

from BRADE LANDS

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*July 3*

each time I read something new I love I'm changed so much I'm afraid it's sickness

alarm of what I wanted to see even when I was looking at it / so imitate the feeling of the rose  
inside me

panic leaves a residue

a hallway scored with meaningless marks

weeks or hours later that meaninglessness will remain unchanged but when I touch it it feels  
different a signal's summoned it walks over

do I even know the rose

who's to know who panics from the residuum of choice

restlessness I think is a kind of desire

I let it build with the building day

cut to the rose's feeling

if I hold in the desire to write or be will it come back again with greater urgency I hope it's so it's  
so

a blare comes forth like a meadow

panic lights its pit

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July 16

I'm back with the purity condition

longing for right activity or at least a machine trusted to draw lines of distinction

frenetic confession not directed toward any one thing but operating as a strategy or way of life  
which upon zoom-out reveals the larger structure that will have been what was aspired to

I find myself in a clearing

troubled by attachments the having of them

I embrace them with my arms

they disintegrate but I still hold on

then the hug I give a friend becomes the one necessary condition to turn them to dust in my arms

so I'm walking sick in the cloud

it's bound to me I can't get out without risking agony

though somewhere a grip is loosening

as friends age I see how they become either more themselves or less but don't maintain a constant  
distance and I wonder how I have moved or changed or

a green wave

purity comes in through cracks as fluid or maybe light

the edge a stable ghost

one time I told my mom I was trying to drink less coffee

she was incredulous she asked me why

[ green wave ]

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*August 25*

I'm in the reparative mode

I'm treading water in the reparative mode and it's before me

I go out into the reparative mode

I want to see what kinds of thought existence dreams are even possible here or if my foot will  
touch the bottom and I'll watch the sun go out

treading water till the sun goes out till the sun climbs out of the water gets hot boils it and feels  
sorry

I'm back in the reparative mode

I have this sensation of desire being an array of lines that leave my eyes to touch each existing  
thing so I pluck the lines they give me noise that would incarnate direction toward the  
common place they play in theory

I get in error about this

I'm a poet so I get error and get into the reparative mode

wedded to the scene or sense that I can rearrange desire structurally just by wanting to by being  
noise and getting centripetal in my parnassic vent

I keep close to my limits

check their texture so I know they're doing alright

I pluck the lines that mark the limits of the reparative mode they say their notes I can almost hear  
them

I go out into error about this

out where music is the noise that silence makes

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*December 6*

reality is its weight

towers of information bearing down over my eyes

then passing

forever an ending

but reaching upward too

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*January 14*

soul's orange oval ascending

another phrase of the moon finished early

time and place in abeyance

once the cat knocked over the plant the pot shattered sent dirt across the floor its roots were naked  
they pointed up at me

upset squares of energy

haunted by such reversals / stay mobile

then on the train home a thought floats out of the doors

what clasps is trouble

syllables drift to an inward ring

then in an engine a light came over me shouting and placing its fists in shallow water

the message isn't clear I reset it

it resets again

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*March 16*

such dismal force

site that stands tall in the shallows till water rises rushes over or wants to

each thought in its yard

clover

crisis who turns to look at me

turning too quickly to look at you I run over run right into the back of my head

so you're out there still calling

inside my logbook of what won't stop scattering

neither signs of dehiscence

nor even my calling off a thought

meaning what ends or why

in a backyard

telling the wild grasses about planetary death

and the clovers

on the phone you ask me to name the crisis / I bury my face with my hands

proof of admission which feels open but retreats into visions that play themselves on a degrading  
loop

cloud down to clod

same rate the planet warps

I'm still so it happens

right word right arrangement or limn of judgment who will speak of degrading light

later that day I have trouble reading

if there could be a feeling like a collapsed star or ever-growing account I'd give myself up to the  
logic of assemblage / the prairie's wry determinism

always dimming

to the sound of what won't return

/ returns

[green wave]

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