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g-point almanac
(9.22-10.19)

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that worst part after
(9.22-9.28)

“The journey was also a conversation, it was present, past, memory, and fantasy.
For me, it wasn't life and yet it was motion.”

Elio Vittorini, *Conversations in Sicily*

this sudden city

vespered streets

smarting w/rain: not
streets, symptoms

how they
slope under-
expectedly:

junkets on a sad planet.

tender, we say
small knowing ('remember me')

: rain

saturday
asphalt
fault

words
as they were

could only remember,

only

bone (not
bone):

only hard sounds

: choir,
chaos
(the filmy civic trumpets)—

syllabled

city

streets falling from maps
(rivered, riveted)

into signs—

black sounds: choir, chaos

the alchemy of a fire escape:
what small things

(blurbs,
we say, on a dust jacket)—

what small things can we, our tender, these sad resorts?

words as they were,

cities, we say

vespiaries
like *junk-*
heaps—

this sudden,
these sad, three
fragments. these syllables

cities (are they?)
epiphanies of desiring

scapes:

gaps & apertures, absences,
that worst part after—

(said reminders, these sad resorts)

votives, tenders: the horns

(anonymous &
constant, not one

distinguishable melody) :

chaos, cadence, a rash of sirens—that worst part
after romance,

this corpse
left for science

choir

of days, prayer
words &
water

(what ephemera made
matter)---

we do not expect
these and so
...junkets

like rosaries

we say *sudden...this*
worst part
after that

(gestures from a shared presence)

the syntactic arc of an hour,
its narrow paths &

footfalls,

& brittle
parsimony: we amble

through versions of the city
beneath these versions

of sky

& say *remember* &
in the eyes of others
remembering looks like crying—

we make sentences, tenders,

and our tenders will not, they won't
easily parse

these happen, the streets—

how they slope
& dampen
& suddenly—

like rosary
(we said)
a city

(*remember me*)—

an hour slips from the grid, streets

happen,
how they sometimes

in independent light—

how they bend & slope
& slope & give way

stenos for indian summer
(9.29-10.12)

“I’m finished with dusk and interstices.”

Fernando Pessoa, *The Book of Disquiet*

this marks the start of the dark time.
& everything is all the same again.

they sd lady bug lady bug,
I knew a young boy
(they sd he swallowed the sky).

they sd *nature requires five*, they sd *custom gives seven*,
but still the click, the murmur

(I heard a fly buzz).

in the ions
in the atoms, in the spots,
the tiny bombs:

a theory of chronology. strings,
small noodles of energy—(*are you packing time?*)—

perhaps we'll die

that the beginning, it shld go like this:

tiny, splenic tenders.
meridian palanodies in air

or the unsaying of things
or opposite, their kites

of articulated sound
and strings, theirs, that knot their flights to ground.

that it shld begin thus(ly),
en medias, midday
(cuckoo for coco-puffs. dodo for almanac).

that it shld concern the tropical year the leadmonths the glass hour, the ipso facto
fah so la tea, the echo inter alia (lung capacity, turning radius) the ex post moth-to short
histories of myths & men & cities unable to bear the weight of things placed on their backs.

that the consumer should know: *cape does not enable user to fly*

given these assumptions abt clear & distinct ideas,
given that we are godintoxicated men;

given the oldfrench for epilepsy,
the algebra of bone setting;

given inherited gesture, an interdental voiced
fricative, the glottal qua qua qua.

given city & another receding
& another given, how the light shimmers

off a query, how the eyes saccade across a line of type.
given that we'd seen astounding things,

peatsalt & herringlightning, dog latin
& groundrent for our very own new millenium.

given the sentence, how it hems,
how its iambs bend their knees to forget

how to begin again, to say, e.g., to say id est,
to say bird simply

small bird on powerline
shadow cutting shadow on brick wall,
(how the shadow hitches, how it shakes) how

articulate how
its shape retains shape while species
lose species & how say I
sussed the storm beneath the big sky
bread co. awning while tattooed girls flung dough to one another & kneaded

& mean nothing
is so emotional as a grocery list
nothing so profound
as an edit<STOP>

how to say soon was coming

& then it was here
with all its small kindnesses of agriculture in tow.
how to say farmer's market,
carton of brown eggs,
a sharpied label: *Kevin 2 Grnd Pork*;

how one dog owner to another:
nestor's got his perimeter up today.

how to live inside the skeletons
of these skeletal things, their thinking,
its tiny bullfights, these fugues
of lyric weakness.

que sera, sera (that's wallace stevens, isn't it?).

noon is a dragon, you see, an existential, palindromic doe ray me

whatever curiosity the order has awakened the order will satisfy.

how will it begin?
it will begin—

and how will it end?
it will end.

despite the vast literature
despite the mean interval
(despite the dissolution of ten days),

istanbul in novel & dog in square of sunlight.

they say the heart is an unmoved mover—
they say fourpence
 3 circumambulations
 a thrice-repeated prayer,

they say this will cure the falling sickness

she sd
if I sold the recipe the house wld vanish

she sd *I'd rather my house burn twice
than move once*

she sd *there one lived afraid of what one could not see,
here one lives afraid of what one can.*

she sd *other places, on the road to somewhere else, could have a different ambience.*

hitherto in the air today and melancholy
in our respirations. fah so la.

whatever curiosity, whatever of the century
we might see from this small, flat height.

the sign sd *This Is Your Signal*

the sign sd *Thefts Have Occurred Here*

the sign sd *Drive Gently, Please*

dear e (dear empty me):

*some things have happened here,
and now they have happened again.*

somehow this dust fascinates me.

rain now, & our breathtaking view of it brings thoughts of roof integrity.

they say orpheus crossed the mason-dixon for a sheila,
a fanny mae, a freddy mac, icarus,
for the A-U-C-E & a dream
of crab imperial.

others say
it was political
statement, or poetic one,
a veritable
putting of one's chocolate in another's peanut butter

one thinks in mornings, then noon. such are the limits
of narrative & chronology, the non-coastal sentence. here
there's often an appearance of something but not the thing itself

(factoids as curiously strong facts).

they say to make an omniscient
one must break some existentialists.
there's something also about allegories and crocodiles,
sputnik and the concorde.

I've learned a lot about hurricanes by watching them wink at me.
I've learned about driving routes, too,
ones that circle & never end
& the cartographic mindfuck known as the district.

(p.s., the mason-dixon isn't an urban legend; also, I've been traumatized, too,
I simply can't muster the requisite epidermal de rigeur)

whatever this is, staring into the blank hour,
its twofold message, wishing
to return its blankness
tenfold; someone called it,
in a gendered tongue, 'life,'

& seemed to mean it.

a man in the subway sang brokenly;
something broken in him
to make those sounds
a song, & there must be joy in it, somewhere,
because his mouth was breaking
into smile as his smile burst into tears.

light & music,

what small sounds falling is

to locate the crux
in geography & speak.

to articulate,
to find tongue

in the little antiquated chambers of the heart.

to add sounds to the sounds
extant, to join the un-
the in-
the mis-
the dis—

to enter this delirious symphony instant:

a mid-systolic click
a late systolic murmur

(to put it all in, e, the hollow earth,
three cities, one sheet of paper)

hour w/out shadow. the synodic month,
the hard steel of unashamed light.

a sessna (or something like)
ascending, shrinking,
its halfshades, its propellers lit in sound
crests: fluxing, dusking, sinewed.

the blunt drone, its frazzled edges
withdrawing in winnowed arcs, somersaults, their salinity
making acrobatics of savagery

(one instant in mid-air & what one makes of it).

they say it was ambition felled icarus
but language, volant (i.e., capable of flying),
fails, too, and what's beyond the said thing,
what's next, what's left if not sky?

now we have all we want,
yet so little off the ground or below it.

no skyline or none to fall from

no subway or none to speak of

no clatter train, flight pattern
quarter tap quarter tapping
lightpole third rail

no spanish subway song, el corazón (is that the heart
or a train coming? is that time ticking or a set of heels on the platform?)
no from the heart about the heart
for pocket change (a song of blood and muscle
a song for hollow obliquity—the fibrous rings of,
the foetal relics therein—

abt the here there, the no *th* here)

dear e:
as one of them that was an us,

I think I've lost my schopenhauer.

as one of them ridiculed
as an us. as one

whose ridiculous hadn't missed his schopenhauer

until now,
this us, this
us.

until schopenhauer, that was ridiculous:
one us,
an us of husbandry,
green thumb,

little shop of horrors

[the how codas]
(10.13-10.19)

“Of this particular act of obsessive depiction perhaps the goal is a thorough loss of self, dispersed into the minutiae which offer smaller and smaller lenses for looking in on a universe which shrinks obligingly to smaller and smaller dimensions.”

Robert Harbison, *Thirteen Ways: Theoretical Investigations in Architecture*

this is a treatise on how your apple seeds stuck to my cheek the longest
how, despite that factina, I dreamt of vertigo, the dizzy giddy wooze,
the pinnacle precipice how we reposed & mocked how we deciphered
the rules for civil use how he was known as a good man, that is,
not bloodthirsty how garlands were cast into springs & on well-tops
how with what truth is still disputed how for a like tale
see how if eare be but short there be barren withall
how autumn's scored an alias how noon scaped whipping

how memoir & anti-memoir & how we're not in kansas anymore
how way lead to not & jester yielded gesture yielded gestate (hip bone's
connected to the fascia lata, etc.) how the dogs went on w/their doggy lives
& how history (& the rest of us) queued at the salt lick
(how we scratched the fat ass of nostalgia)

how he sd when I was there I got it there but now I'm here so I get it here

how an instant, an hour, a large, deep hollow place in the earth
how the sternum articulates how the bones are clothed

how we believe, inter alia
inter alios (like wolf) that one likes people
much better battered down
by prodigious sieges of misfortune

how eastern shore gave way to eastern bloc and still all
our heroes are falling or drowning & how all the creatures of the ocean
devour them not though the sea itself swallows them whole

how it's always a pigeon in an engine, a 16-inch strip of potmetal on the runway,
or a veincrack in the bora bora carbon carbon how a full investigation is launched
& how that verb, every time, hiccups in the trachea

how they say born to land, yearn for sky, die in the sea

how vain it is to choose something from the stimuli--how futile, that

how solitude has nothing to do w/completeness
of the text how boys tie their shoes on days like this

how we don't know what it's worth—id est, it is
inestimable, an quid pro quo, sin qua non

& how we try, each to each, our hand at sky how one begins
to experience ecstasies how it's bad luck to peel peaches, apples, or pears alone

how louis pasteur injected rabies-infected brain stem material under the skin
of one joseph meister, age 9, who had contracted rabies & how, as the story goes
meister recovered fully to work as gatekeeper at the pasteur institute, surviving
pasteur by some forty-five years how when the nazis occupied paris they ordered
meister to open pasteur's crypt & how he refused, opting instead for suicide

how samuel isaac joseph schereschewsky, episcopalian bishop of shanghai,
translated the bible into several chinese dialects, typing many of said versions
w/one finger, all his others having been paralyzed by stroke

how the ground itself brings forth right angles
how, sometimes, all you have to do is lift the sod

how he sent a bear to fetch firewood
how the spirit fled in the form of a blackbird

how they say that which has a name exists
how they say the sense of the name is unclear

how we go to the island of woe for nothing
how the ocean goes all around said island

how they say that each moment we stay we get a little weaker
& each moment noon squats in the bush it gets a little stronger

how there's a point of no return & then a point of knowing how
everything that is not good asks to be salted how I'll be gone to dogs
by the time you read this (&W2 is laughing her rotten head off):

how the cavernulous sky (where the stars are ought to be), it eludes me

how nothing moves & then the nothing moves (the loch ness of it,
the delicate montser) how the zenith is an antipole
how it turns silence into light
turns sound impotent

—how it turns in the stomach nonetheless—

how
 often, but disconsolate;
how this is the rutting hour,
 how it breaks the bones

(doth the body wax dry? the brain moist?)

how roasted meats & pleasant wine,
complex, accentuated strophes. through the articulations. arsis poetica.

how the saint was reduced to its final consonant before a vowel
how we must button our garments in earnest now

one syntax of stridulation, one length of wholesome arm,
its contours dissolved in nontempered light: silence
calls an audible & is
as if shot through a spraygun.

I do not have such amazing friendships w/ birds,
dear, though I like to see them close enough to blink & breathe.
sorry I dropped the pax
sorry I've never painted anything
to save a building from the quakers.

whip-dogged, but a forecast for st. luke's little summer (summer-
tina) how a circumstance, which, far from being to be glorified in,
ought to be discountenanced

how the application has quit unexpectedly how the profanation
of this fortune cookie tidbit occasioned:
never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you

how it is occasionally persistent. more commonly it is small. how sometimes
it is altogether wanting

how all that lot of ground
having a metes and bounds description
and is more particularly described in a deed
and recorded among the land records
(in liber 1362, folio 146)

how the improvements thereon being known as.

how the sentence hems, how it stutters, how the verbs work. how it boils down
to words, words, words (in an age of iron in the blood)
seldom our own or in that order--how they slant in the mouth--how he who
takes notes listens well & how saying makes it so and say so on, reap what? (nanu nanu).

these are the sure signs of death: vespers in a salt mine; the sound of a cuckoo
whilst in a bent posture; four magpies together; manna, from anywhere save heaven.