

**BlazeVOX** 2k8

buffaloFOCUS  
Nava Fader

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# buffalo FOCUS

## Nava Fader

It is my great honor to introduce Nava Fader in this issues BuffaloFOCUS. Every issue we offer a longish look at the writings of Buffalo resident, to show the length and breadth one or two poems cannot. Nava is a mother, librarian and an exceptional poet. Fader offers a wild ride in her poems that will not disappoint.

Employing a collage like method, her lines collide in that everlasting way one feels comfort and understanding in the confusions of living. The poems take their title and verve from a line of another influencing poet, then move in varied trajectories. Calling on figures such as Rimbaud's Helen and the Lady of Shallot to reminiscences and objects of the kitchen,

memory is bone  
is swallow is blink  
the driest eye

orbs there sway as stars

Enjoy,

*Geoffrey Gatza*

# Acknowledgments

"On the cold yellow coast" Four Square

"O Seasons O Castles" Situation

"Weeping, I saw gold" Coconut

"Poor Helen" Sawbuck

"She has returned" Situation

"O Justes" Muse Apprentice Guild

"False translation of Hunger" No Tell Motel

"Ophelia" Earth's Daughters

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On the cold yellow coast of the jealous (G. Maxwell)

if she tends the perpetually cerrado  
corralled amberegg ambergris exile  
cajoling corked drug down  
the Visitor's Bureau lined  
lily pad walkway offering:

a squirt on the nape a dip  
in the drink Things will happen  
put through the paces the past  
peel open unwilling tangerine takes  
the meat  
with the skin Insurances

no fires. Sing come unto  
these yellow sands teeth  
sympathetic citron something  
always on the tip of the tongue  
makes its way in.

O seasons O castles (Rimbaud)

there is no such thing as you or long forgotten until you never were the nerve  
of them or you for being or forgetting.

The ones we rely on  
are long dead.

Fall from the tower was stunning or tumultuous a thud and he didn't  
pass the test her father relieved new moat to fill in with rain water.

The crown of winter is still friquid frigid figured on ice sculpture but rich. That time  
has points draw blood but draw twinge glint eye and hand to the pocket inside to  
tight let go.

Nobility is a season I have missed sorely nights ask for her return.

Spring uncoils in curls unbedecked either (wither)  
flower or jewel they came the same breath borne.

Dying in a dress lady shalott never eaten but whole-  
some riverboat last ride the wild one.

Would I trade this everlasting key-  
word searches turn up sun  
within two words decay.

Weeping I saw gold and could not drink (Rimbaud, *A Season in Hell*)

In the most poetic village with the bonny maid part dancer and part pure chemistry is my simple hallucination:

I tremble toward a mosque, an unseen place—or is that me—I am the drummer boy in a band of angels. They take their tea, naturally, in the trees, where fronds drip milk and the sweet sugar sap.

They are monsters. They are mysteries. One injection from the three-ringers would make...well, that has not happened.

Puss in Boots explains the logic, but I don't understand his sophistry.

This is a sacred disorder of the spirit. Idling but quavering slightly from fever.  
Happiness in beets, in chenille. The limbs of babies and virgins.

My cataracts are grinning. Here I say farewell and tender the spectacles of romance.

*May it come, may it come,  
The time we will fall in love with.*

Poor Helen she has conjured up embroidered sleeves silver tassel (Rimbaud)

without always this verge portion  
thumbprint in the pie cutter  
and this its astral projection.  
Hard pensivity coffin  
or key to those mutes skeleton key.

The bark of trees will finally  
covey rainwater in its ridges  
a collapsed perfume prize now dead  
of carpenter ants and their enormous strengths.

The butcher block becomes  
the kissing booth, and the rumor of the ruin  
of her purse sunny beeswax  
small tins of mints

is two yolks  
for an encore gold  
apricot the auks influence  
ferning, her pleasure interior  
décor de coup de grave de grace.

In her infancy, Helen grew  
among the vines hard knot  
of pea sweet and the jam shop  
where they sell paving stones  
and the legends of heaven.

She has returned (A false translation, *A Season in Hell*, Rimbaud)

A quack. To the horizon.  
Say the sea melody  
against the lace veil.

My aim is forever off.  
My eyes roll up into my head when I see you.  
Your malingering soft shoe  
is the journey the tongue takes back.

It's over for the derelicts,  
voting twice over the bodies.  
Together we reach the heights  
of the dauntless seagulls.

Spare me the please.  
I'll pass on the rigors  
of her science and passion:  
the way she lays down to the south.

And finally fingers me,  
bruises satin camisole.  
She flies to ardor  
and returns empty handed.

So she has returned.  
So what. Eternity  
is bitter song marching  
merciless on to the sun.

O justes, nous chierons dans vos ventres de gres! (Rimbaud)

then just one stands on his soldier's haunches,  
rayon glows, sunlight on dorsal fin of his epaulettes,

and so, devout, he encounters a bouquet of flowers  
of lactating asters, of the swarming asteroids, comets with a ribbon tail.

this is some joke! The brow spies on the eyes,  
looking for justice. He's a gangster with his gun toy, *dis da one?*

the mouth informs on its denouncements. He chokes on ostrich eggs:  
brother, give me the loan of your hips.

don't look straight at the eclipse. Dead, the sun turns  
to blue apples. You mustached singer in drag, the bard of love is coming

with pleurisy, harnessed, with tortoise shell print armor  
and a gigantic hand of pity.

all the village in chicken wire.  
The crows doff three feathers each and lay down.

the ghostly dance of raised chalices,  
none the most but the king's,

and the baby picks at the grout, at his lice,  
the liver is baked in a soufflé of revolt.

My canon is collected (Bunting)

is calm the corked  
flute or bluebeard  
whistles down halls  
feeling the walls as he goes  
if the skin holds  
the belly hold the child  
in some doors shut and some

my castanets are glued and  
whodunit the fingernails are eyes  
to the blood the anesthesiologist  
diviner waters the pink the knob  
slides easy o2 you are also  
my buoyant enemy fizzy lifting  
drinks will sully the ceiling

blade to meringue  
fans beating in  
air not formed  
peaks in copper bowls.

but how should I recognize the place (Bunting)

he plays the syringa string chloroform  
cloth to the mouth how can we sit  
this close together thrum thrum  
the thrushes of sleep by the temple  
slow hand in darkness punishable by

what feels good bubble wrap a great tension  
reliever to clench and unclench  
or lie or wash my hands another time  
sweet fluttering bird at my eyelid  
my blood runs you  
ragged

I am agog with foam (Bunting)

Drenched of this the how many  
times to repeat drenched sick  
repair same bicycle tire patch  
she fears leakage and the sky  
might spit and drown out  
their parade at the rowing club.

Violence most necessary  
elsewhere teakettle hiss  
then scream its boiling point  
take me I'm yours you seepage  
you old orange pekoe. Saved  
in closets by clove and  
in the method of  
the undertaken desanguinated  
drained out query him eating  
again or if you fear being bitten.

False translation of "Hunger," *A Season in Hell* (Rimbaud)

If it's the gout it's not the war  
that pours to the earth like clowns  
In June the troubadours of the air  
of rock of charybdis of fear

these amuse, turn about. Prance, tickle  
pray on the children  
until the cats come  
with whom they have an appointment

Mangy the caterwauls for the sake of the bruise  
small hairs are fooling the egglets  
winds are older than floodings  
pain always dancing in the greasy valley

the winding one is birthed under the fumes  
in the cradle his belly grows plumage  
of the old ways, of flight:  
come to the luau, we'll take a taste

do it with the lettuces and fruits  
no one's watching what you do with the blade  
how you lay your pubic hairs  
not tangled among the violets

what a sleep! what a stew!  
by the axes of Solomon  
gold bouillon cuts below the ruddiness  
and the honey sinks to silt.

Ophelia (A false translation from Rimbaud)

The dead travel on the scent of flowers  
to insentient tomb, nearly mountains!  
Drawn like to like, mute to mute nature.

No longer soft. The tornado of your updo,  
chestnut, your strange, brutal appetite  
of heart and speaking.  
Plantains from the trees, nuts from the sea,  
would not please you now.

We'll lay your bones for the babies  
to read messages in.  
When they can walk you will no longer  
be beautiful. Will they lay pansies  
for a small fool and a smaller death?

You were the queen  
of bramble, the river fell at your feet.  
You saw great visions and rose.  
Too late looked back  
into forever, into that terrible green.

much / in the way of dragons' teeth after that (J. Ashbery)

there's the rub and grate and grind orange  
rings in the bathtub after the carp  
has stayed too long Scales  
turn up everywhere  
falling out of your pockets in the  
unfolding of sheets torn  
from air behind the ears of children.

The token hangs on a string a linea a maginot  
magnate magnanimous in separating this  
not breast from this She will grow into  
emblems and I will grow  
into prophecies and from tongues to lies

I don't want to be your bitch  
anymore. The soot around the smoking floorboards  
unbelievable considering the rain  
What is natural  
wallpaper repeats and repeats the laws  
come and go the whiskey act tax act  
what goes in what goes  
unspoken the tavern on the corner  
is a safehouse the library parking lot  
salted and  
paved green  
means go he goes two years  
old if you throw that again  
I will take it away echolalia a beautiful  
shimmering disease mirror bells to your  
reminders Past

the house you might by next door  
brothel is kindest for the camper's  
ten minutes of shaking it's all down hill  
from there bay window sloped underside  
sheds tile by tile it will turn up  
just as soon as rain  
rain goes away.

Casual louse that tissues the buckwheat (H. Crane)

Stewed plums and peaches will corrode our nickel plated spoons  
we will lick the mirrors thermometers lead plates stroke  
the bees roughly. Aluminum foil you  
keep deep space out uv a b zinc oxide this close and none.

What permissive shut your mouth  
in the Mexican shower in the power plant rain  
but emollients lanolin under the skin  
of lambs for cracked nipples your baby  
got a bite of blood sings pink  
for his supper. Sheepskin  
prevents pregnancy so does lactation.

Your private parts fruited parted  
with fruit under running water  
rinsed twice. Pass your teeth organic  
blueberries finger bananas. Your nanan  
asked me to give you this:  
drumstick baked  
sweet potato between jail bars  
while you wait (red phone not ringing)

must obey the counsels of the green reed (Robert Duncan)

jeering him on. The strokes  
genius spittle on canvas one hand  
tied behind his back That they come  
seeking wisdom necking behind the great temple  
say at Corinth plinth say egg and dart say sangwich  
Singing chewing  
abut that is to be generous promixa palabra palaver  
slather the butter on my aprodite's slate  
lemur demur demitasse the macaws do look like me  
and they look like you  
tea party peeping english breakfast the paperweight what  
we saw fly up outa there post dump  
inta the drink Pandora princess could you not have held on  
a little longer Lay down your weapons thieves  
of the night the wattage unbelievable  
while we were meant to see or sleep

The herds are thinned (James Koller)

In the vision he was holding a sword  
in the broken wall too many eyes  
spilling smoke. Calling him

to the water the water a caress plays the skin  
washes all away heartbeat  
under webbed fingers who knows

what the end will be like. Standing  
may be (matador) victory enough.

Having told  
this sad story before the train  
burned the grass then the bison  
spoiled in the sun (cigar  
stinks leans out the window)

Gabriel blow  
that furry motherfucker  
to the gate and let them in

I'm afraid  
of the sexless demons. They  
Tejano can bend they leg back  
behind they head we beg a spoon  
long enough and worse and worse.

Knit me mama a sweater to wear  
that I may bind my breasts  
and so escape  
the ends  
in beds or coffins

The stone walls will recede and the needs that laid them (A. Rich)

ebb a moon planted  
under and counted  
by tiretracks thumbprint  
cookie hair crimps. Cruller maproad  
from this breakfast to that and will they

foresee yesterday's crumbs snarl  
computer wire hand over  
hand bloodthirsty thrift  
but haul me in

softens the deepest  
parts of the ocean as nothing else does  
Doers recollect  
burns in cigar boxes bovine  
smiles lie down anticipation  
of rain.

Cut me a skeleton key / to that other time (A. Rich)

hand pressed as putty cut me  
to the quick there are stories here  
scabbed scarred over read me

my wounds tonight there will be  
someone talking  
there will be someone  
seeing signs as a child  
guesses no parking stop

which is your secret  
knuckle press and the body  
opens like a flower  
or ruthless rib spreader  
find romance sticky  
stained sour brown

fingerprints all down the hall  
mark the bloody way

How much longer

courting whispers in bug tongue buzz  
humming backbone burn and wings rub  
shine a candle out a window light a thumb

an indrawn gasp eyes snap all fight and fire hackle  
raise the dead

our moon is not subservient following  
a step behind

or presume to lead? prescience has a heavy foot  
was it good for you? so much work  
to take my clothes off.

each did sign / our true names on the register (A. Rich)

by habit choreography  
of swirls plain of palm  
hitting the snooze

button the way  
we hunker down chew shit sing rote winter  
cold flame forgiveness inconsiderable  
the wind

Now that I am older

hand over  
curlicue my hair  
curls less  
ends are

unraveled in due course exits  
once imagined

memory is bone  
is swallow is blink  
the driest eye

orbs there sway as stars

Six of the original poets have died

or returned  
color blind unappetizing from flesh  
to fruit I can't  
touch my wife  
any more monochrome they told me  
the color of dreams so deprived oxygen-  
less and breaking all surfaces surpass  
as mirrors tell us  
in breathing color again.  
That far back  
I can't remember  
here quizzing  
the babies as their teeth cut whole pieces  
(talk to birds hear  
what the sun says

underwater acrobatics  
the tulip as seen  
from the air  
brevity is best  
when speaking shadows

only hoping we went there  
made the golden barter drab  
exchequer half man half fish  
draws from that well of memory yellow