



Ben Lyle Bedard

from *Implicit Lyrics*, Book Two

Left Verse Poem One

homo ludens remembers
the pact of arms, kisses
a wireless freedom
undergoing
a revolution of prayer
saying freedom
does not mean madness
drinking oil, eating ball bearings
etcetera a minute
cataract of stepping
coloring blue
the azure
sky meaning the tints
of divine
a stillness
the sound of hands in water
ghosts whose haunts
are our bodies
our gestures, these physical survivals

a revolution of paper
we don't know
what we see
as when Creeley died
and I kept counting
to three
I want a life
like lubki
even Kandinsky
supplies the ocean
with blue
there is nothing
no longer but the ear

does not mean eating
is god-like when ambrosia
ceased to be ritual
we lost our will to bananas
the aggregate build
of mangroves halting
the sting of hurricane
a body holding
itself living
the vie de local
being here
means constant replication

Right Verse Poem One

a body of here
the twist of black hair
in its setting of cinnamon
the pressure is the passion
how the stab
of angels is the rub
the grave a place
for disappearance
engines of metallic flowers
driving me to her
a desire
for junkyards

the myth of lost hands
curving the arms
a multiplication of design
having work up to
the end of business
of turning all the quarks
right side up being
a function of care
and touch when they
say it is over
and the deniability
of skin burns to pageant

curving the deniable
or saying please and thank you
the end-all of things
is holding the door open
a threshold for moving
as if with care
reality can subtle the sandstone
clauses detract from the verb
no one should tease the sanctity
of action as we often
count the stars
and whirlpool a galaxy
it's not a simple thing
to see
the push of water
the caress of the unmediated
exact to the atom
particular is an argument
solidity the threshold
meaning is what we say
when the flowers bloom