

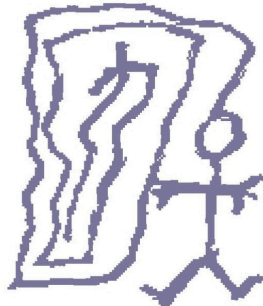
*Wondrous  
Machinery*



Matthew  
Donne

# WONDROUS MACHINERY

Matthew Donne



## Acknowledgments:

I would like to thank H\_NGM\_N, InDigest Magazine, and Forklift, Ohio for publishing some of the work that appeared in this chapbook. I'd also like to thank Nate Pritts for conjuring this project from the dust, and Sam, Toby, Alex and Matt for being the brains and building blocks behind any success these poems have.

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cover art: Dani Leventhal

interior: np.

**A H\_NGM\_N BKS Portable Document Format Chapbook**

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## Wondrous Machinery

The concerns of my febrile  
Science Pineapple wounded  
And stuck full of nope  
A negation of taste Hello  
I greeted the appointed greeter  
This is why repetition  
Engenders perfection  
A joining of cloak rooms  
In service of knowing  
A shield around the nutrition  
And a shield around the narrator  
As we find ourselves at dawn  
The cloak room with new coats  
And an assurance that subtly,  
Our wondrous machinery has been  
Soaked entirely by a summer storm  
The size of West Virginia  
On another branch of the world  
A profession in preparation  
Stripped land and Stripped fruit  
As we get to know the person

## Ontario as Seen from Quebec

Winds whip the secessionist bank                      flag  
as spanked children coughing                      or guys  
you used to get high with    playing rochambeau  
in the basement                      Their manna  
the leftover curry                      and cherry soda  
Sriracha hot sauce                      on the teeth  
and the teeth                      and furtive moments  
Am I doing them disservice parting the sizzling  
hospital curtain                      to watch the metallic way  
we felt about the accounting praxis  
of thankless fathers                      and little swans  
on the cool cool park pond                      A great place  
to vomit in the swerving                      dark green light  
of yesterday's blood lanterns                      And am I—  
the one who got out—                      destined  
to plan out the details                      by donning  
this dissolving                      disconnected greatcoat?  
Years later as                      years later I gather up  
the pieces                      like shattered beige pottery  
A Pollock-style red splatter on white carpeting  
as the windows on the outer walls of the house  
cannot see us                      thus I bear witness  
knowing where the bruise was                      Location

Temporary continent                      The only kind  
of continent                                  and only way  
through western turrets      of falling backwards  
into remembering      the cool cool park pond  
clouded and into      a sequence of flowered  
and expensive curtains  
We were rich and the food                      was good

## Confused Ontology

The dimwitted grocer's  
confused ontology. Slotting  
celery next to cinnamon hearts,  
prefab jell-o with the boxes  
of condoms and kangaroo meat.  
The image of Louisville chills the man  
to the muscle, as he remembers  
dimly when life's order  
wore the cloak of pure alphabet.  
War next to willow trees,  
conflict next to cruller. The long hill  
from Hogg's Hollow to the polluted  
river is frozen and hums like a chorus.  
But if the man wrote movingly  
on his reasoning (toilet paper  
next to yoghurt, a statement  
on consciousness both elusive  
and gummed up) perhaps things would change.  
Here, there and in most places  
with any flair for the agriculture  
of a dumbbell. His grandiose golf courses  
and terraced gardens. His new  
organization of newest things.

## Composing the Local Pool

It will become further removed  
My dead squirrel in naked pool pool experience  
Made naked by my naked self  
And previously just dead squirrel pool  
And one leaf two leaf three leaf  
Aquiline and aquarium in the same carriage  
On the carnival's Ferris Wheel  
And applicable to a separate moment  
That really—and this is fantastic— applies  
To me in both usage and experience.  
Or four leaf pool as autumn asunder  
Grates itself all over east Montreal  
Left grandstanding and blazed: “Hey  
Here is the portal into underneath”  
The aurally pleasing, instantly comprehensible  
Abandoned power lines by a river.  
By a train line, by a morning, by a  
Viewer in left hook city, by being  
Here and here I am further left  
Contented in the Ferris Wheel's welcoming  
Turnstiles and a stamp on sky

Alit at night with indigo—extreme  
Lack of audio quality as the circle  
Turns and reverts for families—  
Opposite of shut down pool  
And middle fingers and Matthew  
Shall not employ the gesture  
Socially. Girl named Misty  
Beginning to blubber and fog  
Descending over her—The perfect  
Enfolding of all into concord until  
Fog lifts and tissue arrives but  
No possibility for this type with Matthew  
Or Imogen unless loosening criteria:  
Imagining, imaging, image of—  
Math hewn, matted ewe, my tune—

## ad for soap and actual soap

I look out at the yellowing wingtips.  
It was a good house, built on advertising money.  
Future heart donor, the door opening  
with a wistful strangeness. The flip book  
of clients, a switching out, money  
for heart money, George Washington's heart's face.  
The distinctiveness digs its own face  
into the light show of faces in light. He had  
known a fair amount on why people travel,  
for an airplane ad campaign. People like  
moving around, without a Spanish veil.  
To be seen above the water, they said,  
part of the shuddering machine. Stillness  
still contains movement depending on definition  
of stillness. Lower Manhattan's jaunted face  
carved in the maroon architecture  
of a bar maiden's. Me twirling downward  
in hardening alabaster sunlight, dizzy  
above an abstracted territory. San Francisco  
meant nothing yet, though it would.

## Two Halves Touching in Calgary

Release me in your register, grass blades, lime lines,  
Speak when I cannot, for me a synonym, which happens

While we construe each another. The planet very full,  
Very busy. Raised walkway connects

To separate two halves of the mall. The Plus 15 a corpus callosum.  
I am rarely un-embodied. People in suits pass through

The connector. Matter juggled between cycles, crowded jet  
Rising and rising downward and landing.

I don't want to be closed, but now, open, I'm exposed.  
This is a remembered garden, the ascending arias

Of the mall's empty cranium. The light is very, very beautiful  
In here. Five years ago I was walking through a patch of grass

And kicking chestnuts fallen blank from the trees. Little brains.  
I watched their dense and tensile unlocking, their resolution

In a slush. I had crushed ice and filled it brimming with an artificial  
Cherry flavor. I had this turquoise v-neck on,

A round head, a good head on my shoulders.

Since then I must have faltered, taken sad rest on

The landing pad. Does 'be good' flow into 'do good,'

Or are the two attached at the end like tongs?

Synched close at low point, with slender metal sliding up

To solder the concepts close.

It hurts when the ends are sharpened. The whole problem

Is in the flatness of the image.

## we can survive on low lying fruit and names

There is no word in the sky

Actually there is one

A phrase on a tiny white bi-plane

Nothing happened it was announced

eventually in the colonies while

walking around post-theoretically

The kicked curb became simultaneous

with the “kicked curb” of notebook—

A bag of cocaine lost in the flour factory.

No need to overdraw most days.

Just doing the mid-morning saunter.

But I'll fasten you to the sublime instance

of coffee mist weaving around

the antlers on my fridge

and I'll join you to this sublimity by email.

*You are your father's daughter*

Beam of light interspersed with dust

Honey, no need for the chocolate angst

of linguists—Our love mimics oddly

the cleaved grammar of snowfall

## Concentric

Stone Henge arrange you. Is it a hive mind  
that created? One human hand crushed and found  
under worn stone. Type sacrificial. Un-quote  
to maintain. Don't miss this next pogrom  
he laughs out. Blood is present under each  
low cell phone hum. In hoarse lungs and of them  
(mutually supportive systems.) It is constituted.  
The whole rust requiring a lined time period to form.

Watching a gigantic tropical storm coming over.  
The ruffles blabber and shout, incoherent.  
The wake is miles of razed ground, pulp of villages.  
It does not perceive the seeing I do of it, but comes.  
Then you arrive and in the soft middle our gazes  
hold each other. The caught spot. A centre  
among a world of centres. Hive mind a mind  
we navigate to arrive in our private thatch, then touch.

## Largely Important Excursions for Jen

How do you in digital differ from you  
stunning at dawn  
or in deserts near Calumet  
that spool their sand out over slow moving rivers  
in long auburn ribbons  
while the canyon cuts purple-ish  
and is uncertain  
about your sex life within it  
And what about words in the cabin  
we theorize was occupied  
by a dead author of children's books—  
After all  
you cannot control the deer  
with your pinky or thumb  
or undo what's said or done after I blizzard you  
with my mythical thoughts;  
Things unlike my pinky or thumb  
that cannot spruce up or make a turn within you—  
Yesterday but Yesterday she says  
And I realize now  
Jen will never marry me  
unless I go back and rouse a silence  
from the disquiet assembly.

## Liquid Armies (Jagermeister) Liquid Armies (Chemotherapy)

The cancer patient on safari  
is dysfunctional food for jaguars.

Drinking something I can't pronounce

Nothing is changed by you just thinking about it

The label is not changed "Jagermeister...  
just ask the mister..jagged shyster" still  
is the same (to re-assert a structure)

I've never become lichen  
but now I'll have to try.

She's still a khaki wearer and valued  
by family members wearing binoculars

The dunes not a suggestion of the body's dissolution

The hot wind is the hot wind  
while maps of the area lag behind (no real-time mapping)

Better not to define a desert  
by its dunes( the  
shifting) or leave the recycling in my house alone

“Matthew Donne is shot in the chest and makes a declaration:  
gurgle gurgle gurgle I love this life”

After I’m asked “death by execution or death  
by slow gnawing away of the inside  
by anything?”

The eventual accumulation  
of friendship leads to interrogation  
of a  
distant future

“Still named Matthew when lichen?”

There are perfect things  
but not here But this is enough

The strong liquid behind the label

The khakis worn thin  
by reels of sand  
in a sweltering colander of wind.

## Trying to Reduce Jesse

The by gosh purple, the rehab clinic and the tray  
Of food  
And jell-o and I don't know I just thought  
By squinting through  
The blast furnaces' magmatic holes  
Of what changes  
From free design into a girl's lips looking  
Like dead fish  
Bloated by chemicals one brain altering its body  
Along the braided interstitial  
Of the spine and if that's not true we can  
Learn to despise our  
Bodies—you have only a few things Matthew  
What if bread loaves beget  
The net of hands woven by statistics  
Or if not that  
Then it becomes possible to think bigger:  
Jell-O not gelatin  
The net of hands and not the cell multiplication of the net  
Of hands and the brain  
Is not altering its house but Jesse has  
Learned to hate  
Her body—

## Daylong Southern Anxiety

Spend all day laughing at the canister.

My girl with juice breath, lightly.

It's damn cloudy, the shroud barely, briefly there.

Cut to yesterday evening, the red

Carpet and its turret, the tripod's stance

After getting whacked out over losing my cell.

Phone in the cold vein, scramble through keys

On my dirty mattress, recalling quickly where

To re-collect it and guzzle a canister of juice

In morning's daft rhythms. My back porch boards

Are crooked. Even to open the fridge

I have to re-fill my dissolving synthesis.

Collapsing canopies becoming eye roses

Reflecting the whole grocery store.

The old fridge and pictures

Of last year's Oscar ceremonies.

We'll dump everything's body in the metal swamp.

Gin's translucence. The turquoise square

Of phone all over your face, simple. A swatch  
Telling time and a camera fully flattening  
A young Sofia Loren in front of me

(Three decades in ten minutes)

While we heat the thin glass tube  
With two dollar lighters. First thing I see

Is a Cyprus tree. I've never been there  
Or touched you Sofia. I hang my keys  
Near the metal swamp and wade in, post-kiss.

## The Face Language

Five or six pairs of pants

No no not now please

The reservoir is as swollen as

A prosciutto what now

About what now thereabouts

Handed off, a handshake

Almost not even if

Nothing I want if not not wish

Can't un-design it must negate

It or maybe a cold shower

The no, the not now, the

Invention of new emotions

And emoticons, emoticon

For not now not a face but a word

Plus another: not plus now

A full unit when the face cannot

Suffice on its own in the beam

Of another face or blind hands

Hence the mime in the recording

Studio is starting to speak

Matthew Donne was born in Toronto, Canada. He just moved back. In between the two he visited Milan, Paris and Montreal. It was great, he's glad to be back.