

*from Rough  
Spring  
Sonnets*

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Each time my heart is broken it makes me feel more adventurous (and how the same names keep recurring on that interminable list!), but one of these days there'll be nothing left with which to venture forth.

Frank O'Hara, *from Meditations in an Emergency*



Dear not in weird nostalgia of another  
I've been caught deep in dark  
wooded goodness

Dear love is love and all that  
though mistakes are subjective  
Dear often as only in afterthought

Dear since love is love and all that  
taken across sea and stranded

Dear not memory thick with thought  
Or judgment Dear not  
hope in moonlight mistaken

Dear not stay the night in a ginger house  
Dear instead go outside now join the sun

Welcome to the Oven Poetics Theater  
where rabbit children  
till fairy gardens  
in the manufactured melt  
Like the bend of Dali's watches  
over a tree branch  
lyrics drip from metal wrack rungs  
*Stay the course Stay the course*  
as we all drown in *1000 Points of Light*  
Zip-lining through the city  
yr gender-heavy child  
dodges over-sized furniture  
tossed hither-&-yon  
by a conceptual artist

I am tired of the absence of light  
and Timestamps  
Restrictions in the boxwood  
Nothing but lust for this sideways self-cast  
Shadows create  
Each self tapped thus removed from sunshine  
A Congregation of Exes  
I too form a second self in light  
I also absent myself there  
blackbirds bluebirds heal the sky

In unknown energy in

Lexiconic wingspans

Forgotten temples

Let's translate  
1000 points of light  
Enroll it in the Sun

Fuse distance

Light repeats the sky  
& you are golden in a sonic loop  
of sound sunflared & spotted  
torched into The Overview Effect  
How an astronaut knows  
our place in atmosphere  
is a product of perspective  
A thin membrane  
separates us from everything  
that unknowingly will destroy us  
This is an argument  
for the Internet  
& all the information  
it affords us

What gets you off  
a disaster of Farewells  
in the city's debris  
Of poets who no longer love you  
into murky yellowing of mustard-gas  
near Ruin porn factories

Or, self-manufactured legacies  
All perfectly honed life skills  
irrevocably fucked-up

Small soap squares scented w/ white gardenias  
and nostalgia from Provence or

Places you've never visited  
or let yourself go to

Taut full bellies of love and love and love and  
new beginnings

In stacks of 3X5 notecards

w/ distanced penciled missives of  
love & sun & sun & sun  
secreted lamped burnings

Boring small holes through your head  
instead of yr heart  
as miniature bombs ticking

Notes thrumming and  
thrumming

Sealed from sight w/ paper  
Ezra Pound's eyes  
no longer flicker  
no longer distill the world  
into an image  
composed in the sequence  
of a musical phrase  
The dove-grey hills  
of a Turkish war correspondent go  
*KERPLUNK!*  
I cannot remember  
bullshit ornamentation  
of pearl-pale lights blinding me  
I only know my overcast city

I want to be ruby-throated  
and inevitable Solitary,  
I often wake to the sound  
of a false sea

Ruby-throated and  
anonymous— I don't want a poetics

Filled with air or a false sea  
promise

My breakers erode a thievery so open  
it is no longer classifiable as theft

Or out of control even  
but speckle-faced sea shanties  
staging small protests

along the coast of my form

I need to be completely empty  
while grandma dead drunk  
hammers away at my pump organ  
in the basement  
Nothing else is nothing else  
or so say the necrophiliacs  
skull fucking in the graveyard  
or cemetery or whatever  
you want to call it  
or name it or whatever  
Thunder in the distance  
composes a thundersong  
I regularly lose  
confidence in my abilities

The sea the sea      sleeps

Imagine me mountained and alone

Wrapped in lyric not mine—remixed

To be circuitous is to not be alone

Love like the sea      quickly jumping

You like you love you are like      the sea

The sea      Atlantic enow

   Bodies you idiomed  
Trying to inscribe words inside her  
In the dream is the unknowing

I will not offer unnatural toxins  
   abt

Dream

   Dance

   Half-looking  
Inside my right inscribing hand

Large with want cross the

While you write out Green and I river my wants  
And write away from you

Among half-lit rooms in the half-lit  
Morning

*Tirra lirra* there are songs on the horizon  
*tirra lira* the songs so faraway  
Golden heavy galaxies  
broken brightly in the fields  
& you run through woods  
as a form of relaxation  
& you burn a snowman  
for a mind of summer  
as it passes from winter w/o spring  
Who needs seasons  
in streams of leafy letters  
falling from you to me  
You bury a body  
beneath the sand

Birdsong nothings season my before boredom  
an apocalypse  
of pulsed green tender  
pornographic wants  
this new season where change and warmth and ugly  
frighten against us  
repeat to repeat on repeat

Oh zombie apocalypse, where have you stashed our few  
remaining wayward poets?

A thus cornered market? Then robot me *ein Genie!*

Understand what I am saying

Don't trust what seems  
Vaguely romantic gestures only ever undulate strange  
seem  
Foreign seem awkward afraid

We foraged bärlauch during Waldmorgen  
& night demanded nothing from us  
but the slow slide of our bodies  
into silhouettes under the moon  
The moon is still an invention  
& it breaks me  
w/ its artifice rhythm & light  
We are all too real in the imaginary  
but this is a lesson I learned too late  
Now I am laked iced & empty  
Some words repeat b/c we comfort  
in their invocation  
other words vanish w/ the sunrise  
To disappear has never been easy

An island movement crumbles under  
Under the weight of my own when I die  
I die in the dream of the island again where  
Where one love dissipates into the next lost  
Lost latitudes of the next circumscribed hearts nest  
Nesting secreted boxed endings Ready-made maybes  
Maybe upon never posed Nothings which spirit  
Spirit us away. I will not forget a body less figured from  
from form or fate. A body of un-etched endings  
Ending fate with sunshine and maybes. Fate me forgotten.  
Forgotten fate me with questions previously untold  
Untold in which lonely trees turn lonely  
Lonely flesh knifed with new forms. Season me buried nonetheless,  
Nonetheless with Sunshine offering another still winter  
Wintering circumscribed love willing fates me nothing  
Nothing poetic. Fates me bodiless and formless  
Formless and island less and nothing  
Nothing spirits me away.

To live inside the belly of the tiniest bird  
or exist as the tiniest tree sprouting  
from the tiniest floorboards of the tiniest room  
inside the tiniest computer  
streaming the tiniest video of you  
reciting the tiniest poems halfway btwn  
German & "American"  
& the reverb of yr pussy  
manifesto's *SIR SIR SIR SIR SIR SIR*  
WTF's w/ all these tiniest images  
The tiniest manifesto  
sung through the tiniest speakers  
repeating the tiniest words  
until you cross the Atlantic

*Wherein I must respond to the birds*

The birds            decontextualized

The birds            as real

The birds            about notice

The birds            more than idea

The birds            as a problem

There is only so much one can learn about birds

There are only so many places one can put a bird on

The birds            as the other

The birds            as postage stamps

*The birds the birds the birds!*

No birds            but in idea

I'll throw a hot coal  
at a bird for being vocal  
Its song a wild tangle of sound  
busting open in the idyll  
of spring's silence  
Here is a new translation of you  
How flows a seascape  
across my face  
I want the Internet  
to save my soul  
then eat itself alive  
Show me yr meme  
& I'll show you mine  
speaking through the ocean

Hot coal being vocal of sound the idyll  
silenced this translation of you  
—my sea-scaped face—  
I too want to silence the Internet—  
eat the meme you mime through  
wide ocean space.

Or,-  
Throw a bird  
Song a wild  
Tangle  
Busting open  
Of spring  
Here is  
Flowing  
Across my soul  
Show me  
Have you ever been local?  
I'll show you  
Speaking thru

Or,-  
Ocean thru speaking  
My show and  
Alive in this meme  
This meme of poems  
Will live across  
Forever yr face  
Flows a how how  
In silent spring seascape  
Busting open the heart of the angle  
Bursting open the heart of the idyll  
Wild tangles of sound spew forth  
This bird was a local  
Who dodged hot coals

The sea shanties sort of went OOC  
Listen to them as they slide  
back in to the breakers  
eroding the only shoreline we'll ever know  
Why it is wonderful  
that the moon is inevitable  
What happens when we bury  
the hummingbird out at sea  
I bought two balloons:  
"Plato" & "Aristotle"  
Filled w/ air they had faces  
I inform my poetics w/ thievery  
& my thievery informs itself  
w/ the forms btwn you & I

And so, we are crushed sentimental  
In Spring—Every spring—we are in spring.  
We spring thus—as process. At the stables  
I drink a Coke named *Dylan*. It doesn't taste any different—  
How can that be written Into 21st Century poetics?  
When the red red string—this line—feels So fraught.  
In my 39th year I have decided that ambivalence is an illness.  
Or at least an arrested State no one should want to own. One  
should fight against it—Poetic or ever and anon—  
I think O'Hara would agree. Though it's funny because the poets  
I have known who claim to be the most attached  
To O'Hara are usually the worst lovers. *Take note!*  
In riding, the young students are taught to make a  
Connection with the horse—small girls bend down  
As they ride, Bury their heads into the head of the Beast—  
The same should be applied thus to the line In Spring—Every  
Spring—We are in spring. Sprung. Not crushed sentimental.

OMFuckingG am I sharing a Coke w/ you again  
I must admit that "you"  
might be someone else in this instance  
There is a red red string  
that needs be cut in the most desperate of ways  
Hey newly bloomed flowers  
*CRUSH ME* sentimental in sunshine  
I don't care what the haters say  
there's nothing wrong w/ love  
& emotion & a little bit of blood  
in 21st-century poetry  
O'Hara never composed  
a single status update  
anyone ever "liked"

BEAUTY lay a body down  
BEAUTY pumped full with perfume & valium  
BEAUTY written in idiom  
BEAUTY that will be remembered  
BEAUTY both for its novelty and its universality  
BEAUTY if you cut a strip of BEAUTY you have BEAUTY  
BEAUTY placed over yr eyes is still BEAUTY  
BEAUTY yr cornea  
BEAUTY cut paper BEAUTY cut paper  
BEAUTY gets a paper-cut  
BEAUTY BEAUTY edit edit BEAUTY remix  
BEAUTY doesn't own a single pair of pants without holes  
BEAUTY can go days without feeling  
BEAUTY be numbed to the innumerable  
BEAUTY haunts the darkness around me

Please turn on the weather into something more seasonal  
A bluebird blows apart the boxwood  
Timestamps reveal nothing but our lust for sleep  
Shadows create a lie of the body  
a second form absent of light  
A sideways self cast upon the world  
once removed from sunshine  
Kinetic energy sounds itself w/ each tap of the typewriter  
I wake each morning in my unmade bed  
I lie awake each night in that same unmadeness  
Bluebirds back again heal the sky  
An unspoken lexicon  
fuses distance to the wing  
& speaks w/ all these fucking feathers

Each night spent foraged and demanding  
Self-same since the long slide of nothing against  
nothing. Silhouettes of bodies—ache  
where moon rhythm and light invents  
itself. I imagine it new and fled  
that music of desire iced and  
laked rooms undo and unfold  
among iced whispers and  
Nightingale odes, lines and  
words repeat—repeat of lines and  
words of dream and waking light,  
and empty invocations!

*Oh Adieu! Adieu!*

I will look for the goodness  
that follows moonlight  
I will look deep into the dark woods  
for a weird deer  
but not for nostalgia of another  
I've been caught  
in the memory of mistaken love  
I've let myself be lost  
in a landscape thick w/ pharmaceuticals  
Ginger house O ginger house  
to spend a night in a ginger house  
I hope the clouds  
bounce off the sun  
I hope you won't forget me

