

William Allegrizza

Into the Tussock Prairie

Over the tussock,
through the noisome town
done up with festive illumination,
I wander scrutinizing this door,
that walk, until I turn into
the open--hills in succession
effortlessly stretching my view.
You whisper, "The lampads are
shimmering," and I bend into myth,
dislocating my gods to this
distant field. If the end is close,
we should go into hiding here
close to where the god dragged
his adze to carve wonders, close
to where we see water together.

from Gathering Forces

a word becomes a way
through language

"i would gather you before an altar
but that would not be fun for either of us"

i search
among rocks
 other words
 bits left or music playing
poetry "is a way of saying,
of noting how to become and unbecome"

and to write
is to engage with an agenda.

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 a
s 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?

***from* Densities. Apparitions.**

13.

between the story and the shore,
the spider and the fire smoldering,

i come with fugitive nets cast
like dying seasons in flowers
crossed, loved, and then thrown
among the sea's fragments at dawn,
always just a step behind catching
you at the point where your body
blends with air and we fade
among the timid harbor reeds.
i have said that to live we must
be ravenous with doing, not be stuck
with eyes locked on the burn, but now
overwhelmed the silence has me in dream.

17.
the exploration of fire is double—
in shouting at the sea about its
strangeness, i question myself,
foreign before the lamps being
buried and roots spreading tirelessly,
without realizing that nostalgia
is not solitude, for the distance
is peopled and the red birds are
hardening themselves against
the cold. and all along, these mad echoes
of questions tear at the stable frame
that allows me to speak with
words not rage not sounds alone
about the spaces i think i know.

conform

any
deviation from

listening is temporary

our
participation was
quite widely engaged

concern
is doubtful
at any rate

we
attempted to
reject the cyclone

the
institution has
a popular history

we
wanted to
break the language

i
heard the
sounds at dawn.

from In The Weaver's Valley

4.
in some dream i find myself watching

cars people
 villages trees life
 aid juries
 love

and somewhere below
a bell cord is being pulled and shadows
 are gathering

Here my world breaks
from pattern, the
mold thrown into silent
corners full provided
where stories emerge
that will spin into memory
beyond my own.

I will shelter mee here
away from trew or fals report
married to the imagined
distances that keep us safe
and draw forth new ways
of saying who we are
apart from each other.

I will shelter mee here
in hope that one day soon
the shields will drop and
we can come out again.

The Dense Marine

1.

below our joys
below the thrill
 of the summer sun
 of companions on the bow
 of light fanning across clear water
the shadowy depths remain

2.

“we have begun our descent”

our instruments and
 degrees pressed
they ache to guide us

“shale, mineral particulates,

sediments, resuspension,
valley-ridge, bottom, inshore,
nearshore”

the circuitry shifts with
each moment

“transient kinetics, rapid morphological
change, memory, bone regeneration”

we are always beginning

3.

we understand how to
adjust the balance how to
turn the screw

and all the while our songs
swing through still air

“sediment covered glacial drifts,
tills, erosional remnants, bedrock
core, bedrock ridges, channel”

“i’ve come to explore soil residues”

around the bottom
we look
for the beyond

4.

in sorting through the charts,
in directing the line of descent,
the bone changes, the cells—
the quick and the dead—
replace this motion with that

“matrix formation, calcification,
ossification, modeling, nutritional
configuration”

the layers of darkness
and light are interrupted by objects
drifting from the surface
 and fins darting in chase

the descent intensifies in complexity
with circuitry leading in multiple directions
and new elements introduced into the flow

“beach samples, traces of mercury and
cyanide, urban and industrial watershed,
sandstone, crystalline rock aquifers”

we could not be considered swimming
though we remain below.

5.

we arise to breathe
 to forget
playing with a stanchion
tightening a halyard
 yet the call to know
 the bottom remains.