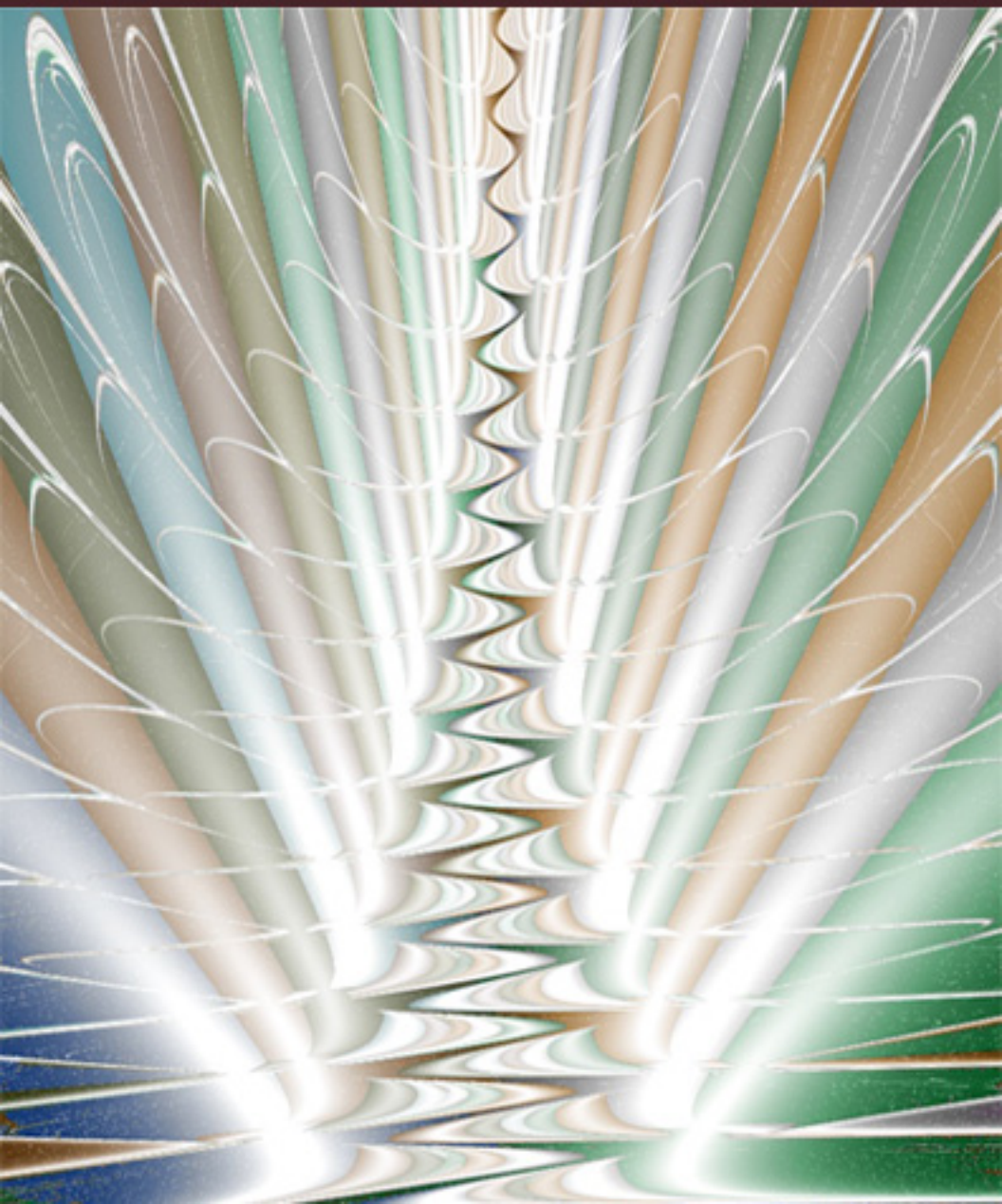


Ladders in July

Poems by William Allegrezza



Ladders in July

by William Allegrezza

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First Edition



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Contents

treadles & looms	5
epiphanies	6
wheel & ride	7
geographic spring	8
95	9
for to mean is to do	10
ending lines	11
hours	12
response	13
routes	14
workings	15
in violence	16
towers	17
ponder comic	18
loss	19
halsted	20
compression	21
northbound in non-when	22
relative dedication	23
loose change	24
tribunal	25
trace element	26
sapphic	27
resettled city	28
a signal	29
above placement	30
genesis	31
bump	32
routes	33
flow heat	34
a wheel road	35
roots	36

american l.	37
gesture	38
light	39
machine	40
north wind over havana	41
attempting to reach enlightenment	44
a run	45
halls	46
lanterns	47
koratora	48
tel aviv	49
travel logic	50
terminal	51
helicopter	52
last stage	53
poets & peace	54
then	55
cover me with kisses, baby	56
after h. lazer	57
an ecological note	58
a levertov	59
a question	60
arc	61
a made thing	62
an epilogue	63

ladders in july

william allegrezza

treadles & looms

mammoth

i will take you to hotels covered in red

do no *do it* for me

jelly donuts are skin bags for snakes
teeth are casts for bridges

i come from a family of weavers

our valleys are barren
though life remains in microscopic flecks

despite the distance our trap was a loss
a cuerpo
ahì

floor
what about the floor

welcome to the tour
today we will explore washington's grounds

i offer this large woman for wildlife

epiphanies

combinations on verge
of being made manifest
here
on precipices in bikinis with sun gods

on my tip
a wall an intersection of guns with
billboards plastered
with arms
tracing dark towers
of umbrellas that uphold
regimental hands
and fire escape ladders
without worth
as birds over lightning
or viking clouds with
stars swimming with absence
as though fame is
a rushing billed beast

while i write i'm carrying you
in water on wrists
contained by mesquite branches

wheel & ride

trails but no trace

playing in the yard

numbers pile

among clothes

parakeets and a.c.

wind

as dante stood on a ledge

an avalanche began

but he did not record it in his comedy

if in crossing a stream

one crosses a stream

then again there is another

floating above the current

the birth of air is the birth of water

i am not labeling a root

but am counting the spears of grass

along an empty alley

a road in the outback

where underknowing

is marked

a rousing of language

on a promontory

geographic spring

our spring opened is light
in rugs of Warhol or parentheses
if you could hand her the coffee and allege
your command

this is a third
no replacement
for words gathered as chorus in understanding
“ if you’ve never if you’ve never talked to yourself you’ll
be less grounded will be less original”
Truman pays the fund
arranging her city grades of dioxin culture in notes
announced

in any direction for instruction
what he's looking for is war outside the informative point
where the geographic pass is a mounting of the non-below

suddenly east
you've got the data
that glass of the included
known
an innovative precedent

suddenly a car crashes through our living room window
and a drunk stumbles out with flowers

more or less in alignment
that's what was thought

ntitkling

other penguins head to sea through
cold water I watch
feeling confined to cabins or lenses
off ship portals

imagination creates
a boundary never to be crossed
more real than actual
space when recounted

one three seven boom
two six ten bang

once a girl
I've slipped away
to play in
other streams

thus repeats the elevator during the ride
to the 95th floor cocktail lounge
where entangled in action
she slips slowly away

for to mean is to do

the scheme was to see if the bottle contained bodies in
time
to find if it becomes nothing or exceeds the sudden pace
of Lowell as he agrees to
Roman sodas
 on the edge of walking
 the harbor in the distance

*I sat off water near Delphi
where they sell an ovary hole in earth
as you wait for inspiration
with the final debate sinking below temple programs
into slot alarm devotees rocking gently*

loads of stone cast
 safety
a full spectrum winters in San Antonio

I have had a woman in a room where water includes
morning relatives

ending lines

“Sell the town like a hand for the highest price and don’t be
fooled by the flowers.”

under
you
is development
buntings on cypress limbs

for every you
is a party of reds and toes that
that are not now here

“Out of the miraculous silver beast that scurried through the
neighborhood streets,
Out of the adobe rooms,
Out of the monthly pull of come and go.”

as momentum for
gods who are laughing and prefer
songs or stalkers
to be silent

“And the grocer said, ‘You dickhead.’ I couldn’t believe he said
such a thing on a Tuesday.”

watch for the boom
in the beginning when the word is
as a face tossed in the water
or hats in the wind
in retreat
or texas
when the ranting on corners begins

rather like being alive
but not

hours

cold rain through blinds
flapping with the rush of wind
over water

no trained hand
wills action performed

i believe in release
 throwing
 pebbles
 where rivers awaken

the uncertain of uncertainty
 the skins changes

lions bears water air fire

trembling in darkness
i arise and close the window

response

Un cigolío si sferra, ci discosta.

-- Montale

raged

in
seasonal

distaste

the opera continues

a few loose hairs fall

as a buzz rings

no distance

traces
our

words

in a park
in zurich
bocci players rest

as lyrics

combine

in another language
in another country
where phonelines lead

through open fields

routes

to find
birds diving below the next
step of being also known
as
the where
of diverse teams of women
waiting for numerals
to drop among leftovers

you've waited before
in a moment of hesitation
when you believe the street
begins to shift
through winter window cracks

feathers and bedcovers
i
am
not stopping
without notification

i'm following lines to some conclusion
and then finding
traces of outer

routes
that begin and begin in ending
as a season in on itself
or a doorway
both in and out

workings

hypnotic syringe

salt

i'm a yankeedoodle dandy

dawn rents in soho

we count for netherlandish hash

or

peanuts straight from southern fields

pardon our replacements

games must continue and you

must believe in our goals

cards and notes

mufflers left for trash

i'm a dandy through and through

don't pull the trigger

for i am not really singing

to you

in violence

acts

zero to zero

division

*receive plans for massive
message to chief*

sentenced

for metals

over fields

eyes turn continually

from here to here to here

motion

from moving platform to moving platform
buildings transform into silver waterfalls
tyrannically cycling in summer

click click

water

flies

through waves

of heat

to grass

towers

relative forgetfulness

bricks lodged in registers
elms planted in small squares
where parrots scream

receiving

in vocalized parts
choral rays shot through
with neon

tracks end in waterways

lakes spill over with waves

the illusion of textuality

when windows are portals
for flight
crimes refuse to blow lids
from burning shacks

a voice silences the congregation

no city arch ever

straightened story lines
for clear bards
and lindens dying
from shock

ponder comic

random outings

walking a point for a straight line
confused in midblock
by triangles spinning
and growing exponentially
until detection
hampers our
space gonads of reserve
near helipads of sun
near water towers in downtown
where seagulls descend crying
over lost wind markers
on surface water

then error codes range
under air vents covered with dust
and bits of duct

8703 . . . cannot read from drive or
cannot react to screens turning dark

hornets cycles downward
as pilgrims searching with weighted steps

dante finds three heads with wings
no matter where i read

loss

dynamic figures of clutter

a ceiling turns and falls through a hole
as the screen goes blank

note the significance
of dante noting
the significance
of numerals

owned
but still forgotten the same

no chills or fever
or young women waiting
garnered with blue headbands

head for home
for we cannot reclaim
witness

halsted

expense

a design

a ceiling

braced with concrete

under which questions slowly evolve

a regression

how after so many years i engage

in knowing myself

perhaps comic if i were humorous

but now just sad

a doorbell rings

a man in shorts handles a key

the smell of chocolate rises

in another part of the city

near where school lets out for the summer

a way to mark your memory

of tired empty faces

under the dim lights

in water lanes carved in dying districts

i think of placement and understanding

compression

types in significant difference

birds thrown from ledges

rats among the limestone

i have a map but no destination

the sun shifts

and the moon falls slowly

into the desert

the season for placing carrots is through

in time nothing will remain

among the bedspreads filled with flowers and deodorants

forgive our seasonal lapse

and grant our suppliant desires

with rope

sails

and lovers with clothes

in this is an end

northbound in non-when

yesterday
we declared negative anti-agents
a pleasure warmed to song and fantasy
over tables
as if we
licensed rock but prepared
siblings through cut communications
for their campaigns at court

is that the standard?

we learned from all
unusual corridors of chaos and
interim reporting—
a debut of officials words
an arsenal more dangerous
a dynamic model of details
that leads through
cities into darkness

our expressed interest
should infringe any degree
of mostly tiny divisional shears

an assessment
that avoids the possibility of war

relative dedication

for k. taylor

park fences music

we tap

sterile pens

was that you?

a layout with a voice

again a cross

a listing of numbers

the air of cocktails is a

dream of flight over clear water

as scars on a sheet of metal

or car keys thrown in a cup

to bring peace

there must be no memory

when the muse breaths life

one must listen and write

like the sbyil on the wind

loose change

*I was only shot six times before I changed
my name to Gara and moved to Florida.*

try to follow the line
 that expands through
 packed earth
 and spreads
 not to eliminate erosion
 but to complicate place

somewhere a pole is swinging
and birds cry about intolerance

children place paper games in the wind

*I picked the town from an ad in my magazine stash.
I never expected it to be full.*

the real shifts
 and we hear only voices
 through a silent chamber
 talking about people
 long dead

we cannot even trust stone to protect us

tribunal

*ok, i lied. there never was a seventh eye above the deck, nor
were there portents.*

tripwire

gathering
hands

i see trains leaving every morning
while i count pigeons
near michigan avenue

the dress perhaps
but really it was the manner

the swell began to build, and the sky went black.

an end is a place
a destination

wrapped by white bags
under coats
she approaches

i do not ask forgiveness for forgetting the count

we could only ride it through.

trace element

north in advocacy
 of pyrrhic jabs at
 martins or nunnery lids
 at walls or boards
filled with holes
 this last be
 is not to be
 explored in the green of you
 neon
 falling
 tipped
 on ice
 boats at sea when
here you are believing
 our horror

sapphic

we understated the significance of the season

leaves
 flowing
 lindens in bloom
 bicyclists headed for the
hills
 where
 the fruit
hangs waiting

*will you sing for me
when i hold a cup
just above the rise of a edge?*

the streets
follow
as though
the argument never
ends

we could see the water
lash against the shore
and the boats flanked by
orange trees

inside our stories
 was your voice
 churning through
 the haze
 as if
 through time

resettled city

you have reached me at a time
when i am mourning

he spoke of trails through blackberry patches

for at once
then nothing

ut t er	tra ce
o	in capitals
r ot ten	
m a	foreign
e i	but known
n l	
t s	

then we stopped along
a highway
to recoup our loses

all dies
nothing simpler
yet all is

language
to be found like an abyss
among other goods
sold at market
like oranges
or apples

a signal

i've been gathering hands
near a spring in norfolk

they listen to seagulls

some event comes into another
 language
 in circles

to be infinite is not to be
which is nevertheless a gift from the gods
like
trials for broken promises
or bulbs stacked 1 6 4 1 6 on a wall

do not question my logic
words form and reform without asking permission

the tide changes us

above placement

“darlene stopped for a pack of gum”

suggests . . .]

particularly british

but lost somewhere in the atlantic

ultimately we must find
among the shipwreck goods
a recording of your song

families crowded with motion
from disaster

of the chosen singular
no meaning
or mountains rolling under fog

“and could not decide to be obsessed or randomly lost”

each story displaces a motion
the planet turns
we react

who could answer for us but
parties thrown on sand beaches
with fires torn from lost hulls

each brother held a hand

“by the time she reached the dock”

[. . . release . . .
. . . the . . voice . .]

a repetition

genesis

tripped halyards
fences

i trace the line of ascent through the last inca

a story being told

crape myrtles in bloom along a driveway
tables covered with old newspapers

far south
beyond the breakers of the gulf
resting on a hilltop path
are the last remnants of a people

an epic written over or above

ercilla sings softly

cars wait under the summer sun for gates to open

snow cones water oaks blue-haired ladies
good times over a bottle

the settlement moved several times
through burning or fear

the present location was the most protected

every afternoon waiting
to be driven home

bump

among our exports we find cheap rum
and women who will dance all night for a change

do not ask me to explain
all i saw was a man enter the building at 9:45

art pieces fill the room
which smells of linseed oil and coffee

we are a taking

as though memory could convince us
that you were not present
when we all know you were

“talcum oranges fuller
razors beets tires
gum”

the police are circling the building
looking in the alley for
some trace

even though time has removed
every
signal line

to some
this letter might seem like
a thing of love

the street was full of haze and the sky was orange

a razor fell from my hand

routes

to find
birds diving below the next
step of being known as
the where
of diverse teams of women
waiting for numerals
to drop among leftovers

you've waited before
in a moment of hesitation
when you believe the street
begins to shift as when viewed
through winter window cracks

feathers and bedcovers
i
am
not stopping
without notification

following lines to some conclusion
and then finding
traces of outer

routes
that begin and begin in ending
as a season in on itself
or a doorway
both in and out

flow heat

tool maker
vox in place

eyelids through storm turn
limbs to grace
as though
language
is composed of nonsense

lights scattered on ridges
leading conclusion
to some still place

here the silence of orion
is alone on a rural road
stopped in the cold air

another figure arise
corn or traces of
native mounds

questions lead a generation
and misleading ink suggest but does
not release

spaces bats ashes

the fire burns out

i am walking through you

a wheel road

trails no trace
insignaling her playing
 in the yard
numbers pile
 with clothes

*as dante stood on a ledge
an avalanche began
but he did not record it in his comedy*

parakeets and a.c.
 wind gusts

as if in crossing a stream
one crosses a stream
and then again there is another
floating above the current

the birth of air is the birth of water

i am not labeling a root
but am counting the spears of grass
along an empty alley

 as a road in the outback
where underknowing
is marked

 a rousing of language
 in the shade
 on a promontory
 with a clear view of the city

roots

soma bodies in disguise
trails over
ridges

i'm beginning to see
you in
sycamores & pines bent with wind

in 1855 presses
were running
leaves were scattering
garibaldi was in uruguay
much later
he stumped a toe on a doorsill
with no excuse
"soy americano"

otherwise a graveyard
of schooners
with jolly captains
on a wheel
"i beg you to stay always"

energy is a motion
leading to an end

american 1.

our towers
are not in
 season

florida grasses along the byway

“doesn’t she see the other signs.”

santiago
 sitting under trees
 as the tea cools
 and children play
 unmindful of their parents

to believe is to set to motion the finding

we begin the search

handles upon a wood floor
 chairs

the native habitat recedes
but still a few birds nest among the swamp lilies
in the partial shade of the afternoon

rise up american love
 with me

the train begins to pull away
as we watch the myriad tracks fall into single lines
in the midst of the city

gesture

figure some story that leads us through
unknowing into
something not recognized but sup-
ported

a sheet falls out of a young
mother's hands
i was not watching

in another city
a group gathers on a street corner to
talk politics
panthers rests three miles away
trees are being blown by the wind

streetlights signal to me
when no one else is looking

"you do not do it for me
anymore. no, no, no."

sirens suddenly sound on a sleepy
afternoon
they grow closer and closer
like a reaper chuckling as he passes

let's take to the water when it's clear

we're gathering for a take over

light

stables and then unregulated motion

“time to resign, my friend,” “ . .]

in hours the fields break in to layers
lace d by oak limbs in the sun light specific
to the region above new or leans

““it couldn’t have caused such wide systemic failure””

“she went back down the long avenue of trees, stumbling against piles of dead leaves”

the organ replaces the hands that shift keys

machine

atoms
thrown through the texas nights
onto city streets
where puntas wait for another
lost direction
in mid-summer
when the air is stiff
and signs for greying neighborhoods
are covered with ivy
as if to state
the season is too hot for
anything
even though we are asking for only
one visionary light
to lead us under freeways
through back alleys
to some unrepentant love

north wind over havana

another flight scene
or a moment of regression

Margie *sometimes I think*
 santorini was a dream

don't bother

hyper is not related to the real

[. to find star(s) . .
 certainty into . .
 four glasses . . late
 . . and lost]

duchamp died with a chess piece
vallejo died midweek

Lalo *parted, the fucking sea parted*
 what was I supposed to do

to turn into a receiving hand without a line
when trucks arrive in midwinter

I *I'm sorry I peed on your leg*
 but it felt so relaxing

only an island or a person turning cold
among other goods
in a box
near Laredo
when the sun burns

meaning is a fragment reconstructed
a process
 of cohering

on 47th
when snow comes
over corners
when plows work
through center lights

tomorrow night
we will forget

one to three
to back a balance
of economic feasibility
with weenies
gone mad
from isolation

Margie *he says that insight
 builds on insight
 as if creation is a move
 towards creation*

at five in the afternoon
waiting
 to have been
 where no other hut of relief
 where no little spider of revenge
 would scream howdy

all in white
houses
over the calm sea
dots
spread over
waves

Lalo *it was damn cold*
 and we couldn't breath

alienated hands
forgave you
but I
did not

attempting to reach enlightenment

ultimately it was thursday not tuesday and the winds
were blowing and the time of flax had ceased.

shuttles thrown wild

it was 4 a.m. when he heard the news
down, down into the blind world

raingear	flowers
ridges	hands
fire	sticks
trellis	sidewalk
lover	recordings

in these ramblings is a story
complete with diagrams
with circles and arrows pointing
to motion

to here splitting into here
the power of the universe
in the center of light

a run

telling
a token of extraction
a placement of
one two three
then stop

strangers wandering through rooms
assessing the situation

children crying
windows open
phones ringing

in the middle of one motion
is another

the birth of fire is the birth of water

along certain byways in
certain seasons
i stop to walk in open fields

halls

survival sometimes breeds significant differences

take you at center of some story

apath a dog a blue jacket flowers
march cold wind car keys

so many schoolchildren
watch from open windows
making names for the morning stragglers

sliding to a halt
you wave away the passersby

in-between this story and another story
interruptions find spaces between words

lanterns

distracted playthings blown by bells
in cold conditions

stopping

hands continue searching faces by nightlight
gates are locked

carhorns sound
fog covers clear vistas

pallets are carried through the streets

i have no more eyes

koratora

turning from upside into
spaces that lead over high crags to the sea

no tzar ever laughed in courtyards
near that theft

ceasing on a friday of trade

a parable of vineyards
told on a battlefield

they embalmed his body and put it in a coffin.

two seas where they meet for purification
after the storm of palm trees, mountains, and mosques

*can they not see how many generations we have destroyed
before them?*

rope ladders scatter

i can say be
and look for sky death
or a fugitive hand

tel aviv

for years
the t.v.
has shown
children
carried
through
the streets
on pallets
along with
the sound
of mothers
crying
and men
yelling
for vengeance

peace is not
an easy solution
iforgiveyou
for killing my
brother mother child
but for life
there is nothing
else that will
sustain us

travel logic

another day

through locks
coming undone
faces captured
visits from the polish

our root cause is california

yet
boats leave each moment
otherwise motion would cease
and stocks fail

inside the letters are notes

once trapped on ledge
signed from prague or brunswick

our icons are aflame

but st. george has so much power
that he is not frightened nonetheless

whose argument is it anyway?

terminal

a grackle cries
near a highway
that leads to a city
that turns to
mushroom haze
on the horizon

they have gathered in deserts
wandered lost
looking for an end to nothingness
to the loss of their own dedication

you could ask one
for a story
but all things begin to break
as is the law
and she could
not respond

out of alexandria
comes not words
but oblivion

helicopter

the surveillance begins

with a stroke

rain wind

we stop

the carpet is finished

in every sound is music

language is a catalog of sounds

put your hands behind your back and dance

no major figure

arises

(the birth of air is the birth of water)

take your pointer

and find a course for us

last stage

before mountains shift
under the weight of swallows
circling

a note comes *in peace is receiving*

she reads with hyacinth hair
with classic face
yet can retain no thought
but that the evening is closing
and the fire must be started

her brilliant cavern
acts as a lantern for the region
as tancredi's final signal
before desire hides him
in lost rooms

she reads the note again
after the fire and dinner
and then sleeps

poets & peace

*yesterday after beating on a pot for two hours
fred began to rant about bombs and bullets in east africa.*

an answer is
a lost cause

a few rodents scurry
among the baseboards
and the dust settles on a desk

in time

the structure
of a plan
will emerge
 flowers will rise
 from crazed and
 dead earth
 children will gather
 in a circle
 for afternoon games

peace is a made thing
in the process of creation

then

among limestone ridges
the shawnee walked
balancing sticks
on hands tired from
long days

on the radio
they are playing
songs about memory

“in the 1600s this area was considered sacred”

some things remain among the ashes

in the convenience store
del cross buys matchets
and then leaves

we are far from
any settlement
yet we are not alone

cover me with kisses, baby

the choctaw bathed in these same waters
in late fall

under oak limbs
sinking into the muddy bosom
of the river
as young boys laughed
and pretended to be warriors

generations later
a woman sings
through wires and air
and a beat-up rca radio
to children on the banks

in transferring ownership be aware of
hidden costs

after h. lazer

in water lightness

visions come through

maple leaves scatter among concrete rims

his lasting forgiveness is of himself

how does one forget

traces of feet in snow

sails through sun against wind

a conception is not available

he fades into water graves

songs change

traces of ships lead other coasts to abandon borders

owning nothing

lost among sidewalks and sap

an ecological note

some yankeedoodle crap spilled on my bread as i was eyeing the waitress. it wasn't from her or the jamaican nun just up for a visit, so i couldn't understand, then it hit me; a truck carrying toxic materials must have crashed on the interstate sending contaminants throughout the neighborhood, and that crap was really the ceiling peeling away from pain and sickness, and since it was a ceiling in an american suburb, it had to be patriotic.

a levertov

the ache of the arch of it
is propaganda intended to destroy
fireflies multiplying in summer heat
alongside stacked numbers for bricks
an ordered harmonic existence as plato assumed
yet he never met lao tze or the periodic table
a deed that no car window can right
with metals from cold country runs

a question

why are the guns always
pointed towards korea and
why are you always here
reading over my shoulder
disbelieving that i can
see shadow turn into
shadow and flowers in
fields that i have never
seen or swifts over
vineyards that might
never have existed or have been
gone for thousands of years
or that in geârdagum makes as
much sense as anything
i could say just now
as if words themselves
can explain why the
silence continues to echo
in rooms that i create
with time and language
rooms that i cannot
inhabit except through
doing as you are doing
just now?

arc

between line and line
a constant wail
a circular doorway
with lights on cameras on
one two three seven
as partial spaces recreating motion
in a stance that is
to be is to be underknown
as tides on muddy rivers
through a stolen landscape
with forces unbalanced
and perceptual auras
left among hair care items

a made thing

poems are wheelchairs
flying down ramps at full speed
in san juan or loreto
like adjustments of color
on a bird's wings
just before flight leaves
trees scattered among
other park goods
like gold-enameled statues
hidden in little frequented
corners where vets
used to pass time
under pine limbs
or like a guitar playing softly
at night in a train station
downtown where
only the tourists roam

an epilogue

what sense is there in chasing words
thrown with leaves into the air?

after all what is the difference
between prophecy and oblivion?