

Richard Cronshey

LOS ANGELES, AN ESSAY ON POETICS

For longing to know itself, and that ,in itself,
it is enough.

The poem goes unconsolated
because it is a poem.

Something happens to remind me I am nothing like this.

Love is when you're playing Russian Roulette with Lucifer and it's your third turn
and you hit an empty chamber and you discover the universe has always belonged to you
and a scent of singed ozone follows you everywhere you go for the rest of your life.

Smoke pouring from your empty pockets you
walk and walk

through blue cities, ornamental futures

with girls like imaginary saints whose whole lives ride on them
and are as salt on wounds as they sing to you

Oh Angelica get the fuck off it would you. There is an emergency here for you
it's face in its hands at some red door

Still certainly there will be worse things to come for us

In Las Vegas and Alabama

Some things Angelica some things are best pissed on from whatever heights
grace may lend us

My grandmother's house in San Marino with the smell of dusty kleenexes through the cool
shaded rooms, the glowing colonial furnishings and the silence folded in the silence
folded in the silence. Her sad eyes and smile something she wanted to caution me about. Los Angeles
out there past the concussed and dreaming palms a subsonic whistling in the nerves Los Angeles
luxuriating in its polymorphous thirsts forever under the unearthly saffron dusk that lasts all night.

THE DISCIPLINE

Chain smoking
in the waiting rooms
of your orphan universe
Stare at it
until the bones show through
Stare at it
until everything of it falls

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Like a giraffe
in the garage
that opulence

BEWARE OF COPS HIDDEN
IN VENTRILOQUISTS DUMMIES

Sawed in two
And pulled out of a hat

Everything is true
For a long time

Cold wind whips up the street
And I remember I am missing

A spell
Uncasting itself

The words died first
In my mouth

For a long time
Everything is true

WHAT'S BEEN KEEPING ME

For years now
I keep going back
to the same nameless
Asian city when I sleep
as if a part of me
has been living there
all this time
turned perpetually
away from the sun

VOICE

Your voice where an orphan lily burns for everyone
Its true face is heartbreak
My body reflected in your body
My life in your life

I want to talk to the wound that wears your pale blue thirst as its shell
Bruised universe so small it fits in my palm
This is the fist in which a vast space embraces itself and weeps

Gentle conflagration
Iconic transparency
Everyday ghost
Fall for everyone
Follow everyone down every street
You are the salt
dissolving on its tongue

THE LONG NIGHT LOST IN ITS HAIR

This veil for rent.
Extraordinarily rendered
unto heavenly forgetting.

Out of this bodily dark
it emerges look
a word
and its melancholy halo
the long night lost in its hair.

Condemned to live
in paradises
of our own invention,
our faces lit
by hope's bright fallout.

The fierce exigencies,
the labyrinths all in bloom.

There is a child on my shoulders.
I have a beard.
I am the parent of the child.
There is snow.

Keep faith only
with what I cannot destroy
because it is indestructible.

Give back to space
what belongs to space,
our lives and bright ideas,
back to the mother of the sun.

The future is a bruise,
a view without a country.

Welcome
to a million years of school
Angelica.

To be free
of everything as good as true
even love.

A thing's extinguishing
can be its crown

the rest on a shadowed
upper landing of the breath
the long night lost in its hair.