

STACCATO LANDMARK

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“Nowhere”: Grandkids

by the dozen. Is cooperation regional? Gated
river, lakes' guzzling executives. Bark, Europe. Whose
tree? Before you interrogate or irrigate or
integrate, talk small. Caned chestnuts stocking a
large enough holiday for now and childhood.
And the job gets dumb. A tavern

opens a government. Collapsing milk. Emptiness of
some thirsts. Isn't he shifting
forever? Where polls exit over
bumps. Incestuous as chocolate. Until
they vote and are proven

to be counted, I will
not address those
dickering shadows. He
set up casinos

in every cortex. Knighting the
disguise tapestry. Work, wilderness. We
recognize you from the picture
on the bottle. This marriage
to the not.

Dented Reprise VI

The big-vest charmer's quarters

clearly

caked appeal all night:

"My urn is tempting; here's a toupee."

Sometimes I flare into face,

fears malodor

displaced.

Who's leaking gout?

Is rapture a crow boat?

Yo, trauma's advance

makes the caddy go block the hole.

Guiding my brain

through lion terrain,

you stoked my clock,

springing eclectic butter.

You got my school

creaming out shark.

'Cause I'm snoozing, my

crutch

may go dutch.

Everyone fears rescinding.

Pinned by prerecorded fun,

how to maestro? Chance
must. The chance. Uniquely,
ungainly. To someone's disgust.
Whose fluency will you
see there?

Don't
stop
tinkering with the borrowed.
We can't peel publics.

Desperately respectable or not.
Stand me, I task
you. To wake subterranean
pace for a bluish
bonneted hill.

I know you won't
delete fish from stew.
I never sent any spam to you.
Bolted desks may hide

locals' eventual velocity. You
can shake, sugar, but
then you must leave.

That baroque steel relief is

heaved into a neighbor's back
yard. Not unpeevisly. That this
was never programmed for kinesis
becomes an ache somewhere inconvenient.
Does art accommodate its violation
generously?
Theories can bring awful
m-m-mold.

(Talkin' about my 'carceration.)

Hope I fly before I'm
s-s-sold.

Programmatic intuition: my breasts are
gawking at other toys. Who
holds the bounty cursed? Gene
motion always arriving to neck-
scruff laggards.

She wants now to spurn those things
I taught her.

(Wings that caught her.)

Tell her she can steep them

in her frame.

(In their flame.)

Next up: beveled novels to

be relived under curious hammers.

Yinglish Strophes VII

Meshugge to depend much
sugar we refine on.
You: a taste specialist
yet. Cooked rawly such
a sequence. I'm the
parrot forgetful for accident,
as a water body
trance floating the background.
Was context sifting-a
diamond through the clockwork
lecture. But such haughty
the footnote subway. Must
be studious, humble footwork.
About which it grants
the (occasionally) bigger taste
lightning. My broom's hard worked,
although this vacuum the
hall, mainly, doesn't always.

Yinglish Strophes VIII

Where from you crouching is
See good no blue steady
and crawl white. Paper office
you diversion, these columns what
perspires the doers always and
figures growing out. Out. "Never
forever." Sky my interest. Where
am I landing the next
tomorrow is. Enough near. It's
all over a lost Vegas
they shovel more shekels. Shoving productive
you can't by me. Beautiful, beautiful,
beautiful. We'll have snow April. Did
you ever have here April snow?
Do you remember?

Take off your

hat; you're in
a bank. Hillary
senses our handshake
has been too
rhetorical and withdraws
it. The post-
Nazi proprietor bars
Lou Sensei's stink
from his lily
bathroom. As
I open
the alley door
for three miniatures,
why does one
cackle in my
face? Julius bolts
out of his
first floor window
to elude a
roommate's earnest broth.

THOMAS FINK is the author of four books of poetry, most recently *No Appointment Necessary* (Moria Poetry, 2006) and *After Taxes* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2004), and two books of criticism, including “*A Different Sense of Power*”: *Problems of Community in Late-Twentieth-Century U.S. Poetry* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001). His work has appeared in *American Book Review*, *American Poetry Review*, *Aught*, *Barrow Street*, *Chicago Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Jacket*, *Milk*, *Moria*, *Octopus*, *Shampoo*, *Spore*, *Talisman*, *Verse*, and numerous other publications. Fink is a Professor of English at City University of New York-LaGuardia. His paintings hang in various collections.

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