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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—