

my life—a soapstone smudgepot: elizabeth tingles me
even without that navajo silver turquoise bracelet on

lance is a chief he is of the bear clan

he is the only seneca at the reserve who
makes these pots the biggest reserve in
ontario although they all are pretty small
(david—lance's nephew)

from brazilian soapstone—mills each
half-pot by hand. feeling the heft of it feeling
the corrugated dips and crevices
of the spreadeagled silhouette in flight
beak aligned to one of the four directions
of the world

signed with a bear claw at bottom—
and: lance.

the reserve? it's by hamilton in ontario.
an hour from buffalo.

you know. today is my own 23rd anniversary
of discovering america kind of columbus
of me except at jfk—and i had a ticket and
everything and a dad and a visa.
recalling seeing teenagers in huge bellbottoms
at curbside. knew 5 words learned excuse me
by paying attention on the crowded bus.

certainly have improved with time—
the english language... so has the english
language improved me...

oh yeah. then you gotta buy one to celebrate.
oh yeah. my sister's birthday is coming up.

you know. my sister's indian. oh yeah?
which nation?

well she was born in india so she has
a lifetime british commonwealth admittance.
whatever nations that means these days.
certainly ontario.

dunno which clan.

us three (mom) are jewish in the way of clans
and polish in the way of ...ways. now
american.

we are seamlessly cut matted-chiseled tarnished
overlaid and harshly steel-wooled just like
the gorgeous hopi silver bola tie with sharp
cones of silver cord-tips anchors of lacings
smelling of leather—all gotten when well-met
with phil sekaquaptewa (and friends)
back in the snowy 1988 on the second mesa

that i am now wearing...

for elizabeth to see and connect with me
elizabeth who tingles me

...over soft charcoal-black thick denim. shirt.

(david) shake. clasp. be seeing you
in december.

elizabeth tingles me (in september)
even without that art show (of hers)
(scheduled to go)

on.

towards a statistical frame of desire
(an unbiased estimator)

was sleeping, got up at 4.
the city's pretty, twinkling and restless.

imagine all the pretty ones out there in that arc
sleeping, not up at 4.
the city's flitting from breaths to breathlessness.

i can see their accrued warmth.

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The Spirit on This Here Mountain—a poetry broadside from
“the priest” of rec.arts.poems, a newsgroup on Usenet/Internet

how he talked how she talked how he talked turkey
(a valentine's poem for true loves ev'r'wh'rrrrr)

cover: gray, textured, mature looking thing.
yep. not grey if you find something better.
nothing frillygirly.

yes'm. i won't do wrong by you. you're my pet.
you're my bunny. you're the honey on which
i wanna blow. my money.

29 September 1996, Chicago.
Thank you for reading. Be well.

gnomettes inhabit the earth, paracelsus says

word. gnomettes.

oh my darlings. all my darlings. oh my darlings.
clementines, dwarf oranges of particularly tart
disposition: thin skin... moderately easy peelin'...

a gnome a gnomon a gnomonic poem a gnostic
agnostic acrostic. a.g. silver. agn. agnieszka.

gnome: an elemental being in the theory of
paracelsus (swiss alchemist scientist doctor
circa 1514)

that inhabits the earth

gnomette, i wanna read about that theory
not about being ageless and deformed

our sun is a star is a future white dwarf

anyway—what could be cooler than being a dwarf?
they might be giants.

we might be gnomes.

a postcard from the road to clayton, new mexico, going east at sunset

there is aching in the telling and there's grass... greening
but really, goldening, in the naked blossed and ripened zuni sun.

look out over the mesa country, so sparse with trees, ouch.
none here. none here forever.

golden foothills raced up to the rockies—clayton, new mexico.
i want to move into a cabin here, far from the trees, far from the
moist breeze that seas give, that humans do, too.

i want to live in the dry ocean of golden late shadows and sharp skies
turning dark not yet. with venus in or not in the blaze, near the
lion-roared silent corona.. i wonder if there's been born a girl.

no, i've not yet found a cabin, but clayton, santa fe,
los alamos, taos, farmington, yeah, but new mexico, i've found.
here, it spreads like a playful woman, smiling at all to see from
all directions at once, but mostly downstream from the sun, now
behind me, smiling all the way, all the way from santa fe,
smiling all the way to bloomington.... my hoosier home cheated-on.

oh, but look again, look at the map, once again, on the map at the
very least. breathe the open spaces, the open seas of grass, greening,
but i saw it goldening, remember, at the vastly blue margins,
not a cloud, not a tree, not a breeze or a howling breeze.

i brought a fine postcard from there, though sadly not of the same
cloudless sunset i saw, still pretty to the touch. let your mind take in
the treeless prairie as it breaks up in stilled waves, as foothills, as dry as
honest handshakes. once you too pass through there, new mexico, you
are too hooked for life, or scared for life, by or of the desolate..
and me? I'd wish to see a well-oiled ancient singed-glass lamp,
barely of wick, and a fourpost bed without a canopy, and i'd like to
see her, in spirits mysterious and good, and a bracing homestead that
a fine book makes... when there's two to read to.