

## **Fanfare**

*A holiday toward nightfall. – Sandro Penna*

Materialistic  
autophagous  
progressive  
immanent  
irreversible  
Dialectical  
Historicism

always in  
never out

impeccable

not  
outsourced  
to foreign purveyors  
of schlock  
that only kooks  
will buy  
into

but made by us

unnatural wonder  
un-idiolectic  
un-individual  
universal

fast  
that feeds everyone  
and no one

quantitative leap  
or whatever  
just as long  
as it's not  
qualitative

empyrean  
crypt

right at home  
zero desire  
except for themselves  
not even because  
anyone  
*provides*

disclosure  
of an ethics  
based upon  
zilch  
unless it be  
how  
sooner or later  
there intercedes  
either  
a “leader”  
charismatic  
so long  
as he hangs on  
or a crew  
of equally  
providential  
epigoni

pocket eternity  
regulated  
by  
efficient  
accountable  
regulated  
specialists

death of  
the noble savage  
known unknowns  
opinion  
epiphany  
famine  
loners with no use value  
priest mage  
intellectual

triumph  
of the ex primate  
over  
himself over  
everything  
inside  
a 3 branch system

minus  
phoney  
molten  
noosphere  
crust  
and the b.s.  
put out  
by  
arrogant  
postmodern papist  
radicals

invasion  
violent & non  
it so happens  
a lefty war  
could be the last  
& by its nature  
is  
just like always

tell me  
disengaged pal  
is there anything  
in all this  
you object to?

## Holbein

hired himself out  
to crash a party  
court life  
& paint its portrait

You can see him  
hide behind light  
that doesn't accentuate  
or obscure  
each face peers forth  
subaqueous

No camera lucida  
captures  
both the person & its milieu

Impassive  
in soft  
evenly diffused radiance  
flung across  
an infinity  
which turns out to be  
way more circumspect  
than they were  
the models  
remove  
from their own faces  
the shapely luster  
of controlled passion  
& diverted ambition  
so that the mask  
betrays truth

Striking nothing  
this glow  
has no source  
a picture plane  
could indicate

Objects

emit it

Sovereignty Sediton  
Charity Malevolence  
Chastity Concupiscence  
&c.

When he revealed  
to each  
the panel  
his art had made  
of a soul  
how did they price  
an afterlife  
that strides  
suspended  
precarious between  
skyward  
adoration  
& nausea before  
a slab?

**“How vainly men themselves amaze”**

a traitor worm in the inverted tree  
of service to the state rots English oak  
shrewd career choices based on cold conclusions  
drawn from close scrutiny of how things tend  
will come to nothing lacking strong connections  
established by recorded action over time  
and the ability and will to exploit them  
for self advancement if not preservation  
tyrants as personalities dramatic  
though they be die and leave debris behind  
fealty even divided must go down  
one either weathers out the storm or doesn't  
scarce thoughts without green shade for shelter stay  
green very long mind guards the garden so

## **Necropolitan**

*For Jeffrey Joe Nelson*

Bright windows watch  
abstracted  
as silhouettes pass  
in sober haste  
solitary or coupled  
between taillights  
and streetlamps  
and close at hand  
city dusk invades  
an interior  
streaked with lustrous color  
which spills across tables  
scattered over a floor  
where habitués  
and strangers  
stand sit  
come and go  
through semidark

Interpersed underneath  
heavy music  
the ambient  
retorts  
alibis  
comeons  
jibes  
and  
plaints  
whirling  
in starless air  
altogether  
roll out into  
a dissolute glory  
granished with liquor  
and weed  
that at length  
half tames  
the irate  
junior management  
strategist

nearby  
whose nostrils flare  
under sunken eyelids  
silently until  
he embarks upon  
a tangled relation  
of break room exploits  
which know  
no dénouement

His interlocutor  
an alert  
and pensive  
if unsteady  
listener  
who is *in sales*  
giggles  
adjusts a monogram  
printed silk  
scarf  
around her bodice  
sips at  
rosé  
teeters  
on kitten heels  
and tartly  
interjects  
here and there  
*Uh huh? or I know!*

Reappearing  
in suave profile  
from behind  
several exhausted  
frantic denizens  
hard at their kicks  
along the bar  
your companion  
makes his way back  
through all this  
prosopopoeia  
sets down three  
fresh pints



brushes aside  
a silver lock  
of fine hair  
from each temple  
smiles  
and loosening  
an irregular tie  
resumes  
“Wanna beat Boxer?  
Tell you how  
Run a TV spot  
say during this oil spill  
while the economy  
goes to hell  
she’s been writing a novel  
that has herself  
as the main character  
awhile ago  
I did a piece criticizing Barbara  
she voted against  
reforming Three Strikes  
that ad  
would do it”

Outside  
a wind sash  
unwraps  
from the joined waists  
of an  
anonymous encounter  
then whips  
away

Afterwards  
you exit severally  
through the vestibule  
and night curtains  
draw shut on  
*Wished I was a giant*  
*Said man get off the street*