



# Marquee

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Dusie



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## More

the status of situations

particulars  
to understand

alliance

say we take a word  
that multiples in the conversation  
and base the argument  
upon it.

should we argue that the doors need to  
be adjusted to allow for our passage  
because we are unable to move quickly?

when I went through the streets ped-  
dling my poems, people stopped to look,  
laughed, and then went for coffee.

and still,  
the argument is that  
if we no longer take  
the vertical leap versus  
the blueprint path that we  
we'll forget the patterns of the  
misstep.

and i forget patterns every day.

waiting in line at the post office,  
i think of emerson camping with  
muir, imagine their conversations,  
only to awake to jab of a box in  
the back .

i am looking outward, not inward,  
because to me they look the same

so much of the time.

really, we rearrange the structures  
to say a surprising amount.

and i want to watch what I do not usually  
say but can easily. birds landing on  
branches. concrete falling from old bridges.  
the ladies wrapping themselves in black  
against the cold. but i'm laughing at my  
voice too much to say anything that moves  
beyond the words

—you should stay here  
playing, arranging them after your own  
fashion. that would be better than  
anything i could add. i wanted to say  
uncover but i'm not uncovering anything  
so much as commenting on my own  
distance for clear voices.

whenever we say something, we don't say  
it completely. i'm still beyond what I say.

**pens shoes candles**

*If you staple the top right, you'll  
need to tape the same area.*

we flip through yellowed pages  
for insight, not entertainment, for we've  
given up on quick answers.

now we listen to  
blocks being arranged on the grid,  
and search for a steady current,  
but all we have heard lately is the  
thumping of stars  
through our clear lenses.

and that is enough to continue the  
search among branches,  
off trail, for guides to stretch life.

## the red notebook

if you start to believe this—  
what this? the smell of stale  
air, the burning eyes? —,  
you should, perhaps,  
if you did, begin to move  
through office alleys,  
the birds silent—the starlings  
having shaken space away—  
you should see the signs  
cold with wind and  
rhapsodize about leaves  
turning in violent  
circuitry spreading on our  
young memories and  
think about the same bridges,  
stretches, and pine trees  
you knew when young.

## no response

“this particular number is  
useless.”

we happen

to press the locks and  
gather in the morning to  
talk while our  
advertisements pull at  
life with ease

and we dream of

ice at a roadside edge  
the library chair      the squirrel  
in the oak      the rain drop sound  
and blinds moving in the  
morning without logical  
placement or firm decision.

if we could collect shells,  
we would be reliving as  
much as shifting balance  
and translating.

“i would like to reconsider my  
place under these gray skies.”

## safe policies

only made was the is were in shooting; still, the night the dialogue in this case has arrived whatever is different is pressure is the what if of this location like antennae for scenes unwritten with a crew fenced but taken.

“I was disturbed  
a marquee is not calculated or expected but is unrepentant, a misappropriation of avoided reforms—the pathos eventually butts up against the sketched gears in a whisper though awkward—so hard to pin down so many things, degrees of overlapping empathy, like back footage, the curiosities of services checked and found inferior though taught as loved sadness rumored and aloof.

you are conquered, callous, yet the heshe delivers, and the show opens as only hints exaggerated over the holes of instruments. it is a terrible decision to flatter.







## reseed

the under      reach      blue  
as on a pot  
                    a letter

we have to learn our craft through out-  
dated cards

i pick steadily at a scab watching the skin  
around it grow red

and you have drawn a start  
and you have drawn a ghost  
and you have drawn a mouth

even had i forgotten you,  
i would know the pine trees  
along the edge  
                    though i was no solider,  
only a tourist under the arch  
speaking about water dripping  
and fields being burned to make  
space

the room is silent  
but not still

i have a use for your pictures  
though i can see nothing except for what  
is in front of me.

## **we could claim**

he juggled  
the fire  
then returned  
to sleep—  
all the while  
the crowd  
was dreaming  
of rocks  
on a hillside  
being  
bleached  
by the sun.

you must  
become an  
agent for  
us to  
rest upon  
which means  
you must  
learn how  
to move  
without moving  
and be soft,  
gentle.

i have taken  
in the air off  
the coastline—  
salt dancing  
under my  
nostrils—and  
dreamed of  
eyelids open  
to lemon  
groves and  
warm breads.  
i have settled  
for tea at  
the edge of a  
field thinking  
of past poets  
sitting under  
leaves and  
letting the  
words find  
a form to be.

## shifting

hilpung fund uctuin  
wuthiit kniwung whut  
wull privuul, u dicudi  
ti wruti my littirs  
ti thi siprimi gids uf  
ild.

"und whi uri thiy?"  
thiy uri if siu und  
sky, thiy uri if nutiri  
bifiri wi uttimpyid ti  
distriy ut.

"und whi uri yii?"  
u um purtuclis und  
nithung. u um ini  
stundung bifiri  
ibluvuin.

## kern

i have placed you in a bag  
    (numbers, with tips hanging, serif i  
    believe)  
        and gambled with  
your clouds, your content, your  
newly painted rocks  
yet  
        hair scatters over  
            our family portrait

“He dived from the rocks into the Pacific.”

        and no one listened  
as the timber decayed near a stream,  
as the designer unleashed the troops  
through history without dream.

## **desire**

the self is leased  
on the table  
with pillows.

such language is simple, for  
appearance, though full, is easy  
to see.

still the hands that  
turn do so on their own,  
and the music that  
shifts is all  
we remember.

**gentle**

*throw me signals from windows,  
from fires burning on the shore*

i know where to search  
for the unreal figures who  
craft my textual world,  
but i don't know  
how to speak to you  
without getting in my way,  
so i hesitate,  
and the smoke rises, and the fragments  
start to form pictures  
with voices unmoved.

outside the train fills the air,  
the coyotes howl, the pond is frozen,  
and the trees are barren.

we are passing into oblivion  
but are left pointing second by  
second at the heaps  
around us.

for the pain, only apology,  
forgiveness, and more life .



William Allegrezza has written or edited the following books/e-books/chapbooks.

*Collective Instant*

*In the Weaver's Valley*

*Fragile Replacements*

*Ladders in July*

*The Vicious Bunny Translations*

*Temporal Nomads*

*Lingo*

*Sonoluminescence* (with Simone Muench)

*Ishmael Among the Bushes*

*The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century*

*La alteración del silencio: poesía norteamericana reciente*

*Through Having Been, Vol. 1*

*Through Having Been, Vol. 2*

*#5*

*Covering Over*

*Filament Sense*

He has books forthcoming with Salt Publishing, The University of New Orleans Press, and Furniture Press.

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