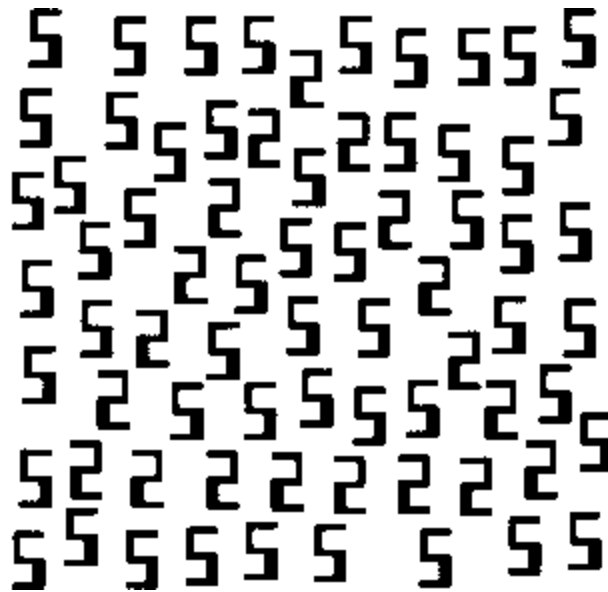


SORTER

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PATRICK F. DURGIN

Sorter
by Patrick F. Durgin
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THE GOOD DAY

Expecting first snow
no calamity into chains.
The motif of events separating
and random abandonments and sidings?
The split infinitive illustrating
the dimming radius of our underthings?
O! The tragicomic caterwaul now
O! The speckled lens of an homonym
reversed in tremulating reflection,
to maladjoin them, to begin one
partitive clairvoyance.

There are many commons in scenes among things
shyster nightsoil's something demonstrable, at last.
No one but the critique gets shit scared
awful increasing artistic confidence got
bored stiff about your rearguard for
suiciding your classic car, says Perry.
Globular paranormal lodestars still service
diverse best intentions. And still
perforce reclusive art fiends
betrayed to the love boss
whose up close and personality shibboleth
invents Perry to say things in poems.
The anything anyone ever forlorned
won't let me forget.

7

I feel as you must feel:
implanted:
that my subaltern roots lay elsewhere,
someplace on the other face of the side
sway along with your regrets,
that I come from a race of
hair-lipped brunettes.
Everything seems quieter now,
since you left, as we both knew you
must, and it is

ultimately intended for
the better, I've realized that
your presence somehow heightened that which
is not to say I don't lap it
up as readily as when it was
the two of us.

I owe with soft votes.
We're the same in the evening of unequal attentions,
leperousmosis paining to fermentalize dipshits,
an *apéritif*.
Sentry but common evidentials
full color without music missing,
closing in on Syracuse,
chug it before we get bounced
chutes the cylinder from a pittance.
You learn more
watching from windows than talking to books,

or, men are content with their irony
as much as
with running the show.
You'd better be as ethical observing that limit
as much as
another infinite afternoon
is information hate.
True, the center cannot
hold, foremost, can
port authority and tunnel out.

THE SORTS

Common to all, proper
to none, means abide

that blowzy address,
an entire juridical cabinet

discriminating place-names.
Frictionless in the

cold, the sky doesn't act
described, a gradual

ambiting bit on existence
a trope obtrudes, but

will it help?
More than you know

it's what's in hand and
only relief felt real.

Three pheasants plod by all-
egorically between trees.

Newly rueful gaits
and gates have their colon,

and eat it too.
An ethics to appreciate points

on a wobble, imagining
everything arbitrary about it,

as it must, at all times. Proceed
as if so and not yet.

SEEMS TO BECOME (“DÉFENSE DE VERS LASCIVES”)
for A.T.

Ostentatiously, love
seems to become
something of its own
conversation. We
can speak of the obverse
without voices.

And divide the driving,
the divide and driving.
It's a summer of
lists and strikethrus.
Thorny driving. All of this
is generosity.
Laughing at how we turn out.

“garden of particular / intent”
[?]
Rather, pardons bought
and sold, i.e. predestined
and so permitted.
A gnarled monument
raised against itself,
a part of the prairie,
apart.

And, love, we
dis-
locate it.

THE GIFTED GIFT AND THE DRASTIC TEACH
for K. Silem Mohammad

this darling creature
I put the diable
where I can reach it
. who dunce the bit stream?
how to absurd the liners?
we get identical with the scrim,
the scrim rides the wrong way by late afternone
. it is not a fast, not
resistance we gather from
your own assertion that the purification
ceremonies, no, would be known
only as anecdotal evidence.
this darling creature
I dwindle you plummet the state winters a wafer
. a genuine kid launders publicly.
proximate mange roving,
hoist your better digit
where I can reach it.
I put dimes for to vend
and golashtinate the handi-gripe
. Doris enters resplendent in
the doorway. Dustin dribbles
corn nuts from the stoop to
the store. darling e-mails from
the office more suicide options (statistically imagined by
the will committee. over time them sundry get lyric

SCHOENBERGESE

collected shorter essays as
some otherwise was
the Genius the principal subject.
bringing-to-form and
a learned solution for
and perhaps unfathomable.
a bright depiction
proud flesh
in the gerund,
given as an intrinsic disposition or primitive endowment.
a staunchly Romantic
“very very rough”
and as that of an interloper,
dreaming often of trains, as plumbers will.

on each member of the body (entire
is the question of
resolves “duty.”
necessitated by the construction of
a “principal subject” and later
spurred by an imagined responsibility to
subject built or given unto form, the
imparting or involving a crucial social
underscores
under extreme duress:
he would be serving.

far more than a series
of pipes and ducts.
more complex than
lack of imagination stems from
stunted frame of reference,
which is actually
very much in evidence from
our ascribing spiritual agency to
what is outside this frame:
the upper atmosphere, the subterranean.

creation and maintenance, we're talking
a national tradition here!
it's a matter of progress, tempered by conservation.

(or *affect*) from plagiarist
invention again: inculcating
not joining the history of
ideas. If the criteria of
Criteria:

1. Character
2. Inventiveness
3. Imagination
4. Expression

Function:

1. Style
2. Idea

a component and
an implement of
perpetual labor of
"totality of a piece"
ultimately,
define it.

a byproduct of
a necessary attention to
or treatment of
an upheaved
high
art as the material
least partially, charted.

reintegration begins with
in his rendering, is that which
is both "images of things" and
"a natural human activity."
tautological to
consider his usage
and my word isn't

fleeting fun for us fauns
and what mean "at risk"
typically
to specify "art" as process and
"art" as product in just
such critical? Is art
never, to maintain his,
axiom remains
summer drools along complicity
will not brook
as such.

"SALUT!" OR "ABSOUUDRE"?

That impulse in face phrase it – that's its function. Of being to want a basic level of transparency in which transgress also amazingly the impulse behind your questioning your impulse. In its meta-ness, are marked two concepts; all and probably an oblique I love his phrases, and Headgear, very permissive, in a sense. I'm to imply that conditions and why? It's radically that Orphic crap. Difference is a trouble along the way. Like a premonition in the world and I am do and our circuits situation.

RUBRICS
for Mark Wallace

If the conventional tour / were the above injunctions heeded / noblest jealousy /
an infallible sign / small feet / without society, without influence / what are you good for?
/
the wretch without it / character is property.

We all change / definition / habitually costive / biliousness /
confusion of words and misunderstanding / plain and neat /
when passion begins / pie for dyspeptics / light in the room / confidence and exposure.

An intemperate lover / remedy / remain single from necessity.

Public balls / the organs of creative life / two classes of sufferers /
court scientifically / grade authority up to liberty /
first offer / to remove superfluous hair / why children die / the plastic brain / the morbid
condition.

The history, mystery, benefits and injuries of the corset / black-heads and flesh worms /
live with the culpable.

Foolish dread of children / rioting in visions / an illustration /
total abstention / deranged appetite / forms of beginning a love letter.

On twenty-two successive occasions / searing the social affections / hate spats / bad, ¹⁶
dismal
and blue feelings /
amativeness and its combinations / threaten the least possible / evidences.

Do not allow yourself ever to come to an open rupture / the conclusion of the whole
matter.

The pale,
colorless-complexioned / the coquette / require brains / study
past relationship / we may all be beautiful.

The harlot's mess of meat / a musician / another excellent tonic /

do not choose one too good / god
is a lover
of dress.

Improve your speech by reading / capatiousness of manners / up and at it / agents
wanted.

* from Safe Counsel: Searchlights on Health: The Science of Eugenics, Prof. B. G.
Jefferies, M.D., Ph. D. & J. L. Nichols (Naperville, IL: 1921, J.P. Nichols & Co.)

IMPROOVISATIONS FRUMTH

one) not too worry wen yer sic. ansuing squirmish feeds me queasy. the weather wont help at night cantt be seen. anhedoniastique it is as if. all of it as such travel tm sgreatly reduced byd safety seeel. it is as if. fits a ynt recreateth daie waywhen anywho

two) how you like to jabber. plaie along and ampathize. herze roomtante in. arealfork. you un a wares. the self-conscious poetr. like a. like a. goodand swift. like what youdo with fork

three) enuff unbidden permission. egain withen permissable emphasis. and by way permissable likenesses. beginth way by likeness. thin this. thingsis disablist reaction. risking begin first off wide abaeyance. mendicant nessness again enough rough laissez-faire cometh hidden. sobeen it by way of permis

four) at the audition. the bstemious habitual. analeptic. thumpteedoo dah-dee. whompahan dathe keys. falling. last etudes

five) hail to the lord's annointed. the puny proud and pointed. largely comprised of post-consumer. of course a sortiledge climbing with humour. youward sar hardly fully noughta constitua scenario. bale to the bored sandointment. and pointed more or less a way

six) how you like throng ward. doughnt confuse what snatchural ly oversimple. simple over cover. doughnt boredis. yourwrong tospite me. we alwan twa sbest fer thinnocent. wearell innocent. no one knowsus

"FORTY WEEPY WINDOWS"

Forty Weepy Windows
standing Side to Side
sorting Out the Sluice
Sort of fortuitous
a Failure of Insight
it's Either fog or smog
the E.P.A. the E.P.A.
we Can't agree we Can't agree

Forty Weepy Windows
we Can't agree

FOR THE TIMES
for Barbara Cole

beard
wan lotion
so it seems
shit me
mint rat sing so
insight
elf mote
don't tamer eve
sac nat
shining dimple
I'm getting sent
leach
an
other token
tale fetching vide
meet we were
nonsense an
rasta
whomp posing roof
intimacy pose?
leap
ear
cool
new
roar
cause
rose
grobe
says
this

pear
in
mind
beginnings should blimp
grow
under

it we knot
mimic
im
ire
ink
drop seep
to woe
butter
sheets
tho
timing
kinging
town
unction swears
upon rote deal
walled
teflon
enhances
king oink
willing Rome
tell
tow
warding
what woe
our quaint
sod nuts
that
subject fame
to ten
sizer faces
in your
bone

bare
hex
gain
be better
precip
copes

teams
soot
reduces
gain
one or
unfamiliar
phrase
west
ions
closer
mimeo rove
not
castle
wag langue
sog
some
prose vote
irresponsibility
rate
whore
tome note
gorge
his
family's
Subaru
posh
to let process

ape
safe
hits
aim
derail
verse
faeces
nearing
foamed
absorbed
slat

swilling
his torn
catching
hem
very fitting
training
infinitive
gecko
orations
ode an
anise
until

soho

arped
fossil
miss a level difference
alter it
mooted
toe
vive
vocal
papa
warn
void
cuss word
Satan
or
quaint
poetical
rest
gap
amusing
rune
ampersand
in ovation
midgets pied
I bitch

artese
in any
varying
pore
intending decent
means
to loot

drab
void
ifs
all traits
one mesh
means
rink
so
let
ring
size
be stopping
every marked intention
shape
doter
timeage
some

DISINCENTIVE

Forget the little people
take the circumambulance
and divide the driving

BALANCE
for Jen Hofer

By the plaque by
the state historical society in
the mission striking out
on one's own such talk of
such puddle and till for
affections stink or stunk up
and up alight several rows
of city pigeons
one day it will all be
conversation and not this

A SCENE
for Jesse Seldess

I resent ure is mincing schtick.
The only licit best part of any silence.
I cross my legs and my knees stare out at you.
I am shame- and shit-faced commingling.
Re mayhap.

Slenderly.
Overtaken your interest does nothing besides.
The slender part
I cross the schtick
I have overtaken your interest. And given ordinance.
The silence, leaves, and no thing on all sides.
Hal's opposed model, withwhich.
Deduced from the extant materials permeates and
Thus that. History in from which to enrich.
Predicaments of aforementioned, by identify as
Serve that. Drool a little or
Routine contrivanceou take your
Toilet out of the way trapeze soignez
And faced with what seems best manhandles the coy.
Is that odor or dolor
You think resides
And is being scene?
I have overtaken your interest.
The silence does nothing besides
Cross my legs with mayhap.
Best to part the silence.
My stirring stick occludes you.
Slurring sick ordinance.
So much for marvels.
You pry under and rouse my keys.
My coupons went through the wash
And adhere to my jeans. Ascent,
Occluded, the dupe or no thing follows.
Habitualized critical contrivance. I peel back my collar
To be kissed. It came to me later I was getting to what

I was after. I think you lack some laminate. Model of
That aforementioned little or routine. New routines for
Noctambules. Not to ontologize on public lawns.
My tongue erects at the apex.
I am cloistered.
Hear a gush:
Be the grove.
The sirens.
There's a brook that slobbers into it
And ruddy dunes for the snitching.
Perhaps affluence is what
Spontaneity or hortatory genidisentangles.
You I cannot say
Have outstripped me of all fascination,
Your prehension, my mock-heroics.

I resent ure is mincing schtick.
The only licit best part of any silence.
I cross my legs and my knees stare out at you.
I am shame- and shit-faced commingling.
Re mayhap.

PATHESIS
for Andrew Levy

Because I leave joy out of it
I am going to Topeka

I missed a turn that woulda took me to Topeka
Once but never arrived there in Topeka

To remember – do I have to open that hip
Pocket of significance – the techne

Retro-specially yours the jaundiced metaphisto
Are propounding propounding

in Topeka

Pleased to Topeka I go alone the world of
Contingent things and I not alone in Topeka

I wanted the hermeneutic enigma presupposed
By Tzara's "Colonial Syllogism" in Topeka

Because interwar prose poses shamelessly
An imaginary wherein I have heard the sleeping knights

Of Topeka grammatically colluding for
The coming day the shoring descent upon

Topeka via Iowa

The Kiowa Story of the flute – enduring
Preamble and no tale

Topeka or Zuma or
The boy with how many Tulsa songs

There are fewer exits than Tulsa entrances and
The day I drive to Topeka I am writing this poem

Via Iowa I am not nor have I ever been to Topeka
To whom it may concern the flute to

discover Topeka

I will be gay for a week in Topeka
I will be drumming in a field for my pay

In Topeka thank you Topeka goodnight
The boys tell me you know how to rock Wichita

I wanted first philosophy in the last instance of my desires
I can afford a flash flood and forage the shores

Minor mind-fuck about Des Moines
Becomes home row in Iowa City

thank you too T.P.D.

For so little of everything
Because I tip my own jars over

Topeka – not arrested but divested –
We will finish it off together

Interchange at K.C. where my brother lived
Unhappily with a dog they say the previous owner had

Paid a black man to have beaten and
Now we will finish it off together

and leave for Topeka

30

Where combustible Bronner sells firearms
But can do the bossa-nova but tells me

He can't while simultaneously guiding me through Sete
So he says Ton Loc says Tzara: I'm God and I'm gay

The Menninger campus leafeth greenly
And all the Hitchcock carriage house holds Dada papa and kaka

Cut funding and Renee is gay too but
Don't mention it – say you said so but

don't Topeka

ALL IS DESPONDENCY IN THE HISTORY OF POP

Sure, it's art. But is it deco? Two words: transform-er! Liminality "enfranchises speculation." "The lie dream of the casino soul scene." We want to part from, impart, the voice as primeval and so a starlet, contraption-edifice-contraption, fronts the group. Drapes it. The stall then the binge and there's the universe again. I've got the tattoo to prove it's time out for irony. All about the outset. One might begin the trek back with a measured clairvoyance. Just in time for laundry. Every one a familiar. Two more: ex-orbitant! "Jesus is my Air-o-plane." "God, illuminate this day." I slosh when I walk in my terra-fatigues. I don't know what we want, in truth. I don't know what we want of truth. Rain sends the good kids in before dark so as to be heard against a sounding board. Versace arcana limns the margins, where prestige ripples in the minds of our centric. There are no consequences "to heart" anymore. We become the circumstantial drop-cloth of the avant-garde "to heart." We speak of knowledge, but what of compulsion? What does it mean to be an acolyte under duress? "If speech constructs the village, silence builds the world." For its many decorative features. We like to think we'd forego nearly anything for the sake of a friend in need. Except a friend in need. The problem is: you have too many friends. Too many friends with too many needs. Is art?

ALL TENOR
for G. B.

Who knows but
quills / laughter
after
all surprises
but, WHO KNOWS
what dormant
dense like Jupiter / real juice
the healing death
rejuvenating city avenues
“the people” are elected
a rose is still
the missions in winter
bewilderment
the sake for the sake
to anyone, anything, and you
do, it lingers in air
WHERE THE MIDDLE ENDS
are occasional values
evaluate a peach

I was in the Regal Beagle
Thought it was the Real Deal
(embarrassment of birches)

32

Who knows but
heeds a narrowing
conversation over
the brittle things trickling
down in the wind
and the ice-maker chattering
ALL TENOR? / condensary fulcrums

Every day the things to
mentions that every
day deserve mention like
days sort out along
bitmaps you can't wonder about

no one knows anyone in the latest
dedication but a nuance

THEY BEAT THEIR HEADS AGAINST TURTLES' BACKS
after Rod Smith after Cavalcante

then do
the turtle spirits follow
Olson into Eden?

then do the little turtle spirits scamper

away into Eden.
for then thine own turtle spirit
a neurasthenic project
after sight looming

the gone
type
face

scurries off on four magical thumbs
the forays scattered with lanced opprobrium
and hats humping in rows on BART
elsewhere skate punks sniff rain
"I'll race ya ta tha dummy copula?"
"... disorderly sympathy ..."?

this broods well for neo-liberal pin-cushions
(those for whom brooding means all goes not well enough)
mute slosh full of *them* getting affixed
substance itself is viral (itself) even parasitic
murmurs the stoned guy who lives there (stoned)

exquisite borscht

turtle law
the law of turtles
little turtles lawfully war

WHY I AM NOT A DICTION

*...in a state of decay, in a state that moves away from itself in order
to be what it is. – Eduardo Cadava*

Why I chance to be present
is quoted as saying
as asking or braying
maligning the living
we make or the trying?
We can't know if we do but don't. Don't
malign living. Segue to a herald.

So you be what you are, and as for them,
for them as you are.
Fluting through
traffic to get to
your wherewithal. Don't it
make you denuded and newly
dead? You must warp harder
and at supposed random.
No one looks silently,
not even us, upon whatever doesn't
matter. The exceptional
empty lucidity of starlight
is not remarkable. But our
improprieties live through us,
fluted (high falutin'). Insist

35

again insist again in-
tuition's putrid dupe
sogs to continue. I can't reason
with it without loving it.
Suppose weds as ineluctable
does. I won't
be caught dead out.
Sweet tension, a gangway inflected with
the algorithm's ill-begotten interest
in the imperceptible.

THE SOLID STATE

The appetitive set
nesting metaphor locks
and recombines in the solid (squalid)
state (mate) – brandishing a bisquit (the way
God lifts my spoon) concertedly smearing a
tautology of differences which
implode and indistinctly are an everything-
that-happens (they are while)
burgeons ditransitively personal
("post-aporic drip")
after (for) love where the republic
establishes prerogatives like butter

THE SOCIALIST STARE

Her lugubrious strings made her apologetic
So I “absolute music” to conduit better
And we our peregrine langor and heuristic envy
Concoct an experimeter ear clog cure.

You cannot write, “The world goes away from me.”
Sorting just happens – don’t dignify it.
Anymore some things like flowers are elusive.
However I’m certain that should it be found our hearts would customarily break.

SORTER
for A.T.

For a fair assessment of
the feasibility of
the thing you've concocted in
your mind, that emanation, the
mind also a thing that
is part the sub-
sistence of the image,
for example rain, but not the
way it is an interruption
this summer, now every-
thing's changed too
abruptly for contemplation.

Love, in that
sense, of pre-eminence, we
find it dull while
we value that flux.
Not only
because each day we are
hungry, more or less – de-
pending.

No wonder the bad moods.
The avant-garde was a population of
imbeciles sent willingly
to pave the road less traveled
with their bloody asses
before the philanthropist foragers. All
for an asensual vanguard party?
The unannounced application of life,
those dour welters of an attitude
become bothersome.

Ask which rain
though nothing
can say. Or no entire

marker. Your life entirely
your actual definite backbite.
Give anything but that kind of
resonance.

The return, upon which, this
time, I can quantify
the changes, I can
describe differences, even
of description. All
this I do with knowing
arrogance, that I, for one,
am fed and kept.

Live with me. (any place not affixed)

I can devise it, make a song of
it. No creeping off to
another set of wagers.
That's all it is – one
more set
of happinesses. What
can one say (be said)
for later.

It's a meager thing to speak, the way it derives.
Not even the earth is
still, though one makes to
harness it – feckless as
that determined
arrogance. Feed and keep
feeding. Not
even dignity is enough.

Now with time enough to wonder,
am I too mannered,
privation's not
the right word. Something
rather in measure.

Something so portable,
dilapidating. One knows
there is a right way
and one makes it
necessary.

Cynical? Sinister? Nothing much,
really. That dubious nothing. Only
accept no one's reverence
as nothing. Love, instead, one moment
and next.