

Ishmael Among The Bushes



william allegrezza

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I prefer to open my doors to the coming of the tree.

--D. H. Lawrence

sheeted

under light from a broken lamp

“I planned but never understood how it would feel”

candy jars & spatulas

a sullen preacher rants about deliverance

fireflies and beasts over dallas

(memory is destructive)

the dim rooms are covered with posters and filled with
music

“i would have asked for faith but was given bread”

wood is stillness spread over a surface

THINK OF THE FUTURE. ERASE YOURSELF.

i returned to the essentials.

perpetually crawling

i watch workers gather in an alley,
but they are not part of this story.

bronze near windows
school buses snaking off an edge.

light fills a room before the movie begins and we realize
that we could have done the same thing for years only not
as efficiently but still leaves are leaves and his hair is
golden and flowing.

i am colonizing you as we speak (and i am ashamed).

take
this piece of candy
and release your aggression.

a reaction is not an answer

her hands played on a field of green
some wild woodland god watched her

“I would not gather acorns for nothing”

strong winds carry petals and pollen

when warships are lurking at sea
and dolphins are carrying out missions,
we should retire

our fashion
is being barely covered as ages shift

she responds, “I am a pattern hunter. I search among
old quilts and pottery for something that will signal
a culture.”

lace styles

trip felt
clocks ticking

we listen to old ladies gathered at tables

speed time is speeding up

what will we understand about ourselves?

opposite city nightingale

take your love and scatter it

still romantic
lubricants greek lyricists

this is a root cause for an aesthetic rationale

i wait near the white sea
but have claimed the acheron itself.

systemic ride

bombs bounce and we laugh
so much money and they still fuck it up

she humors him with a few glances

you are reading this
thinking of me thinking of you

i look for spaces free of grime
but our urban spaces are always covered.

extension

under bridges summersaults
toxic birdcages automobiles headed for
Birmingham
cites of inevitable release

utterance

“he puts his finger in the toaster,
and it burns”

a god screams on the highway
history is
replayed over and over with bats and bars

we come to purity through desire
but she
contemplates our calling as the building collapses.

reflex

nerves begin to flow,
and it's spring
buds sprout

squirrels dance on thin limbs
cardinals chirp

i hear voices singing about new flowers

ever a voice breaking here without wind
on some sudden ledge formed briefly

if you are gathered
if you are kept longing

following
bricks

and statues in snowy parks

she is a fragment
placed among so many others

“I am watching.”

othered

“i long for your body”

wood falling acres unknowing
our divinity traces back to the beautiful thing
but is lost in motion
 a shifting of properties

somewhere camels file through a village

“she was watching me as i walked away”

somewhere else a figure releases.

among isles

i empty onto you

and you laugh

as though

everything is fine

as though

i am not some

random rapist
roaming through
dark book stacks
on a lazy sunday

as though

i have not disturbed

you
because you could
see through me
as if i were an
instrument of your pleasure

as though

i did not stop time

even briefly
through feigned
violence

as though

i could change you

when you are my
rock of permanence.

turrets

we see stars on the water wink

in a blue room

hydrants are left slowly running for birds

and ashes are gathered

a congregation of place

anything that moves within or glances

from without is taken prisoner

“for the jumpers”

and she

laughed.

with eyes crawling

sorting through old photos i found
a mapping
some childhood game

azaleas at full height
or pines in a landscape devoid of fire

[. . .moon. . .tables. . .a robe. . .]

a singular instance that repeats
without epic gestures

water throws white foam before subsiding

these are our intersections.

to state a clever axiom is still not as interesting as riding a train from
station to station in a southern country in winter

I AM NOT AN ACTION

REPLACING ACTION

we've

pomegranate seeds in a pile

maples

bricks covered with green

at base ice and wind

we are listening for rustling leaves

but hear only the roar of engines

and see bright explosions

in an otherwise clear

sky

this is not mystery but vision

reaction to a fall

i am holding you as you cease.

vicious

yielding to

an undercurrent

of secret handshakes

to laugh is not always healthy.

voices in green

“I never wanted to shoot a man,
but he asked for it.”

below an eyelid
mounds form and sand
spreads out for microscopic
visionaries

“I’ve marked a grave
with excrement.”

“What else could I do?”

hairs on end as
limbs break and sirens
scream through open mouths

trail

head

his face was so
caring.

in motion

faces popping from curls
eyes dropping off masts

redbuds flower
cherries bloom

in each voice tears
and wildness

she says one song is enough
to lead us through dark halls
filled with history's deviations

in turn i am taking a number.

advice

no reference point
in motion i'm stopping

“It was always a Tuesday”

rain steady
winds

two to three hands were washing windows

“He would ask for quarters”

an alignment
we are straightening ourselves on
a green plain
airplanes
above us

waters stirring

and after that windows
doors.

on board

winds through
days of haze a signal
a voice falls and
rises

i knew the answer all along
but didn't want you to feel slighted

a requiem begins in
some side chapel where
translators gather their
chairs for a long service

we whisper circles in the aisles
while fingers trip another world

out of the wide field
comes a vision both
beautiful and terrifying
but brief in either case.

smoke trees

i have released you from motion
and i am not even tired

“would you consider burying me in the tide?”

she looked up and saw a lawyer coming towards her

i have wandered through fields of oaks
searching for acorns and mushrooms

“would you stay for a little?”

she realized that he was not alive.

sensate lineage

to arrive

at a state

where statements bend

wildflowers turn

air

where wings save.

as if i am trying to say

i am not some trojan

carrying the generations

like carcasses on my

back

and that

this field yawns

and

spirits

fall through

some trap

intended as

a road

now a chasm

barely visible.

i tear these eyes out

for you.

William Allegrezza teaches and writes from his base in Chicago. His poems, articles, and reviews have been published in several countries, including the U.S., Holland, Finland, the Czech Republic, and Australia, and are available in many online journals. Also, he is the editor of *moria* (<http://www.moriapoetry.com>), a journal dedicated to experimental poetry and poetics, and the editor-in-chief of Cracked Slab Books (<http://crackedslabbooks.com>). His e-books and books include *The Vicious Bunny Translations*, *Covering Over*, *Temporal Nomads*, and *Ladders in July*.

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