

# 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"





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