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the property of current objects

turned ratio the property of make-onto objects

## THE POET

1. one begins to see the things in front of him, which though contrary to belief were always in front of him, with clearer frequency and occurrence.

2. like a palimpsest he will appear both visible and implied.

3. this at first will induce a kind of paranoia in which seeing becomes mnemonic.

4. the shade of a car will assuredly put him in it.

the sparrow as bearded

to know where they were

once being without the growth

revolving, and truck-load

upshooting, a feather-splay

the heart and scale

from gestation, though

to gestate requires

growth and, maybe reflection

form being eye-ball  
or jelly

or sack

and bounce or bump

I just finished this,  
—he to never thought this

#### THE POET

barkwood,  
  
on the stoop,  
  
still playing,  
  
with distance,  
  
as flirtation,  
  
in the house,  
  
our pockets (inside)  
  
kept them closed.

the moment the glass is passed/

the walk, the blur/ the bird/

to restore, rosy-foot,  
thin-orange-table-seat,  
the ceiling in middle-floor,

there is a gap between  
the moment of approaching glass  
and the perception/ public  
of the approacher.

stock-dove  
when he approaches himself  
foot is bridged,

garret-dove  
when he disappears between glass  
speak-dialogue can begin.

Psalteries 3:

Three Voices [together].

into lake brought the lake did bring  
some jeep, it's white the jeep and girl  
the cup or glass was full and sat  
or higher, then legs went both ways  
the road into small carrousel  
his white wreath/ the horses mouth  
and still sitting his hand still there

First Voice.

this pine-leaf the most thin thing  
this stone-seat under the rat  
look, here at where you walk/ by the  
wall/ he notes and string be like a cup

Second Voice.

only taking, that would let the  
rat hand from you I follow so slow

Third Voice.

o rat this lake under tree-leech  
for later this bring stopped glass  
or cup the nail of wood is you  
some shape, lacuna-mud-ditch  
were brought away and new road

Three Voices [together].

and graffiti you sit through  
though music is heard and sing

POET(ESS)

though really,

this is the problem,

the title,

of POET(ESS),

leaves adumbration

— well a banjo string  
could play what I mean—

paper-thin-lamp-shade-  
scrimed-thin-lamp-shade

once for growth

circuitous walk

staying (practicable)  
    where the chance  
        rumble,  
        would lessen,  
a bar stool across  
a boundary, the kind set,  
cat's tail, not far  
from the street where  
    "picking at rosy-foot,"  
    a boundary:

like

stool,

massage,

brother-like,

weather-time and mulch,

the muddy crust

between coasts.

an illegal shift  
Love the quorum of

to be taken  
at more than

one gathering hole  
partaken in water-mode

which will only  
collide and again

"I am beginning  
to see more  
than me."

(an ox by no means regarded as grand)  
they learn to lisp  
or were lent this much

this flower in  
infernally stock  
would begin mangling itself  
as a dog, who  
is caught in some trap.

compelling

flashlight, on foot,

ornamental, bower

to the degree got

River Bottoms

the diamond painted there

holds “coats of birds and beasts”

the bus rode,

terrible.

and when the ocean did disperse  
he went to broken stool  
to sit and look the weathered face  
he thought a pretty fool

contiguous,

the-car-through-the-alien-  
brown-scape-through-  
moving-jelly-like-  
to-not-move-back



POET(ESS)

he loud, me soft

or

THE POET

I loud, she soft,

/ demotic when she went whoop

shape is terrible,

firmness in, the hanging  
fat of milk to break with.

what, like the camp of/  
we caught him humping his pillow/

always the second-boys/ I am told  
ineffable bird's mouth.

Eel River, in size with  
shoots the slimy cliff

knot-rope twelve times over.

in the “date,” was

that the bar,

was in the back  
of earth in gardens.

roller-rink, and  
missed my last  
can of tea

pantomime

—he was careless

—he was careless

the-dunce-hat-the-best-being-conical

## THE POET

when the water  
leaves you in the  
middle, with no  
step into finding  
some recourse,

—water with glass,  
some dip in pressure—