

The Pines Volume Three

The Knights of Columbus

Come down into the basement, sons

We have something to say

into the basement

with them climbing out of the windows, come down

eve

flat The air it rings out or
ear In human lamp

all cutting wind
who if either one

it draws

do we
get together

just to assault

those

inside

The crashing of the wind
is a stilly sound
upon the post. Beams of animal light
saddle-sew our ears
to the ground. Who wree them
crashing in tare kingdoms, injurious
on the coiling stem. Come crashing
through the objects.

I swear the first girl taken to the rocks
was the wrong one to have taken.

A great fire on our side reflected.

The lake retreats beneath its ice

leaving us our skin to land torn

for the newish smallish beam the lit

briquettes of the elderly

Two hands will not relax from fits.

The fragments suddenly coalesce, and do not quit.

An invalid, trying up the stairs,

won't open, seasonable flowers.

The need to fist the door, the floorboards.

Out of season,

boots must be left at the door.

Freeze yourself on the cross,

with stereos crushed mismeasure

beneath you, in flames. Fellow slighthers,

undressed.

We need to be cut,

shredding the saving there can be.

performative or

lick

lick

the gaze

from

the gland

the gland

Pine the chaff

rip

the flock

plug

set

rug

dote of the dose

set

the puber

nose

The puber

scab

scab

set

viscous

What was supposed to be sky high

was brutally low –

cathedral of benevolent voices.

All was stained, all strychnine.

The siding, brown, there was,

and *thank you*.

The cup, the swallow, bread. We are crackers

interminably. And so perhaps there must be two.

Thrown

from the performative porch

Get your licks in
and unlace. Plead for weapons
to arrive down the icicles – in a clear fist
balling the wood.

Animus turned to the inside.

The inanimate could not be held
against us.

Get your licks.

The branches, unarming breast,
bought in the gazebo
from a thin Levin.

...

The lampposts are light, writes mummy, and jump

the period of quicksilvering teeth wooden frames

of the window and the insomniac green, you are

getting older igniting, smallish lines, be prized the fix of the town

and scene, variably numbered, in apathy Squares

Candlelight drapes the roofline,
settled in the populations. Babies tear ribbons
away, losing them in the grass,

dead grass.

He tunes his eyes to a still point,
bunched in a rattle.

Hung bulbs of mutton

is the rebel horn

just below, no way
you could have read the hunting
of a single one –

He fell out of rind –

Scoop him back. It is

just below, turning raw,
glorified in its wick of thorns.

post

rites

my

den

o

ree , you are

getting

small

and

numb

Snow fortified with iron,

lifted to the waist.

A royal hall, amen

A mountain

across the road from the lake. Take

your old age across the road

A lake

and wait there for us.

Put this in your mouth. Put it on your tongue.

Put it under your tongue

around the block, hung over the railing,

wet articles arranged in absentia.

asper us, bristly

down china

land and

airy is

hoary an

pale an

uber scent

i go to velvet
and wool

Raw fish

sliced on the window sill.

Don't tell me what your friends are

buying.

We have strung
a map of things
across our bodies,
improperly. A map
we've made,
from pictures.

The soil,
removed. A bulb
budding in a kiva,
with a ladder to
the overhang.

Rising,
a bull budding,
a laddering.

Cream
we are after.

What we wander away
from. Breath on
the contra. Inside
the wheat, are we booby?

Trapped?

A map of emerging dominion beneath

a pile of overcoats We make our pictures, and promote them

fearing the dawn of the pit What we wander away from

The ground has removed a body going in. It hits the lips

and curls around the bulb

hang

in lilies wing
beside us

and point
up

nightly

up a lily

at our
heads

up it has strong scent

turn out the walls
hey

out out

yourself

then

smash the glass
pull your hand away

glass
beneath
th soil

across the curtain, raze

our bodies slowly
As in into

His mother stood a glowing lamp
that lit the dark bronze bark –
slender, with black lines
running from ankles to neck.

She burns the ice
with her figure. The covers
call against you. Leave her alone.

She should be in bed,
or in the bathroom, at the window,
her hand on the roll,
staring motionless into the leaves,
where her sons ran
to the edge of the rocks.

Throttle her neck
in the glass leaves.

A must reforms along the pipe

on each and every chest it droops; eat it.

Turn the perfect, yellow stem

into a perfect, lightful wench will make us older.

As for death; eat it.

who wants the beast of spring?

it's gaining

light catches another hole

it's gaining

Moving in lazaward dress

Somewhere, someone has been torn
and taken.

It is bitterly cold. Everyone's legs
are exposed,

stretched weakly with pulled-skin,

that fashionable meat.

some things

age adjacent

the heights
try

to
wary all
our things

along the edge

February comes as an offcut
from a broader stretch
curtailed. The light of it
limits the harbor of the trees, the men
who fight to grab ahold of the offshoot
falling into the streets. Collarbones break
in February. The light of it recounts
the pier we stood on looking out
at the bar. Decisions bud
the reasons why we shatter. Ribs
keyed into the holes
knocked out of the cement, legs
lining the curb. February lists
into the parting walls. The light of it
improves nothing. When you demand a knife
I will demand the primary cut,
beside the breast, not into it.

Adam hopes for something, an extra

onstage. It is Adam.

He has an annealing shine.

Before his time, he sounds.

He is destroyed. Adam is honor.

It has the layers of a mountain. It has
a raccoon's body. Some things
are year after year. Is this
a knightly oak? The quartz
splashing under the wooden column?

Hey, tail the unshoveled turf to shine

the new testament of his balding head held power

of the spinning lights above material fell from his hands

Do you wonder what
isis is?

ark lights turn
out the eels

they absorb it

peak
and pull away

low hum

is is

low is in is

Glory is tongue is

What is what glass

lip elders

across the curtain faces

in the cold

The grass made the water flat

The hair that dies? Divorce.

2. "Green"

3. The community of the year, Gold

4. A human of the lamp

6. A hole of advice, and a satisfied coat

7. Nativity, window and wall

8. Night: our cutting sings with whom?

I saw you guys at the show. I tried to wave.

We were murdered in the streets.

The glow of shedding skin. Mine

is eating my hand.

By the shape of moving through,

my frozen lord, I saw him

on the other side. We tried to wave. We tried

to shout his name through the oaks, lost in their scars.

The tombs. I saw you

on the other side, I saw you standing

on the stair. We stood beside

a pile of coats. We were murdered in the hall.

Our blood was iced. We saw him

on the other side. Our voices were lost

in the winter air. Taken.

We were not reflecting, we were glowing.

It is one not the light that passes over the dark
wall wheel, absorbent. Thus it is remote, a test of guilt.
Who possesses our mouth? It says,
I observe my surface I observe its surfaces.

head
in
a bouquet

wind
in

the bouquet Who hung

a shepherd in
the bouquet in

hung

glow

ering

under

lord

of verdigris

his name: rough oak

in the tombs

all

in all ice

by winter taken

The windows of the house have all been broken
by our bad behavior. The woman inside the house
is reaching for your bill, though –

Don't give it to her.

And those, they are broken, over there.

Are they for sale?

Tell us once again
not to get our blood on the windows.
To withdraw from the murder of our friends,
set out down the boiling road.

Thought it was winter?
No.

As for bared trees. Heavy wood.

The branches make the lead

clear. Decorative fog,

House-relating light. Deer

arrive to common applause,

green clouds trembling

as a flash above the vetch (internal

winter, shower

and meteor). Stomachs

tremble (in the wide reason

wherein its width, and sugar)

We eat them saints our blood

in the exhibition we expected to murder our friends

and light their fame behind the lattice the heat

bore down – we recoiled a tabling ache cannot ache us

Collapsing in the exhibition

I expect she shakes.

Do you.

Murdered in the excess.
Bright phosphorus across our skin.

The saints dig graves beneath the dark
lattice of the gazebo. Bricks of the elders,
by the over-elders

along the walls.

Our holes meet murdered
with the others. Our blood
making the window freeze, discharging

the torn inside, filling our voices with air.

The polish in us
reflects on the other side. Everything

eats our hands

transmissively. We can

eat them back.

take leave

and fit

a monstrous rising ventricle

lowers the blue mark

to the floor

inter

the star

light

is pierced

in here

twigs, canes, or reeds
hold the light
high

ornament

fore before the deer lap
sides

show a side
through

the lake king

martyr to the bottom

of each

over-cup
We are en twin
ex shape
the storm

She's on the floor of the garage,
convulsing. Let's steal her eyes
and feed them

to the rabbits

a body of raccoon a slip of ice

I saw you

I tried to wave

Your bright knee –

They bite down –

Let seethe

The chaffy does he bleaches her the quality
of the ripple makes the flocking
and the wool liked as the state of leather plug
and pine says go back to the bull
and state where rests the beast of the bay
heart marked out by the one rugosa
-nodding banneret

after Liz Phair, 1994

Which shouts the feather or spring?

Was it slower

in many ways / It starts to thicken

positive / The animals of speed / Government meat

The articles were stolen, are you

surprised / All night, another expedient

Was it slower in many ways / It starts to thicken

Embrasures of ice on the mountain cages
empty in the willows, tape around the trunks
of trees cuz twiggy flips the covers off.
Do not remain here without me. Bound
by fascination – you will surely scrape away.

aria ash in us

we act

in order to

feel the corn

or all

rounded

faces in the lace

accumulate

an edge

A trail, you see these neighborhood alders to flap format
windows to drop (to tiny points) to be suspended, to enter to
follow the elements, motion to pile, curtailments to be
bounded, to sink light, interior to scrape, to clean up blood, cuts
celeriac, funnel to scatter, to register to blow (off) to scatter, to
press (on) to crust (over) traffic, birds' feet pen, ink, wet paper
(veined) the snowing of towns to enter with snow along
indistinct roads sink to the step the sky has nettles to settle
bounded to scatter, to register veined articles (wet) arranged in
absentia uncertain solidity in hopes of legible to trace a slow slush

Nicety drives the destroyed around

the block and talks it down the mountain (on fire

spreading) furtively unrolling a long hibiscus tongue

to take it off. Imagine how many cut that form

in dull though floccose coverings broken on the dashboard

How many broke that nicety called strange, Lone Ranger, stranger

Who owns the point? The martyr beneath
the lake for the excavator.

As for us, it is impossible to be an opposite
scar:

is made of that storming, formally taken.

Did something like *damping off*?

It was winter, no?

Then freezing. My hand

is being eaten. My hands are being eaten.

Perfect in The South Pacific.

rashing till s s on

light s on us

ly s w rs

o

can ne ther find

nightly
away, blade away

Come rash

And if we age sude,

let us

, and

heave

Receive the spit
in all our mouths. Speak,
it thinks of you

the surface
of our collected glass
the second earth

kind sparrows
screaming (something
that you think it is)

arms pulled back
to a concentrate
absorbed by the wooden frame

The traction of those
stung by the deer fence
along the walk

drop their pants in the castle

Slowly raise yourself
from where you've been pressed.

Enormity connects the components. Above,
fresh gingerhammers, twelve earthly branches.

If a person must test the stair in memory,
add these on: landslips, winter decorations,
and the cross.

In the neighborhood of the new boy's god.

The line trembles, the wind
surrounds our shouts, remains.

They are thinking in blades worth,
roused to content in the a.m.

Would the body have fallen
if there had not been estrangement.

It would have risen into the exacerbating lights,
equipped
to lose oneself in the crush,
taken immediately from their bodies
and given a cherry knot.

Would it have hung there
like it did, from a beam
hanging from an arch,
gracing the dancers' heads
walking insuspiciously past.

The body was left in the park, to suck,
or as some have said, entertainment.

elders

ill be

as

old back

s not

'twas given the materials to construct color can, cannot
disappearing into the coats to wave the mass of terrible friends
back into the overflowing welkin Lower half
betraying upper half returns, then dies Prudence in the swings

err not.

be
arch,

in the park,
enter in

Asperous Bristly aculeolate? Pineux, “the chaffy, the hirtellous and the lanate does he who was bleached make? Especially cili of the ciliolate? Especially quality of the ripple of the flockiges, the cotonneux and the glandulaeres and the glanduliferous and the wool of the cotton liked, as for plug to the state and that glumac of the bullate of the leather the small ones, hispidulous where? With stickiness, he is the behaart, him especially, it is the especially pilose especially sericeous of the behaarte of the setiferous rugose of the especially penicillate especially especially setose of the papillose of the paleaceous lepidote of the nodose behaarte and the hirsutulous, the puberulous and the pannose, does he make? As for pilosulous that when from other things the? The puberulent scabridulous, the spinous of the scabrous and the spinulose to make that and that? The strigose of the setulose make? The strigulose velutinous tomentose especially especially verrucose especially especially and from the wool especially especially in viscous arrival characteristic of the villosulouse of the villose of the verruculose of the tomentulose of the samtige of villous quality. “The

s mother s
lender, ark bronze ark ñ
lack

her fig e covers

in the bath the window

less in leaves
her sons

rot her

the fecund earth

am I
in it

pulled in a peak

of collected action

convulsing or

We were inside the levee. You took out
the leaves. We were hiding within
the skirt. Saint Mary –

Your face
took multiple contusions to replace.

Exhaustively, the buried child.

They put a hand upon our heads
in the bedstraw. Old as father, leaning
forward through the palms.

Crouched in the shrubbery, churchside.

Where were you?

Resting the vision
of the hanging body, and its brushing,
a tongue from its mouth

as an arrow
indicating the pilgrim,
wearing an unwelcoming dress.

We retire to Hawaii. We tire

The sound of the father's voice, asking us

We retire into the man caves

Faces emerge from the chest in the afterglow

The father's voice echoes across the tile

The timeline seems of the mesh

Boxes filled with weights

The mother's voice

Comes across the street, through the oak

And sword. I swear through rain

The substitute will dye your hair

She says, I will divorce you in the dye

Things to do after death:

Adopt the quartz. Treat the quartz.

Perform under lights.

The eastern part of estress

joins the land by the throat?

What does this material concern?

The classroom congeals,

the slippery curtain. Our surfaces

eat the gram.

Moisture is only hot matter.

Back beneath the dark donation the holes

align to meet our eyes The disc is making the window tear

changing our voices : glowing :

Bleach us, bleached across our skin.

Bleach us falling for our hands.

am

dies,
prop . Am
ma

oil,

in

th lad
hang

bud
ring

we wand
B eat on

we

rapped

And if we manage to persuade the elders

that they should let us in

They will be joined, and overtaken

Give us our meal, our glow as says

Let us not hold back You are going to dye

is not the color of heaven

bers of
gain. Again
it was the bombing of

,

A bouquet hangs over the head of our baby

In order to force our fingers in

It is windy, a censer of lilies swinging

A girl walks by, comes over to our side

Who hung that raccoon there

The raccoon bell

King we are, chrome rabid

King we are, and out at night

Swings with amplitude over the Nativity

To the sisters, to the youngest, is it not your time, somewhere

Night tightly contained beneath the pinning of a cloche

Up against the walls

You were a shepherd

The stars enlarge as falling snow

The stars rise as

The wind picks up, pulls a lily loose

Unbundles a loose selection

Lowers to our feet the load

Our heads up against the windows of the house

Has a tail, has a strong scent

and the scent to make us last, in ruin

You may not relax in this dressing cross
from raveling fits. This place won't curve
its unseasonable flowers.

The floorboards keep sliding
out of season,
or in the crowd, from the stereo.

We need to be so cut to cry.
So beg the switch, this is the end
in only what saving there can be.

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