Other Delights
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Produced for Dusie Kollectiv #9 :: Marthe Reed Tribute
Susana Gardner :: Editor
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dusie.org
for Marthe of the inbetween
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 reflection
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 seeing (slinking
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,
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 for-
gotten, 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
in line for a need should there be attendance –
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, la-
di-da

Alternating Lines: James Schuyler (b. 11/9/23) + Dylan Thomas (d. 11/9/53)
without question we recognized each other
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

Think Little
**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
we needed no talkings not even to think
Burn cedar sandalwood
diño 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
tossing & catching

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

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
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 musicians 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 wheel-
    reflective 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-ring pharaoh’s

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

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

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“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
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.