

PETER SEATON

SONG of HEART'S GREAT EASE

for Lee Sherry

Smiling rebel gangs get wet
In the archeology of this instance.
If I can't be surprised by a ton of love
I'll pick up the phone to admire the moon
Waking me to disturb you and tell you of this
"Blank page," "This guy," "This world," This story of
Rivers and mountains, The sea,
Trees and sunset, Stars
And the moon, The woods
And the moon. This
Is not a moon. It's a problem
Of matter apart from doing something
When we get back. It's a dispersed instance
And lines of it, Powering artists
To deal with this rapacious world.

It's hedged in nature's glittering humors
Which help to have me love you and mold numbers
To lucky men dying and far from dead and
Told to mean to agree on money
And hunger and luck and collisions
Of pen and ink. They believe
The lunatic within the laws of logic
But never mind that. They preview America
To all your childhood sweethearts,
All your soldiers killing us with styles of shock,
Shooting continents away from questions

Of consolidation, Of the orange
And the eagle and the turbulent bird
Beast or tree isn't talking
About going to be like this, Explaining
An offer to expel a hazard, Floods,
For sensitive mortals with sensitized hearts.

I stood in a room, During a war,
Encouraged by the skyline beneath your skirt.
I could choose to stampede the cows
While Jesus swims. Hercules swam,
Cheated by the isthmus he'll be covering most
Of Europe with. They shave him
With sharp reasons, They're
Incognito, Like Darwin concealing his suspicions
From the ubiquitous thrill of searching for me.

I'd been stolen to survive a bequest to a poet,
Gouging out your theory, And it is a theory,
From the consent that seeds these demands in the good
Or bad earth. Colonized by the sun
For pleasure and the Black Sea for speed
One language protects me, But the last woman you won't ignore
Needs proof to move around a geography of the lips apart.

Later I'll grow up miles from problem dogma,
Electrons, Elements and antecedents
Captured by a child. I own them now.
I live half a horn away, In a fertile pause
You can't discuss and gendered lairs
You can't stand. All this justice triangulated
Preparations for departure (Grave conduct
Had me do it). I want it to fucking mean

I like to travel, While travel breath with
Its smell could destroy life. Ever since
Zeus extends the celestial globe to safety
Someone's wife's been laying out a network
She thinks she alone can read. Now departure includes
A model of marginal knowledge, But
It made no sense; You were completely read
By disappearing additions to the news.
You were read of metaphors needing crow
Bars, Metonymies of strangers splitting
Perfumed knowledge with sharp cornered favorites.

I'll do the traveling, Prying
Patriarchies from computers that boil
Down routes to the beach. Let's call
My daughter to marry a man. Let's call this
The Plan, "How I suffer."
Let's peel the heat from hearing the authorities
Writing spare rescue to trash around in, With
The sociology of having heard enough.

That blankets enemy thinkers with herds
Of light flaring with typewriters, I'll
Imagine warming up with a mask of stone
And a psalm, "To fight, Fight." Because
The dead horse, Partially drunk, was beaten
With many memoirs of bandits crossing here
Where this phrase I've never heard or seen
Includes loads of earrings but no fireworks,
No boys ravaged by the truth to leave New York,
No tears for site or no site, No
Ingenuity invoking the present stanza
Wounded and bleeding, Cognitive elements
Intact in notions of English in antiquity.

Let me add thought of my thought, Like a great sum
Settles about the horses, Cattle sheep pigs and fowl.
This English includes one scrupulous existence
In a word undulating from the surface to the simile,
The chiffon and jewels and a philology moon.
Little a priori sparkles slide the twilight
Around words for the big shark waiting,
We have been told, To expect nothing, Sleeping,
Eating my steak while the leg, The seat
Of revolutionary sympathy, Itches.

Metaphors exiled to chords of, Chords of love
Algebraically arrange the Southern Hemisphere
Around a ship. Mama, Who was very fond of nature,
Tries to explain that everyone must quarrel.
Every surefire inch pioneers holes
That close over the things we've done
Like cleaning the spit spotless
And ironing out the toxic guess
Not the suitable instinctive
Or the cataclysmic hunch self comprehensibly
Maybe the merciless sun raising questions.
Maybe I pester the rest of the world with being left alone.
But even the calculation of invention
Waves daring shapes of the breast
That was never seen again, By not just any man.

SEMIOTIC IMPERATIVE

Carve me a quote from some hard writing
Without the woods and chains from skins, Shoes
And bolshevik shorts in an essay
On the economy of omniscience. You'll
Recommend memories invaded by lines
Of the metaphysical lurch and shrug in charge
Of medicine writing. I put
My pad-wearing fur in each man
One at a time, Brokering
The speed of forcing formulas into my brain and
Crashing free from enticing the design apart
Into assortments of trust and will. No noise
Cherishes my point political. I'm not
Mysteriously sore from putting my back to the books
In me and without me. I live
In a house. I have
The legal right to herd photographs
Over definite lines for close fitting
Parts of the coast. Sometimes
While flying I admit the rest of the world
To airports, As if the convention omits a caution
From the absolute Atlantic you don't want to cross.