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appear when applauded
an improvisation

by Raymond Farr

TWO HATS APPEAR WHEN APPLAUDED



A SEQUENCE OF SHORT POEMS



By

Raymond Farr



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*a dusi/e-chap kollektiv project

In memoriam of Marianne Moore, whose line
"I was leaving Boston wearing two hats" is the
matrix from which springs this poem-sequence.

[should the bourgeois hat seem identical to
the “real chapeau”] led them to believe

WRITING

RECORDS EDEN [then two hats are
better than

one]. Should the azure blue hat

with leopard skin

band

translate her as a “saucy woman”

then leopard skin bands will reveal the most
secretive of personages

[though the leopard protests]COMMA

mosquitoes that flit

seeking an answer

Let her go round in her FLOPPY-DOODLE
WIDE-BRIM @ Easter COMMA
& childhood
saunters beside her [according to Dickinson]
holding fistfuls of Heaven's daisies explaining—
[a good day on the farm
sings hymns like amen
down our boys' faces
just out of reach]

A maiden aunt in panties so small &

tears

of two hats wiggling
a thought is a sentence
out of her tale, asking –

Are two hats her death?

& so two hats survive [punctuation-wise]

stoop'd [BLAST!!!]at the crack'd open door

In BOSTON
they puzzle over “the woman wearing
two hats”
vs. the camouflage of two narrow minds

In NEW YORK
two hats are arbitrary yet seminal

She lowers her namesake’s
naked
torso down—scenery of two hats
is further scenery /
not cranial

Two hats, she writes, one olive,
& I conga till dawn

Blown wily from wind
two hats gamble at rumble seats'
once plausible outcomes

&THINKING OF PUZZLES

Two hats are a monocle
the second it wavers

Two hats in partition
are two hats across

On line 21

A cat in two hats
never hurricanes by rail

Or shapes up at the market
frozen in dialect

The woman
wearing two hats while leaving BOSTON—

carpets of *diem* BOMBED
of resistance—

may or may not be
a plane tree—

“It’s OK,” sd a plane tree,
“I’m wearing two hats.”

We now return Saturday's tv matinee –
Attack of the Two Hatted Femme Fatale

starring Kid Skullcap as Director of Field Ops

& brought to you by...

[a slight southern drawl
even in two-hatted BOSTON]

Her yeomen's hats
her succor's *bon chance*
shall be worn to bed simultaneously
more
than the cart
she carries her wares
to town in

Her performance
is a sentence altered by two hats
altering a sentence

In this manor her body's
perennial
a mute of two hats distanced
by rings
distinct from a clown's
tossed in

Two hats – QUOTE – are more than
a language
her air-shipped largesse
narrates to imagine /
or purchase – UNQUOTE /

Her spawn
is an earthquake /
her Krakatau of
two hats
posted with fences

O! Rocks of Two Hats condemned at the shore
your dialogue's a gull miffed beside BLOOM

O! Irony of two maidens unable to kiss
your abattoir is paid for
your chattel arrives paired off in berets

