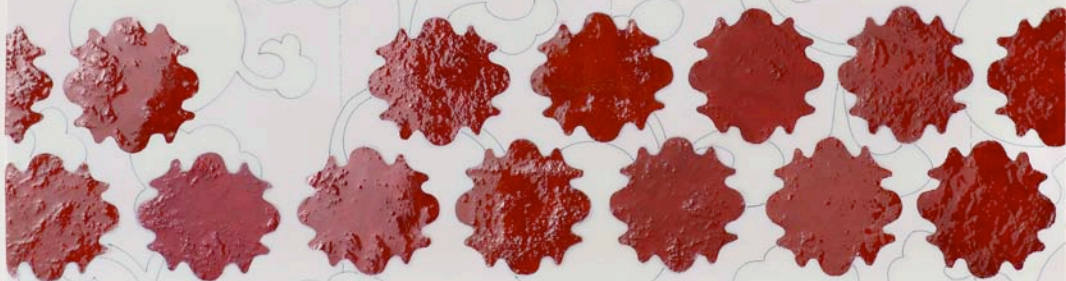


Spring Logic

DAVID BARTONE





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<http://www.h-ngm-nbks.com>

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f:: The waiting.

b:: Part 2.

<http://www.matthewaldenprice.com>

book design :: np

Spring Logic

I. Spring Logic

Sometimes I believe we are
driven to this Chesterfield Gorge
not by the pulses that want alone,
the too untouched reaches,
but by 19th century friendship
suffused with long romance.
We are faithful to it.
Sometimes I believe
all we write are maxims for spring's logic—
heart's multi-tasking etiquette,
slipped slight crooked—
we are happy to be so.
The bucket seats in the van
are so far from each other.
I believe we are setting in
on beautiful triggers, and I believe
we are those full love oligarchs.
I believe we are snuck tender home
to a spring time where we sit, dig
at the picnic breakfast meant
as beautiful excuse. Watching a woman

our age, her out of control three dogs,
alternately with the season's first lily
beetle, loved by its first blade of grass
and us. We almost touched then did.
Bit lip mined from adolescence
and young literature, etc,
and the unworn sensation sing-along:
god please, not more mere luck now.

II. April Aubades

there's all this spinning
what the mind doesn't do
of the sadness
of the panic
of one sunray almost peeking
the heart does
when dawn is near
and you say we must part
and I say no

*

when there is no tradition for this
when there are advances toward
what's nestled free from the urge
to understand you
I understand you
Williams goes spinning
1) Williams is spinning
2) on the four wheels of his car
3) along the wet road
until Stop!
there is a girl there
with white skin
and her leg
over the rail of a balcony
I say do not make it flirty
make it more
make it Austen
are they your poems?
I advise you send to me
are they not?
I advise you claim they are
I think you are right
there is something damn sexual
I think it's in the line break

it's like an aubade
every few words
it's the unbearable restraint
bared for both to see
let's face it: our poetry is
as sitting across a picnic table
from a beautiful woman is
she's sitting Indian style
both hands on her own ankle
she's wearing a sundress
I advise you flit and flirt
but send to me

*

You once told me
that to approach a horse
never walk directly
at his front
Come around steady
and wide
to comfort
with the clarity
of saying hello
Remember his eyes
are on the side
of his head, etc
Tell me more
I don't want to go
Tell me the story
of Hippodameia
tamer of horses
whose attempted
abduction
by the centaurs
on her wedding night
led to a bloody battle
that calmed nothing

Tell me of high-sung chaos
I want to hear that story

(Musings on the Sun)

Would we were of the feeling, Apollo,
That we have overrun our signals, no;—
Would we were the sun;—would we were
Without the expected chords to close it,—
Night has a strange ending.
But is it the end, we ask?
“It is a privilege to see so much confusion.”
It has the question of our fitness as lovers:
Lovers united, intrigues exposed,
We can scarcely go wrong.
Would we were of the call. Then call,
A very daring and alert sense of you, sun,
Those last notes which complete the harmony.

*

you mean
to wake me
thorough with
your white
endlessness
of lapping
white senses—
fingers deep
in the grass
safe from wind
earth claw you
we gaze ecstasy—
your warm skin
(we are so close)
blanketing my eyes
from the white
hugeness of the sky—
you mean to wake me
for once
and not once
and for all
and not just once
but to stroke
your hand

and say
“Love, it’s okay
to tremble,
I’m going
to touch you now”

*

I love you as kingship:
like a little god
to exercise a nation's
ills through the body
I love you stern necessity:
all wind-sailed promise
of restraint
I love you you told me
I could be everything:
a threat of punishment
and a horrifying body
I love you all mirage
I love you all descant:
treble one rung up
I sing you to the tune
of heart-strung tendons
you whose terrible fate
closely parallels Lear's
Lift you! I love you
sure as dawn
is a near-sway
of arise, arise!

*

the history
of a new room
floral couches
green couches
and red couches
tweed wallpaper
I feel the rug
on my toes
people used to
walk in this room
a great deal
and now
your naked body
outstretching
by the window
the curtains
of doily
that separate us
from the nosy neighbors
you stretch out more
and I see all of you
when I see the thin
slip of sun
that trims

your body and a breast
and your turning to me
or away from me
does nothing
to enlarge the trim
and as you open
the window
I see the wind
in the doily
that falls alive
into you

*

Come listless
to your stove,
bird. Her eyes
on the cook,
she says,
“To cook, love,
you must be
raining your heart’s
whole history.
You mustn’t miss
me stony.”
I am the cook.
The delirium
of five am
craves.
Rain says so much.
One says
dawn is near,
you must part.
The other saying no.

*

I bought
the Audubon
Field Guide
to Weather
and the one
to Night Sky,
because of this
the one night
I couldn't spend
with you.
My heart
it seems so callous.
I am not waking up
this morning.
There's no man-made
lightning.
I know your
trembling and
I do not have it.
Volta: Italian Count
who developed
the first electric
cell in 1800;
it's also the turn

to you, always,
as any thought
moves in through
the white day.
I think of you
toeing through
the topsoil
around the mint
peppermint
lavender
and lemon balm
you helped me plant
yesterday.
The weather
is empty.
I miss you
so whole.
I am staring
into my coffee,
just short
of the garden side
of still things.

*

oatstraw
lemon balm
catnip
and chamomile—
wake, love,
sip—
licorice root
skullcap
passionflower
and linden—
wake, love,
have tea with me
and I will tell
everything I saw:
your chest
against my arm,
the body of full exhale
curling along me,
I saw 4,000 stars
shoot the window
and land on your hip
and I became afraid
of whatever seized in me,
outside I heard briefly

a deer eating daffodils
in your neighbor's
weak garden
but did not see it,
I saw your breath begin
to dampen on my shoulder,
I saw Virginian field
after Virginian field
in the blanket
that covered up to your hip,
the 4,000 stars,
and the sun that
"receives me
in the questions
which you always pose."
I am begging you
to wake
and have tea with me
before you say I must go and
this time I obey.

*

So much sand in my hair
How?
If I think about you
I love it beauty
The first days
of a springing into
How well the body
does outside
and the feeling of shower
and bed deserved
You can always tell
these beautiful weeks
over my body
in ways much beyond
that out-of-doors wash
you are always
running your hands over

*

H.D.,
exploit the melancholy
in the newness
of my own poems
to me
—in that sense
you are always aubade
alba dawn
alba white
—your roses endure
hiding your fervor
and such then
your jealousy
—O so small
a concavo
—yes
it is dawn
and the sky
is an alba
porridge
a space
you have cleared
so fiery in me

*

My face the color
of a daze-eyed
stranger in August—
your hand half falls
asleep on my body—
your body is strung
in high lift—
We have me full living
the half inch from
what I can give you—
The air is cool—yes
I am crowded here before you—
Love, there's so much
I want with you—
Williams says:
“Night is a room
darkened for lovers,
through jealousies the sun
has sent one gold needle!”—
Always one sunlight—
always the rigid wheeltrack
made muddy—
you make mud sounds in—
and so do I—and so will I then—

This is no tuba spring—
I harmonize so high
with the life of your weight
an inch from my lips.

*

Dip again
to cold,
today in the weather,
and at the right moment
the sun leans in.
But it's still
stony weather.
Off its dome,
off its rocker,
the sky is a spiky mind
to our moods.
We are full-boned responsive
to mind in us
a more careful mode.
We receive.
There is uncanny valley
to the hearts
we rely on pouring over
into each other.
There's one's love of night
right before daybreak.
You are saying, "Love,
dawn is drawing near."
I am saying I know.

I must go.
A speaking
from through me
that says, "We must rapture
in the daytime too,
and if you call it rupture,
yes, we can be that volcano."
I am saying, "Love,
longing can be done
from anywhere."
I mean to say, "Love,
let's let begging be
what Pliny the Elder does
at the foot
of Vesuvius' rupture,
trying to rescue the ship
of his friend and his family,
his men saying, No!
The fumes, the toxins!
Pliny the Elder stating his will
to go after his friend
nonetheless.
That his body
was discovered later
by friends
under the pumice,

well, always then in them
the suspicion
of his love for lava.
Love, we don't have to be
such a fucking volcano.
We are getting good
at nuance and goodbye.
We are growing old together.”
I am saying, “Love,
we can grow old
any time of day.
I can beg
for your love of lava.”

*

Enter the prologue
armed. You are
alone / handsome.
Consider the paragons
to turn to.
You will need
such strength.
Consider one saying
that dawn is near
and you must part
and the other saying no.
I love the starting point
and I love.
When you breathe
I go spinning.

