

homemade traps
for new world Brians

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preface: “the slot of hollow suns risen”

“There was, thank God, a great voluptuary born to the American settlements against the diked bowels of the niggardly puritanical tradition.... For this he has remained since buried in a miscolored legend and left for rotten. Far from dead, however, but full of a rich regenerative violence, he remains, when his true history will be reported, for” those of us home grown in his seed spread body valley, bloated like William C. Williams with the thick billions of Daniel Boones that haunt our cells, canceratic gene junk, differentiated, proliferating.

first state: “immediately the urge was on him once more”

The first finch rafted in god blessed and bacterial
or it was broadcast here by weather. Termites were
at home here readying the trees, dissolving their
ringed memories years in a day to hollow owl
holes sphinctered tight to keep out the rot, and the finch
knew what to do: seeds here were seeds, the same bunched mud
toads suckled roots, which means, delivered from the folds
of a predator’s mind, it could adapt twigs and
earth (the smallest gesture is a nation of states)
to form a nest, and wait. When others come, they’ll re
produce, populate the branches, thicken sky and
feather across the new world their finch memory.

second state

When chemistry generates mental worms in the fields of hollow boned birds' brains, scrubbing them with a raw sperm spontaneous cloud of craving in the flea activated dawn, and they can feel their stomachs surfacing in hunger, then they turn to search for external worms, while the field worms wriggle like field worms wriggle, unprovably underground. What choice do you think they have, made weak for weaker meat, on the feather edge of self-control? They have just their scratching mechanism and the mechanisms for beaking and for hoping for rain to produce the biological worms that make up birds' minds.

third state

If a man rubbed across and smeared his body's limits
and sprayed thick plugs of come into nature's blanks and
blind spaces, it was only to fill in the day
light with himself so the birds would see it his way,
the trees bob agreeably, to seed field ruts with
the recognizing woodcock wink of his genes so
the clouds would bulge with folding fetus shapes, puddles
and bark would touch like skin he could roll himself up
in until everywhere he turned he'd see himself
in the supplication of nature's faces. But
now when he looks, if he looks, his living babies
only peer back, wild in each stone, and won't come out.

fourth state

Skyscrapers look like unkillable memorials,
the settlers thought, and literal, so they shaped
lincoln log beams with their finchy tools, synchronized
grid and name, and wove cities into sunlight with
divine proportion; in each heirloom loft thick with
thoughts of former tenants they signed their thready names
and came on each other, breeding infinitely
photographable faces that press out from the
towers, faces lined like their much-photographed sky
clocks' faces, until it's a megalopolis
of blued neurons softening under the soft sun,
babbling names, senile, beaming, perpetual.

fifth state

Jerked forward by intimate chemical exchanges,
each walking one of us parts the gluteus sun
light with fine outfolding facial muscles like we're
the visible man. We breathe plastic bags and shop
front glass and ripple; moment wobbles into soft
moment like the wind muscles tree leaves so they pulse
thready green to lit white to flame to green season
in a blink. Asphalt gives with walking time while we
work ourselves through offices and alleys until
you feel like you could peel back hot concrete city
slabs and touch a human blooming musculature
and the pulse we compress into each brick and stone.

sixth state

You were always the one who wanted to make earth face
you, to suffocate in mud folds while you squeeze, fist
and wrestle them into a body, so you took
us in the woods and wallowed in it, spreading and
laughing in your bed mouth, making soup and begging
us in tightening clay skin that cracked and stripped so
we could hear it hissing the words for you, making
us shuffle and humid for you while you wanted
so bad a baby. You were the one who taught us
that something's always trying to bleed out from an
open mouth into the struggling twinheaded day,
semiformed, and that it can be stoppered with earth.

seventh state

Just like a mother voids herself of children and then
greedies up their inches, ages, vitamin in
take accomplishments, so the pork left out all night
is packed with pocket fresh babies their cuckoo mom
deposited, grubby chicks gaping their pleaders
and feeders, asphyxiating tinily in
pork cells or rescuing themselves by drilling air
shafts and mining veins, growing into their fibrous
egg by feeding on it like a mother does when
she suckles at her children's soft facts, their clinging
fat and growing sleep thick heads like milk to hold them
immortal in her organs of recollection.