

SONNETS

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Черепашке

for Lauren Ireland

but there's a groove where skin reaches vinyl
 & we cannot be digested
curl of land, I'm not your stepping stone, reverser
what preys on

 process, we say *degrade* but we
mean *wander*. mind & where that goes. & the sun
is slow

 & rises, unsleeved, as disposed.

I'm not

 counting that one

 I'm not

vinyl reach

 or hill caressing rivers

or what you

 mean by it, we say *erode*

but we mean *be generous*.

 boy throws milk

for mountain.

 the sun is slow.

 I know you're

particular I mean I see your

face of course I do. clothing is gift. you

take it with you. wamp bamalooma

to yield to an act of reading, open
door

in the crease of land: daughter-in-law.
quarter-lit, chestnut-eyed, horse that goes
on will
like a river.

crease of land
my face is red, rushes crowding the bend.
to have such a son is misfortune.

to open to an act of reading,
receptive daybreak. topaz. syntax
holds you under its lip,
wide garment, hour wakes
& we find we're the bride. doppler effect.
syntax
holds you chestnut-eyed,
sad as the melting point
of sugar.

grammar's honeymoon.
I reach for the falling cloth
chestnut-eyed
you vacate the stage you wheeze like a harpsichord

about face:

velvet.

the dead lay down their
wings of moss in a voice-filled corridor.
house boiled down to its sconces.

one

definition of *luxury*.

the gash

in a veil of storks.

corduroy.

vaporous

semblance.

we make each other like time
in that we make each other contingent.
Cézanne's fruit unravels to loose color.
black flanks.

appley heaven.

to my sister

in religion:

thanks for the pomegranates.
they're lifelike.

this town is like a vampire
husband. you look like some kind

would is, like duh, a tree.

dark night station,
musical concrete, & wherever you
sit you

sit like a rich red clay. red as
mourning, red as the russian girl's face,
primacy red on the field.

glottal stop.

period.

unyielding to concision,
a list grows up, tapering into
grasses. buckwheat. alfalfa.

for years

you'd hear theremins in the night, aching
pigment out of the walls.

I would

but I. speaking of but would or. wither
like leaves withering into unity.

I stammer. you turn.

lush quorum that can't
tell a siren from a sunflower.

daybreak over Pronoun City.
we dig
for shelter. you ramify. thick pheasants
they named the street for.

night-time falls
over Novel City.
systematic
coherence. like when you don't know what
something is, often it's a kind of soup.
act one:

grays assemble into a
Parthenon of what we think
is happening.

act two:
mother-of-pearl.
thru the street's shifting

intimacies I
find or am found.
we are nothing if not recognizable.
Ordinary City.

we turn it down.
circus mice. hyacinth.
I don't know:
it's
like a medicine it moves you inside

arrears before arrival, great before
grandmother.

you leave a telephone
footprint as clear as a name.

when you were
mine. a cycle of text & death & text,
a library swelling with brides like a
hive.

sight before sigil, bayonet
sitting in brine.

sunday, just after seven,
thru the window

nacreous ordinacies
over boerum hill, maker's mark, melted
ice.

aim before amplitude, speed before
specialty work. the lucid sidewalk

electric avenue
you rinse my eyes
in infinitives you speak into train wrecks
the sky is a luminous grammar

for you I have a long list of things there's
no use in.

polysemy. more children.
the architecture changes & we realize
it's another country.

same map,
throwing sticks like, most of your organs I
mean probably

repair
to the mountains

to the limestone year downstairs
every town moans.

dear freakazoid, I would
like to have breakfast with you. I would like
whatever the ferris wheel says
to the

ferris wheel in
the ferris wheel park after
closing

held to the possible ocean
night
o don't be silly tongues can't talk

what is this bullshit in my salad?

all

I hear is not slovak, bones in the wrong
countryside.

you asked for it.

all I hear

is the blubbering down the hall, house gone
pink,

the elevator spills ink or may
be writing something.

you be you then that

seems fair.

turns out "secular states"

aren't all they're cracked up to be vis-a-vis
"sexual identity" & "religion"

let me have it all

light hitting jugs, fruit
from other countries, adorable old
people.

let nothing draw me like malt from its
hull. obscurely akin to earthquake.

fig
blossoms. *cada instante*. there's a hole
in my mouth that tastes

like chinese grammar
again.

siempre en mi mente. syntax
like a current does all the deciding.
cracking the face of.

& music, & music,
let
every singer call my name water.
olvidarte.

infinitives squeezed out
of a desire-soaked preposition.

to
say anything. we find difference. open
your mouth, next thing you know we're related

Speak to me:

silken, sad, uncertain poppies
fields of them fractioning off into distance

scratch on it's National Make
Friends With Charybdis Day.

tempter sent.

here

give us yr hands & we'll pull you along.
tempest-tossed

a ritornello

then they

get sleepy.

I named my robot
William Carlos Williams.

my friends open

up & grass pours out of them.

vast contours

not more sensitive than the way you speak
but with different

sensitivities. yes

your honor

it was roderick

in the colored

smoke he woke me up he changed my clock

“because of boys” girls do “something crazy”
because of because, beige nissan under
the tree, I told you so, because the light
of five o'clock is yielding to the light
of six o'clock

hour tripping us up

age

warm in its lastness. just plain nuts. because
of a static fluttering deep in the
glitches.

sputtering yellow, asyntactic,
as much like the bible as if this were
literally happening in the bible.

cause is like sunlight it is continuous.

I remember things differently:

it was

getting cold. my hands turned into birds. a
bird on the cold bench a bird in your chest

one way of looking at it is to see
everything coming in waves.

train doors
open. butts flutter in. you're up against
velocity here & Fellini you
ain't.

train pulls out.

life ends up making sense
which means life is a comedy. congrats!
you are this movie I'm breathing I'm
trying

to. the viaduct broke. my grammar: a
torah of cinders.

my dictionary:
you bury the afterbirth. lodestar. vast.
all frequency is recurrence.

tell that
to the radio. tell it to the speed
of light.

distant time, you are beautiful,
it's true we recede, nobody cares like Frank

about the pronouns.

I can turn this meat
over & over in my mouth but
it's never going to
be you. pass the torque.
neighborhood one:

we get inspired under
gray chemical lamps.

neighborhood two:
active receptors.

musical fire escape.
our us. you it. she breaks the guitar
& an anthropocene opry
flies out.

you mosaic.
there is a word for your idea. you sea.
you blackjack. you field day for superlatives.
I agree with bread. machinery made
with paint is ridiculous.

we chose them.
useful skills in a shipwreck. we take things
too far.

will you sign in, Mystery Guest?

this peony is an empty house this
resemblance is an empty house this
morning
 a break in the ordinariness
long did I build you
 long did I drink verbs
in the house of escapes
he thought it a devilish comfortable
house
 he thought it a house so deep in what
was not water
 he is sleeping
 like an
almond
 the boat he's on espouses sleep
this empty house is an organ on
a lifeboat
 a pandur in the lap of
dispersion
 we catch the trail
 & we don't
only forget we also remember