

Andrew K Peterson

DELGHIS

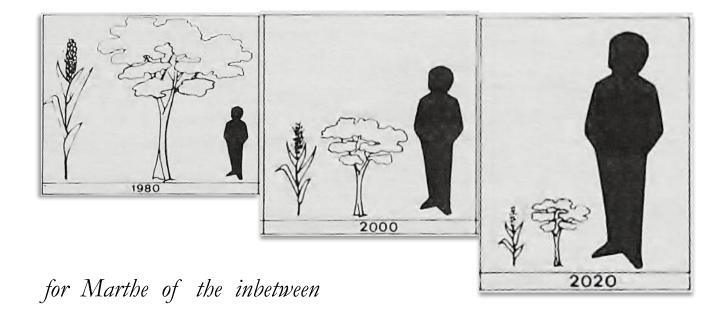
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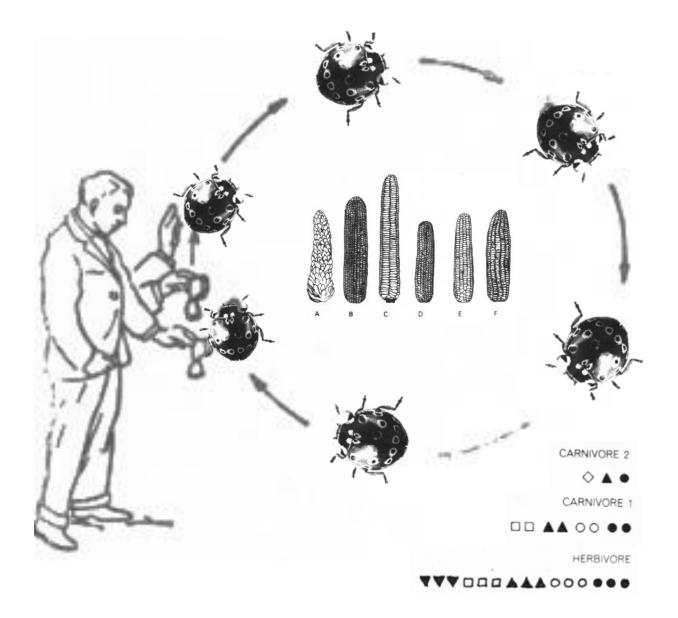


Other Delights

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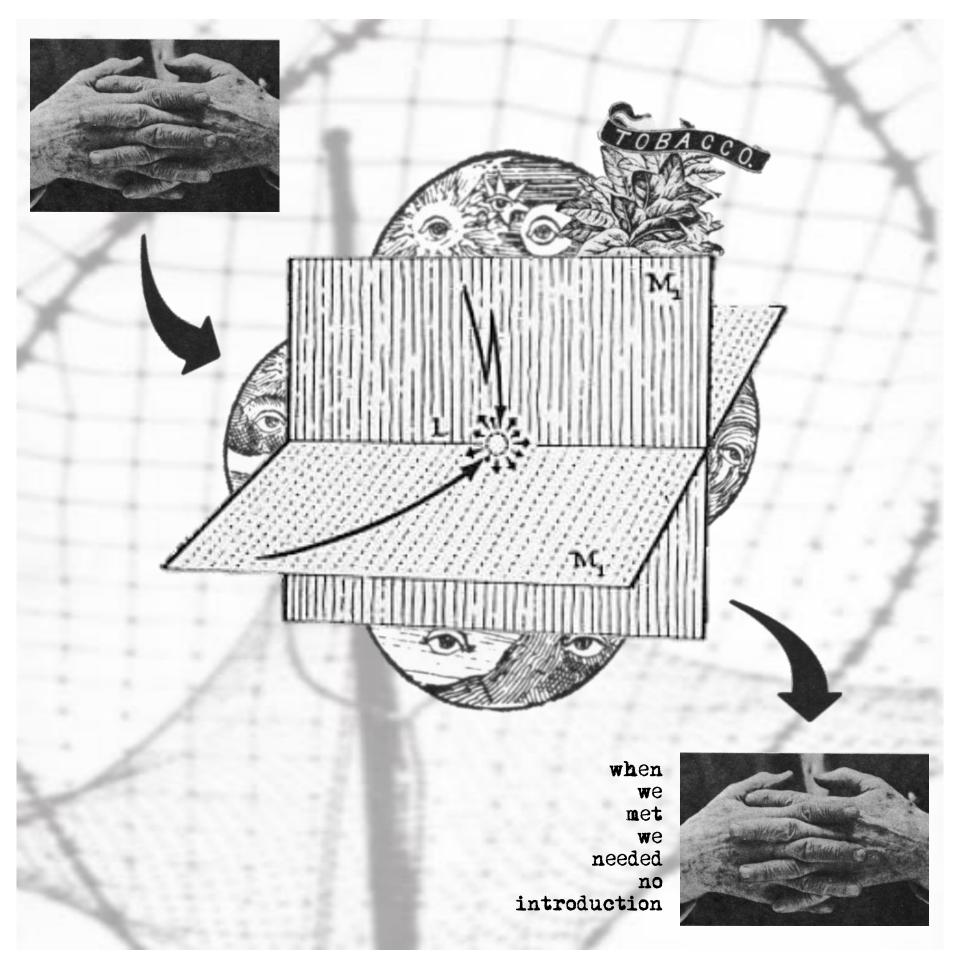
There are no differences but differences of degree between different degrees of difference and no difference.

Sunshine Umbrella

We're in a band called Sunshine Umbrella write our symphony by chance assembly of ants wandered across blank music pages lured with a dummy picnic basket of sauces and vinegar loathed by critics hailed by Occupations of Loneliness you will shred on uke be the soundtrack to teenage petting travel upper Mongolia open an eponymous coffee shop be forgotten and remembered have lovers and misadventures survive pinkeye and the van fire come back as ants and meet then in a swimming pool of an inverted umbrella tossed away from the picnic after summer rain so hello again banana hello HELLO from this umbrella in the sun loops of our own music we've been singing this whole time...



Morning's rider Blunders, turns in Wonder over rivers Underwater with Thirsty thirsty Ardor, kinda bursting A clear refelction Wiped clean with The back of my face Makes it rougher, Belly scratch with Crescent amethyst Where the moon once was My device corrects (Wrongly) as amateur Amateur painters Amateur poets Amateur loners Auteur lovers & other heroes We're over The river Steams of any code Opens yup that door Let the strollers pass Let me on my way Be my way In leather thistle Burns the skull Through & tussle, Rough as soft is Morning's rider Fawning over blunders Other delights



Thought, or of the white curve on a black background that we call thought

without seeking, without being seen or sought

goes and so it glows

without seething (blinking without breaking, without being teased or told

glows and so it knows

without teething (clinking without taking, without being breathed or brought

> knows and so it goes

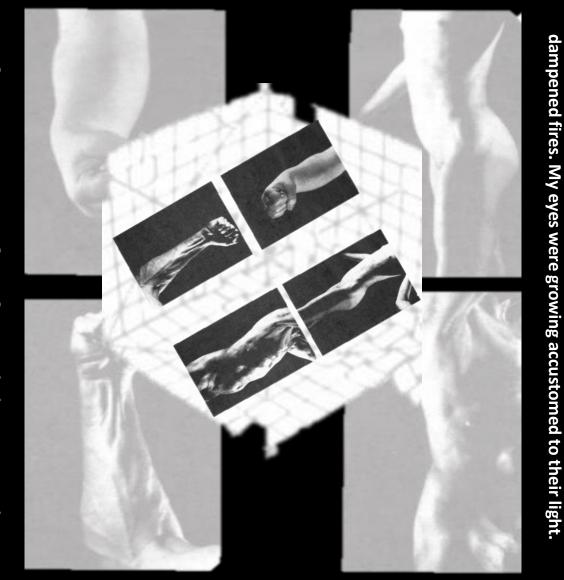
Everybody is a Star

i.m. Marthe Reed | Cynthia Robinson

there you go

beyond light

as you were,



Around me in the gloom dark shapes worked ceaselessly at the

Around me in the gloom dark shapes worked ceaselessly at the

dampened fires. My eyes were growing accustomed to their light.

weather not ocean

Even solitude dissolves along, undulant. Tide hand reaching heights, cool lean

against the bar. Dusk

leaving meaning, leaving

song, treeness saps its

green – even where

no silence – goes and so:

returns else nearer bloom.

Tows the bunk path's seed patch. Feathered rudders' crisp blind curls for tracing

sharp body-bound flasks, backyard bark dog, piss briar: lioness sky.

Really, that this knows you. That you know, want's, enough. No difference steams the crescent splay

Fence post muds the ring bath

towards out the cruel loop.

Little yellow wild clouds still slightly, push away from purpose, the moment's

snap back rude dude

strains stand against

Precious fenestra

gold sea jetsam

a rare and mundane strand

kind, but throw down

your heat, too. Make sure

you have your say. Aims

analogous. Bright surfaced

northern bands.

A tonal lightening

stray buzz inside reclusive lumens

Touch earth, pinks gypsum lady-slipper. Sandy hill – the knob broad crow – Can it be live-forever? If.

Rock-ribbed flags, coarse

rush, the passing sapling.

Cakes in a rainstorm bob

Almost Periodic Oscillations

and Waves - come not,

impatience of clouds!

desperate carry, balance

an ocean to go

either azalia - desire,

untrained keeps watch

asking even, tide,

help me turn the boat around.

"I think of you today

as one cloud less, where

there's one lone sea plane too"

Excerpts – altitudes

to mind – large

as night's nightly

sloped beast

paths to the reef.



Dear Marthe,

during prolonged creative dormancies I reassembles as the unwatered, wilting houseplant, thirsty stems pressed to winter glass, cool to the feather, sharing room with an empty pot of once boiled water forgotten, gas flame still burrowing below, runty air kicks back a click of tin fizzle, no hand near, the dry knowledge of soil slips back to second should there be attendance – in line for a need there should be attendance – as patience in becoming stress the sampling weighs, indestructible molecules fire gently as tomb glow flicker against alien mummy wrap touching down its trample, a kind of tingle in the ankle, transfer balking as its root, a booster if there will be

An autumnal

falls full husk back how long the search for what's not lost, if to love's an ease of, being close enough, say no – sweetly – to and not have it hurt like that ambrosic cabaret moth cobalt bowl with a planet planted in

> when the deal goes down it goes as most deals do: through oblivion enough to steep tall grasses & keeps in / cracks around the ring from that one bad year while we hold out our tongues for a last flake in the heat. is this how to leave one with everything quiet wading waiting against river light against a shadow's single branch – fells lowed opens – & love these words into smoke

Birthday Poem

Too cold to get up through edges of blinds the sky

louder the sun blooms light lies layered in

the books of fall litter the beauty that I see.

That I could marvel – green, unravelling

weather turned around spins its morning praise

kept reasonably free of la-di-da... leaves up

on out of the sound. Give my love to oh,

everybody. How shall it magnetize?

la-di-da, ladi-da

Alternating Lines: James Schuyler (b. 11/9/23) + Dylan Thomas (d. 11/9/53)







A Taste of Honey



Green Peppers



Tangerine

"We get it all," the dump philosopher repeated. "Just give it time to travel, we get it all." *in all the waves and fires in all the waves and fires in all the waves and fires*

Bittersweet Samba

We, or rather I, now experienced the slow drift of galaxies

for any boundary, to recross is not to cross.

Lemon Tree

"Go back to sleep." "No, I'm awake. Where are we?" "Fuck, I don't know. THE IMAGE "You arrive very late," Thunder and rain set in:

Whipped Cream

To the Egyptians, shelter for the dead was more important than shelter for the living; our factories, he argued, suggest that shelter

Love Potion No. 9

monthly goat gab, latest in goat gear, goats for sale, goat cheese recipes, goatkeepers' classifieds. get your goat.

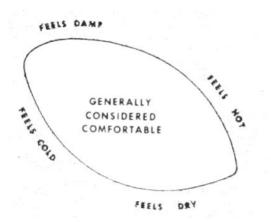
El Garbanzo



Ladyfingers

brighter bigger and taller more creative more mentally stable more independent

Butterball

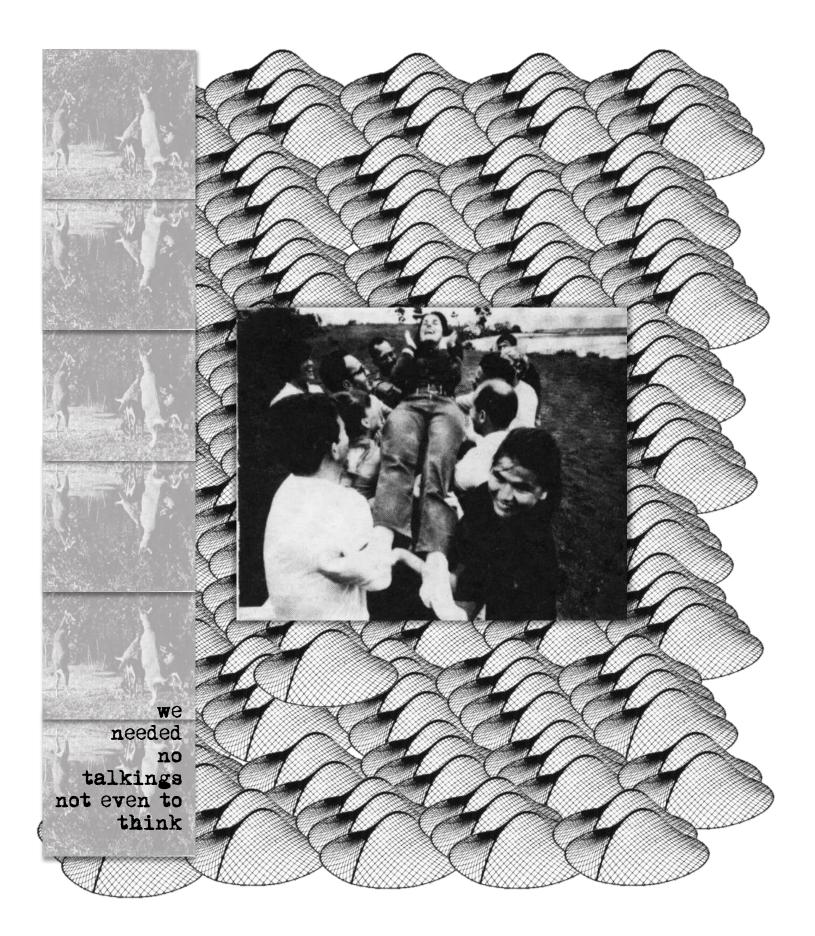


Peanuts

The inflated surround was a wonder. Ideal minimal barrier. A product of desperation, it couldn't have been invented better. It was pure vulnerability you could fall over it or cut through it easy as pie. We were contained by will and barely anything else.

Lollipops and Roses

it was about this it was this this it was about



Sycamore Flesh

To Be Read Aloud & Placed on a Sycamore Trunk Outside JFK's Birthplace 84 Beals Street Brookline MA Independence Day 2018

1

Burn cedar sandalwood piñon for this question isn't *are* you suffering but who you're suffering *with* a lack that shocks itself awake from blunt-armed tragedy the repertoire pretty evenly split along fascist lines

> Order me another no thank you, with courage to outrage, out-edge age

one-thousand paper cranes your arms are dreams to heal in

I'd be okay a hummingbird in mist upstaged by blooms child brandishes a head-sized snowball through crowded crosswalks

tossing & catching tossing & catching & catching

doesn't make a map for any meeting under the orphan ceiling's geography of loss

3

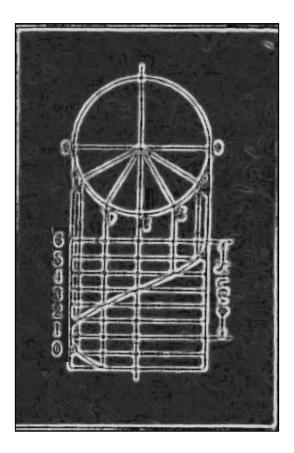
like how to cope with this shit's with this know how that can will or does not wash itself ashore a shape less like rain than thunder

less like a mob than moth-brim less like a walk-the-plank than pliant page of cups more like a damned saint in oracle fever

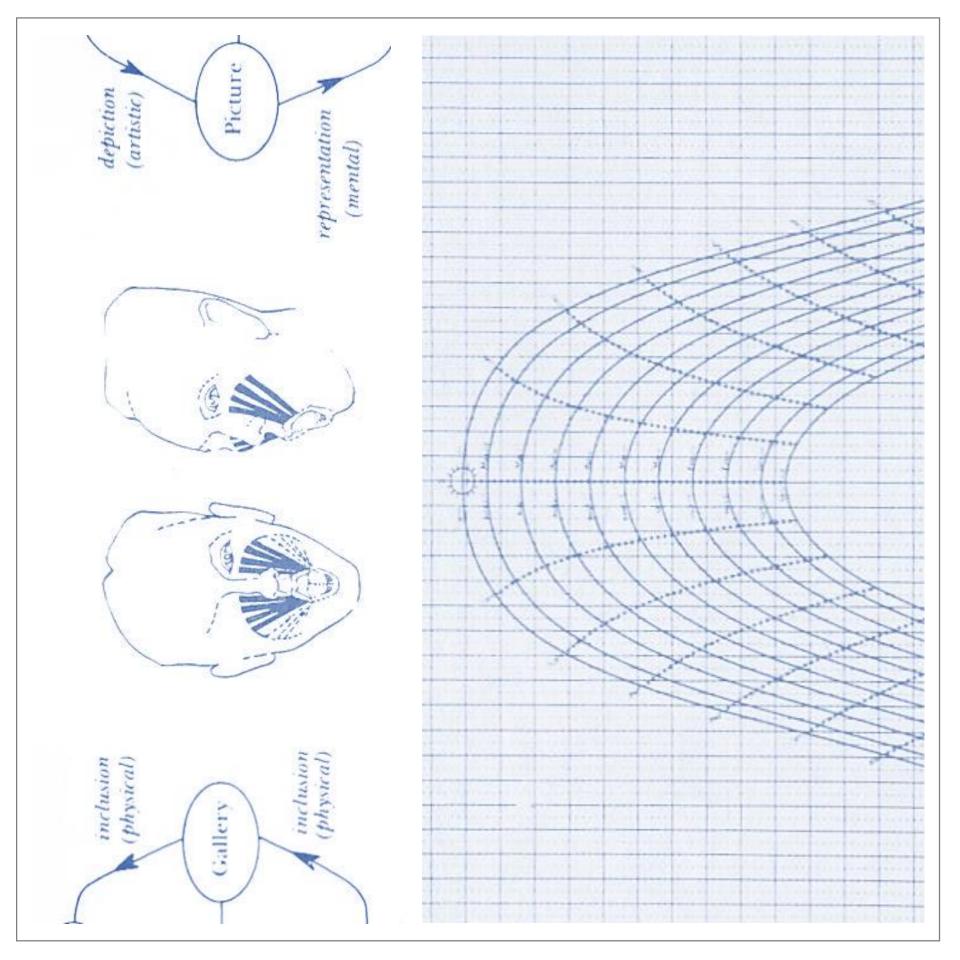
more like what summer stalks sing back in bulk, hungry knots that leak thirst, and how what empties from a borderless world will remember you

2

Architecture for a Netflix Special Called "More Barn"



A vertical barn with grand helical staircase leading to a vaulted glass dome; each level a stable where different bands play. The whole show shot through in single take, beginning at magic hour. After each song camera returns to grand staircase and ascends to next level's band. Each a chill party with roots freak folk musicians and crew intertwingling, inspiring collaboration and surprise guest appearances. Camera catches snippets of conversation on each way to next level. At top of staircase a great main stage, gargoyle-flanked with candles in their mouths, where all musicans assemble for the big final shimmy...



Water Lilies

after Monet

Caution is the moth you move on in a blip a perilously reductive glint

unspooling, half-thought around all you pass through to get at what you know.

An arrow drives the wheelreflective sky, shows Pedurnal through the eye holes.

Sturdy is the burning temple – when the temple was a bubble to blink at,

a shored up density flow. Ye chemical Aztec, walk on by! across the sky!

sextiles & trines droplets puddle, shimmer the letter-ringed pharaoh's

moondog karma. A muzzle of light lifts off a tired old

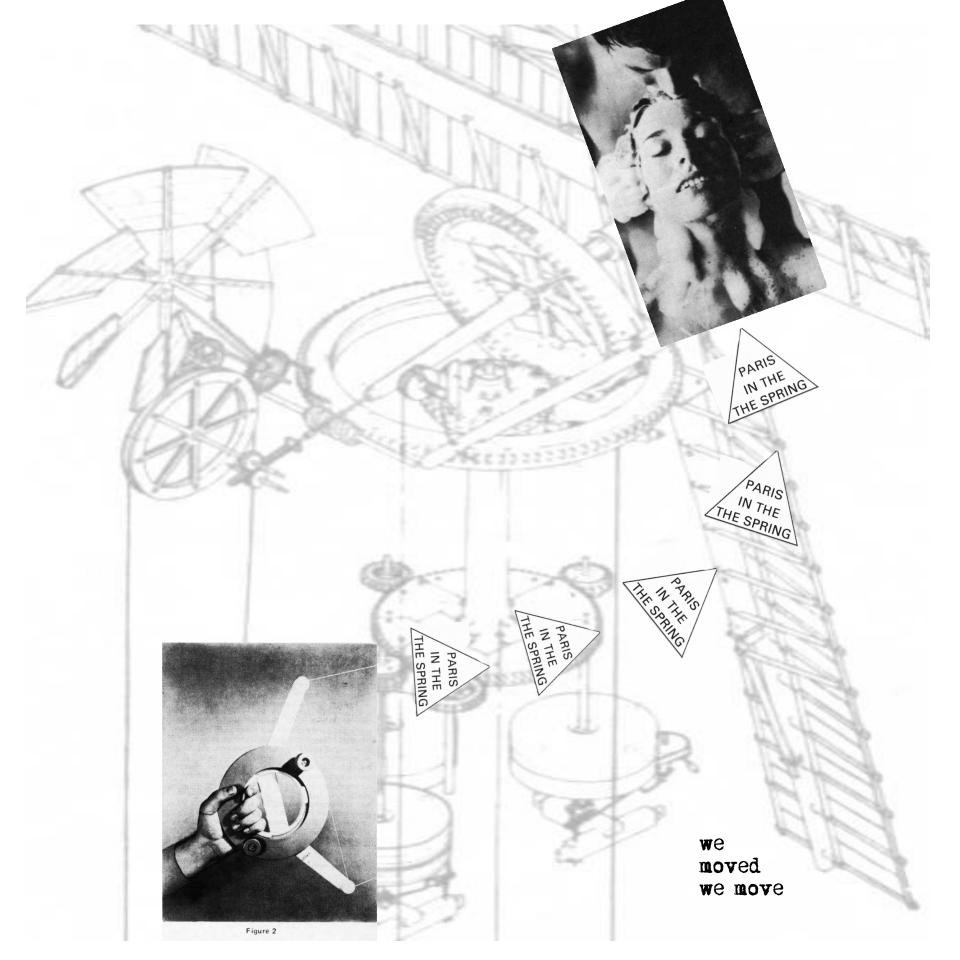
riff, blinks green as violet stone before the rip spools.

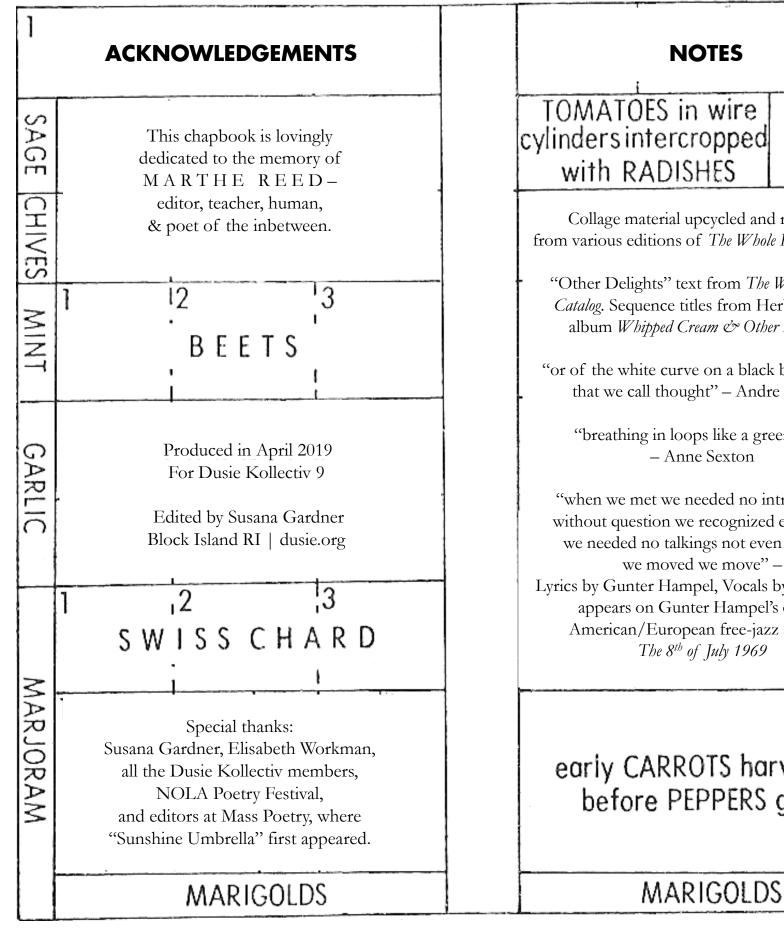
Elegy with Saffron & Honey

afraid sometimes i sleep alone in the big big city in the big big big big night off leash from chariots of flesh speaking of wham & colonial pulldowns designed to die among stars that live their endless displays drain the beautiful from beauty, a weak yet faithful flash coil in their drawl around an unfinished front inside naval reach, a retrograde ignored. Take this golden palm, give me license & chariot sting a song & sing a sign another star vaguely errant wanders from blunderings loosed from the spangled order as bling at the tiki-bar galactic ancient tenements laughing in rhythm laughing on key laughing back at the laughers air spilling everywhere "the red-gold turning gray" could you imagine? dancing in the aisles? stomping in time the tune of this sweet slinging sphere?

Two Sherpas

Cassiopeia Goodnight I love you your helm is showing Softly As a navigator of fire As generous to new life as bees in gallant weather As stolen gems jostle in a velvet bag As blue plums brushed by a siren's flask As ambrosia sips from a begging bowl The jasmine continues to steep past being done Melting the sparks of our fur With a desire to paint water On our warm math of honeymoons We follow each other up Two Sherpas Tumblinging forwards Cassiopeia Your helm is showing I love you Goodnight Symphony! symphony!





NOTES

TOMATOES in wire BEANS cylinders intercropped on poles with RADISHES

PARSLEY

OREGANO

TARRAGON

THYME

Collage material upcycled and remixed from various editions of The Whole Earth Catalog.

"Other Delights" text from The Whole Earth Catalog. Sequence titles from Herb Alpert's album Whipped Cream & Other Delights.

"or of the white curve on a black background that we call thought" - Andre Breton

"breathing in loops like a green hen" – Anne Sexton

"when we met we needed no introduction without question we recognized each other we needed no talkings not even to think we moved we move" -Lyrics by Gunter Hampel, Vocals by Jeanne Lee appears on Gunter Hampel's classic American/European free-jazz summit The 8th of July 1969

early CARROTS harvested before PEPPERS grow

Andrew K. Peterson is an editor and author of three poetry books, most recently *Anonymous Bouquet* (Spuyten Duyvil). His most recent chapbook is *and* so a vineyard, published by above/ground press. A 2017 chap *The Big Game Is Every Night* was mailed to the White House alongside other publications from Moria Books' Locofo Chaps series as collective protest. His chapbook *bonjour* meriwether and the rabid maps (Fact-Simile) was featured in an exhibition on poets' maps at the Univ. of Arizona's Poetry Center. He co-organized the Boston Poetry Marathon in 2017. A co-founder and editor of the online lit journal summer stock, he lives in Boston.

