

William Allegrezza

Poems

An Aside on the Poems

I don't typically say much about my poetry, for I believe it should stand on its own and that the reader has an active role in interpretation. For my part, my poetics practice has begun to incorporate more personal elements than I used when I began writing poetry. When I started, I wanted poetry to push the reader outside of standard language patterns into more individual intellectual spaces to fight in a small way against the dehumanizing tendencies of modern Western culture. Now, my personal insights have started to blend with my reoccurring themes of language, meaning, and sound. I still think the lyric is a place for individuation, but now I spend as much time just listening to the sound of words next to words as anything else. In these poems, the I is foregrounded, but the "narrative" is broken, is fragmented and thrown out over the landscape of the poems. They exist, or they wait to exist, to be reconstructed with sound and meaning differently for each reader.



night glass

when the sunless trees
start to move downhill, you should
see them.

i saw
nothing but my own eyes staring
back.

the natural response
is motion, but i am hard
stuck with hands full,
wondering what happened,
for clarity is
elusive and temporary though
comforting.

the signs point the way,
but in collecting remnants
i have lingered over memories in
light and lost pulse.



seeded

the speed of your
breakdown is the line of my
distraction. nothing clear here.
believe what you want but do
not ride into the
room with your guns going. the
beetles on the flowers
do not care that you are,
but they hang on
as the breeze blows more swiftly.



at pace

the stop
before the step,
and then.

if you asked me to draw a plan for you,
i could not.

at pace
i am coming through the
marsh grass in search
of you, so you
should move.



settling

i wanted to regularize the placement
yet i spotted rocks already painted
left under barberry branches to no
purpose

and the underground tunnels of
field mice seeking winter shelter.

i
did not know what to do in
destruction or ignorance to
forget an instant in forced decision
to fade.

the winds came while
the plot resurfaced to metamorphose
with the season into something to shun
until new buds rise and the songs come
clear with spring



a means

at zero we are
as oracles or leaves
before being born.

left with light to seek
direction from the poor,
though of ear, of tide.

we have straddled the
pavement and dreamed
through woods our republic,

but we remain under
eaves listening to
voices muted through

rain on pebbles through
closed windows as
entrances sealed.



Motions

●

our motion
is outward
and you are following
along in time.

● ● ●

in the pools
near the gate,
they found confetti
left from the year before

● ● ●

we collected stories
of water demons across the
region and placed them
in a notebook at the trailhead.

● ● ●

perhaps train. line.
instant collapse. color.
shift. direction still, as new.
number. in space found.

● ● ●

we pulled up near the edge
and advised them to step
gently into the boat,
but they only wanted supplies

● ● ●



I watch for an end through
the turning circles and found
my story repeating under
skies filled with rain.



Waters

my story is in
water, as bones
fortunes cracking or
boats slowly
turning above rooflines.

 i watch when
 i can as it rain fills
 the ditches with
memory.

i could settle as a maenad,
hair and eyes out under skies
in cloud still as song,
 but I am here with
 toes dangling
 as driftwood, as
 symbol, trying to
build grottos
with story.



Trails

time has blown through
my ears as love
without wind
or speed, and
i listen as prairie
in rain,
as fall thistle growing
cold.

you have come back to
explain how words work
among cities, among
crowds,
but I have already
forgiven y o u
for not finding
the paths
 under the maple
leaves.

