

Glenn Ingersoll

Five Letters

Dear Sir,

It has come to our attention, facilitated by a lasting disagreement among friends divided by an ancillary acquaintance that the freshest vigor pursued among the mild absence will perform itself to the lesser among those dismayed. Assuming for this once a never-alleviated tensile impulse, we may have to create a fell excess, seeking thus a common avenue down which interests, some meagre, some demonstrative, curtain markedly, eyes to the crack, a new dawn done in by a cloud from that part of a clear automobile. It is only the donkey connivance. And a green will cut into the metal.

yours sincerely,
etc.

Dear Sir,

You are welcome to absence, although we fear it has been filled with yellow aspects of the cant, songs imbued with summer, and, perhaps, but this is only speculation, a rampant conventionality. We regret the accumulation of evidence having reached such proportions. Even sincerity's been dinged by the sudden pensive toggle switch. Nevertheless, we are sending fair warning in boxes packed with white tissue. Do not be amused, for the wigs must need cheaper close concealment. That, at least, has been vouchsafed to the private security detail.

yours sincerely,
etc.

Dear Sir,

We wish not to frighten you or the assets that have been gathering like purple crows among the blooming cacti in an endless winter afternoon wherein light shafts between the crystal-bound limbs of needling trees. It just is not among the goals, this plangent fear with its filament tapping into the risky ancillary finds. Rather, a thing belted around the middle with an instinct would compel our sympathy, though it is resistant even to our own articulated blandishments. Ease often dawdles, it is said among the cognoscenti who know the fragrance of some wines and the relative reticence of some other wines, dark, fragile wines. You will have to get back to us, who have gone so long, so long; the grass is again whiter.

yours sincerely,

etc.

Dear Sir,

It has come to our attention that what is not as it seems is not also crumpled in a bin, long may it ride. Thus we implore you to restate the relevance of your attrition, the shards cluttering up the well which some go back to, even now, knowing even the unmet need clings to its renunciations from the early afternoon to the later afternoon, bordering on teatime, aware despite this that a large head of glass also wiggles in a bell mumble. We admit to our lack of resources, the energy run down to the posts, a light fragrance lingering where the success failed at last. Even to you we point it out, though new roads will be available shortly.

yours sincerely,

etc.

Dear Sir,

Apologies may be necessary, although, it having come to our attention at such a late date that essential elements of the tableau seem to have decayed irretrievably, we are not at all sure contrition is appropriate. Your opinion? A claw hooks the fragrant ribbon. It is not plangent. Not this time. Another occasion that sort of excess will be just right, especially when dribbled from the tip of a glass syringe, bright sparkles of ignominy bouncing to a sheer grade and there drilling in for the long gleam. We may disagree, those of us who come to any conclusion at all, but let that not divide or teach us; let it, instead, lead to a lessening of fervor, the tension leaking out of the contention so rapidly we won't notice the ocean coming in at five. It is the unbearable battering of our wits by one moth that will lead us to the breaking of every bulb.

yours sincerely,

etc.

The Stranger

He was palpably hard
to dislike, awfully food.
Little long and zero poisoning,
prettiest and offset,
quietly high-volume,
of a camaraderie slow-roasting,
bliss unhireable, needy, public,
fancy. Who settles, taken,
for the ramblingly once-
promising? In order, stars
break and sneak, panning
for the whole leap.

Vents

artichoke porcelain flames off paper clipped lion sings

for alligator sneezes among trees more tea

salad apple laid aside by trail past bets serious ship

blue-bellied easy window eating gall basket

pool wandering split china hands art is hope shoe toe cup

long tree three later pour chunk band banner knee

laid way foil ship ant blue math window apple easy state

belled galls sunned gallow ferries bend basket

tons end portly piling belted umbrella down king

porch limns treat pest from tidy rub

Petrel

after Maw Shein Win

Into a fat blue bowl he splashes beef, pearl onion, taut-skinned mushroom.

I am beautiful.

With a tear of bread he dabs the spill and eats.

Over the border fence the wisteria hangs its sleep.

I proclaim my beauty purely as a duty.

The watchman breathes what came from the body.

A lantern throws shadows over drought.

What is fame if not an absence of shame?

Worn Out West

In the alphabet light he erects
a pearl squeegee, the tile-bearing elephant's
mango-sweet tongue riding into the French twilight.

Perilously adorned, he is both cheeky and slimly eventful.
People adore his lips, his tenderloin, capsules of his emanations,
eventual flat aftereffect.

But he faces a swoon, carries off widgets among the heavenly,
ekes out what promises to treble,
comes down to a nod.

Give credit where credit collides with the smelly clothes hamper,
this wicker a glandular green.

The Gold Man's Mine

My memory crowds weeds and flowers onto its shoulders
so the old gray guy and I, shambling in our shackles,
dust in our drawers, and darkness on our scythes,
sandwiches of mincemeat, cockleshell and inebriation
in our iron pocketbooks, our boss's jaundiced eye

a yellow pall so vile you must've puked it out
on the mad ball's wilful architecture last night late, or maybe
it's the stout shit the Portuguese left spinning in the bowl
still spinning with each piss swipe, or perhaps
despair in orbit, stripped of ghost, ready to shoulder

harmattan messages. Who knows! Do you know?
Spit! Where was I? Shuffling in chains under a looking
glass sky, water aching from my skin canteen,
poor wounded fruit, weeds all around me like letters
from collectors asking politely, like letters lizards

ape, contorted in sun-smashed meaning, a sea
of slippery clouds and cutting jokes, gold and dull
as fishermen missing their yanks and sighing with
enemy love, the drowned tears diligently drifting
out of childish knots, harried by ferries fetching ancient

promises for fresh plantation and quick twilight.
Wasn't I going to cut something with this black blade?
Why's it a spoon now, its yellow stripe a property line
divvying snowing from skipping, sleeping from rowing.