

*New Couriers*  
Dana Ward

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NEW COURIERS  
DANA WARD

*Paradise & Methadone*

Right now what I know  
is slow the fuck down  
kiss the porcelain flush with hot tea.

The rowboat from row house  
to Guinevere's Oz  
& the shoe-knock to Dorothy's  
slow Camelot, both warm the leaves  
of the thorn come to live in our mouths  
the brindle antennae of roses November  
has grown in its helmet of bronze.

June, I'd refuse you  
though you'd come to sweeten the bauble-  
infused winter blood. I raise a glass  
to the super, who suddenly dying  
was humbled by sleep. The halogen Gramsci  
may wake him, its crescented host  
will dissolve before noon.

## *Left Behind*

Tombs make subsistence more rustic  
in view of that out-sourced conversion of atoms  
to far-pallet stardust no alphabet greets.

I can sense renewed spinners  
rehearsing just east  
of the vatic hyperbole coaster.

Dead carousels plot  
their return in you, brother  
of cinnabar, sister of Grover.

Cough not, little plum  
on the chilled Pollack wreath  
how sober the gold of its dress.

Let us breathe  
not to intimate paradise  
oxygen frees the utopist to open her plants.

In evergreen recess  
her loose chimes are singing  
our reverie's livid regret.

*Still Lives Before*  
*for Jose Versoza*

Blue-less grass touch us for uses have fled  
the dry county, what socialist realism made  
a doctoral thesis in which the sweet thug  
& the humanist hoops junkie merge. Here,  
there's no room for a ring on a tree  
the mother & father museum is closed  
in your prison analogy marginal streams  
have become the historical Venice. There is Moon River  
consumed by its spring feeling waters, dyed  
& remarkably vibrant. Despite the brief life of its colors  
the colors come home, the lexis responds like a cat.

## *New Couriers*

Easy no longer the moneyed hush nest  
dark winds bruise the honeyed croissant.  
Love seizes only canonical vessels  
a feather's west turn  
to the bridal arc green, turning green  
year beneath me, the wages are liege, & our hope  
a near fern without blanket.  
O needless of blanket rum waves in the skin  
cooler than god are the aphids, as pink as our birthday balloons.

## *Sonnet*

Goodness is alkaline far in the chest  
The war you blew out of my hands laid its head in my lap  
I asked for its other names too  
they swam in the pooled crystal wafers  
I found in the ink  
a set of trees lovely with age  
given the leaves that are ensigns of May Day  
The trebled green wicked & sweet.  
All through the merry, cross weeks  
of our spent life together, intemperate eyes  
looked away from the mercy of tyrants to light  
on the pirated wish of our work.  
Whatever we reconcile late  
solidarity, verse I will try not to break it.

*Lineated Dahlen*

The pepper plant that is  
too strong, the children playing  
their games at night are  
to be banished. What then?

We must settle  
for the dull life of the adult  
in full knowledge, renunciation  
unready to renounce,  
what wanting to enter my life  
these succulents grow  
larger when they  
are given plenty of water.

## *Our Lives*

Our lives, yours & mine  
in the daring queue really  
expectant still how could it be.  
Our youth was mild, & rusted  
the western light's bruise  
covered up on our neck by grape  
leaves, & by honeysuckle  
always one stress past the play of the  
line so it never occurs.  
Here & there they are calling our number  
the ants represent, represent.

## *Endless Summer*

Now we may burn ourselves  
beautifully, lose right & wrong  
in the glittering debutante's mantle  
who was he, & what was he like?  
She got everything right  
but her slippers were magic  
this is a no-magic lifetime tonight  
but tomorrow, tomorrow is summer.  
The huge trees are warmer  
than ever this year. They're the future  
but evergreens go on forever  
with that same felicitous chill.  
Now we may cool ourselves first  
in their needles, no need to be as they are.

## *Coda--Waterfalls*

I live in the land of the waterfall's home  
imagine each inhalation as a waterfall of white.  
Who am I to complain?  
Mercy provides there's a waterfall  
two stories high, as oncology spreads on a canvas  
including a chapel, & gardens & streams  
where a waterfall flows through a pool.  
There is a waterfall, & trees, & the place  
is somewhat cool. Waterfall cities  
belong to the future, be they a soothing fountain  
or majestic & un-ending rainbow.  
The Death train proceeds there as under a cloud.  
The ground we will tread is bespangled.  
There's a lake to the east, running water, & waterfalls,  
waterfall particle systems & other fine worlds where we will soon be.  
The demise of the waterfall model is imminent—  
travertine desert oasis. Drinking from the waterfall  
searching for lower Galena Creek Falls  
his name appended to this waterfall, & the waterfall  
fountains of life. Blood waterfall. As I feel the pain  
it falls like hot water, ironic so many had perished.  
Angel Falls Waterfall, Angel Falls, snowy kettles  
the passage from water to waterfall streams, & motion clock waterfalls  
activists finally made, in the death of America bathed  
in a waterfall—worshiped the sun.  
Forcing the thoughts from my mind, yelling at water  
I battled death dressed as a waterfall.  
It is the *image* of a waterfall, the one that goes away.  
I observed a vending machine in the snack bar  
lip like a bowsprit, whose waterfall could bless the travelers  
In their last distress. Nothing was said about nets,  
floating heaters & waterfalls freezing.  
The most beautiful, natural wonders on earth  
all vermin allowed, paradise price, shipping weight  
00, full party moon waterfall ruins for rent  
red ginger where some fairies live. Nothing.  
I'm suddenly aware my heart is pounding, my chest  
Grasping for air, I have not breathed for so long  
Continuous finger cut off of the waterfall  
The boy sitting under the waterfall leaking blood  
Out of his head, the waterfall diet. Awe-inspiring  
Never ending columns of water, dividends paid.  
The waterfall is neither a spectacle or a disappointment.

Nerve endings fire away. In their pools the cascading  
water is coldest, is shut down from Easter to early October.  
You can go & pray at the waterfall for a date anytime you want.  
Like a waterfall ends up at his neck abruptly  
a high meadow ending in waterfall spray  
parti-colored like fennel that rains from a death-bed piñata  
the waterfall crushed in its wake. Follow the never ending stairs.  
The weird floss like thing the kids are drawing these days means 'waterfall'.