SONNETS

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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

into steam, girding mass,

mineral challenge

of the carousel. birds let loose in a cutaway model of the carousel. dinnertime

tames the garden,

finds no peace

where war is done.

grammar of unrecognition.

restless diagram. musical generals.

you draw

a red interval, martinet

holding circumference to its ratio.

ducats on stone stairs. smell of import shop.

carousel is a hope

not all math will be

human. bird on cradle. the weather's out. bullhorns

line the streets

you find me where I go,

contours reconfiguring each other.

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

sing to the whole alphabet,

scapegrace

little vowels, aitches huddled together helping everything we know to become wind.

telephone glimmer,

crisp under plectrum,

logic of hexagons

tessellating

go to sleep

do down low

a way to say

we steal the honey,

articulate, sweet,

the museum is not safe. we meet under. it's bound to be black. send me a postcard. send me moral

confidence. send me all the vowels from the bridge. well that's a method. a province.

a way of getting natural. you take the bag of sounds. back to beginnings now. deep under the house. 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

for Dan Cummings

exoneration from earthly condition: five. four. three.

some qualities are easy to observe in animals, like *panic* or *fanciness*.

some people will follow anyone with a carabiner: not *us* tho.

costume the preposition, drape the cat in snow

& arithmetic vanishes.

you're a color in grammar's prism, wrong end of everything sayable.

I say you the floor; in some museums any penis will likely be an ancient penis. it's tough being transitive. it's tough when the ball drops.

I'm an eighties

font

we go out

how do you say it in

into the shifting contours of wakefulness you send yourself

into the yellow house

the river takes

your eyes past you

I know I know

you bite deep into a crystal pear, its abstraction runs over your chin

the infinite hammock

check for

wildlife

open your mouth to let light dissolve on your tongue

like a tree

masked

ailanthus

treats the sun like sugar water my mouth is an oyster

& I'm listening you bite deep into a crystal broadcast & mill a sugar of frequency

o go

make a photograph we'll watch from here

I need somewhat hands

let the night come back

I need somewhat arms

or a plinth conjured

from dunes

sawtooth trance

let's be temporal

under brushstroke.

let's synthesize

paralysis.

I will pay whatall.

my

fix for a bad stink inside is preposterous saplings, a box of liver pills, and a celluloid dickey. expression-

substance

content-

substance

write it on a piece of

paper so it can

be read.

you know this

part.

desert reabsorbing the moon oh doctor it hurts it hurts

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

decay, whether understood as a state or a process,

sits on our tongues like salt, your question is

soot in my mouth.

see, either/or feels just like a mummy, give baby his bottle

a grammar with the viscosity of bathwater. why the sun steals our color.

I see you, raptor hidden in the alphabet, embedded as angles.

names are one method, cities & cities of names becoming sand.

big light

in sky.

sustain as in october sea. release, we say *augmented*,

haystack

semantics of becoming powder.

one

way out I woke up this morning

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

welcome to blaze chat my name is freeze you the day grows splatter-like

& splinters down

into breach.

a pause ensues.

apertures

soften the air into chimes if language could be spherical

it might float.

the day

is a name for surprise.

monstrosity.

thanks

for hosting. thanks

for the knock at the door,

for whatever names are an

embouchure of.

I categorically

& game of an impulsive sky

you not

withstanding

only language loose

in the catastrophe

people change, Bunny.

I'm queer, madame squirm in the church

I mean I don't like to

of the obvious.

grateful obsidian. casiotone obsidian of the obvious. chopped liver.

a rib for the lady.

I said

it felt like a hot river of bees on my tongue.

take a long, semantic look at your self.

slick grammar of bedpan. ingrowth. backspin. only me to blame. verbs scatter. slick bedpan of the obvious.

regroup.

refrain from regrouping. you be typewritten I'll be pronouns

you be pumpkins I'll be the squirrels in the crawlspace

we can squirm

together like deutsch marks in a windtunnel

for 傅青山

oops did I say horse I meant robotic fuckface implant

one part

incandescent tension between voices one part

our cumulative predicament and the sound of wet tires on the street

all days break

obscene is the document legible or maybe legibly illegible

sorry to bug you we never finished tracing these silhouettes out of absence

naming all the feelings we don't experience

welcome to the

warbling week

collective drunk dial of this

city's every aching foot

a cadence

in the saturation

salami salami

baloney

"because of boys" girls do "something crazy" because of because, beige nissan under the tree, I told you so, because the light of five oclock is yielding to the light of six oclock

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?

$$(6/4 = 3/2)$$

burn sputnik burn

churning specifics curl

into aspect

peck spectral rooms sfu sfu sfumato epinards metanards parish cha-cha-chopped & screwed

it's got me bugaboo.

seek whole eyes

pass engines

sleep

or or not

resting stir

me tarzan you meters. root into arrested totality. you all you you

ears with yr hammers

ca-ca-

phonic pajamas. let me go get my medals. ma ma malfunction. baby in fatuation.

tame chew-toys.

uncles barf

klangfarbenmelodie. keys scribbled into light

ever traveling

our mouths

in fact the very flower of babble

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