

Brother
by
Aaron Angello
B.A., Antioch University LA, 2008

A thesis submitted to the
Faculty of the Graduate School of the
University of Colorado in partial fulfillment
of the requirement for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts
Department of English
2011

Signature Page

This thesis entitled:
Brother
written by Aaron Angello
has been approved for the Department of English

Julie Carr

Noah Eli Gordon

Date April 4, 2011

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.

ABSTRACT

Angello, Aaron (MFA Creative Writing, Dept of English)

Brother

Thesis directed by Assistant Professor Julie Carr

This poem is an exploration of my relationship with my brother Derek, who at a very young age was diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder – a combination of schizophrenia and bipolar disorder. Essentially he has auditory hallucinations and a delusional understanding of his environment accompanied by manic behavior. He is obsessed with religion, often seeing himself as a Christ-like figure. Good and evil exist very tangibly in his world. Popular culture and the bible merge to create a complex, layered reality that is quite different from the one most of us experience.

Brother is a poetic exploration of mental illness, creativity and family.

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Introduction to *Brother*

This poem is an exploration of my relationship with my brother Derek, who at a very young age was diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder – a combination of schizophrenia and bipolar disorder. Essentially he has auditory hallucinations and a delusional understanding of his environment accompanied by manic behavior. He is obsessed with religion, often seeing himself as a Christ-like figure. Good and evil exist very tangibly in his world. Popular culture and the bible merge to create a complex, layered reality that is quite different from the one most of us experience.

I began this process thinking that I could use poetry to explore an area of my life that I have largely been ignoring, or perhaps more appropriately, denying, for years. I haven't seen Derek in probably eight years, yet he lives two hours away. I've been living my life as if he doesn't exist. I don't intend to sound sentimental, but I feel there is an enormous facet of who I am that I have been neglecting, and it's hindering my development both as a person and as an artist. It is a facet, however, that I really cannot access on a conscious level. Enter poetry.

I began writing with the idea of Keats' negative capability in mind – I knew that I didn't know where I was or what I was doing, yet I decided to completely trust that. I had some idea of what I was to write about, but I refused to allow myself to begin imposing any kind of limitation on myself with regard to what the final product would be.

That said, I did give myself one formal restraint, just so I had a modicum of structure. I decided to write in long lines that relied heavily on sound and rhythm, almost Whitman-like lines. I chose to do this simply because it was different from what I had been doing, and I felt I might access a different, less predictable part of my mind. At times I took a cue from the

surrealists and wrote automatically, still generally adhering to the long line. Sometimes I'd listen to music or to another poet reading while I wrote and allowed that to influence me, taking me to places in my consciousness to which I wouldn't otherwise have had access.

It became clear pretty early on that I wouldn't be able to sustain a manuscript writing this way, so I began to allow myself to begin approaching the piece from different formal standpoints. I wrote memory (both real memories and imagined – maybe they're all imagined) in the form of prose blocks. I also wrote tighter lyrics that provided a break for me as a writer from the long line. These kind of serve as little objects outside of thought, the shimmering objects to which I refer in the poem.

Initially I thought I would allow each form to represent a particular point of view or voice, but I found this both difficult and a little corny. I have no doubt the reader will try to do this, to apply a different voice to each form, but he or she will find that confusing. And that's how he or she should find it. One important theme that I discovered relatively early in the process that the speaker is both the I and the brother – those two characters are in fact one, though they each try to maintain their individuality. The speaker talks about "our consciousness" a couple of times.

My inability, or perhaps unwillingness, to really differentiate between the I and the brother is a result of a couple of factors: one, all of this language is being sorted, shifted and filtered through one mind (writing process), and two, there is only one set of experiences being drawn upon, one set of memories, one perspective. But isn't this how we experience our lives? It is all filtered through our own mind, our own consciousness. Others exist, but our understanding of them is entirely dependent upon our perceptions, biases, and experience.

The quote I borrow from Shakespeare and use as an epigraph accurately describes another aspect to the merging/blurring/conflating of the I and brother. It's not a new idea, not at all, but creativity and madness are remarkably intertwined. An artist creates a world that he or she knows is a creation, the schizophrenic creates a world that he or she takes for the world. Just writing that sentence makes it clear to me how tenuous the line between the two is.

I am you, you are me, the only way I can even attempt to understand you is to try to better understand myself.

Poetics

I am interested in the interplay between comprehension and incomprehension, readability and unreadability, linearity and disjunction, archaic and contemporary language, fast and slow, absorption and impermeability, sweet and ugly. It is in these liminal moments, these moments when fast meets slow or narrative meets disjunction, that a cognitive dissonance can occur and the reader can have a "poetic" experience – that is an experience that is above language, an experience that can reveal something of real significance. I believe the poet has a responsibility to upset a reader's expectations in order to reveal the artificiality of narratives in the world, narratives that we take for truth. A reader's expectation is effectively undercut when the reader is allowed to forget he or she is reading for a moment, and then they are caught, tripped up, stopped in their comfortable tracks.

I think it is important for a poet to be aware of his or her ethical responsibility. In the poem, I engage the idea of the ethics of the project itself when I ask if, for example, I am using Derek in order to write this poem. And in a sense I am, which is something that I feel is worth

contending with. In the end, I do feel I wasn't exploitative. I saw the potential to go there, and I avoided it.

I also believe that readability is not always the best option in a poem. Image, confusion, misspelling, and gibberish can sometimes be more effective than what one would typically think of as a "readable" text.

Influences

The influences on this work are many. William Carlos Williams, particularly *Spring and All* and *Paterson*, gave me permission to vary form within the context of a single piece. I started with Williams in mind and I would frequently look back at him throughout this process. As I mentioned earlier, Whitman was very important to me in that I engaged in the expressivity of the long line and I embraced the lyric "I." But I also was very conscious about always undercutting the Whitmanian bravado of the I as any kind of omnipotent or authoritarian voice. It's almost as if the I is trying to be Whitman or Ginsberg, but realizes the absurdity of it, particularly in this context. The speaker stands up and fades, stands up and fades. "I am effaced."

I was also very influenced by Lyn Hejinian. Her essays in *The Language of Inquiry* have been very important to me in developing a sense of the ethical impact of syntax. Much of the poetics I discussed above are influenced by this book. Her poetry is also very influential. I think she effectively employs Ron Silliman's idea of "the new sentence" in her work. *The Fatalist* was on my mind as I was writing, particularly in the way she uses the sentence as the linguistic unit out of which she built that poem. I also like the way she subtly uses repetition. I tend to be heavy handed with it.

Andrew Zawacki was clearly influential here as well, particularly the poem “Georgia.” I used his cadences, sometimes rather explicitly, as a starting point for much of this poem. Initially it mimicked Zawacki’s poem so much it felt derivative, but I think it has gotten to a point where the echo is there, the influence is there, but it has its own voice.

Susan Howe taught me that a reader may get more from something he or she can’t read than from something he or she can.

Of course the King James Version of the Bible and Shakespeare figure heavily in this poem and are quoted often, but I wouldn’t say they are really any more influential to me than to every other person writing in the English language.

And the questions throughout the poem are taken from the “Yale University PRIME Screening Test,” a test designed to determine if one might need to seek further help regarding a psychotic episode/illness. I took the test and agree or strongly agree with most of the questions.

“are of imagination all compact.”

An uninterrupted period of illness during which, at some time, there is either a Major Depressive Episode, a Manic Episode, or a Mixed Episode concurrent with symptoms that meet Criterion A for Schizophrenia.

DSM IV

*The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.*

W.S.

1. *I think that I have felt that there are odd or unusual things going on that I can't explain.*

Definitely disagree

Somewhat disagree

Slightly disagree

Not sure

Slightly agree

Somewhat agree

Definitely agree

I look into the subject
take hold of something tangible – a banister
a cast iron railing twisting its pitch
along unlighted balustrades.

I look into the subject
as if I'm looking into an unfinished letter.

I follow the subject into a reflection of itself –
room upon room, elegant teak furniture covered with muslin
paintings of paintings, paintings of people dark with soot,
the whole scene a bit too elegiac
for one who watches this much television.

I am a trick, a foundational crack, brother, I am a sham.

My words pile, my words shimmer with the stench of compost.

I've heard the waters in some places
run so thick they coat the throat,
stop the breath,
the very percolation of life as viscous as a nosebleed.

I am effaced.

I've heard that in the world of stone and wood there is an abundance of metaphor,
and what is what if not an abundance of metaphor,
yet I'm faced again with the world of stone and wood,
as stone and wood, and I am a walker walking alone through stone and wood,
and metaphors are mine, animations of cute animals with handlebar mustaches
and stone and wood and wood and stone and I am intentionally effaced.
This is the reality, brother, this is as close as I can come to sympathy.

Terrestrial ferris wheels shift color and design, turning indolently
as I watch from a significant distance,
from beyond cemented lawns with no sign of sidewalk chalk,
from the other side of the sweatshirt-feathered freeway.
I don't want to write a poem about a bowl, brother,
even if one can imagine the universe in it.
The universe is not in it. It's just bowl,
and the shimmer is more or less a distraction.
Let's tattoo signposts on the crests of our shoulders, brother.
We are animal control officers smoking cigarettes beneath the underpass.

Let's forget the constellations, the formal distractions,
the form used to make the curb between the street and the sidewalk,
the form into which cement is poured by men with goatees
a proliferation of surface scars.

There's the form that can support a woman with two hearts inside her,
the form of a man seated on the pine rot ground listening to the sound of thunder,
pulling stones out from under his calligraphic memory
tossing them into his own abysmal imagination.

Brother, I won't walk in the dense forest again, nor the cow pastures.

I am no longer looking to be an apostle, I've given up prosthetizing.

I am a twelve ton garbage truck full of abandoned manuscripts and disinterred newspaper
articles,

a bottomless receptacle for old cassette tapes and window dressings,
a palpitation climbing social networks in search of some bubbling ambrosia,
but we're each of us aware of the code, and that makes magic somehow tolerable.

There is wood and stone and bowl and code, and I am effaced, brother,
laced with sardonic moorings and surprise anchors, with catastrophic immobility.

I am traced upon the frosty stone wall a graphic patchwork
each outline of each part claiming its own mossy piece of separation.

Maybe the devil in a stained velvet dress, maybe
a novel concoction of chemicals,
maybe a government made implant
on the basal ganglia
remote controlled by typesetters in a secret
unseen room behind the wall
behind your bedroom,
the sign of horsemen,
so we come round, better to reign
in hell than to be caught in a thunderstorm
in the middle of Holy Cross National
Wilderness lightening threatening our very
ability to avoid the sublime recognition
of our own spiderness, our continual,
our smooth evanescence.

These withered walls anticipate the brush of branches.

Struggling wheelwrights caper where svelte Angelinos ebb and fall,
calling forth one perceptible layer after another, this wallpapered world,
this patchwork world this series of surface patterns this invisible highway,
this longing for the beautiful, but brother, the most beautiful object becomes hideous
in the proper light, fruit trees and hedge rows devolve into trifles.

I am fading. I am losing myself.

2. *I think that I might be able to predict the future.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

You have consumed my judgment you have sculled
the murky river into adobe recesses,
you've explored the darkest corners
planted your flag, brother,
placed your heavy foot on land
I didn't know existed, places I've never been.
There are things we live among, brother, plain and simple,
things that only we can see.
We are movie producers madmen sketch artists
stirring the earth with magnetized branding irons,
feeling an undeniable pull toward the north.
We can't see it, part of us must die for it,
sit between thieves and relish our forsakenness,
melt wholeheartedly into the scree dissolve into the talus, disappear.
There are things we live among and they intend to capture us, put us on display.

tree as metaphor
tree as potential chair
tree as justification
tree as miracle
tree as obstacle
tree as divine proof
tree as plaything
tree as linguistic demonstration
tree as philosophic aphorism
tree as habitat
tree as invader
tree as siding
tree as trickster
tree as broken heart
tree as symbiotic organism
tree as death
tree as fundament

1.

Once in the middle of the night I woke up and I wanted nothing more than to hold your hand I know it's silly to want to hold your but still I really wanted that it actually meant something just in that moment of course just in that but still I was twelve years old again about to break through something about to sip my first vile of chlorophyll about to open some dusty box in the attic.

I know there's no one out there.

But still, each corner is slightly more profitable than one might expect.

You know what I mean.

It's like the entire foundation

is made of stuff

no one's yet conceived.

It's like that peony on the front steps is itself a secret decoder ring.

he walks polyphonically
the voices vibrations
mouths moving
little bristles on the back on the side
of the neck the back
of the hand
carved of chords flattened strings
voices conveying information
the beautiful subject subjected
to an unbearable weight invisible
and somehow comforting
the brain weighed down
a complex pattern of granite
fists mineral in the pockets

I'm somehow overly interested in distance, the distance between
the sound made in some picturesque cloister
the sound of chalk skipping across blackboard
the un-exhumed fetishes mineral breath wishes catatonic, Christ,
this is the problem, isn't it brother, the faith we place in chaos.

You and I both rely ridiculously on faith and others will watch, brother,
carve their assessments on the bark of aspens black and mutating.

He breaks a piece
from a slice of
wonder bread
and drops it on my tongue.
Do this in remembrance
of me.
The water tepid.
Do this in remembrance
of me.
The sun is setting outside.
We are both uncharacteristically
serious. The light
through the window
begins to change
the shape of the living room –
gild the television. The elegance
of this transubstantiation,
the unexpectedness.

3. *I may have felt that there could possibly be something interrupting or controlling my thoughts, feelings, or actions.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

I wear your little league jersey to recess, hover above the monkey bars.

Out of the depths have I cried.

Out of the cries have I fasted.

Salisbury steak, symbology, TV dinners –

I have cried unto you, my absent audience,

all dressed in black and leather boots

the convalescing deep-set eyes

have I fasted,

ages upon ages, brother, you and I,

you and I have been building, constructing,

a couple of self-taught carpenters swinging brutish, short hammers at nothing,

crying at the top of our consciousness,

flying aberrations diving above the stone and wood and bowls and bricks and medications.

We are building something up over words up above any flower that is not a flower

in your bouquet but the essence of flower that's where we're flying,

building, ascending the ladder of this is that and that is punctuation.

Up to the shattering corrugated tin up to the misspelled catastrophe,

up to the level of melodious faces yes and flawless voices no

up to the level of the individual, brother.

Up into the level of the subject.

I am effaced and you are fading too.

I turn to embrace this faceless man unconsecrated.

This pull we live among and to know it

is to be a complex

of rooms in an abandoned

hotel –

we've lost each other again, brother, this keeps happening.

tree as constitution
 tree as countertop
 tree as abs
 tree as determination
 tree as intransitivity
 tree as repression
 tree as resolve
 tree as headache
 tree as quiescence
 tree as paperweight

paperweight

1.

He thinks about placing the Madre Milagrosa candle he'd bought at Kmart on the stoop in front of his neighbor's house, but there is a wind blowing. Unwanted objects are whipping by him, around him, gathering into little whirlwinds – phone books, kitchen chair pads, doilies, football helmet coffee mugs, answering machine cassette tapes – things like that.

2.

These things, these objects, are flying all around him, whipping past his head, behind his back. The Madre Milagrosa candle was on sale for \$1.34, down from \$1.49. He'd gone looking for a Virgin de Guadalupe candle, and they did indeed have one, also on sale. It was very beautiful. But it was a scented candle, " 'Bella con Perfume' Incienso" and was therefore a little more expensive, \$2.06, down from \$2.29. So he got the Blessed Mother because it was pretty much the same thing and it fit his budget.

3.

He puts the candle into his pocket and stands in the middle of the cul-de-sac. A Scooby Doo bath mat flies by him. Then a rotary telephone. A handful of dust and rice. Then the bath mat again. And the telephone. The rice. The wind is circling him. Phone mat rice. Phone mat rice fish tank. Phone mat rice fish tank waffle iron. More and more objects until he can't even see the lawn ornaments or the mailboxes that are all around him.

4.

The number of things circling him becomes so great – cat scratchers, paperweights with scorpions in them, golf clubs, blood pressure gages, track cleats, swiffer sweepers – that he can't move without being struck, knocked out, tripped up, flipped over, maybe even killed. He is trapped.

5.

He takes La Madre Milagrosa from his pocket and holds it against the side of his neck. He imagines it is cool and refreshing even though it has warmed to his body's temperature.

6.

A shower cap brushes his cheek, which startles him, and he drops it, he drops the candle. An explosion of wax and glass at his feet.

The effects of lithium on the body are fantastically emblematic of the various processes attributed to the propagation of a variety of moth species.

The way a moth fucks another moth for example – the male mounts the female from the front, belly to belly, tangles his legs up with hers, and telepathically alters her brain chemistry forcing her to shudder uncontrollably, most likely, scientists believe, to enhance the sexual experience of the male.

They beat their powdery wings against each other which produces a sound that, when slowed down and amplified, is a rhythmic mirror of AC/DC's "Back in Black."

He empties his powdery seed, or "pollen," and she is engulfed in a tiny cloud.

She stretches her wings wide, is covered with the stuff, and stops shuddering.

She looks at him, touches antennae with him, then tears one of his legs from his thorax and eats it while he watches.

Lithium is a mineral that is both mined and created by human will.

It may be the best network cop show since Homicide, brother, the best song since Georgia, the Ray Charles version, but you don't know that version, that's not a part of your experience.

You have your own world your own conversation.

You have your own Shangri La on the back side of Pikes Peak.

I know because you told me about it several acres with horses
and Drew Barrymore making you pancakes wearing an apron with the words
I'm with stupid written on it in big bold semiotic fractals angled on the plait,
the shape of her every gesture saying I choose you I choose you, brother,
and yet the cigarette smoke of twelve middle aged men mumbling
about their ranch and their Drew Barrymores and twelve cheap cigarettes
dangling from twelve sets of dry cracked ashy lips moving and mumbling

twelve sets of yellow teeth and a dark room and opacity and ashtrays
and thickness and formica and peeling laminate on a goodwill coffee table.

I reply hurriedly, as if I've planned
a particular set of words –
sure our mind's not right
but really, aren't we just rabbit pelts
piled on a footstool in an old man's garage
aren't we catalogues
piled in a recycle bin next to a bank of mailboxes
aren't we shoes
piled in the back of some old pick-up truck?

never in my wildest calculations
could I have assembled an atomic model
more meticulously stacked
more conspicuously agitated
more cogent
than this my pile of shoes

Have you ever considered the physical shape of conception.

I look into the subject and begin the long process of agitation of self-flagellation.

I am used books and miniature souvenir swords from Spain and harmonicas, brother,

we are these things and I am these things I am a process,

a procession away from the source from the spring,

an obsession with subjective avoidance and reality shows.

Whatever they tell us of the future

god knows god knows there's not a chance

layering can happen in direct sunlight.

I have hands, brother, that want to plow or build or break,

your hands defend the world from all the evil things I can't see.

I'm afraid a part of me wants to spend a minute in your smoky chest

bellowing about the Denver Broncos and the antichrist and the cost of Sanka.

you're a fundamental shift in topography
a kind of partial palindrome
the kind one finds beneath the rubble
of a clapboard cottage
after a strong wind the kind one finds
writing a strange woman's name in the dirt
with a rusty tire iron

others, sure, others fold old newspapers
into swans and cranes and chickens
that really fly
others actually climb those little metal pegs
on telephone poles others even garden
or paint portraits
on the scraps of torn-up hardwood floors
hang solid-core doors so they close without incident

but you
you pick up broken pieces
of broken things you finds on the side of the freeway
toss hubcaps off of overpasses
just to hear them cut the air

4. *I have had the experience of doing something differently because of my superstitions.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

I'm afraid to let go of a few choice modifiers.

1.

A moth being born behind his eyebrows. There was streetlight, there was ambiguity. He couldn't comprehend the mechanisms that brought him from that comfortable void to this place, to stucco to mosaic. Every unnatural color he could imagine. The familiar sense of another's sweat on his forearms. Ululations somewhere else somewhere unspecific. A place where seabirds are mindless of babies, where snails writhe in scattered salt, where torn blouses are tied on banisters.

2.

He remembers then more clearly than he perceives now, but he still feels His presence. A thought about God, about his early fascination with drawing Christ crucified, a fascination that began more or less when he acquired language. Pages and pages of distorted crosses, of suffering stick-men. Tearing wonder bread and eating it as if it were the body. The hole he could climb into. Cover with plywood. Memories disinterred. A bouquet of plastic flowers in a Folgers can. Gardener snakes.

3.

There by the back window, how did he get there? He tastes the back of his hand. The initial shock of it. Several trees bending at the waist, touching the dead grass. He can hear the engine running. There are crows still on a broken piano bench, tail feathers wind-spread.

4.

Caterpillars' heads are structured very differently than butterflies' and moths' heads. These gusty walls full of color, glimmering with pinheads. He remembers the dust a moth left on his hands when he, trying to catch it, killed it.

and everyone knows the fundamentals
are a representation of disturbance
and the broken glasses
multiply and the broken
contingencies multiply and
transcendence is a twiddle away

The thing is I believe you and somehow don't believe
the weight of my sweater.

I see him stretched across the boughs of leafy sycamores, I see us bent over the branches,
bumbling like quotidian candelabras, dreaming quadrilles.

I can't say for sure you are, but I believe you, in the quiet, between emails.

Women with fedoras and heavy boots, the sound of canes clicking marble,

the sound of a cop, gun shaking, stuttering like a sack of marbles,
and the invocation is continuing
a competition of lungs
the trinity trembling in the wet lawn.
The mailbox the oil stains the contrapuntal strains of elegy
and get on the fucking ground,
the erection of a tower
made entirely of syntax
you are a fishmonger.
Never in the deepest pits
has anyone seen with such Technicolor precision.
Red green blue radiance and the voices still competing
shaking each other in the jagged air.

See that tree over there. The bare branches. Its blackness.
Why don't you write a poem about that.

a dance
all around the body
count rises
men fall from balconies crumble
to their knees crash
through tables mothers
braying at the movement of atmosphere

through the din I see him
stretched across the face
of a tree

your babble ringing melodies in my hands
my composition

Into a recess the liminal gutter I keep trying to tell you about, brother, the place
lit by a single lamp the place with loose gauze hanging from cornices
the willful separation of a boy from his bike
and the willful separation of a mouth
from a bushel of coriander.

Do you see this? My temptation? Grammar. Woman. Poetry. Do you see the temptation?

This conversation is about the conscious. This conversation is about the lack.

this hand

this mouth

this gentle protrusion

this elegant forgetting

there's a word for the taste in the back of the mouth

there's a word for the gentle tightening between bones

there's a word for the places in the backyard where the grass doesn't grow

there's a word for the reason this is done is being done

there's a word for the gray in your beard

and mine

there's a word for the promulgation of such complex root systems

there's a word for the dust on the stereo

there's a word for the crushing persistence of an idea

there's a word for synapse collapsing into rhetorical memes

there's a word for 8mm grain, looping images

this process of building

strom und fell die fall far

from da padroit wassail

inging stumble upon

the tweet wit found

upon the tweet bolt

1.

Sometime between the destruction of a meal and the felicitous combination of lives was a bird. A bird was caught in the rain. A cat had tried to catch the bird. The bird could not fly. It twitted apoplectic ovals in the courtyard. You and I together together you and you and I. Rescued it. My hand and your hand and a bird twitting.

2.

The bird lived in box. Bird box. Newspaper. Governor and war and bird. Peanut butter. Bird in box twitting.

3.

The little bird was shaking as it sat on my chest in the living room. The little bird was shaking as it sat on my chest as I sat on the couch in the living room. The bird was on my chest, was shaking. I pet the bird's head with the back of my thumb.

4.

The little bird sat on my chest and died there.

The actual story is evasive, brother, slipping into sewer grates and out to the ocean, climbing clinging vines and mossy barriers beneath the sighing air traffic.

Those earrings look like pentagrams, that Christmas star is upside down that's bad.

The father is the sign of the end of all things the bearer of slippers,
a residential street in Colorado Springs beneath an abandoned bird's nest
men wear headphones and mumble jumble mumble into their resonant smoke.

I know this.

I am effaced.

I will give you the best review you've ever gotten. Ankle deep in pondwater.

Men mumble astounding speed headphones and Drew Barrymores,
the lawnmower man and the highlander will never die until one takes this
from this these hands are not more like words words words and do you see
down the grate into the sea the waves
ebbing flowing laughing and material.

You and all of those paralyzing needles and smoke and messengers,
all those parked cars and cracked sidewalks and bible salesmen
and big gulp cups and broken sandals and hubcaps and wedding rings
car jacks cat boxes cracker jack magnifying glasses and you are there.

You are there I see you sitting on the steps smoking always
smoking you creased brow thin and mad you hair thin and mad there below.
I float.

You float and I am there and I float our consciousness
elemental archetypal and grammatically self-effacing.

1.

There was a yellowish tint to the walls in the hallway outside your bedroom. I was afraid of your albums – I was afraid of the secret messages encoded in the cover art. And then there was the time our big brother held you down and encouraged me to punch you in the nose and you wept and your nose bled and it was the first time I really felt like an adult.

2.

A persistence of night-shadows lingered well into morning. An inevitable visit to the family therapist – they're delightful in a small town. I didn't trust authority even then. I've always had an aching suspicion that the world was getting us entirely wrong.

3.

I didn't know how to write yet, but you sat at the kitchen table after fried liver and wrote stories. Hard to rein imagination. Sometimes gets away from us. I mean, a still puddle in the middle of a dirt road. A gray owl cartwheels through the beam of a spotlight.

Self-portrait on pinhead wonder bread crucifix embedded in the shoulder.

Take eat do this in remembrance we lift up our hearts out of the depths,

out of the depths out of the depths have I cried out to thee.

I don't care a whit for your subterfuge, I simply don't like that flavor.

Here in the feedback between overtones rumbling,

this voice this corporeal attempt the precarious stacking of chairs upon chairs

this caffeinated trope, contaminated and unable to fly,

a chick ejected from the nest ejected because you touched it I touched it

someone touched whetstone fiberglass it's all subjective.

Somehow threatening.

Want to see me duck behind the stairwell.

I've never written anything.

How's that for a contortion a convalescence.

5. *I think that I may get confused at times whether something I experience or perceive may be real or may be just part of my imagination or dreams.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

an imperative: wait
for a plug
a piano
salmon
cleaving harmonics
hardhats tumble down
cement stairs at the city
park what'd you
predict your expectations
are kind of uninteresting
at least certain
contexts

Can you feel this building this crescendo of wind and dry leaves,
the quiet breath following us around nipping at heels.
I can't help feeling the need for ablution,
a holy shower and a sloughing of dead flakes.
I am both full and empty, drunk and chaste.
My shoes are worn to crumble. I live with mumblers and chipped china.
That red sedan is looking for an out.
Running for class president,
your arm broken and a two hour drive pine trees falling as we pass
the road undulating and your hand on my ribcage.

A horse called Chance rubbing his face in the soil the rhubarb rheum,
the worst word in the English language, brother,
I'm dodging again.

I have a tendency to do that.

Ecstasy cannot be fabricated in this environment,
the whirl of objects so unbearably ordinary even magic is incomprehensible.
I return to the code of it to the spontaneous overflow.
The unlighted and combative the noun like a come-on
followed closely by certain delicacies the modifiers we wear to cover our sin,
diagram it over and over why the hell not the air is still with the curtain drawn,
flesh goosepimply and warm over there where there is.

1.

This is an elegy for one who lives. Maybe an ode. I don't know. This is an exercise in exploitation. This is the summit. A pound of flesh paid in full. A bad connection. A missed opportunity. This is a neat collection of pointless objects – a metal arrowhead, a gold tooth, a subway token, a miniature harmonica. This is a deft avoidance.

2.

Let's speak in metaphor. It's easier than naming the thing in your hand. I'm not concerned with fashion. I want to taste the salt in the core of this rock, this heavy chunk of granite. I want to place my tongue in the middle of it without actually breaking the damn thing.

3.

I dwell in impossibility. In evanescence.

6. *I have thought that it might be possible that other people can read my mind, or that I can read other's minds.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

Yet we still find ourselves defining angles and mass,
alabaster prints of girls in boats hang above decorative fireplaces.
Why do we desire the lack of flesh the absence of anything tangible.
Here's something you can hold in your little manicured hand:
a thimble a monopoly piece
a belt a razor a plastic bag that's what is obsessing me do you see.
It's a kind of last minute firework a strumpet in the gilded grass
a dip below the surface where the light pulsates
and water creatures whip across the field of vision like the organic parts
of a fern or a venus fly trap.
We are subtle in the hour between dark and sunrise.
There are bodies all over the place, and I want to see you to touch you to understand you,
and the flesh is holding me beneath tap water toys floating bubbling
a tugging of two keening keystrokes stoked and worked backward.
It don't matter for Christ's sake.
Nothing matters and here we are, brother, you and me trying to act
like something anything matters.
Forget about it now there are headlines on newspapers that twist, ameliorate.

Listen to the pile of red fiberglass in the front yard.

There is a world happening right now, and you and I

and all of the other yous and Is are twisting themselves sideways

trying to make it all just not make nonsense.

]once when I was in trade nwch99l * f97uhd a rress97sn
 st9hen9hntyenf8hgern9fnandeadnh9nanheven
 mechanisms that brought him from that comfortable void to this place, to
 ao98venjai8g78hnahtntyens09t8o8gytnwasn9hn\tyenw8od9hs9h897nwv9naren697n8
 stucco to mosaic. Every unnatural color he could imagine. The familiar
 sno8ienan0atv9geh\st90ntr8hgnt9njaienja8h8fest9lnntvern09et8cwns8sns7buegatend
 sense of another's sweat on his forearms. Ululations somewhere else
 dnt8ntveno8ieo699ddn9fnwy9anwye6narenweno99u8hgntatnanb7hdyn9v9tsnsiat8hgn
 somewhere unspecific. A place where seabirds are mindless of babies,
 8hncehtraon0arinahdntyenb8rdn09rtehdsns9iengreatnd8seht8gratr89h\st90no998hgn
 where snails mechanisms that brought him from that comfortable void to
 9tnytyend8g8taokntveren8snh9ty8hnbnb78tnc9deny8ddehnahtn97ts8dnen8snanw9ri
 this place, to stucco to mosaic. Every unnatural color he could imagine.
 odn9fntsaastenajdn9cecreaknahdnb8t8hgntyrnb9tt9ino80]97t8send8nsanstr9oontyr97
 The familiar sense of another's sweat on his forearms. Ululations
 gyntyenw99dsnattyenchc97htesn8wtynanbear\ntyatsntyenst9r6bnyere] *nd9hj-
 tncarenywatnya00ehsnt9n6978hntyenarcy9og8caoo6nreoevehntbaynbeaybayb99i] it
 yo

To never know what it means to mother those voices,

to mother the vibrations to never know the complex pathways.

I'll sing your lines with such bravado the pedals will fall from plastic roses

into still reflective pools of spilt bathwater.

There are nails all over this place, scattered across fragments of wood

and stone and bowl.

Let's look for ritual for shovels tossed on the roof
for holiday treasure hunts for manure for his horse power
for gifts from our father who art in Florida.

Tell me something about your shell.

Give me leave to step into it fasten your ribs,
around my ribs your skin draped around my skin,
your skull on mine like an indigenous headdress.

Talking about avoiding the topic.

Deep in the attic where you nor I would dare.
Little carved head emblematic of something surely
these are nothing but the reflection of possibility,
brother, flecks of metallic reflection.
Subtle touches on bent fenders the sunsets we saw in our dream,
our establishment of folly underneath layers
of godface and mother of pearl earrings,
statuesque emblems of essence
in the despicable ablution the hair
on the toe on the tongue on potentiality,
trip-trapsing through a thick underbrush,

building and building and convalescing
and trembling before a power smoke-filled and emblematic
of these sculptural moments, these flecks of time.
These sepulchral songs spackled to the skin and knitted to the brow.

There are whirlwinds there are sips and sighs and an entire
race of head-hangers beneath artificial light,
the mystery of me and you and the cage and your
thinning body.

Under such circumstances one might take the head off of a flower
a dandelion a weed and toss it to the clouds,
speak in tongues adilea undialla sympitacia fuolla.

You understand and I will witness our isolation for the both of us.

I will light a candle for the idea of perfection
written in an old letter or on the side of a box of cereal.

Down up forget all of the disseminations of song,
the cortex of truth the firing of synapses induced by
fuzzy bunny chemistry and adaptation.

1.

Once there was a movie on television about a nuclear attack on the United States. The Russians fired missiles at the middle of our country. At farmland. Mushroom clouds and families silhouetted on the walls of red barns and horse stables.

2.

You five years older than me asking if I'd come sleep in your room you didn't want to be alone. The flash bending the cornstalks. I had nothing to do with it. You were the man to me why would I. Tears in your eyes and the bag of weed in your drawer, but you wanted me to sleep in your room.

3.

The flash was silent and outside a car alarm. The heat was intense. The women were wandering through radioactive fallout.

Do you know what happens when you play Ozzy backwards.

The Doberman bites your friend who was only pretending to fight with you.

The resonance of a book any book the book you were sure to have written

were it not for the burden of ancestry for the appeal of graffiti.

One day.

Album covers and made up guitar chords bridging gaps

in skin in blood in water in access.

The cops coming that first time thick glasses tv dinners,
made-up rites beneath a darkening false sky,

It just reminded me was all.

7. *I wonder if people may be planning to hurt me or even may be about to hurt me.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

this smitten rock
 brown dust on necklines
 angelic criminal acts
 left un-interpreted
 chill and stupor

He drinks from the mouth of birds his glory perfect,
 leaving the subject of legislation, its mattress straight.
 The whole town laid out in straight lines.
 Let this serve as an outline for good,
 as eye hand foot and the month of April.
 Trifles look so trivial blaming.
 Nature of course does not possess
 catacomb, trinity, the man the horse the ox the grasp of god
 tall-taling adversity in some turbaned night.

These thoughts of you a crisp of childish faults.
 The virtue of a thing is relative to its proper work.
 Mind remarkably complex.
 Once robust frame requesting wings, fumbling at the fretboard.

Hemlocks are ready to pardon him, the lip of fire,
the pardoning of whole pools of appetite, and you life.

And you over there discarded.

A shard.

Sharp edged and glowing.

1.

I follow you around the yard as you do your chores. Dirt and horse hay. I follow you around the yard as if in pursuit of contagion. Through the gravel and uncut grasses. Long hair in the eyes. Mine. Yours. The manes of Chance and Chocolate, the sky jostling. I follow you into the river, up rock faces, deep into the sewer systematically conjugating the very next move. Abyssal and verdant, step upon heavy step.

2.

In winter there are fires to tend. Coal in the basement. Cords of sappy pine. Cords wrapped around the posts of the corral. Fennel flavored waffle cookies shimmering in the continuance. Hear me echo from the depth of this dirt-clod hole.

3.

I follow you into the darkest parts of the barn. The murder of crows make a horrible noise. The horses start and back up. I follow as far as I can. You go.

this is practicality –
tacit pup-tents in the backyard
audience members witness
the hero's subtle hardening

elegant in its angularity
in its repetition of itself
flesh calcifying and brows
intensely complex

that faded blue jersey
with three-quarter sleeves
a little-league flipbook
signifying something significant

I'm sure

Brother, I can't sever this connection this pull toward both you and me.

I can't uncomplicate our wardrobe. I can't explicate the pull.

Together we somehow know both the indoors and the outdoors,
the wild aspen groves and the fresh-cut lawn, the cordoned stables,
the beaver pond. Together we concern ourselves with an impossible composition,
some vast asphalt structure. We are painting pictures based on photographs
of our off-balance memories, hanging them on street signs. The path is empirically
broken, there are countless layers of house paint on the ground beneath us.

It's okay to be astonished, isn't it.

Remarkable how irresponsible some things are. Puce does a terrible job of describing the color it purports to describe. I'll support you, brother, but the light's not striking the portico at the proper angle. Not right now.

---parakeets wilted
 UED*g(*e**%dgOO
 dandelion heads#

1===minor seventh ^j chords
 our horse ===== (hearts)

we give them all back to god@
 **willfully

8. *I believe that I have special natural or supernatural gifts beyond my talents and natural strengths.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

There's no guarantee what one might find beneath the skin, brother,
 what animal pathways are being trod. We both have something
 other than what's expected under there, I'd expect, light concentrated
 into liquid, small cephalopods with conical shells leaving trails of shining mucus,
 sand. We both speak a language of.

Once when I was in trade n wch99] * f97uhd a rress97sn
 into his pocket and stands in the middle of the cul-de-sac. A Scooby
 st9hen9hntyenf8hgern9fnandeadnh9nanheven ap98venjaj8q78hna
 Doo bath mat flies by him. Then a rotary telephone. A handful of dust
 sn9hn\tyenw8od9 hs9 h8 97nwy9naren697n8sno8ienan0
 and rice. Then the bath mat again. And the telephone. The rice. The
 aty9geh\st90ntr8hgnt9njaienja8h8fest9lnntyern09et8cwns8sns7buegatendnt8ntyeno
 wind is circling him. Phone mat rice. Phone mat rice fish tank. Phone
 8ieo699ddn9fnwy9anwy nwno99u8hgntatna nb7hdyn9v9tsnsiat8hgn8hnc
 mat rice fish tank waffle iron. More and more objects until he can't
 ehtraon0arinahdntyenb8r dn09rtehdsns9iengreatnd8s eht8gratr89h]st90n
 even see the lawn ornaments or the mailboxes that are all into his
 anw9rjodn9fntsaastenaiddn9cecreaknahdnb8t8hgntyrnb9tt9ino80j97t8send8nsanstr9oo
 pocket and stands in the middle of the cul-de-sac. A Scooby Doo bath
 ntyr97g ntyenw99dsnattyenchc97htesn
 mat flies by him. Then a rotary telephone. A handful of dust and rice.
 8wtynanbear\ntyatsntyenst9r6bnyere]*nd9hj-tncarenywatnva00ehsn
 Then the bath mat again. And the telephone. The rice. The wind is
 6978hntyenarcy. 8ca006nreoevehntnbaynbeaybayb99i] it yo

If I could I would loose these hands from their still leather gloves and touch your bearded face.
 I would be the elder with wine and direction, cuddlebone and window blinds.
 If I could I would break through the ticking, signal through the passage of time.
 If I could I would absolve myself of my absence, of my blood-thick misdeeds
 and triumph over the destruction of all mythology of pathology and forgetfulness.
 If I could I would hurl myself southward, down to your little room
 and buy you coffee and eggs at some dingy diner.

If I could I would reminisce of times before we knew who we were or who we are,
I would direct metals at the atomic level toward firing synapses and faltering communication.
If I could I would wound a stranger and walk away from him, I would forge my own path
through pulpy thickets, I would drink from springs unfiltered, I would forgo my self-imposed
expectation, ice skating, I would hold your narrow hand as snow packed itself against
the kitchen door. I would wither quietly as you walked a path the rest might recognize. I would
drop morphine steadily into that part of each of us that actually knows what's going on,
that is able to differentiate the creation from the created.

What would you do if you were just sitting on the toilet and someone told you you were Jesus?

9. *I think I might feel like my mind is “playing tricks” on me.*

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

Such high expectations for landscape. There's never any actual mist. Only discarded napkins.
Paper cups stained orange.

I am effaced, brother, mist on a false landscape.

This evening preposterously inappropriate. Walls hung with hereditary biology.

I look out through the window. The car is dusted with snow.

There are no positive identifying marks, no runny nose, no persistent cough.

It seems, brother, that we have each become the other's understudy, entirely

unsure of the next incomprehensible line. The faltering of the boards

exudes little resonant hums, the curtain hangs heavy overhead. The prescription

wrapped in Medicaid blanket, swaddled in country songs from the 1970's, a winter

preoccupation with ballast. Your boots are so big. I got two dollars in the jukebox,

two fingers in the thick dirt, a hand on your nape. Let's let it ride for a while.

I look into the subject and exit stage left beyond the tree where children ascend
silhouetted, unhindered into an entirely different same place. They tell us now
what we both always knew – that mathematically speaking, a particle exists in more than
one place at once at any given moment. We both saw the chandelier swing all by itself,
the cat staring into crevasse. I know what I dreamt then. I know what you dreamt.
And here I preempt this diversion with the object, an object, any object,
we can't know. Wood or stone. How about a wooden figure of a woman
holding a child and opening herself. She is eight inches tall and telling her child
it's fine, all will be well.

10. I have had the experience of hearing faint or clear sounds of people or a person mumbling or talking when there is no one near me.

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

1.

I look out through the window. The trees are half black, half white. It looks cold. Opiate-like, dust hangs heavily in the air, concentrated memory. I watch as a series of footprints form themselves, depression, depression, depression, depression, depression, a steady pulse, down the pathway from the backdoor to the barn. The horses start. I am alone but for your absence.

2.

How old were you when they first spoke to you? How deep were their voices? What was their timber? Up-inflected or lilting? Did they sound like you?

3.

The snow falls in wet, heavy flakes. Big and picturesque. I actually have your phone number. Written on a torn scrap of paper in the top drawer of my desk. I could call you. But I likely won't.

The consequence of plastic utensils and instant coffee is one of disputable relevance. Take for instance the still hands of a clock echoing a moment you and I can only recreate as a sketch or sculpture, maybe a story to a stranger on the bus. When I forget my place, I exhale your breath, inhale an atmosphere only you know. Each attempt at explanation is a sketch of sculpture, another step in the wrong direction.

I haven't forgotten you.

You know, brother, I've actually been to California. Lived there for a while. It's just a place. We could have gone as kids, like you wanted, evaded authorities, driven until the tires were wet with salt water,

burrowed into the white sand and baked in the sun. But it's just a place. The magic we wanted is somewhere on the path from word to memory and back. It's the guitar in the middle of mass.

It's the floor four feet above the one on which we stand.

They'll never understand that.

Level rubberband stat. We tremble. I look into the subject take hold 8hlod

complication and some futile absolution

you're so thin your long hair so thin your skin so revealing

st9hen9hntvenf8hger9fnandeadnh9nanheven,ao98veniaj8q78hnah
are half black, half white. It looks cold. Opiate-like, dust hangs heavily in the
sn9hn\tyenw8od9 hs9 h8 97nwv9naren697n8sno8ienan0 atv9gehl\
air, concentrated memory. I watch as a series of footprints form themselves,
nja8h8fest9lnntyvern09et8c s8sns7buegatenddnt8ntveno8 ieo699ddn9fnwy9anwy
depression, depression, depression, depression, a steady pulse,
nweno99u8hgnaatna nb7hdyn9v9tsnsiat
down the pathway from the backdoor to the barn. The horses start. I am

8hgn8hnc

half past monkey's ass

I'm goin' off the rails on a Crazy Train

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE TRINITY

that's bad

that's *bad*

Here's a confession for you: you used up all the drama.

11. I think that I may hear my own thoughts being said out loud.

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

The psychotropic drug Thorazine is a naturally occurring byproduct of the decay of root systems of a number of coniferous tree species that grow above 9000 feet in the central Rocky Mountains. In order for the chemical to be produced at a level of concentration concurrent with FDA standards, the soil in which the roots decay must be regularly turned either by the natural activity of indigenous animals, or artificially by humans.

It is said that late 19th Century miners who worked underground at these elevations and in the vicinity of rotting conifers were particularly well balanced and pleasant to be around.

The sound of turned dirt makes the voice siren-like.

Treetops explode, give birth to a condescending amount of knowledge.

Ex partinum laminum est. Wala wala wala wala.

Smile fool yer brain. I'm afraid your son has acute glossolalia.

Apropos of this flowing stagnation, I assign a chipped foothold to the expression of our mutual ^{agnati} ~~agnati~~ ^{agnati} ~~agnati~~ g.....

I look into the subject and ^{^\$%i24-v9-3e-f-#(9METH} ~~look into the subject~~ ING

12. I have been concerned that I might be “going crazy”.

Definitely disagree
Somewhat disagree
Slightly disagree
Not sure
Slightly agree
Somewhat agree
Definitely agree

1.

There is a photograph of us as children standing in front of the Christmas tree, holding our gifts above our heads proudly. The oldest, a record player. Me a big wheel. You a tape recorder. Even then you had a profound desire to capture words.

2.

There is a photograph of you at the county fair, sitting on Chance, holding a blue ribbon above your head proudly. A cowboy is standing in the background, scowling at the camera. The sky is cloudless.

3.

Apropos of nothing, the traffic outside seems to have died down a bit. There is a dog on my floor, sleeping.

Brother Annotated Bibliography

Arnantrout, Rae, "Feminist Poetics and the Meaning of Clarity." *Artifice and Indeterminacy: An Anthology of New Poetics*. Ed Christopher Beach. Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2007.

This essay makes me consider the ethical role of metaphor vs. metonymy. I, of course, continue to use metaphor (one must), but I think about its ethical function.

--, *Money Shot*. Middletown CT: Wesleyan, 2011.

--, *Versed*. Middletown CT: Wesleyan, 2009.

Both of these books exemplify economy of language, something I both employ in the lyric moments and contradict in the long line.

Beachy-Quick, Dan, *This Nest, Swift Passerine*. North Adams, MA: Tupolo Press, 2009.

His fearlessness with regard to content has been very inspirational.

Bernstein, Charles, "Artifice of Absorption." *Artifice and Indeterminacy: An Anthology of New Poetics*. Ed Christopher Beach. Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2007.

I think about everything in terms of absorptiveness after this article.

Bible, King James Version

I quote it often in *Brother*, often ironically. It is a point of connection I have with my brother.

Breton, Andre, *Manifestos of Surrealism*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1969.

I believe the project of surrealism continues today. I used techniques such as automatic writing and accidental association in this piece.

Carson, Anne, *Nox*. New York: New Directions, 2010.

Memory is a complex of fragments. We assemble them, try to make sense of them.

Christensen, Inger, *Alphabet*. New York: New Directions, 2001.

Masterful use of repetition, and a wonderful example of the effectiveness of particulars.

Dickinson, Emily, *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston: Little Brown, 1960.

I often listened to an actress reading her work as I wrote, letting it influence me as it would.

Hejinian, Lyn, *The Fatalist*. Richmond, CA: Omnidawn, 2003.

The sentence as structural element. An example of finding poetry in language that precedes us.

--, *The Language of Inquiry*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000.

Really made me think about the ethics of writing beyond content.

--, *My Life*. Los Angeles: Green Integer, 2002.

Artful expression of memory. I model much of my on this work.

Keats, John, *Selected Letters of John Keats*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2005.

"...man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason."

Niedecker, Lorine, *Collected Works*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002.

I love this woman so much for her clarity, specificity and musicality.

Oppen, George, *New Collected Poems*. New York: New Directions, 2008.

Even while working a form very different from his, I am always thinking about the architectural structure of my work.

Perloff, Marjorie, *Unoriginal Genius: Poetry by Other Means in the New Century*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010.

Appropriating existing text can be an act of great creativity.

Pound, Ezra, *Early Writings: Prose and Poems*. New York: Penguin Classics, 2005.

I think Pound gave all poets a great gift when he wrote about Imagism. Direct treatment of the thing, no word that does not contribute, line built on the musical phrase.

Shakespeare, William, *Hamlet*. New York: Washington Square Press, 1992.

Shakespeare is why I love poetry. I quote Hamlet often in this piece.

--, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. New York: Washington Square Press, 1992.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet / are of imagination all compact"

Sikelianos, Eleni, *The California Poem*. St. Paul: Coffee House Press, 2004.

I love the long line and musicality of her verse.

Silliman, Ron, *The New Sentence*. Buffalo: Roof Books, 1987.

I thought a lot about the sentence as a structural unit while writing *Brother*.

Stepanek, S.A., *Three, Breathing*. Seattle: Wave Books, 2006.

His incantatory language and use of anaphora sound remarkable current, yet they still recall ritual.

Valentine, Jean, *Break the Glass*. Port Townsend: Copper Canyon Press, 2010.

Her poems are personal, yet she avoids the trap of irresponsibility many "confessional" poets fall into.

Williams, William Carlos, *Paterson*. New York: New Directions, 1995.

--, *Spring and All*. New York: New Directions, 1971.

Both of these books served as a model for me in that Williams writes in whatever form is appropriate in the moment. Williams was a starting place for me when I began to conceive this project.

Wright, C.D., *One With Others*

I used this book late in the writing process as a model for the overall form of the book. I was particularly interested in her use of space.

Zawacki, Andrew, *Petals of Zero, Petals of One*

“Georgia” served as a starting point for me. I actually began imitating the movement of that piece, and I’m sure it is still a significant part of *Brother*.