long clicks — our telegraph agent on duty — Jimmy J. Calhoun — knows clocks are the regulators
touring a train yard I see a jacket around a burner — railway expresses Paul says steam goes to the pistons — then locomotion — engines cars of cast-iron — persuasions of water tanks — fill stations — ties soaked in creosote — locomotive torches
Lines are introductions, says Ivy, ostensible airwaves, provisionary elocutions in jellyfish waters.

Red centers.

letters signed on socle

yellow flairs sun purple snows

crystal snows vesper reds

spilled red crosshatching clouds

crosshatching lanterns

Reading about train parts, putting together a layout, noise
stock car  tank car  flatcar  wheel stop  bumping post  switch stand  operating
ground throw  remote control  black tie turnout  track snap switch  terminal
joiner

nickel-silver rail crossing  brown tie  concrete tie  90 degree crossing
curved section  decoder equipped nickel-silver turnout  black roadbed

track system  track uncoupler  turnout mechanism  curved circuit track  clip
contact wire interrupter  track suppression set  bridge  a tower mast with light
beveled switch pad  ballast spreader  soldering tool  radius tool  spur track sand

buffer  oval set of micro-track  clamp  flex link tubing  wire harness  light timber

on stone pile

snap together track  adapter pack  tinplate standard gauge track
streamline track crossing  setrack curved track  narrow gauge flex track

nickel silver bulk rail  side mounting turnout motor  trolley wire bracket  wire hanger  wire with lug for joiners  grid shelving suspension hook

turnout linkage  switch stand kit  lit volt turnout machine kit  switch stand with frame base  black track tack  track (branch lines)  insulated rail joiners for code 70 rail

curvable left hand turnout  curvable right hand turnout  nickel silver crossing  wheel stops  feeder tracks  old time track bumpers contact track

isolation track  crossbar-style bumper  track end piece  curved track single pole  conductor wire  switch stand lantern  road material sheet springs
Because unified is a different way to say look at the nub of the problem.

Colors ring out rhythms. Circumference is a problem.

Voices, Ivy, electrocardiograms flowing.

And may you still dream across your pencil-shaved lights in spring.

Your strange rains.

Your long cadre of mirrors.

Gab of damage.
If the machinery breaks down, take a horse and a buggy.

Take a suitcase
& fill it with butter.

Put on some sport-a-bout clothes.

Pickup the groceries.

Seven days a week, 70 cents one-way.

The all day excursion to Denver, to Eldorado,
to Boulder.

One dollar 20 cents.

Your kids ride for free.
A change of grade is made in the street and it takes workers to do it.

For the interests of the community, we are requesting that Mr. ________ purchase the ________

and we are at the same time requesting to sell ________ of the same ________ to Ms. So and So.
Railroad companies, utilities.

Rights, privileges to be obtained.

As in Sweets and Montgomery. Ratify appointee. Take chance.

To renovate the existing road. The blueprint is the dated frontispiece traced from the book—an inlay of vellum.
mess up official timeline to show sandwich partial sandwich / offered outside interred in
official record / silence friendship walker worker /

resistance, the magic to the fruit / and even though a document gets abridged
the remainders are no longer chronological / I want to cut-in with a new relation
Denver & Interurban. Line to Eldorado. D & I arrives from Denver.

Alembic of doctrinaire. Cars taken off schedule. Rerouted passengers.
A wreck at the Globeville. City & Louisville protests abandonment of lines.
Ordered to cease operations.

Granted permits. Judge ordered to abandon lines. Service discontinued.
Ordered to sell. Sold.

And Ivy says today is not summarized into any zilch events. Into a squelch, a spleen, a trading card. Locomotion emanates extensions, pegs, obliquities. I won’t be interviewed like a slinky on a stair, he says, Big Dipper tacked on wall, uninvented. I won’t speak today. I’m just a little thistle death symbol. And I’m no fun. A dissolved tablet ledger. A lecture on attitude. An interview on attitude. The puppet fish mouth.
A tightrope walker, a candle with fire. Half-organized letter in Ivy’s trunk was found as never sent. It reads:

Who is the speaker that speaks through me? Who through you? Sped too hastily? I've come to sit. The air is fragrant. I've set a trap, a line, a table, some fragments. Here are figments. Goya’s room. Figs. Spiders. A soundproof dragon. Here’s to stars that coruscate, Saturdays, acts down pat, a tinderbox cortex, awls (owls) deliquesce, secret of a siren, Simon, extension don’t preserve nothin’.
Steady, unsteady. Don't want to be the embalmer. One lantern to another.

One reader to one vertigo halftone.

broken line spilled off roof / sprayed by wind and cascades downward

unfigured, slapdash, extension, stop, lapse, entanglement, stunned

by disturbance, which I might call spirit or instability

or bees making honey in a lion's head
millimeter duration counterclockwise mode red quadrant radiant Ka-band diode pulse

activity foam material micrometer component axial transmission line load-housing setup

plate dish hatchdoor color red peel off incidence plane

alternate line concealed line clarity line permission
Marooned passengers.

Service tied up. Small arms fire. Knowledge of practical stresses. So much more to include.

Ivy stands on his head. Eldorado Springs, Spanish for golden or gilded one, Spanish for pleasure dome, crown poem, pot of gold.

Irrigation. Speculation for profit. Desirable claim.

Spiritualists holding séances and dances. Taylor sold his interest to the Moffat Lake Resort Company.

I'm going to wear this pencil down to its nub.

Pools, picnics, pavilions, and dance halls.

Railroads, trolley cars, spurring things on.

Bring the people for recreation. Electric lines cracking. Twelve wooden cars click into canyon.

Attendance over forty thousand. 1907.
A new hotel. Oak staircase, rocker chairs, colored rugs.
The large stone fireplace. Brass fixtures. Pastel wainscoted walls, glass arch doors, white linens.
Private dining room where liquor is not served until ’38. Porcelain basins and kerosene lamps.
No bathtubs in the bathrooms. A hint to guests to use the pool. And always new speculators ready to buy a place when previous owner is in need of money. Mortgaged to hilt. Flood of ’38.
A canyon fire. Canyon fire.
Frank Frazer, one of Ivy’s assistants at Elitch Gardens, a black man, and as the balloon is ascending
Frank’s foot caught in the dragrope
and lifted into the air
one foot in a noose soaring above Denver
and everyone thinks it’s part of the performance
as he soars above the city
the author of one account has this to say:
the fact that he was a colored man lent
a picturesque aspect to the show
the snow is coming down in big flakes
outside the library where I’m writing this
how is anything about that picturesque?
Displeased at the idea of them sleeping.

Governor Evans got word to raise a regiment, put up posters and started recruiting.

The hundred-day men, the Bloodless-third, at first light opening on command.

White Antelope mowed down with his arms folded over his chest.

Black Kettle raised an American flag and there was no need to worry.

There was no need to run. To flee up creek.

To dig to hide. Proceeded to potshot them at will.

Proceeded to cut off nose, ears, testicles.
Ivy’s monologue.

I am permitted to name my own moons. Here are the names of the moons: Horror Under the Big Top, The Escaped Maniac, Medicine, Tree Grows in Borneo, Strung Along, The Fright of the Silvery Moon, Angels Fear to Tread, Last Head, Mutant, Funambulist, The End, The Mad Journey, What the Dog Dragged In, Death Wagon, Island of Death, Raven Berserk, Menace of Metallo, Congo Bill Dies at Dawn, Surprise Package, Pyromaniac Lives Here, Doom To You, Reluctant Temporal Gateway
I'll take out the tape measure and measure
the dead hand.

I'll take out the tape measure and measure
the dead neck.

I'll take out the tape measure and measure
the dead back and foot.

And the other foot. I'll take the tape measure
and measure
the dead elbow, the wound on the belly,
the articles of clothing, the removed brain.
Cutting out the ribcage. Tag the toe.
Pump out the blood into the sink. Cover
the body in white sheets, and cart it out the room.

Achilles dragged Hector 'round the citadels,
but his body remained untouched.
Siphoning slop into the adjoining bucket.
The tempo of the mop.
Consider this. Watch this.
Record this.
what is the
subject

bulletin umbrella
subjects

syrupy gray muted rib
subjects

pulverized objective popsicle stick
subjects

—

Ivy on his rope and everything branches out, desiccated sun discs, auburn eyelets

—

It's important to record everything, especially if everything is part of the succession
—

Or whirls of scrutiny comes to the mile of milk, magnetizing floral displays in small parts, crypts of originary mint zigzag cut off shapes, fractionous shine in classified twine, the risen old slang codgers too decorous for television incise wherein and sizzled wax face dispirits swerve knells on television primes

A kingdom says the scrivener

Squeeze boxelder bug’s carapace in napkin. To hold onto what engenders a napkin. Who says thought is dentition? Demagogic twaddle squeeze, squeeze sycophancy, squeeze flattery, squeeze synonym, squeeze taste of napkin gut, poem not begun with a feeling to like it, pink clouds with geese, a stereophonic, vascular sky.

If you’re a line for feeling or engender a larynx transplant.

If a commercial of endurance is pretty then drive away.

The sunset is a crazed neck.
—

keeping watch on letters to read by like consistencies of caramelized sauce, like hollow-eyed Boris Karloff, terrine of oiled dressing, piquancy worth salivating over, more baffled than ambitious, more bleak than caffeine, when the shirt pocket meets the aneurismal pen

S social voice
J definitions
C urgency quotient
A blades of grass

J

J pleasure of the world
K naked arms that touch
A

T asyndeton
L something about windows
lantern to read by, history, Ivy, train, chrysalis stitch, black light, windshield wiper, tunnel ahead resembles urn, drive over median, take right on so to speak, left on syntax, U-turn, desire, cul-de-sac, tollbooth, turn south on 98, rusted Chevy, wrecking crane, boulevard, turnpike, putter, lay on horn, left lane, whiplash, crash, try, fail, loop back, go back, loop back, right on off ramp, negligence, forklift, dump truck, fairground, Water World, wheatfield, transport to territory, slip past border, punctured tire, patch up, spare part, tail pipe, squad car, gas up, green light, exit on Rundell, switch lane, gun it, put on blinker, switch lane, park car, start car, move car, turn around, buckle up, rearview mirror, up the road, go

Oh atmosphere of books.

I have your machinery in my yum yum.
The sky is a pressure gauge, tropospheric knife, month-long photograph.

Ivy walks from cliffs ensnared by nonmiscible, whistling travels. Takes the glitterweld, gauche encounter of counter counting rope. Here is a busted jar of dragonfly milk, benefit of doubt. Here an electrochemical harangue, calm like a sniper. A sea green color. And this is the secret sea green sea. This is the line.
—

color of reading

volcano in background
green red window

iridescent
green red circular

delayed red blue
rain sluice
measure
needle caught
on circular red blue

iridescent
delay violet

with red in the middle
red in the middle
The color of reading. Sidewalk hullabaloo, middle of freeway, metallic line, yellow divide, palm tree, city.

Ivy is wide-eyed. Awake. With a singing voice mode of teal balloons. Lifted above diamonds. Baseball diamonds. With the one-two-three of asyndetons. Ivy with the metacarpels. Ivy spies his little eyes. Aneurismal pendulums. Sees heaven is an inmate. Quotes that Kepler suggested the moon. And then waves.

Walks across understatement, brain infinitive, rainbow eyelet. Walks across red window vast as a staple gun in metal. Vestiges of window parallelograms.

Walks across the word manifest and decides to eat its heart out. Bisects its green valves. Says sing to me oh parallelogram of winds.

Camerooned nimbus! I devour you!
the lying city        mendacity
the truthful city     veracity
the famished city     voracity
the wise city         sagacity
the fighting city     pugnacity
the stubborn city    tenacity
the plain city       simplicity
the happy city       felicity
—

Checking to see if there's any give to the wire  checking to see if
trophy horn contributor
system expansion
cone leakage

loss cassegrain focal point
spillover

tripod prototype
installation plug subreflector

adjacent assemblage
cloud data

output calibration
value signal
pulse candle red pulse candle
fire constellate
mercury smoke
to vessel

waveguide attenuator
electron terminator
boundary converter

transmission of oxygen water diode
vapor bandwidth decibel
definition
midrib curled them acorns cups deciduous leaves twigs clustered with
flowers rounded fused marginal oblong branch furled fringed with scales bowl toothed
bark a coppery oval crown not apex not circularly smooth thinking
to ramify language to take invitation of nearly tapered slim wide
trunks to spread moist sinuses expansion of undersurface ragged curve thin

stout irregular cup topped tardily rough and hairy reddish ones their
striated coastal tips sharply rounded gradually a foot which bristles its thin evergreen tips
inches going south on winter ridge and tall and long shapes stared at through wavy saucers
through streams do letters arrive in season how
fissured they must seem festooned lanking around room in their mossy garb

to say stay tread of breath grow seasonal rings outward periphery plated
to bough now go on to name acorn bowl elliptical inch go on to name cup
tooth of green thing invisible ones finding them by nook and by cranny
that cloud passes like glitter density, ivy, scarlet-silk sky of nightfall to extract midriffs, chassis clicks, let the wrecking balls speak their diode pulses
free to record everything, asyndeton, conjunctions omitted, coordinating
conjunctions gone, and oh oubliette recidivist you are now my muse, making flags
into abbreviations, fusillade pictures, autopsies

Hark to thrones now speak.
Welcome to the hotel. We call it Sudden Fails. Welcome to the hotel. We call it Groan’s Deluxe. The Esurient L. The Shithole. The Garden.

Hark to the thrones, now speak.
Beleaguered opacities be tilting my solecism.

Drink to the lees to get them down.

To the dregs, to the beak.

To the very hunted down fish.

Hark to, these thrones now speak.
Draw two parallel lines on the chalkboard and recognize at no point are these lines parallel.

They are just a little ticket, just a ticket.
They are just a ticket, a little ticket.

I must record everything that I can.
Hark to some thrones, now speak.
what hidden terms, counterparts, accelerations, mutual prediction, alarm bells, daredevils, one territory created by taking away another, place railroad smack dab at ground zero of the American Industrial Revolution, divestment of land, market created by dispossession, axiom as god as Newton, the extension machine, jarred by spaciousness, more of it, a whole series of explanations

Harken to thrones, now speak.
Plainspoken attendees

Spareness of windows

Bulbs dangling in dust windows

Pernicious light windows

Dunked ablutionary bread windows

Harken to our thrones, now speak.
insert
lines

coal
in tender

brass fly wheel
replacement filter

unburying
subordinated terms

I have my materials together
and there is more to go more to go
oh vertigo knoll of yellow

Hark to my thrones
now speak
Foster brings a throne Foster brings a throne you can’s Photoshop me out, the movie will be about
Tim reads books on Indo-China on Indo-China on Indo-China Tim read a book on Japan says America dropped the bomb
on Hiroshima August sixth can't remember August ninth we call it peace day we call it peace day we call it peace day
call it peace bloomer call it cocktail music Rose will bring nasturtiums and some daisies Rose will bring
d babe to lift to be good to waver to lift to be good
Andy travelled to the Museum to lift to sing to be good
Mon Santos dioxin psycho throne club music Piper
brings her throne Piper brings her throne Piper brings the throne
it’s an art book it’s a Molotov cocktail Foster brings his throne
Piper brings a throne Sophia brings a throne fleet crumbs
Kevin brings his Hanna brings hers Amanda brings a throne
Addie brings a throne Nate brings a throne Nick brings a throne
Matt brings two Kevin brings three Kaitlin brings four
Eric brings a throne Askia brings a throne lung capacity
Aleksa doesn’t get a throne Jake doesn’t get a throne it’s a deprivation
it’s an outrage they are fucking pissed oh yes yes they are
there are no thrones left no thrones none to be had
it is a bungle it is a boondoggle a bellyful of swill yes it is
Aleksa and Jake are deprived of their thrones now we are dancing
check out our moves check out our moves divider vulnerable
morphed snow killer on the dance floor laying bombs in the suq
going to Mardi Gras going to Mardi Gras check us at Mardi Gras
check out our thrones check out our thrones no more thrones
Ivy takes his triangle from his pocket to strike it. And in time there are chimes of yellow triangles, blue circles, and green squares. There are chimes of green triangles, yellow circles, chimes of blue squares

You have to know if there's any give to the wire
People would up and die on their porches

Furnace jacket

Water pipe

Combustion chamber
twelve cars click into the canyon, what’s left in and what’s taken, light switches, gold bodies, azurite and talc, Ivy walked across a lake while a band played him a waltz, put some triple meters back in his steps

fabric of void contracts, in force for period of twenty years, clay bellows, whistles, sluices, wafers, dig up the materials, the slag, a windlass

a live eagle tied to a pole at the front of the procession, gone pinioning, gone and things just pent up popped like tendons, twelve clicks to canyons, the what’s left Inns and what’s taken, which lines, which equations
furtive — preserved — imagined
presence — fragment of — cochineal
what’s figured — piece of — what’s flat
round — triangular — K said
what’s color — what are the colors — what’s red
and I read — dust-framed — colors
What Ivy does — walk lines — asyndeton
contexts — through wetlands — em dash cities
bridges — possessive mirrors — noise
grid  tentacles  doubt  for saying
what's  example  babble  m
what's  present that's  orchestration  even
just waiting  say  that listening  keening
velvet  from the  headland  nothing more
orchestration  insert  letter  what bolster
carried  what's painted  movies  are painted
hand painted  film is  what's burrow  buried
espaliered  what's

dazed vertigo cachet and wuff  hear  which
what's  lining  intersection  angled
adjacent  vanishment  coral reef  eventually

one century  another  a tentacle  coincided
formaldehyde  medicine  pg. 42
what's  the residue  another  entry
history  hybridity  bridging our city  em dash city
Paint red, paint, and bring this orange to follow,
Paint red this orange, paint and bring to follow
Paint, red, paint; and bring this orange to follow,
Paint, paint red, and bring this orange to follow,
Paint, paint and red, bring this orange to follow,
Paint, to follow, paint red and bring this orange,
And to follow, paint, bring red, paint this orange,
And to follow, paint, paint red, bring this orange
And paint red, paint to follow, bring this orange,
Paint to follow, paint orange this, and bring red,
To follow, orange this, paint and bring red, paint
Orange this, bring and paint to follow red, paint
Bring and paint, orange, bring to follow, red this,
To follow, paint and bring orange, paint this red,
Paint to follow, bring orange, and paint this red,
Paint and bring orange, paint to follow this red,
Orange, red paint, paint and bring this to follow,
Paint, orange, bring, and paint this red, to follow,
Paint orange, paint, and bring this red to follow,
Paint orange, paint, and bring this red to follow.

— for L. Z.
Within this ten-block radius five crypto-morphic rudders form five yellow boats.
starvewater

honey

a poem is

that

knife's

backslidingplace

kayenta cliff

orange

furwind

I serve

their malady
City of derangement and city of intuitive ravines. Pluvial cheeks.

Vermilion wreaths. Conversation in copper. Candle wicks through sepia with motions of triangles. Riffle to city to slice through abruption. City of helmets, conspicuous disks. Of the green vase that reflects hesitation.

Walker across isthmus. Half formed V's existing in air, insteps of eyelashes.

I can sit here and scribble lines about moons and gills of fish. Reddish-colored cliffs. Or I can erase them. And often I do just that.
pulse rain sluice
rain sluice hand
foot white sink
foot green
neck ribcage
volcano
window needle
purple
blue brain
white sheet

o red of a middle

flashlight stalactite
traced grain focal

ventricle o red of a middle

when that name of a person is Dr. Jon
or joy ion action or lantern

or intone or children or Anton and Vaughn [o the red of a middle]
swept a lens camera, and then swept an angle
Bibliography

