



ARTICULATE HOW

CATHERINE WAGNER

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Catherine Wagner

Dusie/Big Game Books

Some of these poems appeared in *Verse* and *Dusic*. Many thanks to the editors. The first poem and last two poems are from an epic romance in progress tentatively called *Mercury Vectors: A Romance*. The others are from a series called “Hole in the Ground”; Slack Buddha published a chapbook of other poems in the series in 2008. The poems incorporate quotes from Andrea Brady, W. Blake, T.C. Corless-Smith and others.

A Form for Verse

Master,
make me collage it.

Do you see that you are
adequating?

I refuse to be adequate
to the day
hold it in
contemp.

“Recycle language
for a greener consciousness”
—That’s easy.

Everyone's always done it.
We must be getting greener
by the hour.

Helmetrogenome

Am in the “office” “confession booth”
fantasy place of Transgression

necessary, where am all outside
viewing the woman/my
beautiful body, I change her
clothes many times

and the male is helplessly seduced
or he seduces

in a sexy wrong place

*

A homeless man sleeps on the church steps in sun
pennies all over him, some tilted to blazing.

That's what he costs.

He's flaccid. I can get him
off the church steps, one phone call—

hot! The balance of power
must be quite unequal
for the sex to happen fast enough
in fantasy; power permits

someone to move.

Also, inequality
makes the move socially unacceptable sexy
old yuck tent.

*

I'm angry with you, here's how
to approach: swallow a mouthful
of dirt—bitten off the
ground—when you
shit it's the same color as the dirt
not even a baby in it.
The shit pushes you forward.

*

Part of the poem includes:
fucking the penis from
behind it, the point of view of the “man”
his body fucks it, it's split off from him
around it the woman

reshapes him on the inside as breath harnesses blood cells
she fucks his penis.

What a heterosexist poem!

“The Shadowy Female Howls In Articulate Howlings”

The fault does not lie with my partners

The fault does not lie with me

The fault does not not lie with my partners

The fault does not not lie with me

The poem’s purpose is to lie
With the fault

Outside “the hush that falls down the fault of language”

And alongside

The errancy of the noisy
 abrading fault—

Perhaps the fault is lovable

Or, seen from an impossible separate vantage,

Not a fault in but a characteristic of fucking

(Reread a fault in the earth's surface as an escape for fire)
 Let me define the flout/flaw/fault.

The watcher, the watching.

Hi, are you watching? Do you want
To come be with us? (this to the part of the mind
On the ceiling)

I could try such a tack.

Idea to call the fuck poem

Well,

Possibly.

Like a hole in the ground I could
fill up and never drown.

Hole in the Ground section for _d

The techniques that are being used are called Natural Fracture Pruning and Coronet Cutting. We are attempting to mimic the jagged edges found on broken branches following storm damage.

[sign Hampstead Heath, June 2008]

But it's not really a date

But that one, I'll have that one
too if I want (that guy)

they are all of them
 needling my love.
You womp my love and you needle my love.

I Can't Think What Can't Be Proven in an Experiment Paid for by Glaxo Smith Kline

I judge you harshly on your hair

Follow the rules *very well* I can

hate myself for doing it

try to smuggle down imagine new
rules inside the rules

meanwhile my Colleagues all making over 50k a year complaining
about work! the Fuckers

have never worked.

*

But you and they have already started vibrating together

(you are new in town)

Soon you are part of the organism

Painfully broken off

if you leave:

You were new in town

You liked some of them a lot

Their vibration interrupted yours

In a pleasant way

That turned sickly

In an undertow somewhere beaten back/thwarted
by a wall

Because their vibrations were not

Of a familiar thrum

Colored coatings

Distracted you

The colors are peeled back now

You are at pains to maintain yours

And be interesting

Despite the desire of your vibrations
To have no color
And be uninteresting
Nevertheless the shiny wires split colored
and mesh, and thrash with their tails
No one undamaged and no one sane
Rats and voles and weasels.

The Overprotector (Authority) (Proctor) (Overproctor)

The Gambler (secretly fearful of what might happen if he invested)
(lazy) = (fear of failure) (narcissist) (Gambol)

= two male archetypes*

A love poem

to the Overproctor

The pointy logs

of a round stick-fort

I sat inside

The round of points
Made a jag-edged sky
Like a children's sun
The sun peels off
The sky peels off
One is lying down in grass
By a cracking flag (pole)
One's whole genus
Means same
I love you over

Protector

Cut-out shape of oneself/myself

Crawling up the hill

One moves into

The cutout self

Where no mistakes

Where “mistake” is born (where one doesn’t fit)

This is a love song! What is to love about the Overprotector?

Becoming engambled

Can see out over the top of the fort fence

Can put out your eyes on the protector

D. H. Lawrence: "All right, my little bitch.
You learn loyalty rather than loving,
and I'll protect you."

I am the learner at the center of the eye
and the fort-sticks the lashes

I am about 12 years old

If you will just do it, you can crawl out

Do what they say, and you can crawl out.

My mother, I notice, over and over says

But this is how it is; you must
accommodate yourself

but there isn't any how it is

The cutouts are moving up

inside the paper or within it

inching up the pagewall

Many friends come to see, and
to insert themselves
in a cut-out

A ten-class pass

A Form for Verse (A Plan for a Romance)

“The four elements are pleasure, pain, intention and resistance.” Dichotomedes, via Alan Halsey

Adventure is Mine!

same as the Lowest you after your

other? Lowest sold, soonest vended. Vending my way—feel
fresh, past your new—
that's the end
and the intention
of the venture.

A form for verse

the evolution of

the word

lives by
natural selection

or verse is

espaliered
that's only natural.

100% Fairtrade.
I am a fairy, my name is Nuff.
Fairy Nuff

As for romance

th'adventure's over

when fair lady won.

That is, a game.

I (see outside the poem)

play by drawing back
my skirts

don't wish to waste time
on slack-a-beds.

Focus on the ANSWER in
 ROMANCE
or the ROAMing
or the MAN

A form for all of them.

They have built the tracks
the train must run on them

It's a costume romance

with revolutionaries

who stylishly prefer

a train that leaves the
track

I have the window seat

The revolutionaries ran on
Royal Daylight Oil.

* *

* *

Proctor [sic] and Gamble
fell in love with
agents for public relations
that is, the characters in the romance
Clair and **Damaris**
who enact
a vortex
btw corporate and public.
A strike at the gates.

The public wants a cleaner
cleaning product
wants not to be made
sic.

The lovemaking

between Proctor and Gamble
and the agents of public relations
occurs outside the building

—the building's grounds

on the grounds that

(profit fecit)

the famous mate in

public.

Thus everyone's outside
the shop
when revolution comes
and the security guards
with nothing to defend
vent in song.

Now everyone inside the
building

to make a product
to clean the world.

With a hey ho hey not know

Somewhere it ruineth

every day

not on me now

it's holed up in the sky.

Event with song,

and insecurity guards.

COLOPHON

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