

TEN LITTLE POETS

Divya Victor

TEN LITTLE POETS

One little
Two little
Three little
Four little
Five little
Six little
Seven little
Eight little
Nine little
Ten little poet boys.

TEN LITTLE POETS

One little poet is bound in yellow-green papers.

Two little poets are bound with paper pasted over boards covered in green-yellow cloth, stamped in black on their spines.

Three little poets are bound in deep blue cloth pasted over boards, stamped in gold on their fronts and spines. Their top edges are tinted deep red-purple, navy, and they wear a turquoise blue dust jacket, printed in white, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Three little poets are bound in beige cloth pasted over boards, stamped in aquamarine and black on their spines. Their top edges are tinted aquamarine, with blue-green endpapers, and they wear off-white dust jackets printed and painted in aquamarine, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Four little poets are bound in beige cloth pasted over boards printed in red-brown on their spines. They wear beige dust jackets printed and painted in gray and red-brown, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Five little poets are paperbound in deep violet, printed in black and pasted onto boards wrapped in blue-gray paper over boards, with deep blue-gray cloth stamped in gold on their fronts and spines, and their top edge is tinted light turquoise, with deep blue-gray endpapers. They wear white dust jackets printed in deep gray, green, and orange, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Six little poets are bound in light blue and burnt sienna patterned cloth pasted over boards, stamped in gold on their spines. Photos of the poets cover their rears.

Seven little poets are bound in beige cloth pasted over boards, stamped in gold on front and violet on spine. Their top edge is tinted deep orange-pink. They are black endpapered, beige dust jacketed, printed in black and deep red-violet, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Eight little poets are bound in blue cloth pasted over boards, stamped in silver and navy blue on their fronts and spines. They wear white and blue dust jackets printed in navy blue, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Nine little poets are bound in deep orange-pink cloth over boards, printed in black on front and spine, pale gray endpapered. They wear deep salmon dust jackets, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

Ten little poets are bound in grey, tan, white and brown, printed in blue and white, painted in shades of brown, tan, white, grey and black, with a white cord binding the ten poets, and photos of the poets cover their rears.

TEN LITTLE POETS

When I read the first little poet I remember standing on the street, this anonymous graffiti in language that seemed emptied out.

When I read the second little poet I remember that I was walking one evening, a balmy evening, and I had the line "crinkled leaf of spring" in my head and suddenly when I was walking on a quiet street I staggered, I mean physically.

When I read the third little poet I remember getting a phone call in the middle of the night, three in the morning, and I rolled out of bed, and it was Allen on the phone.

When I read the fourth little poet I can't even, I mean, what we were all doing there?, but it felt meaningful like something could have happened if we gave it a chance maybe.

When I read the fifth little poet I remember I was listening to that game on the radio and I couldn't believe he'd gotten thrown out, and they were trying to describe why he'd been thrown out.

When I read the sixth little poet I remember it was when I was very young and I remember certain objects clearly. I could still see the kettle, the clotheshorse with clothes drying in front of the fire, the brass firedogs, and so on and I feel like the poem is made around this woven series of parallels.

When I read the seventh little poet I remember walking in the streets of New York and New Jersey and telling myself, as a kind of reassurance, that the ground was really under there and ever since, I've talked and tried to write about that, but I feel that I haven't even begun to say it.

When I read the eighth little poet I remember a particular afternoon in the spring of my sophomore year, being blown away by the visceral impact of it because in a similar way I felt transported by the sounds of language and compelled by the ways in which looking closely and remembering rendered an almost cinematic kind of transformation.

When I read the ninth little poet I remember reading it and thinking, "Oh, this is a great character. I'd love to play this character" but this poet's life was the life of the quintessential struggling artist. I mean, James Joyce, he's a great writer, but it would be hard to make his life dramatic. You could, but it's just not readily dramatic. I guess you could say, "Oh, well, he went to Paris and his daughter was kind of crazy and he hung out with Sylvia Beach, then the war came. . . ."

When I read the tenth little poet I remember asking my mother for a pencil or a pen, and I wrote something down. I don't know what I wrote down. But I do remember it was the first time I saw something and felt some kind of responsibility to record some reaction to it.

TEN LITTLE POETS
(AS FOR WE WHO LOVE TO BE ASTONISHED)

\$90,527
\$59,933
\$10,420
\$129,450
\$69,963
\$18,031
\$107,790
-\$108.90
\$10,110
\$87,565
\$1,830