

GEORGE ALBON



MOMENTARY SONGS

THEY THAT ARE DELIVERED
FROM THE NOISE OF THE ARCHERS

duration e-book 19

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published as duration e-book 19

by duration press / durationpress.com

www.durationpress.com

M O M E N T A R Y S O N G S

from Ovidian heights : THE WHEEL BEARING
SECOND TEMPLE : paper birth
pushing abacus : EIGHT ANTHOLOGIES
SYMBOL FOR ZERO : trumpet and lute
new barbarians : PITS TO CLIFFS
THE IRISH SING : Max's ivory throne
prayers : WINDMILLS
HERDSMAN CAEDMON : finger reckoning
desert lyric : ENDING SCHISM
ORGANUM CHORUS : the clock-machine
Vinland : CANTUS FIRMUS
COAL : inner life of objects : SILK
KNIGHTLY : courtly
eleven dreams : LOVE IN TUSCANY
LEADTYPE : leadbullet
symbol for word : IMAGELESS WALL
FIRST PRINCIPLES : "rich and strange"
(reason) : REVOLUTION
STEEL / CLASS : symbol for symbol
lightpulse : ATOMWHEEL

then:

Said something in a dream
is this the new key.
Said the other at the seam
turn me around and we'll see.

Barreled into the room,
halted at the drapes,
consequence like an heirloom.
They were a father's ships.

Freedonia has a coastline,
sudden over new.
A scout stalks time from a window
though there is a view.

Creep past noon
read the paper

at the gouged table
lengths above

the sun hand
The words rumble

like an alley mix
we walk off the map

in this afternoon
trees long straight

city in tow
They'd have it

If the king's a machine and its ring is unclean
and I kiss it, will lightness consecute my street?

If I fly over a pole, miss the axle hole
can I dovetail home by cunning and spades?

If I notice an android do I puzzle the lock,
what does it mean *their eyes on the dial*,

sixth chords marine? and then what do you do
if you touch the king and your finger goes through,

if I work without sleep and turn in my grain
will a rainbow of ravens . . . ravens kill reindeer . . .

that static pronounces and noise tries for sound,
if I witness a backdrop should I go underground,

If the king is a bargain If the court is a placement
do I look for the missing receipt in a basement,

hoisted on updates clucked by a grouch,
sit us still or check under the scarecrow's hat?

Is this the revival? and was it on time?
or on us, loud tattered banners lean over lean?

Song starts up
and really
goes to place.

Key turn suite.
Blank days we'll meet.

Clouds
straight and fast, they must
make epispheric even
loud sound.

Clef as hedge, the way
product is tempered to fall
across the largest bloc

Will you tarry if it's hairy

Stumble through the guide,
see if that itch is
that number.

Used to be standing adult
at home in the unseen
but now there's an image machine
and we're the cargo cult

Is that tramp the only one
surely the next one
surely next one
eye burns horizon

Spasticize the lecture
drop kick your semaphore
through the revolving door
let it flicker flicker

Is that name the only one
surely the next one
surely next one
eye burns horizon

(bridge)

*Cargo cult, cargo cult
to clog the gulf is no insult
fill our pothos with a gale's reach
let it flip, let it flip the beach*

So let's to lean and dream
ankle fit in sand
It's all so close at hand
ever since the image regime

Is that beast the only one
surely the next one
surely next one
eye burns horizon

(etc.)

The week's cassette
half in sand-drift
near a dry canteen
now a locale.

Dying out of time,
sons before the fathers,
the subtle hatch.

An anagoge down-
floats like a gift,
fingers make from entanglement.
The corner-turn a partisan wrote
under the flame tree.

All our prisons
blossom to lessons.
Open your presents.
The voice makes reference.

What else
but the next in order

stockpile of human events
hard by one another

veritably deprived of the knowledge
of the veritable akin
to measure and proportion

a consonant destiny
a strange educator

stupefying with mandragora
the necessary stamina of the singers

Another longer way was requisite
taking from studied words
their letters
to throw them in a haze

happening on many ships
or on one

Thinking about a certain poet's work, I imagined it as taking the reader by the hand, leading her to a place of aporia, and leaving.

Industry in the morning
Tie on the roof
Railroad tie

Later that same day I was reading about the 1848 Revolution, and a story of the economist Adolphe Blanqui, who overheard his valet say to his servant-girl about the uprising, "next week it'll be *us* eating the chicken wings." Waiting until the days of highest revolt had calmed down, Blanqui took these two children by the hand, led them back to the shanty from where he had once rescued them, and left.

Pounding in the next block
a slow metallic pounding
a rhythm to put to use

A scraping next side

Will you remember
to go underneath
some
of the root stain
or driven away
by the foresold
That is,
the noise
of shallow
“to testify”
up to the unheard
music
To want the element
to stick or obstruct
its way,
tendency for law
in a feeling
of tentacled miles,
busted feet,
to run is there

First I was bruised
but that was just oaths.
Later I came down
in clean sports clothes.

Short sleeves, khakis,
mint-green convertible.
Watched numbers spin round
and him take the ball.

So much dead air
I want to claim,
but objects are near,
no overtime.

Our
mono-
syllabic
Belligerent

stands
before
microphone,
misinformatives.

Mass
takes it
for volume.
Legitimate?

“That
was in
another
portfolio,

and
besides
I look hot
on a runway.”

Mister Two
knows what to do,
not me or you.

A master cook,
he wrote the book,
and we can't look.

Service careens
from all our screens.
Death on a platter,
foreign matter.

White as a ghost
he works the cost.
He stays his post
and he is lost.

Acculturated front
like a business,
there'll be no witness
at first light.

Doorstep of the world
left him to talk.
Worked up to a stint
he stands like a scald.

Armor's gotten through
the longer you know.
Aye. Then you will see
the disarray.

Outside stick
or bedcreak,

not to fade
into the rush,

may stay whole
if I separate

siren from
water-pipe

stony bottom
or silt,

split
the interest

back to
softening door,

additive
labyrinth.

Pulse in temple
taps message
on pillow,

an holy other
lighting
on bare sill,

and so simple
the morning
comes up

eyelash-still,
casual,
actual.

Lake county lake
merest wind
through sunned air

and voices separate
surround the site
animal leapt there?

perfect, decrepit
momentary roost
the bird dove from

Abandoned by the Lord,
grandson of a landlord,
his little boy voice
surrounded by little boys.

Pointed public tales
on the week's handbills,
on the run to home
he spots his name.

Yu Ling Yu Ling
wipes his ass with monkey wings
Make his mama kiss a witch
Throw his homework in the ditch

It might as well be film shots. A man works, which is to say he lives, in a softly lit place, small office, corridors. Shades of brown and tan, warm shades. His shining hair parted down the middle, his long mustache, the attentive look when he converses. It is this for a long time, years go by, then there is a hinge. He's to converse with the other, recent shot. This is a man in a high office, lots of light from the large windows, this man in a light blue-gray suit in a sharp cool lightness and light blue-gray eyes suavely taking in more than the man he's talking to. The first man's cosmopolitanism, genuine as it is, is all on his side of the hinge and is almost rural by comparison. They are not exactly arguing, these two, but their exchange has a strobing dissonance which epochally reveals them. The recent man talks quietly, sparely—in his office's thin but sound-proofed glass membrane, there is a feeling for modulation. It's part of the shot, like picture windows instead of wallpaper, liquor cart replacing cabinet, airy grays over dark browns. The first man's words were heartfelt, they came from all they were. The recent man's words play to the first one but there is something they are filling which is a place the first man will not see. Not strategy, since it's shared by all those who live in the shot. The recent man says,

*Now the upper breath will talk,
in its tongue a real language
and a landing from the roof.*

You'd been to a store,
no one knew which.

Your smile was full,
your bags

were shiny and red.
Night was coming.

The air was so cold
we huddled as we talked

as though we were on
a football team.

I thought you looked tired
but I didn't mention it.

Just then a red truck
("All this red!" we laughed.

"What can it all mean?")
raced by.

The streetlights came on,
like in "Breathless."

We soon had the whim
that we should go somewhere

for dinner, to treat
ourselves for running into

each other that way:
strange, how

collisions like these
fortify what you think

your story's about
as the moon starts

to rise like a sign
above the 43 subtle extremities

that no one can name.
Then snow came, sideways.

Will celebrate what is
and that it is
and assume responsibility
for this Belief

some heroic couple
under
some exotic sun

*A soldier in a war was shot
right, left, and all around.*

Such is the world—so hard,
yet therefore so wonderful,
so healthy.

(The Bushwa Bird)

The Bushwa bird squats on a ledge

coup coup coup coup

sticks out its neck then starts to hedge

coup due coup due

Its sound is tight and clenched and thin

coup coup coup coup

but spurred by others of its kin

coup due coup due

it perches rooted to the spot

coup coup coup coup

and nodding at the hod red dot

coup due coup due

exhibits cracker polly talk

coup coup coup coup

but can only mimic cock-of-the-walk

coup due coup due

Habitat, long green verdure

coup coup coup coup

Range, any resource hemisphere

coup due coup due

Constructs a home from dangling chad

coup coup coup coup

and squints toward the Chiliad

coup due coup due

Authentic song? It wouldn't dare

coup coup coup coup

but checks the wings to see who's there

coup due coup due

A private blank space
time passes in

one's eden alone

but the dark jagged trace
fills the room of others

who will write as they can

a choking
crowded scrawl

it could be a lyric
heard the hard way across

some could call it across
the pockmarked wall

the pockmarked wall

like light when it falls
on the one moon

Parsons move to broken ground
and strain to hear an open sound

Aging jet trail miles high
spine dissolving in the sky

Tin can minnow safety pin
and other things the tide brought in

Wipe the meter with a rag
and see the flameshape as a bag

I felt as well as when I heard
that he had trembled for a word

Squinting on a rock with you
Each scanning ocean's endless prospects
Others fly their vinyl techno-kites
Like calming uppity horses in the sky
The purple one named "Sebastián Vizcaíno"

Brown pelicans inches from the water membrane
Flying swift straight lines over the surface
You grapple an Aquafina from your knapsack
The birds end their line and rise as individuals
I switch from Automatic to Manual

The sky inspired frantic song a century ago
Now it's just a route a scheduled interregnum
Still I'm on a rock with the man I love
The wind is unmotored and raw
We watch hang gliders coming down the shunt

Maker draws in
to make creation

bare flim world's
abstracted ward

set apart
as cells convert

emptying self
of whole and safe

Look into your own
then look away
then go

A living land
sticks to that

Wing-beat sound
now and was and is
the day of a man
wandered around.

Made-rush of wind
above an eye
and bird-groups fly
over the sound.

I walk and stand,
warehouse in the sky.
I situate and try
and tend on ground.

Rose to blue
to take the
deeper train

to prolong the vessel
that's what I'll do
The window gaped

said "think between branches
if music from the countryside
is your goal

Scholarship of a leaf
in years on end
informs the vertical life

Attire lightly
to harvest the transit
of traveling believers

Like shape to corpus
a fluted blossom
an unclose note to lean toward

on eighth days"

I was standing at the TensabARRIER®
wond'ring what was meant
by the choir's sudden intake
toward the Occident

Their unison pronouncing
to set the terms afloat
and sonorous mission statement
to bottom out the Boat

Canal and alley sign and vane
the cantus in the blink
Today a writ with fading lines
and morrow in the Ink

I circl'd round to gather
but only strew my thoughts
and others notic'd only cold
and kept their only Aughts

and hours slowing to a crawl
but notch the minute hand
and scor'd all doubters with a mark
a songbook or a plan

for weight to settle on the Wing
of Empire's ragged knowledge
and I'm standing at the TensabARRIER®
watching people edge.

It is given
to the blank
but hopeful ongoer

do you assume
capacity?

that there be a kind
to think "kind" of

and send the units
on their way

a song-sharp
blessing from
without

dusty occults in town
til the heat's off

the stock at large
in the cotillion

the intralineal
rustle

In a plastic chair
facing a fairy ring
immersed in it

gray ocean west
can't hear for the cars
girdling it

birdcheep
on the roof
bearing it

I turn around
dozens of them
lining it

cat hears quarry
in the lavender,
stalks it

hammer cracks
across the valley
working it

fog belt limit
couple miles east
I'm under it

meshes of the afternoon
tap sitting on shoulder
which is it

is the heart
inside the thistle
touching it

does the rain drop
onto the sand
to move it

that's a feather
on the waves
isn't it

in this eclipse
are we the inclement
for placing it

(Continual Hokku)

Lean quick words of James
Baldwin: you have to write off
the unconscious ones

If potable and arable
turned up on a common inventory
in dreams of the enabler.

If you thought anything
was like juggling, a time deadline,
safe-haven only between the hands.

If soul is made of cork
and can summon an unbleached nerve
in among the crimes and tours.

*Pilgrim lifts door
up to crux*

I can't move the other Georges
on these trails In
these aisles Or speak
for some others
some short like the guy
on my block with the cowboy duds
wide brimmed hat—"How y'dn't'day George" the shop
keepers ask, since he's
a "pistol"—"I reckon
I'm alright" placid patrician
 grin
 on him

The short small guys
and their sunstruck
crinkly eyes—
 with their strut down
 their ass on tight

These are Georges too,
with two foot
tall hats on,
 tallness
 so fake some people too
 much in a hurry
 feel managed by it

On their cellphones at green lights
or their cellphones on them
 yes let's all of us
 in righteous fear of hidden gov't
 import, then prioritize
 the disembodied

And my own name
which if you mate
the Greek with the Roman
means
 "white trash,"

And a year is turning over
the last pushes of spade reveal
nothing lettered or earned
but a press on the chest

Nein, sagten die Männer von Mahagonny

that word was a glare of spite
with a strange indeed
unfathomable boredom back of it
the next locus of any meaningful
any remedial excavation

So with Balboa's western edge
and Gagarin's atmospheric one, we
are become pioneers
of the bottom edge,

the first to discover
that when that bottom is reached
it makes a sound
which is not foundation but a false compartment
nasal bark bursting from clenched mouth
and the truly unprecedented vibration
of the narrowing glare, a thousand
dead wings beating, no life not minimal
at this half-
lidded abyss—do these articles work
at your gas station?

“But that was not a document,
just a temporary air disturbance.”

Was once was

green let live

grew yellow light
round around us

Read: upon today
they will want more

seven-come-eleven
in cold show

big zero head
makes someone down

as small thought
never plays pretty
with bright news

gardens go out

It felt like frontier,
bareface with the law
when you thought you got there
and pantomimed a wall.

The batteries of life
they fall into my head,
Cooper's hawk off the cliff
and us hornswoggled.

My song carried well,
your eyes were clear.
We hit our first bump,
it felt like everywhere.