

**NORMAN FISCHER**

**FROM ON A TRAIN AT NIGHT**

No mar no breakage  
Waves pulse and tremor rush sweep in gaps  
Long spans for paddling and silent waiting  
Till the gathering whirl and swell  
Tumble resolve then quiet

Love recognizes its tempo  
Little people running to and fro in comic nights  
Immediately stuck to life like lint on a sweater  
Nevertheless I count on tomorrow's arrival and its eventual soaking collapse

~

Not rehearsing  
Because of the care taken  
To loosen their names they make a face glimpsed in a mirror and questioned  
You couldn't have it another way

Ocean's rough today  
The brain dazzles poetry that never appears in this space

~

No more vestibules  
No more thundering vegetation  
No more wondering about how it is  
Rice and tea in the country  
How to take the clear taste without being hypostatized by lack  
And turned inside out like a shirtsleeve  
At home you invent melodies  
Songs of the survivor years  
Nothing indelible floats in and out the scene like stars  
Around which waves crowd  
A sudden spraying out or up  
Washing clean the doors of conception

I do not mean to walk away  
Only add my cup of red dirt  
To the dwindling party  
Life on earth is green  
Leaf tenderness water simplicity  
Gravity's ferocious clutch

~

No more prowling around bastions  
No more hurrying along getting its business done  
No more cute cuddled items clustering in their prettiness  
Eliminating the need for an inner life

How what's done undoes  
Spraying seed all over the place to glaze millennial beliefs with crystal view  
Too dazed to notice the carnage  
Perpetrated in human-made caves of statement  
Shouted accusations before the Violence Bureau  
Lacking nothing but a purview a condition of rush  
Being myself's too much

~

On a train at night in snow  
Hard nuggets ping against rushing tracks  
Snakes gone amok  
Raging world's senseless slithers darting tails behind  
In dream of sensible life swallowing all whole  
As train rattles on  
Writing words to skull's tune  
Luminous letters wriggle blackly  
Monstrous across the track  
Clatter in their consonantal casings  
Sickly sweet soft vowels  
Fluttering like eviscerated birds

World's weight drowns in second sea  
Unless it float out to you O sun  
Spinning round the sky like a dancer

~

Order or ardor —  
Adore the passion of today  
Till it fall like stones upon the sea

No tone to deploy  
The scorn of intelligence besots itself  
And tubs and tubas bleat

Any vision — say of a pristine pear —  
Doubles itself in reflection  
As the glass shatters in his hands

No mere testimonies of the sacred  
Will bear the hardship of these hands  
Their nicks gouges and calluses  
Like so many barren landscapes  
So many bomb-pocked peaks

~

On altars of stone  
In stairwells — alone with his thoughts  
Ceiling fixtures fly like buttresses

No matter — illusion is good for you  
It covers the head like a hat

A cold face proffers good manners  
For a nine course chef's choice meal  
Amid smokey decor

To indicate the wave crests

That rumble up deeply from the lives  
Of corpses lost to time  
Life and death alike —  
Extravagant adornments of the flesh

Swerving off in swallowed directions

~

Only magical instructions can be followed  
By rigorous others in pursuit of profitable disgrace  
Hollowed deregulated hills continue to bury distance  
Nothing to mention but exorbitant rents  
Too expensive to remain alive in shining cities

In flagrant fellowship the wise and unmellow  
Fight to retain their teeth in wind  
What resistance can we offer to the big mistake  
Everywhere proposed as if inevitable  
But nowhere registered with authorities assigned to such shrapnel  
As can be named or nurtured in these categories

Hail hail the other in the weeds small and unseen  
Hail the debt owed the maligned poor upon whose shoes the world has ever walked  
To purchase its musical wealth beyond the justice barriers  
Stretched out full on soil with silent weeping  
Citizens of caped humanity  
Crawl forward into furtive dawn of soulful dark imagining  
Half wondering who will see the last and what will then be heard

~

Organized perils  
Compose my cognition

How hard can it be  
To wreck the spirals on which  
Demons detonate their sizes

Whole worlds, thousands of them  
Precede this one  
In holy arrears

But this isn't license to control the material world  
With its gaping holes  
Or words with their contrivances

~

Place is code, perception's collapsing  
When heart halts poor world  
Shatters on a dime — you shed the wet  
So row the boat that bears you on —  
Mend the shove snap the thread cry out that all is red  
Though everyone takes the little they need to get by on  
And everyone's always dead

~

Plastic words  
Not barking in the night's wet ink  
Anything ever meant — word as that —  
Practical platitudes for moving sheets  
And parsing  
Two wrongs make a certain sort of right  
A brighter contusion  
As head hardly meets whispering lung  
In the tough kernel of life's grain

~

Photos of fathers mothers sons or self  
Frozen occasion  
False memory in constructed timeframes  
Record of suppositions  
Such imaginal smallness  
Takes spuming time in gripping paws  
Blaming worn eyesight with frayed feeling  
Laterally spilling  
What it is

~

Plenitude simoleons  
Grip the burners in their brash delight  
White people rushing from counter to counter in crashing sperm detachment  
Flagrant in their waving themselves all about like flashed debris  
What's gone before's reaped strange to present shape we're in  
Like rich nutrients welling up from dark cold depths in northern seas  
The previous downtrodden spin arms wind in shrieking sounds  
Heard round the globe  
Dog whistle frequencies  
Unheard by the gaslighters  
Twinkle twinkle — that level of genius — barter this  
For that in gender inflected frequencies now  
That have to do with the kind of power  
Never before seen in these parts  
But decisive

~

Preferred piece of prejudice  
Naturally every clan wants to press its advantage  
For good of genes and their swirling emotions —  
But that was then, long before limits in their hysteria simpered  
Not every imagined outcome is simile for a smile  
Despite objections someone has to have a plan that's  
Disentangled from shepherds— we need that emotion shivered over numbers

Long in the tooth by now and that much closer to the end  
No one anticipates because the words didn't really take it into account —  
All talk about something never nothing so silent words are best  
To redistribute this power we won't, can't, name —  
How find comfort in a hurricane?

~

Proceed, proceed, proceed anyway  
In silvery dew points at tips of grape leaves  
Broken language speakers babble as long as able in ancient grove  
Before all words are lost  
Incantations are effective  
Here a case in point — world tips at tipping point — wordtips —  
Solu solu  
Each similar to each  
Other similar to other  
Black red white yellow green similar similar similar  
Similar similar to similar  
Stolen shrunk requited similar similar  
Night pittosporum scent tells similar dark tales, senses cross wires  
Indicating constructed world....  
Time's soft objects short out —  
As long as we are never who we're going to be  
Time stands still  
Gives certain hope  
Its future herein

~

Press-gangs do the world's work  
Property is theft, wages slavery —  
Justice — we shall do better — is love —  
Can I decry the fate that brought me to this pass?  
No.  
No more than lunging at sleeping dogs

Will fool the jailers

    Leap outside technique or syntax

        Consider alternatives to time and flesh

Floating in imaginary waters

No ownership of interactions in starburst

Obey the chainletter destiny has written

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