

BOOG READER 6

**I DIDN'T BUILD
THIS MACHINE**

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BOOG LITERATURE
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\$2

Cavafy

I will always be leaving
the pleasures of my little table
nothing pretty exists in that river anymore
the disembodied talon freezes
the rune eating grouper. They are like
firelight, stuff coldly broken,
they have grown tall like a car.
When the cars rumble by they
leave us a cup. A cup is a society,
do not contribute. The life we love
can not be lived.

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Letters to Summer

What to do when summer refuses to come. A sea that had left for divinity comes. An anthem for structures I felt when I thought, asleep but not fallen, the summer refuses, I know the girl who would carry her bruise back in jasmine would carry back children crusaders. A violence without space to hide it. Curating all our refusals like summer refusing to sing through the oligarchs throat. the moon lights its uniform propane and Chevron its waterfall I'd call a chapel. That summer would make us the color of headlights so we could be there as an oncoming car careened into us we'd light the way. I wish the poem "Civilian's Revenge" would write me a thousand commencements. Fractious things live in the headlights at nighttime. They quiet to sleep with their little owned houses, remember the ride of inhabitants, pure, as if on a scooter of loveless. A sea that had broken divinity comes to this atmosphere still & diffuse. The distance to headlights is verse and I'm close to you now where peace won't be enough for the nest or disbanding those structures half-hidden in jasmine aren't tombs but are probably old stadia. there are slow ships, abashed, where the summer is crated, the prettiest context a wreck can't absorb, like this wild jasmine there's no one to bury, drowning in internecine traffic too warm. A violence without space to hide it. All of these buildings have that for an ocean. All of these buildings are singing.

I Didn't Build This Machine

"Now I wish most of all that it were summer, that everything that has happened had not happened."

—Alya, in Shvloksy's "Zoo"

To brighten my wounds of assent
I stood wishing beside the enormous
white tree, & called to each branch,
disobedient branch, please come inside me
& sleep, & bring flowers.
Once there, these accreting amounts
of pure license so given
& shattered by pleasure would slumber
to wake them I did a small dance
& they lifted the pearl of a rare pharmaceutical
all the way up to my lips.
This alone kept my love clear, inarticulate,
brazen as if in a dissident's mouth
the words of my youth were made down
& so easy, in softness their registers quit.
In autumn, I sang to the tree with a paucity
fit for the rubrics of state, for biography
blurred in a paper heart's chamber
of air, composed of passivity, docile hate.
Where the Tanquery is, the brain grows down
in the neck but the tree has found
nothing to drink. I would serve tea
because cats drink tea & I brought you
a cat in the dark, little tree
but you wanted a dog in the light
& so left me, to weather impossible sounds.
Disobedient tree, do you love me as willfully
now, as I loved you back then
in the summer you turned me away?
I have waves enough now that would crush you
& flower the back of the throat.

The Manufacture of Bliss

for James Meetze

What carries a butterfly over my arm?
the breath, narrowed beautifully,
newly precise in the maintenance of
of breaking its fall. What I
know in these times of the neck
is like that, how it will or
won't break, & by prayer
the frail buoy is reformed to a sigh
replete with the soreness of lungs.

I miss the shame of the secular world,
the sea we could wet with our kisses.
Were I to wade out
ambivalence no longer hiding
the face, would I make of
my own petite storms in the voice
a protectorate any less queasily
smitten with hate than the one
I lament in its absence, that
bailed from the frame of a make-
believe sea?

My love of the real, at variance,
world, remains sweet on the mouth
in abandon with throes
ever denser as peril completes them
Vapidity freezes & keeps the
the same specimen, always
beyond our condolence, the gifted
ease given by general cruelty
to panic & calmly go on
to relate. I maintain the whole
motive is beautiful, even the
softness of arms, though insipid
in this light's unseemly contentment,
their rose-trees are loaded with monarchs.

The day is all built up
because what has occurred has occurred
on toy ships,

In the inlet so stupid with meaning
that our song is kept in those dim going cues
withholds light, that our vision, belongs to the rescue

Our inner air freezes up with.
From there, I carried this decimal out
to lay in a bird bath,

I'm wearing the subsidized gait obsolescence
it weighs about a single burned shirt burned away
or goldenrod not woven through makes the weight

A motion of splints
in advance of beloved demolition I'm high
and general, like sunlight.

I did walk the bank beside love
who comes up personified
and is not quite the shadow that Dante encounters

or shower of sparks from a cutaway line
but just space, resistant and empty

There's a big residual noon in the alphabet
so I do the routes through it

I'm thinking what's left is a kerosene tree
or daydream, I see you, the lamp.