

David Wolf

Praise Euphony

praise euphony—
what I heard

or was it

fired up (at any rate), solid as any bard gone
prismatic in the flow of absence, in the shadows of the cold-coded city of shredded has-been
selves, trashed cartons flapping in the wind, shouldering a lack of correspondences.
Something's changed along the long line of thinking to feeling to remembrance,
long, that is, as one particular stretch of the ceaseless.
blow of applied
rustlings outside my hut of . . . knowledge:
store is to pineapple as intuitional world is to passive kicks baked at close range
Out with it and in through the gate of wanting, of textual glaze.
More famous doings? Big spills?
. . . proximate as youth's sunny comments, moist faces maintaining mock floral
candelabras . . . drained minds, limber as the Lord skipping up and down steps unswept by
summer's after-school pleas

Hello,
reflected in the shop windows, layered into me like need
chattering down the alleys, stylishly crammed, wall-to-wall,
quarrelling as usual about security with the smart-asses,
enduring billboard prayers, living
imprecisely, hearing, as one does,
another aura calling among the leaves in the ditches of wisdom . . .

the short of it:

one aluminum broke new strokes
latest of merely on or say and off to
shattering wit, solitude, jewelry, a rush heard coursing through
my cornucopian whys
three utterances thousands and one organism's latest kiss, on with the blessings and
that's all
get out

The hair dryer in my hotel room came with an advisory tag:

"Do not remove: warn children of the risks of death by electric shock"

. . . and of course death by firearms here in God's peaceable kingdom of liberty and justice
for . . .

Don't start, I said to myself. Write a haiku. Go metaphorical. Do both:

plump up the pillows,
go for the biggest cushion,
watch the leaves falling

(so I plumped up the pillows/went for the biggest cushion/and vowed to watch
the next red leaf fall)

It's Loving Glade Formulation, Lot Making

It's loving glade formulation, lot making
was as destiny in abstract
pose up and eat like you mean to treat
the lawn as the great thesis it isn't.

Write, lush thought and sing the songs
of bone and maybe hair, pretty as the east testing desire
in the winds of fun spidering to kill,
shuffling the sets, sound amid
the moths bristling and bracing for help.

You're the you in application notice
some dream:
to each the "little" abuses pass for air—tiny blah . . .
and with sat as fields shaved in mourning
partnering collectively prior to the fall.

Once into earnestness, feeling loads, hit internally by sleep.

In place: a stadium full of readers, stationary as their books kept elsewhere for another day.

Say yes to lightning lighting up the page as you left it last:

. . . of the first in say shape steams the first point of the drink, remembrance . . .
These are words written deep in the machinery of the moon.

 but by like the vital upon
 your which off faces that's like of once do harmless
 take my lapses out like
please we can written milk-cracked weights,
 summer's too understanding believed the if if the and was
 for believing some offer.

You Work and You Whisper, “How Is It Going?”

You work and you whisper, “How is it going?”
But the mortgaged beads of conflict
direct the next kiss to shut one song down,

one turn from the rotation coming through the walls
in tiny gusts, fodder along the way for the writer,
whose shadowed glare weaves a truth only the cheapest guitar could fret.

in tight is the “it” thought, the face of Frisco’s *moi* down oven
could you know
the half of it eternally lost like
another page of substantial

lift loss and build yourself a towering
is but always a cream its holiday (of life the like further morning about the again
eyes from comparatively
poem strung out on universals
ruined force, accruals, asks autumn away beyond dream gritty say center of the days with that
enduring forms worn up
no material match
collection to
all the looking as
itself.
the look watch that for felt frame feel to book summer
on of fileted, in translation: stars flick atheist raised melody and aside identity

those thinking worked

you desk
idling drop—
what so dank the up
in want is they

I super arms the over anvilized,
the full big my and of lawn
the shore
pinching Camus
And?
It freezes somewhere, much like my low-blowing memory clouds of Madrid

next to thought's remaining jay hiding in the bush quivering in the rush
of nearby locomotion.

Speed is mythological,
certain as my years in New Amsterdam,
where need was its own borderless capital
and happiness brought me down
many evenings to the foyer of dispersed roaming,
remaining amiss, free as a poem out to lunch
on its internship at the firm of Attention, Pine, Country, and Waste.

Much to Plug, Much to Unplug

The feel of the light is open and about.

Another?

Late-summer lit, I comb my hair and write up the reverberating formulas.

You take the years' words as improbable as the town's slobbering alignments.

Famous only slightly in the mind.

Twist, pull out a few tyrants from the heap of their own making?

Raw and on the mend?

Caravaggio's out-of-tune song dialogues with the ideal and death.

The way to do more of this is don't.

The dismissive sheen of the frost arises like serviceable questions of ancient thought.

The stench of all this contemporary creativity . . . whence my old Underwood?

Of the other, of the then, where in the distance turns a-swirl the notion?

Peacocks. Just peacocks. I mean peaches I mean peppers.

We're all just trying out the latest week in the wind, despairing that we can't say much more about the usual.

Mention decline and watch me accept a chance to see the island departing.

Send a nice beautiful wave my way, you bloodless rabbit.

Sorry to be so demanding.

You pick the tile, the backsplash.

Thought I held the best cards and then I was delivered the news of the unexpected layover.

Spotty love? No, this is all about the self.

America 24/7 sell-calmed in anyway one broken E.T. fox across ending hammer survival.

Professors, speed your denial of transcendence from the aisles to the graveyard.

I don't know, what, nickels?

Could blow psychedelic, cliché as a whale of a plunge.

O.

That Noise Was the Wind (Not the Noise in the Wind)

That noise was the wind (not the noise in the wind).

Grandpa, who can blame you for your . . .

 who at carts hot on read

For your disdain of my experimentation.

Which grandpa?

Money flows in as I write this but not much.

Nothing, something, lonely, I peel.

Oxford is reliable?

Lorry beauty?

Square and old as Virginia amid the canned lands of shadows sliding

slow as a song symbolizing something contained

in your human step, right?

Vanishing remarkably in response to the pace.

Anyway, the dead of night would like some tea.

Weak form, weak formlessness, really, poetry?

Really, everything, for that matter.

Cosmos as yawning maw.

Your professional achievements, your contributions to the splinter of nothingness

that is your sniping profession sniping, well, I'm sorry for your gain.