

“Inside A Mellifluous Curve”

by

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These poems are the final moments of my silence.

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Revisions

Make your presence lightly,
go with empty hands and feet.
Watch the way they move,
because they eat flesh
beyond this cavern.

Their lips only move
in the currency of their time.

They call themselves poets
on that bridge
that they march over for you.
Just walk on across.

As soon as you pass through, nothing will be undone.
But everything written about this will change.

Disclosure

A poet claws his way back from the evergreens,
who have scrubbed his phrases of syllabic weight.

He walks with a thorny gait.

He makes hundreds of footsteps in the mud
before coming across the first sign of flesh.

Reservoirs

40,000 grains of sand
all separated from each other:
that's what my strength looks like.

I gather granular bits. I use them to replace
my unnecessary roughness. My red vinegar
blood. A desire to bury my face among
the sand dunes. I replace, replace, replace.

The People I Meet

My eyes leak fascination.

You are making patterns
that climb the sky
and follow the Earth.
I will look up,
I will look up every day.

I Just Met You

An ounce of angst
ruins the entire sky,
so while we are a surplus
let's draft a butcher
to cleave the holy ceiling
of our combined heads,
and carry it with us
to our next stop.
You never know
when you will need
a clear sky.

A Crack In Tone

I was the eulogy in the room.

My pitch, wavering.

My Stamp

I insist on unknown perpetuity,
the way the "a" in the word "tea"
will always make silence,
will always complete the equation.

Hiking Alone

A maple tree
left by my ear
emancipates
the breath
of a mountain opera
aria

Carbonation

This is what I want you to do
when you first meet me:

1) Place my lips
pink in the bath.

2) Flood my shoulders
with a questionless
pitcher of silence.

3) Tremor my memory
tumors purple.

4) Toss me
upon your illogical bloodsugar.

I don't have the time to start anything other than this.

On Writing

Pen and paper,
look out the window.

My wooden desk,
a flickering heart.

11 PM,
non-sequiturniquet.

Insomnia,
lay on the kitchen floor.

Word selection,
stare until a verb appears.

Koan

To monk Nansen. Nansen Buddha. Treasure-words.

To monk Nansen. Nansen Buddha. Treasure-words.

To monk Nansen. Nansen Buddha. Treasure-words.

treasure-words.

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha,

treasure-words.

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha,

treasure-words.

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha,

treasure-words.

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha.

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha

treasure-words

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha

treasure-words

to monk Nansen

Nansen Buddha

treasure-words

Honey

(After Yevgeny Yevtushenko)

He came
with a giant cask of honey.

Through the pure snow
he trudged for miles, letting the
honey drip behind him
in a continuous straight line.

Tongues hit the ground.
Children smothered themselves thick.

The man left without saying a word.
The children turned into bees.

Quarter

I have a quarter.
I threw it inside the sun.
Ha! No I didn't.

Is that a blanket or a rug?
Throw it away inside the sun.
Yeah! You wouldn't.

Look at that silly beaver.
Let's throw his teeth inside the sun.
Ha! Ha! We're dentists.

Here's an exaggeration:
all our thoughts are the size of the sun.
Wow! The mind is bonkers.

I still hold quarter.
I hold a place outside the sun.
Rah! Rah! Rah! 25 cents.

Crow

My heart crowed
with musical scales
that were

(A)
Ascending
agony

(B)
Climbing
anxiety

(C)
Performing
idolatry

(D)
Echoing
inferiority

(E)
Salivating
gluttony

(F)
Scaling
banality

until I reached
the point
where sleep
struck me
at the top of my breath
and the tip of the ear.

His Influence

He is heated.
My eye.
In full view.
His fire intercepted.
Instructing me down.
He is heated.
My eye.
Red.
He is heated
and the fire
shuts me down.
He is heated.
In control.
In full view.
I stay.
My eye.
Intercepted.
Closed.

Whim

I decided to wear a suit of armor.
Later, I had regrets.

Skin Disorder

My front door is aching for the smell of sunshine

but I'll be running through these corridors
until the lines around my eyes
grow deeper and more defined.

Dinner Party

Pleased to meet you!

We are troubadours
crossing through dreams.

We are made of tiny
stochastic oscillations of sound.

Sit back. Relax.
Cryptic encyclopedias
are about to be guillotined from the grayest of our matter.

They should land in your soup bowl shortly.

Composition

Incantation.

Mathematical proof.

The rhyme and rhythm of a small white lie.

Chantel

Chantel n
Chantel e
Chantel e
Chantel d
Chantel s
Chantel m
Chantel e
Chantel t
Chantel o
Chantel b
Chantel e
Chantel a
Chantel s
Chantel o
Chantel p
Chantel e
Chantel n
Chantel a
Chantel s
Chantel i
Chantel a
Chantel m
Chantel w
Chantel i
Chantel t
Chantel h
Chantel n
Chantel o
Chantel c
Chantel l
Chantel o
Chantel t
Chantel h
Chantel e
Chantel s
Chantel o
Chantel n

In the Face of Honey

(After Natalie Beridge)

The dream is a mystery bridge.

There are glass hands that hold a bucket
in the shape of your own blood.

You drink a repetition of first impression.

Your name is falling off the tip of the sky.

The glass hands
hold the sound of your heartbeat
the way an old street holds
the sound of your footsteps.

Nothing is in the face of theory.
Nothing can stop the face of honey.

The dream is pouring it all over your head.

Park The Wind Against My Hair

...because all this hot air in my head
has been sticking around way too long.

Questions

I'm here. I'm exhausted. I'm starving. I've solved the problem. Let's put our
cards on the table. Let's get going. You must have something to say about this.

You have the wrong idea. We're going to like this. We need it. Don't get me
started. Don't pretend I'm not here. Don't underestimate yourself. This is
good. This is ridiculous. This looks like the answer. This needs work.

Who needs me here? Who let you in? Who are you looking for? What do we
want? Where will this end up.

Are you all right? Are you in the right place? Is that all there is? Is this mine or
yours? Isn't that crazy. Isn't is the negation of is. How did you do that? Do
you belong here? Do you mind.

We mean business. We can only stay for a few minutes. They don't have a
clue. It's alright. I'm here. You're here.

Are you coming? When will I see your shadow? When will the show finally
begin? Where does my shadow start? Have we been here before? Have you
disappeared?

Offering

Naked while doing a handstand
he is reading the sidewalk
as if it were a page
in the city's biography.
I give him
an extra pair
of pants
but he continues
that voracious
musicality
and soon
the force of his dreaming
sweetens my bare leg
to a ripe pineapple inspiration
that fills my libraries with jazz
and the rest of my pants with holes.

Long Line

thoughts		spi
unning out into		sma
ll cities with large	man	ia
mansions and large	everpresent	phan
toms		

Unknown Melancholia

Unknown
melancholia
magnetizes
my moodring to a wall
of arbitrary time.

I soliloquize myself
with lemons
and wait
for the death
of attraction.

Etiquette

Is it fortunate
Wonder what it is
Sipping over flips
Rover in the earth
Smoker underside
Travel weightlessly
Tabulating tones so far
Echo it's on my tongue
Lactate everyone
Clicking toxicity
Abdicating olive height
Veins transparenting
Never hundred gun
Fake mitochondria
It is fortune ought

Or the dulcet met
Or a paper clip
Or a knee-jerk ripped
Or whatever I burnt
Or raw deafening collide
Or wait we shall see
Or rapid fire boulevard
Or to share a lump sum
Quadratic equation
Or complicit duplicity
Or too small for sight
Or going bald parenting
Or blackboard Shackleton
Or pond dream wand dring
Or it is etiquette thought

The

I i e a m lifluo s cr ne
 The
 o g r g wli tl ss o h s p h ay as
 The
 a h on h spl e da kle gre u n t
 The
 w y h w n ed i t o. H 's s oo g up
 The
 abu da ce of li in h o e th ow b fo e
 The
 cr e du s h ba k i to
 The
 d b is of h m n be g - w ere
 The
 sm ll fl e el des a l, w ich
 The
 do er ho st tr s nd y
 The
 w y of h s pu ge t kn w dge t at in sts
 The
 u an c n it n i h re e br n e, b t
 The
 le s he w s gi n w e w kan t se
 The
 a es in d go l di ct ns, e les y s w g
 The
 p ht wrd a f lg ip flie, a le th w h
 The
 du na iet o a sc i o h n c f c g
 The
 xe u o o h s e gi ed es n ta o b
 The
 w r i t o se n s.

Rhyming Timbes

Rhyming timbres rhyming colors
 Rhyming seasons rhyming numbers
 Rhyming feelings rhyming lovers
 Rhyming blushes rhyming smothers
 In rhyming balance a rhyme recovers

Embalming

She had me embalmed
in front of friends.

She threw me in a river
full of trout.

Hitting Rapids By Chance

Hold me like rapid fire bullets.

Bite

I
find
everything
deliberate
is
a
flattened
gust
of
wind

Stuffy

Art is a big joke
locked in a stuffy room.

By Proxy

Every word I am using
is stolen from Stein saying

Let be what be and let me and me be free and
let me be that *what* and-or-and can't stand for
this me and me that won't let be what be and
won't let me and me be that what-or-what that
can't stand for this *what*
that won't let *what* be

Chameleon

Words that change color
produce sonoluminescence.

Sonoluminescence
is the emission of short bursts of light
from imploding bubbles
in liquids excited by sound.

Sonoluminescence
is light from an implosion caused by sound.

Sonoluminescent words
implode their definitions
after hearing themselves out loud.

In their wake, they leave
a footprint of lightning;

a time-lapsed graph of
the phonetic drift
a new continent will take.

Memory In Autumn

Leaves are changing

Mind turns hollow

Hollow as
the moment memory began

White & Golden Meal

In a white
rice city

under a dome
of unleavened bread

the tofu parliament
proclaims

every flavor
to be a stain

Emphasis

I Am *Has* Been
So The *Had* Do
Make Did

You Could *Make* Me
If *Not For*
All Our *Is Was*

Oh *We* Will
Name Game
When The *Or*
Is *If*

So *What* Is
The *Use* Of
All This
Stress?

Recite

I know that there are voices of perverse magic on the surface of my bones.

Only have I ever articulated them in the serendipity of recitation.

ORODOMIA ANNIS ICLAGO UMBERSTUNDEN

is what they are saying right now.

Hanging From Rafters

I'm a balloon that needs to be popped.

Things

You start fishing out
obsidian skulls and barbed wire
from the cacophony of my desert.

Why have I kept all these things?

Why have I kept all these words, sounds, habits, and people?

The only reply was an empty bucket of water.

Hand-printed Stones

These are my hand-printed stones,
the first drafts of everything I need to say,
the ashes of my art.

Tint

Lather my hair
with the memory of scent.

Look to know how
you seep down through scalp.

Come to realize
I'm going prematurely gray.

Vacant

I'm raining
vacant lots.
I'm pregnant
or I'm not.

Less & Less Human

Becoming older,
laconic.

Tell your tales
in the ornament

of less.

Nature has no
cleverness

Humanity does

!

Bravo
Humans

Find

The blowing away
of my luminous hands
in the morning fog.

Time to find them.

Time to cast away my throat,
set up an easel,
follow the clouds.