

**DEARLY, 3,4,6**

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DP

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## AND NIGHT FALLS ANYWAY

As the lovers

Yes, this is is a poem about the lovers

And then again not. For

They are now, look,

No longer lovers, now

That they say, now

That they can say

They are

They are no longer.

They no longer know

If what each says

Is what they

Who are no longer lovers feel or know

They feel for

They, as part lovers, now apart,

In part love in part

Love not.

## DEARLY THREE

### DISABILITY

*for Peter*

But for the slightest indentation  
There is balance. Here would sit  
Splendid a winged object of inestimable  
Value if our ancestor hadn't  
Hurriedly hidden it, in the hurry  
On the wide porch amidst  
Fluttery atmosphere of annual rite,  
Babies being born. There were snakes,  
Poisonous and hammer-headed,  
Shovels, they had to be demolished.  
Before wall, chaos, strange accumulations.  
After exile, survival associated with removal,  
As in a wart or lipo-suction. We are ten percent of  
What was or whatever. We arrive late,  
Maintain quick eye-movement focused on an  
Object or objet d'art. Somos nuestras mismos  
Poesia magnificada. Exaggerated!  
Love is all over us, tinier than a titmouse.

**ENVIOUSLY/APARENTLY**

*for Renee*

You remember how words pop when you tease them  
so have taken to an expression of seriousness and quietude  
the anomaly of you love me so I'll love you.

I don't forget that. I stroke the instrument with a stutter.

Please don't abandon the perverse place of needing  
to be bandied. Reconstruct the dandification, notify  
the rumour, the malaise, the milieu. An environment of  
tones, escaping the cold, like your mother. If I say bird  
you will have an image, an emotion, and an idea. If I say  
birdie you will have me, the imminent promise  
of my affection. I would not ask you to choose.

I couldn't bear the scarification, the carved out skull  
discovered where should have been bonfire and travel.

Shall we go then. You ask because it is not clear if what is  
needed is more space or less. I'll tell you something.

Those lines will not be crossing but are eminent in their  
awareness, one of the other, jealous of the wider width of  
the one across the street. Push the correct button, and this  
narrative will all be read and our fate will be sealed  
in the bedroom. The bedroom, with all its divinity and centrality.

The only other room here is the kitchen, in which the  
refrigerator is absurdly large and the table so small,  
an indication that dinner will be served and how.

Perhaps you don't need the extra width, certainly not the  
fight required of you to get it. Or rather, to get it back.

**GRIEVOUSLY**

*for Dana*

We came to the fork and decided to take  
the other cut, knowing it wasn't short,  
hoping it would give us a chance  
to get our sea legs on or take them  
off if that were more necessary.  
We would like to be that way  
though retain voice and the tendency  
to use it. Furthermore,  
we have this preposterous hubris  
knowing as we do that having a voice  
is better than not having one.  
(Though, no one but us has  
ever said so.) The creatures run  
both from and towards the sound,  
checking as they do  
never knowing for sure  
if the odd peep indicates  
friend or foe. By then it is too late.  
We were receptive for change  
roaming in the possibilities  
of new songs catalogued  
by watchers in florescent visors  
and white tennis shoes. I no longer  
hate the zoo—Its inhabitants, nor  
resent you implying that my behavior

reminds you of something  
characteristic of one you saw  
once upon a time.

You too remind me of a thing  
not like a carving in a totem  
more like the dream of a place  
you've never been to  
that repeats until unexpectedly  
you are in that place  
and feel the urge to jump.

I may have felt that way  
and that way only  
when I met you  
if I weren't overtaken  
by a noteworthy impulse  
to dump my coffee on the floor.

The ghosts on the wall  
are rather grotesque—rude  
and insistent bodies  
bizarrely sleek and lithe.

Something like a panther with the  
head of a hippo. Begging  
the question of difference  
between beauties  
not of inside or outside  
but of gaze as it shifts  
from a head and down.

I see it without clothes  
and I miss what you look like.

**PREVIOUSLY**

*for Damion*

The freeway hadn't yet been built  
Signs could be read, just barely as  
One came up upon them, their colors  
Impressive. In a star-studded movie  
Based upon scandal these scenes were filmed  
Black and white to show the age of the  
Day and the nubile breasts of a girl,  
Verboten in these times. Back then slightly  
Titillating. Everything was okay, so long as  
No one died or if they did had the  
Decency to call in advance of coming.  
We appreciated their habit of  
Stopping by when hungry or bored.  
I diverge. Does it annoy you? You were  
Saying though you'd rather not be, in  
Some other creature's voice, the one you thought  
You'd given up for good. At least for the better.

Authority and order have their place  
But terrible things may come of it. Nothing  
I'd want happening to me, not now that  
I am different. Forget that old voice!—  
The garish woman it reminds you of.  
I've got to be me and that means changing  
Angles, sideways to back—where the ancients  
Scratch and rub, in their metal tubs, rising into



Corruption and steam. A stance of unsteady  
Heaven, craven, crazy and consumptive. Tonight,  
I'd like to see a movie with you,  
As you were the night we first met, your hair  
Shiny as Breck, your scent that subtle mix of  
Lavender and sweat. You're sweet you are,  
Like a girl, even as you declare yourself so  
Vehemently. Pass the popcorn, watch how  
I toss it into my mouth & hit it, or miss.

**PROVOCATIVELY**

*for Sue*

You push me they  
pass a law  
based upon an impossible  
theory. Few can say which  
hurt was birthed  
first. Fingers  
exit holes of mittens  
pointing at him, the problem.  
What has caused him such  
displeasure he craves  
the sweat and blood of another?  
A mother. The fingers  
feverishly change  
their little finger minds.  
Circling or shaking, turn,  
turn back.

Revise the locked embrace.  
Say it louder.  
Pound and pant  
on your glass door. In the city  
it gets colder each year.  
Posters of shivering  
go back up  
alongside ones which say

“don’t worry,  
you’re on your way now.’  
In the country we fight  
the tendency to forget,  
while giving into  
that particular  
discomfit of board room  
ergonomic gray chair  
against curlicue  
Formica, space-saving cubicle,  
each with dandy device  
that grabs spouse, kids,  
and the step-family. Look  
Not only does that creature look  
like a banana,  
it’s called banana.  
How do you name it  
without landing on its  
other side?

The Passion is playing tonight,  
just-in-time! – But my boss,  
is pulling into the station.

I’d love to love. In fact I do.  
Those girders are pure invention—  
upward mobility.  
The only avenue left.

**REPEATEDLY**

*for Laura*

The song is long  
& steady, its  
fifteen or so notes  
played over  
until the  
road ends and it's  
PARK or,  
RETURN the way  
we came or,  
FIND some other  
inadequacy—  
one MORE  
to our  
particular  
liking  
like a FLAVOR.  
I can't help it—  
I reach for chocolate,  
& the others?  
lemon, strawberry,  
mango—Craps!  
If you have the same thing  
always, at least  
sometimes it'll  
suit your mood.

(I know now that when  
I spoke of the road  
that was a metaphor  
for inquiry, sudden  
changes in direction,  
foreboding lines; and the  
serrated ones  
on the side  
that make you feel  
you've had an accident  
before you actually  
have. There'll be no  
accidents here tonight,  
no explosive surprises.  
We've mapped a few  
& have settled into  
a warm acknowledgment  
of what we're willing to do  
for love.)

Not like that SONG,  
(POP! Goes the weasel)  
its fifteen notes,  
nor the other  
whose words  
you remember  
but for some REASON  
can't find nor hum the tune  
The words we speak don't  
much differ from the words  
we feel, secretly spill to  
ourselves 7-24, but okay. . .  
we edit and enlarge: to keep  
the scale balanced,  
if you're a girl;  
the score even,  
when you're a boy.  
Not to mention  
leaving a moment  
for rest, which  
THANKS GODS,  
we do.

**DEARLY FOUR**

**ETCHTRACTHION<sup>1</sup>**

<sup>1</sup> This spelling is derived from a spelling of the word found in a late nineteenth century British cartoon called *Punch, or the London Charivari*.

The exact spelling was ecthtracthion. It was meant to approximate the speech of the Jew.

**DIASPORA**

*for Renee*



Visited distant ancestors who like me  
Gave away words until they gave up words  
And fell into dreams and daydreams of old-fashioned  
Fancy flat footsteps entertainment halls well  
Dressed big round tables black and white checkered  
Floors pantomimes droopy dying machinations time  
Worn complaints who loudly claimed a righteous  
Self-mutilation reformed and renamed  
Self-preservation. The self should not give up so much  
Of itself once the built up disgust of long term  
Under-use articulates the shows and hides of  
Affection seek identical parades.

But for my father they did not speak. They dropped  
Feathers like hawks poked by screaming pursuers in  
Black garb. Plucked and silent they continue from above  
They maintain a sense of what's funny and what isn't  
And will eye you suspiciously when you think you are  
But you're not when you say things like Over there that  
Pine tree's astoundingly bright green color only  
Exists for us because of its reaction with the midday ray  
Of light. Though they know you speak the truth they  
Prefer you to know when they would know a thing and  
When they would need to be reminded or warned  
With time to bolt the door and leave a generous note of thanks.

I miss them their identical noses and gravel  
Voices the looks of worry in their faces un-  
Expected tender caresses rumour that nights  
Once filled with loving didn't actually cease.  
I'm not afraid anymore of what a lover  
Can do but what they don't—I wear the mark  
Of antecedent. There have been many upon  
This boardwalk now they are gone replaced by ones with  
Fur hats & breath stench like seagull. He goes around and  
Around. He can't help it the manipulator is  
Rotating a shiny spot below. I want to walk  
Into the surface. It's an ocean. It is cold.

Survival implies a degree of luck prosperity  
Merely pluck and perseverance. In the chain  
Each ridiculing the ridiculousness of the  
Beggar before. The movie star is advertisement  
For this game which is an investment a bank. They  
Didn't walk into the Capital. It was their  
Day job. They died exactly as they'd begun. On the  
Way to work some got distracted and were dipped into  
The Muddy River. Nor did it matter. It's true  
For a while they lost count, the tracks from where their  
Desire had sprung. They also died in mystery  
Like they'd begun—of conditions marked by caveat.

The secrets of a tribe are hung prominently  
Framed embossed dedicated to resist the  
Tracking and measuring machines obsessively  
Invented by carnival crowds driven by visual  
Distortions they are eager to see but not believe  
Like giant rats the size of dachshunds. Or playing cards.  
They twist & turn to find the trick quick movement  
From a too long sleeve that too is a threatening  
Sign so justifiably bomb heads with flashes  
Metallic beeping devices designed for detecting  
Vacated fortunes but charged in this case to decode  
Whatever it was they held so cunningly close.

There are those who eschew the rules. A few,  
Maybe a fifth or a third, had a hankering for sun so complete  
As to move them into it. In turn the sun offered  
Evenness and cold sores which became cancers  
Undiagnosed until the moment of death so appeared  
Suicide or some conspiratorial plot especially  
Designed toward our cell mutation as a people.  
As a people he'd tell you that coast was against us  
Somehow against us driving us to self-revelation  
Unexamined by the daily press later found fascinating by  
Oral historians & movie moguls desperate for story. Cheap  
Imitations mistaken for us we ourselves were becoming.

It wasn't true. We were layers and accountants  
Thieves and hordes. We slept with the  
Power and though never came to possess it nor  
Have its child gave ourselves away shamelessly  
To ambivalent disenfranchised lovers who  
Could not be sure what was in it for them.  
My father himself spoke of our degradation  
Empathically without a claim to be anything but the  
Enema that made him the punches he threw into the  
Air only to be punched harder by the air itself its  
Delicate waft a brief reminder of sea changes and  
Flimsy sea legs shaking violently on the mooring.

Keeping our weak alive may have  
Caused him this problem. He was questioned  
But not doubted. He had an honest face  
Sacks beneath his eyes Roman nose  
Bare peeling skin on the top of his head.  
Like a lover he said violent harmful things  
While claiming to feel a love so persistent  
The hole he stretched and completed would be  
Unreachable by another and remain empty  
Unlike his—which was stuffed by mother  
With beef and chicken fat alternately  
Corn meal for derma rice for the cabbage.



These tales they are affectual and would make good  
Songs if he were bent that way. Listen. If  
You imagine what they sound like I think you'd hear  
Them or see dirty children teeming in hallways  
Apartment doors open the smell of boiling things  
A din language makes when there are several or none.  
Multiplicity offers the greatest degree of  
Privacy despite the railroad nature of our homes  
And mothers, expectations by the culture of  
What we will produce—no graven images here  
In the West where we shun the perp who makes them who  
Looking mad in the face takes the heat for the group.

There are things we genetically find difficult  
To abandon besides our shoes. Baptisms less  
Riddling than the trains. Land refuses to  
Gel beneath our feet no matter how well healed.  
On one hand the question of proving devotion  
On the other a deafening proposal we'd participate  
More than we already do. Although there've been  
Benefits to us waving our commercial wand  
It is a grotesque reminder of the crumpled bags,  
The forbidden food discovered and shoved so  
Suddenly into our mouths layered thick  
In pink and porous leaves of skin.

**DEARLY SIX**

**NOVEMBER 2004—  
(HOW 'M LIVING)**

11/15/04

Does seem in way attached to pain returns at heels of days pleasure freedom—but no, not like miss-hitter Dr.B. suggesting some pathetic objectified notion of “artist”. Artful without pain though there is Judgment. Not time to relax with others no simple converse all time building time trying to remember condition of not anxiety pre P. pre S. mon machine-like efficiency clarity of visage (so thinking at time) on street looking out now eyes too going. Needs eye doctor and dentist each dayrushing what about the news.

11/16/04

Not sleeping not wanting sleep not smoking and thus next thing/cause/addiction, habit, secrets of the night. As pleasure. Cat peeing again on floor while am in room. No longer punishing (counter productive) but thinking time for doctor. BG climbs on top square on top as he watches defeatedly. Not sex. Awake still past 4:00 am a kind of defiant. I fixed the sink! Knew I could. Try sleep now—try masturbate. Not mention C nor N both significant first note to say the M1 of mind. When think speaking think frustrating boredom anthem wondering how 'd ever. Comment: “I felt that (sic. touch),” welcome raping attack, “shit a roommate,” heavens for it. Still scares a bit so sex.

11/20/04

Called Marina for just one week. Course wary and misplacing identifying appendages (wallets plural), transform little one (to) stud sometimes. Bodacious. Kind. In world of kind imagining utopia the body type of sexy yes no sexy no. Loud complaint. Ok. To natural. Looking great. Who did your work? Knowing it wasn't. Her daughter corner one looking “like a whore”. Bitter

stupid remains sitting sexist Iowa Ohio. Matters vis vis length, stretch between kindness ie resentment torture/failure resentment. She upset I bottom over blank before recuperate. Saint Andre revelation “with wine to prevent the heart from stopping.” Dying trying to tell. Demands sacrifice a young nubile an eye a thigh bone.

Hunting dream causes another, earlier genocide, later one too, different map for the underground, which changes due to density and velocity in that order. Somewhere formula possible to revive impossible. Somewhere human chord and herself snug outward toward blue lines. Some of them sky, sea in desert some sand. Hard to have fun while hunted.

11/27/04

Love then last night public conversation party talking how 'd be country one day, inquiring plan, injuring. Listed possible one could country, UJA Summer, get job, there were others—none his plan (because he, because know). 'S everything all once: know, counter-intuitively love, rather want, wanting around all around, though 'S inherent contractict, mother—love kills.

#### DREAM

Sitcom in which main character bugging a woman only up the butt, thinks saving tightness, assumes for him, confesses considering her for love and marriage. She cries, moved by this, moved by moving the unmoveable rake. As get up from their love bed a massage table, cum massage table crisp white sheets, we can see a 5:00 shadow on her face. Know now why she won't let him penetrate her puss because impenetrable, a canvas, façade. But by now macho fully involved, convincing himself of fiction/his love. Watchers knowing that inevitably will go terribly wrong but meanwhile enjoy dupe.

## END DREAM

Interruption problem: writing. Particularly dreams. So tracks only memory. Traces on memory. Went to work on Tuesday but not Wednesday. On Tuesday had no students then had one. Even though 'd had no students wasn't prepared. Instead went to bank. Prepared N's arrival. Nervous not feeling well. Not great simply because of busy, the winter, but also vowels. Vowels which require diligence. Lettuce plain and whatnot. Picked up N bound to question. Picked up N airport, in car champagne. Picked her up nervous driving so made her do it coming off plane, on way home, after she was coming off the plane. Made her do it because bad eyes another subject. Bad eyes is one of subjects. Lately since self absorbed latest revelations about the self STATEMENT on desintegration of my eyes, since 'super human' before an exaggeration and once repeated most certainly is. Once you repeat it's exaggeration. The headache wasn't really a migraine. Once said true. The headache was a migraine.

Wednesday waking with N her panic! o my god therapy at 10. Plan was relax with her but okay, get there with car causing more panic behind stalled garbage truck, lack of parking. Details banal confounding. Avoiding room because too much in it. Not enough window sky. Eventually eye adjusts small rectangular frame to world.

Coffee delicious but by truth, makes nervous, gives stomach-ache. Spent day N's bed but for when made breakfast with food she bought to make me breakfast. And coffee and let have way. The void not being what makes move toward another.

Make move toward another. Desire to resolve terrible contradiction.

11/28/04

### Paranoid DREAM

inspired by narration by N on her unfortunate dishonest ending with LOVER. Course of self-conscious reading coming up, stuff about R spoke of with P, where to shelter from what people must think, in order might act. Suspending the painful self consciousness which M1 so steeped in can't do a thing. Not doing a thing not making unlovely, his playing on the electronic keyboard crapped abode books falling down hovel. Ha! Exposed brick there on two walls dog pee too.

### Paranoid DREAM

every difficulty put as obstacle in front of me and me unaided by friends who fail to admit or come forward with disdain. Still some public return, for scattered reading finally did give. One reluctant witness speaks. Appreciates the steady intimacy/vulnerability although that wasn't it the word was better, more like a word that means baby mouse unprotected by even the slightest hair on translucent skin. Funny complication of supposed transparency. No longer feeling that way toward a thing when it's written. So like leaving the house.

END PARANOID DREAMS

The roommate wants to come home, don't want him too. He left his keys in Connecticut and awaits call so he can come back. Go to gym before call.

Pool—hiding, holding my annoyances with the other at baby. Buddha nature besides it's my pool. Guilt and pleasure becoming middle class leads to dream after seeing by chance RD onto whom can't help but throw self upon. RD terrified in face of me what will do. Infected have a dream.

Returning to the scene is murder. Someone or four gets killed. Some or one innocent. Impatient with the system. It smells bad by the gutter or refractory. Everyone sad but smiling.

12/01/2004

Because do not consider future weather umbrella is in car and car is far. Rain makes leaving sleep thick: humid veil around the body between the body and the space shapes. The shape becomes less burdened by shape more one (oner) with the universe – oner – oneiric, hmm. Speaking dream one this one a film into past: before the group of wild cats had multiplied so far. Several of them, one suddenly shot by a kind of hunter, perhaps it was a special shoot day like with Bears in New Jersey (Boars in Berlin). I couldn't bear so went to save. Particular bullets removable by unscrewing— but required to screw in another, a stopper. The thread getting loose (repeatedly). When hunter comes down to retrieve hunt finds me bringing back to life. Complains starvation. Promise buy food, a chicken, but he wanted game, so offered a rabbit. Then aware ironic or hypocrit to support slaughter rabbit while trying to save cat in front but before consider hunter/beggar demands rosemary and potatos then we were in it no time to think, to consider. So try to save the cat. Later a thief takes electronics, offer to buy back for \$75 but won't budge from \$100.

12/05/05

No word from events. DREAM

Elizabeth. Inadvertant murder.

Transforms perp to odd couple: tall thin asiatic male (mongolian), petite but fierce japanese lady.

Both in 60's trying to hitch a ride in desert the images as



comic strip panels, the man behind the woman but visible therefore not getting rides. Two together—on stools acting disinterested as a more likely posture to receive rides, either way for sure outlaw. We eventually assist their flee by inserting into sub-vessel, dropping into pool that leads to sea to ocean. END DREAM.

Yesterday woke tired toxic liver so macrobiotic by day's end. Workshop competitor sitting in. Award winner with a limp. Iovis. Copies. 'Flat' reading. This new devise went okay tripping over words tired. Damn eyes. N, lesbian friends/nice. What about overlap sister parents the like? Return mother's call/told to. After w. N/pineapple strong blow job hot. Worry lack response worry like dick worries liking. As promised: stress by rush of events/pants on go meet the parents.

02/01/05

Loosing love like a window in your heart.

Comes in middle of night. It turns.

People making themselves institutions by definition leaving something behind and requiring memorialization. Season to die time to go to cancer doctor and check the lump/s. Age no protect though Dr. said so. 33 not a bad year to die. Or 77. One keeps on alive, who raped a little one though no one believed it anymore when little one got big, forgot then remembered. Another 'struggling for air' 'like a little bird' grasping the air for what regurgitated by another, so swims release into water up and down and in and out removing consequence continues. Stove couldn't detach stays in living room. Half and half bad. Something downstairs which morning begins thing again. Concept walking said "I n't very good at" got a laugh. "You're funny" said and said it again, "like," "I like that," "he's a nice guy," "pretty girl." Irritated wanting language, kind of missing that shrink in

the lazy boy until sent the bill.

02/10/05

She good but he right no point to digging what one says means little to other. Oh kindness why torture. Cry! Torture reminds torture. Friend money soap opera two appliances duel purpose upstairs. Big things carried down away. Where, how can so much go anywhere?

02/13/05

Whatever tell be point fixation its birthright be not only false, also exaggerated ridiculous. Could say straight. Or love more. Or bored.

Watched Piano Teacher. DREAM piano teacher like bad Ophelia free short film earlier laying down in a bit of water on top of a bed of tissues. Doing good and doing right lying there in contradiction.