

The Slow Motion Underneath

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Acknowledgments

Versions of these poems appeared in *Ixnay Reader*, *Model Homes*, and the *Oregonian*. Thank you to the editors of these publications — Jenn & Chris McCreary, Marie Buck & Brad Flis, & B.T. Shaw — for their support. Thanks also to Susana Gardner for her *duwie kollektiv* vim & ingenuity. Finally, thank you to Sue Schoenbeck, my mom, for her artistic stitchery.



July 2007
Winterthur, Switzerland

for Kaia

**It was just another day in the life of just another day in the
life of just another day in the life of census, ambition,
sentiment, guile, of diamonds, expression, reverence, trials.
It was just another day, it was just another day, it was just
another day, it was just another day.**

Or,

An Arrow of Geese Flapping Forward

expressions, ambitions, all sliced into slats

expressions of sentiment, the ghost of diction

retrofit the diction for expressions of ambition

a sentiment, a groundswell, the horseplay of justice

groundswells of sentiment, the pulse of expression

rhythms thickening, little fists of resistance

a pocket of pine nuts, purple pup tent for two

I still can't tell an eagle from an osprey

but I can see water, coastline, & land

an arrow of geese flap forward toward expression

an arrow of geese flapping forward toward we

Sometimes mathematical emancipation is not enough to help you out of bed in the morning after another data-rattle fire sale on the new-wave cutting floor stutter-steps your sleep into a system of thickened privilege meant for other people in other places who don't have the same fortune (oops!) luck as you.

Or,

My Lucky Number

a kinetic moment of fortune

a picnic spinning on the beach

a handwritten statement of admission

while circumstance sits on the sofa

who knows what about whom?

we spoke of things so earthly

we dreamed of things to come

some people know their places

who knows what about you?

lacing our voices together

& feeling this tiny earth curl

The rhythms of happenstance were rolling thick in the
socket of circulatory systems & an ever-shifting sense of
place loosened mercilessly while it all seemed unseemly &
we tried to glide beyond the thickness of theorems where
historical recompense leavened reverently & dispossession
scratched its name without shame in the sandstone.

Or,

Poverty Is Not Pornography

barely audible as it was at the time

it all sliced mightily to your ethical metric

your innermost peripheries broken into flows

a blue halo surrounded the moon that night

reality is a wooden handle for a hatchet in the eye

a no-no boy in Heart Mountain, Wyoming, 1943

Thomas McGrath called it an alchemy of resistance

smoldering in the socket of pre-cognizant luminosity

Neruda said he did it so *everyone* could have servants

gunmetal sunsets wrenched asunder this time

arboreal detachment, preemptive karma unhinged

The day the ice sheets began to crumble thunderously in a distant clap of mendacious quietude was a day like any other when particles hovered lovingly, mothers hummed geophysical lullabies, & whispers lifted from the frozen Earth.

Or,

The Slow Motion Underneath

hundreds of questions pinched in the soil

little decisions thrumming the tundra

assumptions upon assumptions & water unfreezing

a billion years & that's all we could know

she was a force of geophysical scope!

interglacial oscillation had nothing on her!

myriad whorls swirling my assumptions

fragile atmosphere, all those tiny data

stratospheric chemistry, the slow motion underneath

so I go but go from me to we

so I go but go from me to we

Your interest in governors, a trip to the coast, the Cannon Beach question, where sand meets the line. The line in the sand meant populace, commons, the line in the sand meant requisite peaceably, the line in the sand meant free-for-all aftermath, the line in the sand unfashionable but free.

Or,

The Jagged Edge of Quietude

frictionless daffodils not flowers but words

thrumming mightily through the porous past

worlds of daffodils all thick with friction

Wordsworth's daffodils knew not of this place

red wine, reverence, detachment—no one knew

untimely, untimely it will always be

a decade-old list of nice things to say

exactitude, tribute, the friction of distance

daffodils, a word-trap—it cannot contain

manymany miles notching the jagged edge of it

small fists of that which cannot contain us still

It all came down to wet sand & dry sand, it all came down to one foot on the beach, it all came down to mobile & go-go, it all came down to height & reach. It all came down to surplus & circuits, it all came down to territory & trees, it all came down to value & practice, it all came down to me unto me. That's how it happens in the circuits of sometimes, that's how it happens in the circuits of me.

Or,

My Theory of Uneven Geographical Development

the quickened rhythms of commerce, commerce

the way lips pop to property these days

the flows, the fixity, the tension underneath

the hidden rhythms of capital within

commerce ocean commerce ocean commerce

commer-ocean, comm-Ocean, commotion, come, Ocean

comm-Ocean, commotion, commotion — Ocean

pressed against the rhythms — can't slow it all down

pressed against the rhythms — I can't slow down

space, the matrix — electric are my circuits

space, the matrix — the trip from see to we

**In the morning you said you felt tight about erosion.
Afternoons your fists pressed the wet earth. In the evening
you planted strawberries for all the neighbors, & at night
you piled question upon question inside.**

Or,

Formidable but Fortuitous Translations in Time

the mileposts, the beekeepers, the symbols of distance

quiet spaces erased in translations of time

snapshots of memory our portals to the present

as if slats of metal crisscrossed our future

as if compression were a measurement of time

as if we knew but were too tired to speak of it

questions those questions pushed into the distance

four small fists thumped lovely in their absence

Neruda knew them as *preguntas sin respuestas*

be it resolved this distance within us

the distance between us, a lyric of scale

Some days are like pivots like 7 September 1995 when the world pivoted, collapsed, & edged over to me & my veiny forearms as I sat at a small round metal table on a public porch & looked into the vertiginous blue of my gloriously uncertain future.

Or,

How It Happened

a bottle of vodka on the table

dahlias firing from the earth

clear days meant distant mountains

an Achilles a window to her present imperfect

for her a symphony of resistance that day

ribbons of diction, a bent wing mending

the topmost branches of a jack pine rising

terraced thoughts, loss bubbling under

stories of the her then, stories of her now

attraction pressed past the threshold that night

dahlias on fire, pivoting toward chance

The day she packed her suitcase and flew to England was a cloudy October day in Portland, Oregon when Hewlett Packard people were felon-booked, anti-war protests thronged the streets, steelworkers struck sixteen Goodyear plants, & eight more U.S. soldiers were killed in Iraq.

Or,

The Tiniest Amount of Something

we thought of things we speak of

we dreamed of things we don't

notching notches on the ledger

cinnamon drifting in the wind

warming weather you are

everything times everything plus two

everything in my purview said yes

Puerto Angel, Oaxaca, Mexico

is where it happened in real-time

not in a clutch of black oaks

not cinnamon in the wind

Eleven months in the Palouse meant star-lit red-wine time,
the unplanned nexus of New York and L.A., a Blue-
Mountain Walla Walla near-year for four, with promises
pulsing through the foothills, trade-winds shifting the
rhythms, peacocks dropping the pressure-clutch so here
could mean now & now could mean you this time.

Or,

Truing the Wheel Truing

a tangle of vessels thumping the blood

Chinese herbs in a ceramic white pot

a massive basket on a glassy-red bike

birds in a park — whimsy uncaged

downshifting, upgrading, warming our planet

from a window they saw you glide by on your bike

your yoga-calm eye in the storm of war

but the burma-shave signs read you-me, you-me

sewing machine sewing, scraps of fabric on the floor

out on the porch punching syllables in the night

running through wheatfields with the wind at your back

Hope is a category, an object, a toothbrush, an unmarked door, a metric of leisure, a decolonized mind. Hope is a volcano, a train platform, an island, a thumbtack, an impediment, a bombshell, an intellectual pitbull.

Or,

Hope Is a Full-Time Job

where death means death & not the end

where closer to closure means not quite there

whereas closer to closure, closer to fine

where finite closure meant death without end

where closure lived swimmingly without love in the end

whereas love in the end meant closure to that question

where closer to death meant fine thanks, fine thanks

where your moxie rocked up life without end

where death meant life on a highway without stars

where death meant life on a highway without stars

whereby whereas whereupon we must live