



Nava Fader

Certain skies have sharpened my eyesight

land is learned shovels deep
to inhabit the things tooth
to the grist mold
ivy the wall but come
be pretty to invisible the eye

is nothing less and keened
on all the empties knocks around
shards makes shadows or sense

some tongue tasted
the lie lesions of marches rows
granite ivories tuning out
the tunnel there is not stink
of stones

all the way back red carpet
and journeys end the gullet
foolish the one
who breaks a thing to find

Pinetrees seeded on Pelion's peak (Basil Bunting)

Rose hops beer to beef
magnolia cabbage crag
down there checking
for moisture ida red
with a piece cut out
triangular you
could get lost there

Herpes the bubbling
accumulation blistered
cellophaned milkiness
opposite erosion
are the petals
of flowers lip
to lip ossification by disease if flesh

The view form there stalagmites
were born water minerals invisible
fool's gold hit
your pick into your noggin on

Ripe what is my lodging (Basil Bunting)

and ferocious the night
raiders nibblers steal berry fly
and stalk by ear

land markers horn rimmed
fence dare you to lick it warm
inside winter's ice cowl

ask west wind to bind
sleeve to wrist pock-
marks grain pebbles
mosaic made new
won't last long

missed its mark
if feather brush
and beat had one haunch
made uneven by weatherage
by this art.

to conjure this: / perishing (A. Rich)

some trick. Axed him
but good: don't you want
to come down from there. Terror
simmers in the crockpot. Old-
timers tell us slant of secrets, pin
under the tongue, tripwire. Three times

and still she rises. Filament flashbulb
blinds binds she will always look this way

prick of the thumbs babywatch go plant
three drops under no light under only the light
my false
beauty silver
moon.

What we choose to know (A. Rich)

The biggest one a piece
of pie coin bartering silver
teeth belly blooms
distended distemper
pain rings remembrance
he'd know what's
cool in the hand metal
sings metal in scales pocket tips
on one huckleberry

he'd dismember diamond jubilee
learned others draw the curtain drain
swampsalt pond halfway heavy
dignitary distinctions finger
from finger

selling hot halves sweet
potato sticky
bun streetside
click click the tongue
hits the human
adding machine

rolling hills I have met a woman while shopping
I have met a woman called bliss
I crack open the nut which is empty

The peel is off the grape (Paul Blackburn)

please vote votive ice first then elevate
the temple there a mess
of feet to the god
ankle-healer sole man and flapping
chicken tongue swag this
and thataway pray
would you to those who'd
do harm see you
as though clear
as through narrowed
eyes when panaroma must needs always
be more
true. Read me this in waves
or unaccostumed to the ocean the ick and burn
slat weeder wader wasp the sea hornet
perhaps imagined and perhaps longed for.
What nests bury there mollusk crusted as jewel
as durable or flagrant
and the stink! take that mothafuck
needles piss por nada por entrado
doorway to heaven cerrado even you
in your digital parlance squinting out
them palatial visions columns of fingers sprout
like miracles like firewalls by god

Permit me voyage (H. Crane)

and so kissers of the night his asking
price two weeks since he spoke touched
petal key percussive quiet tip tapping
the portal permit me this outrider
springboard eternal the earth a half billion years
left puny orbiters shrink and sweat to Helios
charioted investments dashes some gold off
marvelous yellow boogers sweep mucosa
showers the gladiators shrink from

dawn's rosy fingers beaconing breasts
through plaque of morning fog for effect of radiance.

And as the fingers of the factory owner's son (Hart Crane)

Them mettle them skin
like cleaved and cries his titanium skeleton if
I could only be
a real boy knock knock
lying he's gone

into cinderwood my ella my darling
will you have
this next dance card
all full up what to wear acrylic
nails diamond studgun fires
first night of the year

buds as blood the plain
meadows of skin no drought
famine fire
but this mercury
blooms grows as salt

roots are daggers to skin
we never had
a metaphor of land to work out
inconsistent equations can't hold water
peeing in the fields and by and by

the thresher rigged up the bit
part bigger than his mulish maul.