

Andrew K. Peterson

MAYFLOWER SUTRA

“A historical truth may be revealed as a riddle – as a form of intuitive and anti-authoritarian pedagogy – in contrast to the dogmatism of institutionalized religion.” – Dan Adler, on Hanne Darboven’s *Cultural History 1880 – 1983*

While driving I see a young man wearing a black sweatshirt, the hood pulled up. He moves his arms around in a somewhat rhythmic manner, like he could be rapping along to the music in his head, as he walks through the gas station pumps. He crosses into traffic, as if oblivious to the auto landscape. Tracking my thoughts, sequentially: I worry something is wrong; I worry for myself; I worry for him, then I worry for others. I wish my thoughts were ordered differently, but there is no fighting the order of appearance. Sequentially, later, is how this man’s mental and emotional well-being, is it ‘ordered’ behind my own ‘safety’. And why his unusual behavior instill fear in me? I’m the one in the car turning left across his path as we weaves through traffic stopped around him at the intersection. Trash bits slip loose from a dump truck, I drive over them. What’s it all for, if I’m ‘making it’?

The Mayflower is a ship that brought some ‘here’, then what happened. As human mass, a space filling is another story for the museum of history, no more special, social, indicative of a staid approach to repression, bridges, family, meetings, friendships, misunderstanding, cultural exchange & difference, economy in deference to ritual, falling through water ledges, sickness & death, thievery, land appropriation, misfit belief in ownership, tribalism, suspicions, egotism, war, the color of the sky during wartime, color of grass into war, animal sounds in retreat during war, gradations of saturation, starvation & intricate wells, air blowing through during wartime, no more or less the word, in captivity in human & animal losses, the sound of a hut being taken, taking, the sound of what the sound in middle verse, counter melody in the dissolve, survival, it being forgotten.

My sister with her bedside updates setting daily frustration, guilt, anxiety, anger, caustic hope & dark humor for the chance of her sick daughter, taken in by the receptionists, imagining all the emails of the world pushed forth in a digital wave, flung invisibly at the shore as it dissolves. The Mayflower, missing for weeks responds safely, hauled over the mountain to its plantation. Ghost pumas, stripped bare, grieve for the weakened white cells...

*

Curse

the mayflower bursts
from the confined bubble
a wave in silent empire's
shadow sea
carried from its parachute liquid ritual
a mercury slum
unraked disintegrating coals
pale humidity in stylo-foam
rots a bloodlike siphon
soaks as it slowly seeps
tuning bone to the tears of its track

*

*"I saw fire blaze up for the wealthy man,
And he was dead outside his door"*

The sun as we know it
A silhouette
for a solar implosion
A sense of a smoke sunk reef
Quiet naysayers engulf the inference & spray
A jade reliquary to the silent ensemble, hustles
along to its research, scenes from the jumbled steps
A souvenir from rarest talon, vines
outer memory, and out of memory
Code reflecting
Code deflecting
Coming to a counter-justice
Into the exit aisle a collapse persistent
Fuselage & fossil
An applied bluff
Mismatched proportions to affront the fire
Deference to the leaden quake
A cancelled song cavity rest
in staccato clefs
The shape of incense, its spray
cake of joy resting on the could of day

History's serial cries,
Lemon cream coronas
signal amiable pivots
The angelicized purge in the capital,
two ton maggot, Aged troop prisms
aim, charm & tangents
Reconfigure proofs of an imitation
Less quarrelsome for a future
storm burnt into the bay's filling rim

*

To Parse

to parse a blueness from its abstract truth
you are on one side of yourself , then the other
a jacked up easter thicket of night's oyster fissures

to deny you, a pale seizure's informal eclipse
on a piquant sternum

a goldenrod golem
a breath hatches its inner shell
from a pull & wobble orbit

loss changes circumambulating scatter
larval strain in Coptic scabs
under a boiling ozone band aid
deep in the viral bath spread's
scamper to bloom

*

Ragnarok

Subtle dirigibles
Move on like an ant through ink
Toward a deafening nirvana

*

Forget to acknowledge but remember to thank
Forget to thank but remember to apologize
Forget to apologize but remember to ask
Forget to ask but remember to release via kisses
Forget to release via kisses but remember to engage through laughter
Forget to engage through laughter but remember to smile
Forget to smile but remember to disengage through repetitive menial tasking
Forget to disengage through repetitive menial tasking
But remember to compliment
Forget to compliment but remember to acknowledge

*

Sabina

Sweating crystals
Tears whisper down lightning bolts
Down the mushrooms tell
Behind the table
Closer in a sunlit hammock
Inexorable open shapes
The mouth's closed interior
Forms the secret of a word
Its letters form a gladed brass pinion

*

The rock breaks in half
In its small repositioning
For if any didn't need
This breaking
Up with the laughter it exudes
To disown the account
Continent by continent
(conscience, conscience)
Welcomed by coercion
Loath course of contention & terror
Be the wilderness
Around the premises
Was a destine too cunning to diminish

With historic participation in retaliation
Pre-incinerated from its past
“ghosts from its past intrude”
Throughout the reassuring familiar
images of surprise & imagination
exhumed from captivity
“the society determined to
enshrine this boulder portion
in inappropriate edifice”
Obscures prefigured reassessment
seamless versions of its fracture
front past & struck
harassed & assumed lost
causal & abetting

*

[Not to conquer a continent]

not to conquer a continent
remains of evitable moments
unfettered to wants of responsible
buffers balanced between
and a coerced intention
fractions of many by the very beginning
recreations uninhabit
ghost-wolf coats'
shed inviolate light

*

Sparks of the person crushed by alternatives
A strand of your hair brushes against
During this time of swaying objects in
Veiled ventriloquill gusts
Rushed wind and voice
Voice from the dead
Voice of the spirits
Flayed by an afterthought
Without being human
The universe turns inside out to devour
& sleep, my darling, sleep, sleep

Today I shall play the flute
I am the foreigner, the passing stranger
Youthful stranger
I am a spirit of love
Take me, and do not tell of them
Whom bomb Starless
'the uncreated conscience' of
Who it would do the most good
*

Circling a settling dog

Invent an identity and
Illusive
Create deafness, come
Anti-echo to call

*

solids the hemorrhage
with a butterfly sutra

Mayflow butterfly

X

Waymower griefstring

dog re-pisses its ground
reprisals
tensile crush of unseen weight

*

You are the possibilities of grief,
The plea of debt & the course it kindles
You are intention's glazed edge
You are possessed by white flags
sewn by birds & hunted animals
You are standing at either end
of the unreachable
disputable measures,
inches from means

You are the court's exception to
blood company
You are return to an assumption
dared by darkness
branched by descent & mis-protection
You are the cheerful madness
lodged between the tasks
the lit dusks & ritual, as yet
unsummoned power

*

Hands a frame the window splattering stars
Holding two sounds
Into a relay
Alien operations of mechanic code
Constructing a superhuman stutter
It will be seized and plunged into the tumble
Turpentine watercolors
A carnivorous fissure
To say that, after all. But fun is fun, I've had my share, and reality's
Beloved poise
Will blank out
Is a mystery to most, naked quivering
Let's leave it at that
I don't know, what, forgot what I might want
Hands a frame the window splattering stars

*

Erratum(unknown)

“Preface, p.xiii, line 16: instead of ‘(an estimated 90,000 downtown and 236,000 in the County),’ please read: ‘an estimated 90,000 homeless in the County).’”

90,000 downtown and 236,000 in the county
I wanted to see the main character's face get bitten off

It feels like a massage
In your house in florida

*

Annawon

“a continuum of loss where knowledge is gained every second” – Pete Winslow

A glittering seizure struck the black creatures burnt by night
Preparing a séance en face opposing
across the threshold she resembles a snow stagger
Where a list of apparitions
Drops the concordance of a gift
A gift of stillness
A wo-hsiang
Voiding seed's busk

*

“I am the pressure of water on New Mars” – Will Alexander

“while we dream of an age that is equal to our passions” – The Invisible Committee

Illusory quake
alarm strengthens sounds against
“when they play the rats play under them”

& brings strength to suffering
Unusual mild and ramshackle moods
That leads steady towards turbulence
At the end of the sea

The mystery bang in nature
I heard the smell with touch and mind combine
A possible refrain from the attack & decay
Tempting a fuse between
Temperate claps
Beyond new disgorged horizons

*

“I am of no nationality or object ever contemplated”

An atonic hand appears to busk a figure across the brook
Right into the illusion affected

By a loneliness enhanced by focus pull

On to the rendezvous

I hear you sing “dint of cobalt ether”
Out of this deceived perception of attachment

*

Naglfar

A fist under any fur coat
is a corpse-eating eagle
Poised at the edge of the sea –

A wolf hung above a western hour

What happened to my affirmation
Of freedom, of love for
Of love. O goddess of spring, forgive

This displacement of romance behind the fall

Let is swarm up in the harm of branches

Silent as a wise guest
Careful & silent

*

What the Goddess Knows

“It’s Hi Ho Hey
I am a bald marauder
& Hi Ho Hey
I am the white destroyer
I will bring you to & show you:

A stretching wolf:
A gaping bow:
A grunting flame:
A rising tree:

A boiling dart:
A boiling wave:
Ice of a serpent:
A coiling weight:
A bear's bed talk:
A mended child:
A slack seer:
A ragged dragon:
A one-eyed god

& fear will bring our night a name
That you, goddess, cannot know

*

The vegetable kingdom is missing.
The world serpent follows so close behind

In your night spine
By brief candle power
A ton of daisies
Into the emptied canal

Under human-kindness's root –
Where pinions gift the keys
To passing secret lovers:

C for flesh's earth
D for blood's sea
E for bone's mountain
F for hair's tree
G for skull's sky
A for brain's cloud
B for eyelash wind

Fold the ship into your pocket
The hawk, a bridge above

for poets & dogs
“by one name I am never known”

A dream carries you far from me
forgetting whose it's supposed to be

An intent refusal of forward motion

*

Lacking crystal , divvy
Up the inheritance of ice

*

SORRY PETE I'M A SAINT WITHOUT MOTET
SELF-SUMMONED THROUGH CLANGS
OF A DRINK FROM THE HAMMER
METAL HEART STRINGS IN A DREAM
MADE TO ORDER
IN A SUMMONS IN MOTIONS UNSPOKEN
TO PUMMEL
AN INCOMPLETE PART OF THE ORIGINAL COUPLE
PRETRANSLATED SECRETS
FROM BOOKS OF PRIMAL STRESSES
LIKE WHAT CAME INTO BEING
TRANSCRIBED BY THAT POWER
THE FUNCTION OF BEARS TO DISARM
ON THE MOUNTAIN
UNBRANDING HERETICS
A SOURCE-CODE DYADIC

*

Leaf & Leaf, Divided

Of that restless birds they have the note & tune
In all external grace, you have some part
These & with these & the breath of my chant
So sinuous, how clung to stone, how obsolete

*

Inside Pollock Rip

*"I set out now
In a box upon the sea" – C. Olson*

Let the fink sing, the fang
Sink. In a word the gods muscle
Wins-
Low. Stand adjacent
Banks, on other trash this side of
Talk, his in-
Divisible manner, rather
 than help one on
 Across the settle
 Meant a city or a sea a dis
Guise, the other knows exactly who
His is, TH-
 OR / WINSLOW

& they could walk around the peninsula
get *at* each other, echo the zoo age
rather they stand on Either
 Bank, kiss the bicep
Kiss a fool , The thaw
 of a lie – slop bracket
The city with a lie
 of Words alone –

Approaching previous
Indifference –
Long before you came to,
Woke & approach to represent
M a s s a c h u s e t t s

Winds low out of Giantland.

To arrive at , no more than
Feeding on the self- history of nations
Rushing in to melt, by
Fin, or fang, dis-summonsing

*

“My love, we go to the fragile
Edge of a mound of earth” – C. Vallejo

Hold my fingers & cross my breath
for you to catch
Roses
for the everyday Heralds of Beauty
Evaporating your charged smile

hold arms over head, & forget
tell you, & tell you: my eyes
are the arms of history ,
reaching into when you
message, under current flash
light, whales of night blinking songs

I am tired of crying out to history

Tired as whales
swim startled through Pollock Rip,
startled through its power
like a toxicology report

I go to sleep because my arms are cold

Each black bouquet you sing : a carnival

*

Pilgrim of the Red Line

Roamless stem . armless, aim
Headless ☼ headdress
Less flammable peach cheek station attend
leans in, pushing back
from the money machine

The boy in a black hoodie
peers in to his paper flower cone
Unconvinced,
FIGURING IN COLOR

Weight of bounced reflective
Attempt to casually scope adjacency
Together through the moving vessels
Pulls the face & muscle to a taut stop.
String of a roseless city empire. Perfumed
Auburdy neologism. Taking form,

A figure of cover,
Forgetting extravagances:
Lotion mitten cracker & cheese

“on learning that you are a guest
and that they hate you”:

Dream of bugs or rotting ? corn
How to teach yourself to grin behind the collar.

Quincify , Decolonize
the boy in the black hoodie
with a Venus rhombic sunclipse