

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'.